

The VANGUARD

A Magazine of Progressive Jewish Life

Vol. 1

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December, 1927

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National Labor Committee for the Organized Jewish Workers in Palestine

Statement of Cash Receipts and Disbursements for Period From
September 24, 1926 to September 30, 1927

RECEIPTS:

Contributions:	
Out of Town:	
Pledges and Donations	\$98,492.64
New York City:	
Pledges and Donations	\$12,936.62
Organizations and Unions	19,743.25
Benefits Profit	477.75
Flower Day Collections	3,738.75
Total New York City	36,896.37
Total Receipts	\$135,389.01

DISBURSEMENTS:

Administrative Expenses:	
Salaries	\$ 7,601.00
Rent	728.01
Stationery and Printing	3,264.99
Postage and Expressage	1,299.39
Telephone and Telegraph	1,413.04
Interest on Loans	210.27
Bank Charges and Protest Fees	80.18
N. G. Checks	75.18
Furniture, Fixtures and Equipment	301.58
Bond and Insurance	25.00
Miscellaneous Expenses	538.41
Total Administrative Expenses	\$15,535.95

ORGANIZATION EXPENSES:

Traveling Expenses of Palestine Delegation, Organizers and Speakers	
Out of Town	\$ 4,491.19
Organizers and Trade Union Activities in New York City	2,200.90
Conferences and Rental of Halls	1,877.25
Materials for Collection	1,846.90
Advertising and Publicity	2,275.34
Maintenance of Out of Town Bureaus and Reimbursements of Local Exp.	4,975.92
Films and Pictures	760.61
Total Organization Expenses	17,928.11

Total Administrative and Organization Expenses ... \$33,464.06

ADMINISTERED FUNDS:

Transferred to Histadruth Haovdim in Palestine	
Machinery and Tools	\$97,342.16
Loans made for Palestine repaid for period prior to September 24, 1926	2,650.00
Total Administered Funds	101,248.98
Total Disbursements	\$134,718.04
Balance in Bank and on Hand	\$ 675.97

Submitted by Alexander Goldberg & Co., Accountants and Auditors, 125 William Street, New York City.

THE NATIONAL LABOR CONVENTION for Palestine will take place on January the First, 1928, in Debs Auditorium, 7 East 15th Street, New York City.

RECEPTION to Palestine Labor Delegation and Opening of Gewerkschaften Campaign in New York City, Sunday Evening, JANUARY THE FIRST, 1928, at COOPER UNION, 4th Avenue and 8th Street, New York City.

CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

JAMES FUCHS, well known writer in German and English, contributor to many periodicals.

B. OULSKY, now in Palestine, was a leader of the Socialist Zionists in Russia and went through the terrors of Bolshevik oppression. The narrative is taken from the Yiddish book, "In the Clutches", reviewed in our November issue. The Translation is by Ben V. Codor, Secretary of the Junior Poale-Zion of America.

M. SHIFFMAN is known for his book reviews in Yiddish and Hebrew.

M. HAEUSLER is the former Captain of Hakoah, now Captain of the New York Soccer Giants.

ELIEZER RIEZER, Ph.D. is the author of a Hebrew book on general history; toured the United States in the interests of the Jewish National Fund, three years ago. Lives in Tel-Aviv, Palestine.

THE OTHERS are already known to our readers.

The Vanguard Announces For January

the following features, among others:

Zionism in Documents

By ISAAC ZAAR

Drifting Jewish Labor

By A. ROSEBURY

The Man Who Found Himself, Story

By DAVID PINSKI

What Ails the Jewish Theatre

By JACOB FISHMAN

The Jewish Woman in Palestine

By A. S. WALDSTEIN

(For lack of space left out of the December issue)

To THE VANGUARD,
32 Union Square, New York City.

Enclosed please find \$2.00* for one year's subscription to *The Vanguard*.

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The VANGUARD

A MAGAZINE OF PROGRESSIVE JEWISH LIFE

ISAAC ZAAR, *Editor*

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Second class mail applied for.

Vol. I

DECEMBER, 1927

No. 2

THE VANGUARD is a magazine of progressive Jewish life, devoted to the interests of Enlightened Nationalism, Progressive Zionism, Social Advance, and Modern Jewish Culture.

THE VANGUARD has the moral backing of all the groups in the Jewish nationalist radical movement, and will serve the high ideals, the fundamental principles, and the best interests of that movement.

THE VANGUARD is endorsed by
The Poale-Zion of America,
The Jewish National Workers' Alliance,
The Zeire-Zion Hitachduth,
The Junior Poale-Zion,
The Woman's Pioneer Organization for Palestine, and

The National Labor Committee for the Organized Workers in Palestine.

THE VANGUARD is open to all who have anything to say on any subject within its scope, irrespective of the editorial policy.

De-Citifying Communism

THE EXPULSION of Leon Trotsky from the very ranks of the Government Party marks the return of Russian Communism back into the fold of old-time Social Revolutionary philosophy—minus, of course, its democracy.

This is not the first time in history that the dominant minority succumbs to the influence of the vanquished and suppressed majority,—without knowing it.

Russian Socialism had always flowed in two broad streams, one centering around the peasant and his children in the cities, and the other winding its course about the urbanized, more or less completely industrialized worker who had broken away from his old village moorings. The Social Revolutionaries were the first to appear upon the political field and the strongest in numbers and influence at all times,—even when economic development brought a larger laboring class to the towns and as a consequence a powerful Social Democratic Party.

The Russian revolution of 1917 quickly passed under the control of the Social Revolutionaries, and the Constituent Assembly which was soon dispersed by the Bolsheviks at the point of the bayonet, was dominated by them.

By force of arms the Bolsheviks, the maximalist wing of the Russian Social Democrats, have succeeded in crushing their Socialist opponents of the peasant bias, but have coincidentally ruined the country and undermined its industrial development, thereby drying up the very source of their growth, in numbers and social import-

ance. As a result, their socialist theories had to swing back into the channels of their former ideologic enemies, the Social Revolutionaries,—to the extent that the peasant is again becoming the center of their socio-economic visions.

Trotsky as the exponent of Social Democratic philosophy, in its militant and destructive Bolshevik character, is by his downfall symbolizing the breakdown of City Socialism in Russia.

It so happens that the Jews are an urbanized people, and consequently inclined to the theories of the Social Democrats. While there were Jews in the ranks and leadership of the Social Revolutionaries, the Social Democrats always claimed by far the greater number of Jewish Socialists, and the change of front on the part of the ruling party must inevitably lead to a diminution of Jewish influence in present-day Russia. One by one the Jewish leaders have been driven from power, while the rank and file of the Jewish communists are losing ground steadily and relentlessly in the domain of government service—the only one that pays.

At the same time antisemitism, heretofore more or less repressed, will raise its hideous head. The Stalin coterie has already served warning that the Opposition might stimulate its growth. For, where the Jews are predominantly on the one side of an issue, while the non-Jews hold to the other, Jew-hatred is bound to break out, particularly in a land so steeped in the crassest ignorance as is Russia.

Main Street Aroused

THE Socialist victory in Reading, Pa., was so thorough and so complete that it stands in a class by itself and throws no light on the general drift of conditions in this country.

But it does show in very striking manner what can happen when the major parties take their alternate rule too much for granted.

We do not believe that Reading will serve as a warning to the politicians,—not even in Reading itself. When the first effect of the terrific political tornado has passed, the predatory interests will attempt to reassert themselves, and the new Administration is sure to become the center of the vilest campaign which only corruption can bring up against honest government.

Main Street does not stay excited for long. It has the virtues of the righteous: hard to arouse and easy to cool off. Unless it shall have changed its nature under the beneficent administration of its new public servants—a daring assumption though a pleasant hope.

Socialism in Reading has won only to the extent that it had kept the portals of progress open to the people, should they ever get tired of their masters—a great achievement in itself. But it will require years of education and good government before Reading could be placed in the column of permanent Socialist acquisitions.

Just as we cannot call the remarkable turn of events in Reading a true Socialist victory, we have no reason to suppose that the failure of Jacob Panken to get himself re-elected as municipal judge, in New York, is a true Socialist defeat.

Mr. Panken rode into office on the crest of an anti-war wave which carried, in 1917, some twenty Socialists to City Hall and Albany. He had the distinction of being the sole Socialist

judge in the whole of the United States, and he had ten years to prove his ability and usefulness, while his colleagues on the ticket were to weather new storms each or every other year.

In course of time Main Street slid back into its habitual self, leaving the Socialist judge as the sole evidence of its war-time flare-up. We understand that Panken has made a fairly good record for himself on the bench, though he is not the brightest mind or the most amiable personality within the ranks of New York Socialism. We have heard of no remarkable decisions of his and nothing he has done as judge could single him out as a new type of arbiter which only Socialism could produce. As a matter of sober fact, he was as good a judge as the rest of them, and his party was entirely overlooked and forgotten by the Democrats and Republicans, and even the Communists, who came to his assistance in the election campaign. The burden of the friendly aid was that party had nothing to do with the judiciary and that Panken ought to be supported irrespective of his Socialism. We admit such argument is a credit to him personally, coming as it did from enemies of Socialism, but we should have to stretch our imagination to an unusual degree to detect in it an indirect compliment to Socialism.

Panken, under the circumstances, was not the candidate to fire his comrades with enthusiasm, and he did not prove strong enough to overcome Tammany opposition on his own merits. There is no doubt that his anti-nationalism and anti-Zionism estranged many Jewish voters—and many Jewish Socialists—who might have turned defeat into victory.

We are sorry to see Socialism deprived of a great judicial opportunity but we cannot bring ourselves to shed a tear over the defeat of Judge Jacob Panken.

Zionist Vigilance

A SLIGHT change for the better has taken place in British attitude toward Jewish effort in Palestine, since the last Zionist Congress. The cry of protest issued by the Basle gathering, feeble and labored as it was, served notice on England that even Jewish patience had its limits, and we were met with the assurance that greater aid would be extended to the educational budget and that the pending commercial treaty with Syria would be revised.

Now, greater educational aid is not yet the full aid that any civilized government is supposed to give to its citizens. It is the plain duty of the British Administration to care for the education of Palestine Jewry no less than of the Arabs, and to care for it in the spirit of the Mandate Article 15, which guarantees us full educational autonomy. Again, a commercial agreement with neighboring Syria which shall penalize Palestine export and industry is in such glaring conflict with rudimentary justice, let alone more specific moral and political obligations, that a promise to look into the matter can hardly be said to constitute a victory for Zionists.

Yet such is the state of affairs in Zionism that we are ready to hail as a real accomplishment any more or less successful effort to ward off a disastrous measure or to obtain a modicum of our rights.

In this vein it is that we take note of Lord Balfour's statement, upon the occasion of the dinner in his honor by the Anglo-Palestine Club, on the 10th of November, that he was authorized by the Government to declare that important reforms would soon be introduced in the system of land taxation in Palestine.

Nothing was said about freedom of immigration which is now for all practical purposes closed to the Jews; not a word upon the subject of "State and waste lands not required for public purposes" which Article 6 of the Mandate stipulates shall be given "for close settlement by Jews"; no mention of any other complaint we have raised time and again. Merely an indefinite promise to rectify one single form of injustice.

It was given in solemn fashion, amidst surroundings resounding with expressions of friendship and goodwill to Zionism and surcharged with that peculiar spirit of mutual admiration which is so characteristic of officials in high places when on public exhibition and which moved the inimitable Dr. Weizmann once again to attempt to persuade himself that "the Balfour Declaration was issued, not for political reasons and not as a wartime measure, but out of a feeling of justice due to the Jews" . . . and it produced an exaggerated effect upon the Zionist world.

But whatever the true value of this assurance in the general complex of administration difficulties in our way, it came on the heels of a protest voiced at Basle and reinforced at the Cleveland Conference of the United Palestine Appeal, on October 30, 1927. It is exasperating to know that we have to fight for every inch of ground in Palestine, both really and figuratively; that eternal vigilance is the price of our rights so solemnly assured, but we have no choice in the matter and must continue to be on our guard at any and all times.

ENTRE NOUS

WITH an éclat and display peculiar to our East Side of today with its publicity hounds and open glory market, the more or less innocent publisher of *The Day*, Mr. David Shapiro, was hoisted into fame as benefactor of Yiddish, under the glare of the Hotel Commodore lights and the echo of many banquet speeches, upon that now memorable Sunday evening, November 4, 1927, when the munificent sum of ten thousand dollars, as a first instalment of the hundred thousand dollar fund yet to be raised, was handed to the dean of the Hebrew University in Jerusalem, Dr. Judah L. Magnes, for the endowment of a Chair in Yiddish literature.

The public has not been given a clear insight into the nature of the noble motives which brought forth the largess, but to judge from the effusions of the donor's friends and admirers, the study of Yiddish in the Hebrew University will raise the vernacular of the Jewish masses to high eminence and put an end to the conflict of the two tongues for mastery over the mind of our people.

We had never supposed that our friends of Yiddish had such small respect for their favorite as to wax enthusiastic over its recognition as subject of academic study. The impression had prevailed that they wanted Yiddish accepted as a *living tongue* even in Palestine, some being content with equality, while a few going so far as to advocate Yiddish as the only necessary and desirable language for the Jewish people in and out of the National Homeland.

This shrunken ambition of the Yiddishists will be an encouragement to the Hebraists and we cannot share the fears of Dr. Magnes that he will have some explanations to make in Palestine. We believe he will be welcomed in Jerusalem as the greatest tactician

that ever had an army walk right into its own trap. The Shapiro endowment—if it ever materializes—will demonstrate in the most striking fashion that Yiddish has completely surrendered to Hebrew and is passing into the category of an historical and ethnological auxiliary to an all-embracing study of Jewish culture.

Our sympathies lie with Hebrew, but the spectacle of mummifying Yiddish while it still is full of life, is a sorry sight.

THE quondam reporter and interviewer who is now variously termed author, editor, even playwright, is not particularly distinguished for eschewing publicity. Having started out to make his mark at a time when Charles Lindbergh had not yet flown to Paris and made modesty the popular thing, Mr. Herman Bernstein's taste for the limelight is rather natural. His ambition, however, does not go so far as to take the center of the stage all to himself; he is content with basking in the reflected glory of someone in the public eye.

Henry Ford still makes good copy. Anyone who can associate his name with that of the flivver king is bound to land into print, and Mr. Bernstein had the good luck of being in Ford's company rather often in recent years, albeit without propinquity in place and similarity in position. He had the further good luck of profiting by Aaron Sapiro's great services to the Jewish people in forcing the antisemitic automobile manufacturer to retract all he had ever said or written, personally or by proxy, against our race, and to settle all pending libel suits against him out of court.

The amicable arrangement must have been perfectly satisfactory to Mr. Bernstein, who appears to be delighted with the rather unexpected upshot of a long drawn-out and not entirely promising legal effort. So much

so that he has very warm feelings for the old man of Detroit—and even considers him his personal friend.

Mr. Bernstein went, the other day, to see the automobile manufacturer and upon emerging from Ford's presence announced to a waiting world, through the good offices of someone on the Associated Press, that

"Mr. Ford was most cordial and we had a delightful conversation. He said he had intended calling upon me in New York but had been delayed by the many duties which are his."

There you have it! The companionship formed on the Peace Ship has ripened into intimate friendship, the damaging articles of the Dearborn Independent and the libel suit of later years notwithstanding. We never heard of Ford making long journeys to see his friends, but then, since June of this blessed year we have been expecting some signal manifestation of Henry Ford's change of attitude towards a people he so outrageously maligned, and a visit to Mr. Bernstein in little old New York would have been signal enough. Unfortunately, the "author, editor and playwright" proved too impatient and went to Ford instead. . . .

MISS HENRIETTA SZOLD, who was chosen a member of the Palestine Executive by the grace of the labor group which had it in its power, at the Zionist Congress, to make or break any Executive, but which abstained from voting for reasons of higher idealism, told the gathering at Cleveland that it was she who "killed the Solel Boneh outright."

The Solel Boneh was the workers' cooperative building guild which had trained some ten thousand unskilled Chalutzim into excellent builders and which had attained the position of the largest building contractor in Palestine, enjoying the confidence of the

Government and the civil population alike. Because of the industrial slump occasioned by lack of credit, the Solel Boneh became involved in difficulties. A sum of 5,000 pounds was required to satisfy the smaller creditors and to keep going, but this miserable sum of \$25,000 was refused by the Zionist executive. In the words of Miss Szold:

"Several attempts were made to save it. The last attempt was made when several representative workmen came to the new Executive in London and asked for another £5000 to satisfy the small creditors. And the new Executive's answer was an inexorable No."

While a great Zionist institution of incalculable value to the Homeland was thus "killed outright," the United Palestine Appeal was handing out to the American Zion Commonwealth sums reaching into over \$247,000 of Palestine funds in an attempt to save the land investments of private individuals, to make good deficits occasioned by outrageously high salaries, inordinate expenditures, and unpardonable mismanagement all around. As the end is not yet, will Miss Szold display the same zeal for economy on the other side of the fence?

Miss Szold is a great woman, a sincere Zionist and with a simple soul. She speaks her heart freely. No camouflage with her. On the score of the Executive of Experts for which American Zionism clamored at Basle, the new member of that Executive tells us:

"It is not to be an Executive of experts. It is to be an Executive that can supervise and manage the work of the experts who stand at the head of the development of work. This point must be made very clear."

Indeed, it must. The former Executive in Palestine consisted of people who had their departments and did their work as their own experts in their respective spheres. The new will merely supervise what the experts will

be doing. That will increase the overhead expense, and what was heralded as a curb on expense will prove an addition thereto—an addition because of the salaries and because of the experiments the new executives will be impelled to try and which always are costly before new people get adjusted to old jobs.

Speaking in Cleveland, Miss Szold brought up the City Manager idea as illustration of what the new Palestine Executive is. We are sorry to disabuse her, but truth demands that we remind her, first, that the city manager of Cleveland has a City Council to report to and be instructed by, and, second, that a manager is one, not a triumvirate. Three people can be at loggerheads no less than five, and if every one of the three is assigned a special department to be presided over without interconnection and correlation with the others, chaos will ensue. The American way is to elect one head who appoints his cabinet; the European way is to elect a full cabinet; what the Zionist Congress did is neither the one nor the other.

MISS SZOLD seemed terribly overwrought because of Weizmann having assured the workless of Tel-Aviv that they could look to him for 300 pounds of the needed thousand for unemployment doles. She thought it was not fair to have hidden from her an apparently extra fund which the president of the World Zionist Organization could draw upon, and she complained to the Cleveland audience that an *increase* in the doles, however humane, was not in accord with the reduced Zionist budget.

We cannot intervene in a domestic quarrel as between Dr. Weizmann and the new member of the Palestine Executive, but we wish to inform the good lady, and the Zionist scribes who are harping on the same theme, that the unemployed did not demand a *rise*

in the dole payments but *resisted* a *reduction*, which the newly discovered, heretofore totally unknown, savior, Mr. Sacher of the triumvirate, thought it just and wise to impose on starving men and women.

This play at budgets and talk of economy is alright, especially if applied to the Zionists right here, in this country, but if anyone has the temerity—and the cruelty—to practise economy at the expense of starving Chalutzim, he has no place in Zion, nor in any society of civilized people.

Worth Knowing

THE NATIONAL LABOR Convention for Palestine will take place on January 1, 1928, in Debs Auditorium, 7 East 15th Street, New York City.

This is the second annual convention since the formation, last year, of the National Labor Committee for the Organized Workers of Palestine. It will have representatives of Jewish labor organizations from all over the United States and will deal with the problems of the forthcoming campaign for Palestine labor.

Last year brought over one hundred thousand dollars net—a considerable aid to the workmen and their institutions. This time the quota is \$300,000, and nothing is left undone to marshal all friendly forces in a great effort for the pioneers in Palestine who have raised the moral standard of labor to the height of nobility.

A special delegation, consisting of the prominent labor leaders Dr. Arlosoroff, Mereminsky and Hauz, will arrive from Palestine to aid in the deliberations of the convention—and in the campaign.

Since the cause of Palestine labor struck a responsive chord in the hearts of American Jewish labor and the eminent leader Max Pine placed him-

self at the head of the movement to assist financially and morally the heroic builders of our Homeland, the campaigns for funds have been gaining in influence and results. With the exception of the little group of communists and the still smaller group of anti-nationalist die-hards, the *Gewerkschaften Campaigns* (so called in recognition of the United Hebrew Trades which first endorsed the cause of Jewish Labor in Palestine) have the sincere sympathy and the active support of the whole Jewish labor world in the United States and Canada.

THE HASNEH, the cooperative insurance company of the Palestine workers, will in the near future be in a position to broaden its activity and to embrace all branches of the insurance business, thanks to the Jewish National Workers' Alliance of America, which has for this purpose joined hands with the workers' organization—the Histadruth—in the Homeland and has launched a campaign for one hundred thousand dollars, in shares of common stock, at the rate of \$12.50 per share.

Judging from the success with which the New York quota of two thousand shares has been taken up, there is little doubt that the rest of the country will with equal promptitude subscribe for the remainder of the stock.

The Alliance being a fraternal order with the most modern insurance system, it is by nature and experience fully qualified for the business of labor insurance. The funds of the Hasneh will be invested in mortgages on workers' homes—which means that they will be safe and secure. The success of the Judea Industrial Corporation—likewise founded by a Zionist fraternal order, the Sons of Zion—may serve as an additional encouragement to prospective stockholders of the Hasneh.

The benefits, direct and indirect, that will accrue to labor in Palestine from the operations of the Hasneh, are incalculable. Homes will appear where tents and shanties are marring the sight and cramping the life of our pioneers, and the burden of bereaved families will be considerably lightened.

The Jewish National Workers' Alliance of America has in the course of its career achieved great things for the education, culture, and material interests of its membership; it has done much for Palestine, but the Hasneh enterprise, with its large possibilities for Jewish labor in and out of Palestine, is the greatest single piece of constructive policy ever undertaken by a workers' organization.

THE JEWISH NATIONAL Fund is having its annual Flag Day on December the 18th, and our friends and readers will consider it a privilege to help in securing on that Sunday the greatest amount ever rolled up on such an occasion for this, the noblest Zionist institution.

The National Fund has as its aim the redemption of the Palestine soil as the ever-lasting, inalienable property of the Jewish people. It buys up the land, improves it and rents it out to colonists and cooperative labor groups. In other words, the Fund is to the Jews what a State is to its citizens: it furnishes more or less free homesteads. Without the National Fund no large scale colonization of Jews in

Palestine is possible, for the very simple reason that we have not the individuals with sufficient means to invest heavy sums in the land in addition to the other costs of farming.

There is a sentiment in official Zionist circles against the separate, independent activity of the Fund. This alone ought to be sufficient reason to strengthen it and to make the National Fund the most salient, the most outstanding Zionist institution in this country.

RACHEL YANAITH, famous leader of the women pioneers in Palestine, will be the first of her sex ever to come to our shores for an extended tour in the interests of the Jewish Homeland. She will arrive on the 13th of December, as the guest and co-worker of the Woman's Pioneer Organization, the youngest and highly promising branch of Labor Zionism in America.

"FOUR WALLS," now running at the John Golden Theatre, is a remarkably good psychological play. It portrays admirably the workings of a soul striving for freedom but held back by social surroundings and acquired habits. All the types seem true to life, and there is something very human about the underworld where the drama unfolds. But we see nothing in the theme itself that calls for Jewish characters. It would fit any modern people.

6

THE TREND OF AMERICAN JEWRY

By ISAAC ZAAR

A NATIONAL group may break up and disappear as such if its component parts lose contact with one another and disperse in the surrounding population, each individual falling under the constant and exclusive influence of the new environment. In ancient days, when a conqueror desired to destroy a vanquished people, he exterminated the feeble and the weak, razed its cities and centers of culture, and carried off into slavery the young and the strong, scattering them far and wide over the face of the earth. Many a tribe or nation was thus forcibly and quickly brought to an end.

When out of touch with members of his race, and under the steady bombardment of foreign influences, the individual gradually and imperceptibly merges in the general mass of his compeers in the new society. The length of time required for the consummation of this process varies with the degree of culture and the force of habit he carried along with him. The young and the untutored will succumb sooner, whereas those more set in their ways or with a larger store of knowledge and tradition will take a longer time to lose their national identity,—if at all. The deeper the original foundations, the wider the experience, and the stronger the previously formed habits, the greater the inertia of the individual and his unconscious resistance to the new milieu. Such individuals feel more deeply their nationalism when amidst a strange people. They become keenly aware of their being different when thrown in with another culture. If you wish to test your Americanism, go abroad; if you wish to know how much of a Jew you are, settle among non-Jews. Long years will have passed before adjust-

ment has taken place,—if ever. It is usually the second generation, the children of the immigrant, that grow naturally and fully into the new life, and it is intermarriage which completes and rounds off the process of assimilation.

If our imaginary individual has ventured abroad with his family, or with a group of compatriots, the process of adjustment is at once retarded. For, in addition to the resisting power of his cumulative life experiences and habits of thought and action, he will have to his aid the living force of social contact with his own. The larger the group of his own people on foreign soil and the more frequent his contact with them, the greater his resistibility and the longer will it take the majority culture to break down the hold of his social heritage upon him. Continuing to grow in numbers and in variety and multiplicity of interaction between its units, the group may reach proportions and a degree of compactness that will render it impregnable to outside pressure, and it will stay on forever as a distinct part of the general population. It will be a living part of an interconnected whole; an integral element of a general culture.

We are not discussing a group of people who form compact colonies and are, by occupation, social arrangement or geographical position, separated from the rest of the country's population. Close agricultural settlements of foreigners, religious communities, Indian reservations, and such like, are deliberately and by design removed from steady intercourse with humanity at large and may remain for centuries at a stretch outside the pale of foreign culture.

The group we have in mind is a na-

tional minority which preserves its ethnic-cultural unity and distinctiveness amidst the general flow of life; whose units intermingle with the rest of the population, but who stay on within their own sphere because of inner attachments, cultural bonds, material interests, and social stress; in other words, by choice and necessity.

I believe that American Jewry has, by its dimensions and compactness, reached the stage of strength and solidity that no outside influence can weaken or destroy; that it has, as a distinctive group, advanced in the process of adjusting itself to the flux of American culture sufficiently far to begin to be conscious of its own moral essence and its intimate connection with the general scheme of things; and, finally, that the time is fast approaching—if it is not already upon us—when it will be impossible to think of the United States of America without its Jewry or of American Jewry without the country as a whole.

There is no doubt that the Jews of America are headed for a specific national life of their own. The development proceeds in many different ways and at different rates, depending on the degree of interconnection in which we stand to each other. There are Jews who by their occupation, culture, business, and social affiliations are far removed from their people and whose sense of attachment to it is therefore vague. Such Jews always have been in a minority with us, and their numbers tend to diminish by virtue of the influence which at least some of the factors that make for Jewish nationalism are bound to exert on them. They either fall away entirely, through inter-marriage and eventual mergence in the general population, or are drawn into the line of force that carries them to the heart of their people. We meet on all hands native Jews who feel Jewish, though they could not give a clear account of what it really means to them. But this very vagueness is

the best demonstration of the growing force of Jewish nationality. It irradiates in many directions, is complex in its nature and may because of that escape attention. The average German, or Frenchman, or Englishman could not explain what it is that ties him to his people. As likely as not, he does not even know that he is any different from others, unless he is brought face to face with foreign nationals. None the less, he is at all times, whether he knows it or not, part and parcel of his race or nation.

In the larger cities we have in many sections grown to such comparative numbers that our children believe the Jews to be the majority of the country and everything Jewish the dominant traits of American life. Many parents are astounded to learn, one fine morning, that their children are more nationally Jewish than they themselves are. They wonder where it comes from, but the reason is obvious: both at school and in the street the Jewish boys and girls play with their own, and the occasional companionship of a non-Jewish child only serves to accentuate and to intensify their Jewish consciousness. There is nothing striking or exceptional about it; it is as natural as the development of that "consciousness of kind" which is the law of the whole animal kingdom.

A whole generation thus rises into manhood with strongly marked impressions of an all-enveloping Jewish life which no subsequent experiences are likely to eradicate.

The Jewish spirit is more clearly defined in those who by social relations or business connections are in more frequent contact with their people. Here personal interest and like-mindedness combine to create various Jewish organizations. It may be interesting to know just what particular factor is the ruling motive behind this or that Jewish society; whether material benefit, immediate or ultimate; or the craving for the companionship of one's

own; or the lack of cordial reception elsewhere, but the fact is that life is bringing the Jews together, be it in college fraternities or social clubs, sporting circles or labor unions, business associations or congregational groupings. All of these forms of getting together are manifestations of Jewish life, concrete, salient signs of the national spirit, whatever the respective individuals may think for themselves of the Jewish people, its struggles, its aspirations, and its culture as a whole. We all know of Jews who, either sincerely or affectedly, appear to suffer under what they call the necessity of "sticking to their own" and who would much rather get away into "larger" fields of activity and affiliation, if they only could get "the right opportunity." While we may question the validity of their arguments or the cogency of their judgment on the true nature of their own sentiments in the matter, the fact that they are constrained, as they think, by the circumstances of the life around them to look for association and fellowship to members of their race, is another proof that American Jewry is working toward unity and distinctiveness as an ethnic-cultural group. For a group is held together, not alone by the common concerns of its members, but, likewise, by its difference from other groups, and, in cases of intergroup frictions, it may be this difference, rather than the unity, that is uppermost in the mind of the individual. A born millionaire may hate his class and wish to leave it, but he finds he cannot adjust himself to the life of another class, and is compelled to stay where he is. A union member may wish to be free from the trammels which discipline and the higher interests of his union impose on him, but he knows the still greater disadvantage of being "free", and he forces himself to travel along with his fellow workers. In all such cases it is the fear of adverse treatment or maladjustment

elsewhere that holds the member within his group. Such members are always the exceptions, and they may really be deceiving themselves as to the nature of their dissatisfaction, but their attitude reflects the power of the group over them and the degree of its differentiation from other groups.

Many are the factors which contribute to the rise of national consciousness in American Jewry. In the first place, its ethnic unity is preserved through endogamy, through marriage within its confines. Here religion plays a dominant part, but not the sole and exclusive part. The overwhelming majority of Jews grow up within their own circles, and their matrimonial relationships naturally arise from the more frequent and closer association between their own men and women, as against the rarer and more casual companionships with non-Jews. Inter-marriage is always and with all peoples the exception, not alone because of religious, political, or class differences, but primarily because of more frequent contact with their own.

In the second place, we have our traditions and customs; our material and spiritual interests, and our attachments,—all of which is the result of a common physical substratum, of a common history and of the constant interactions between the units of our compact communities all over the land.

In the third place, we are consciously molding the character and mental outlook of our children through education. We are doing it because we cannot help doing it. It is natural for parents to implant in their children, by example and precept, regard for whatever they themselves hold dear or consider necessary, — the inevitable continuity of the social heritage from generation to generation.

The methods and principles of education may differ with the respective groups or classes of the people; but

so long as this organized effort to direct the minds of the new generation has as its aim, at least in part, to make the children conscious of their bonds with their race, it necessarily results in the strengthening of that consciousness of kind which is at the basis of nationalism. In this respect it is immaterial whether the language of the classroom is English, or Hebrew, or Yiddish; likewise, whether the program is predominantly religious or secular; conservative or radical; merely nationalist or Zionist. No educational program can be the same for all classes and all times. Judaism, in its broad national meaning, never was, and never could be, the same for every Jew, or group of Jews. No two minds can be identical in content and no unity of national culture is conceivable without diversity. At certain stages certain traits of culture may stand out above all others, but at no time is it the same for all. Variety is its very essence, so long as the differences are united in one common consciousness of kind.

We have thus far spoken of the inner forces which are welding the Jews into a conscious national group. But aside from this mutual attraction and social tension which have kept alive our traditions and aspirations across the centuries, there has always been the potent factor of outside pressure. Every nation on earth is kept together, not alone by internal interaction, but also by external stress. What is characteristic of the Jewish people is its status in the world of nations, a status which permits the stronger neighbor to exploit it, to discriminate against it. But the social stress, while assuming in our case morbid forms, is in its essence a natural force and contributes powerfully to the maintenance of our own life. It was active in ancient times when we had our independent state and it will continue to be active when we shall have completely re-

claimed our homeland and made it impossible to maltreat us as the weakest member of the human family.

This stress American Jewry is beginning to feel. Let us hope it will not break out in the too familiar form of European anti-Semitism. Contrary to the prevalent opinion, rabid anti-Semitism is a hindrance to the development of Jewish national consciousness. It depresses the spirit and hampers the life of the people, making them incapable of thinking in terms of human pride and national equality. The destitute and the hounded may break out in anger and violence; they are the cannon fodder of all the uprisings and revolutions, but they are not capable of sustained effort in behalf of a peaceable movement. The Zionist movement was created by Jews who, while intensely feeling the shame of their people, were themselves placed in better circumstances, and the marvelous pioneers who now are rebuilding Palestine come, in the main, from the better class of Jews, economically and culturally, having given up careers and homes for the sake of an ideal.

Anti-Semitism is, therefore, rather a destructive factor in Jewish life and often breeds the kind of Jew that is ashamed of his own, that loses his human pride and manly courage.

The social stress that serves to unite the Jews and to bring out their consciousness of kind, is the growing spirit of nationalism in this country.

The time of psychological individualism in the United States is rapidly passing, giving place to a new orientation. It finds expression in a variety of ways, from the Ku Klux Klan to enlightened patriotism of the highest ethical stamp. The individual is no more supreme, it is the group which takes his place, and Americanism of one kind or another becomes part and parcel of the citizen's mind and attitude. Different individuals and various groupings must necessarily contend for their respective interpreta-

tions of the interests and destinies of the nation as a whole. If nationalism were a matter of choice and decision it would be logical to argue that, inasmuch as all are part of the same country, all must be included in anybody's idea of Americanism, without distinction of race, class, or color. Nationalism is, however, a slow and natural growth of varying strength and degree in different people, and of a variety of hues and nuances. Station in society, class bias, education, experience, and selfish interest,—all combine to create a diversity of outlook and theory, and, while all are nationalists and patriots in their own manner, the diverse groups will fight among themselves for supremacy in the nation,—through parties, organizations, orders and the like.

In this field of conflicting forces the Jew must look for his own congenial sphere and he will naturally and logically turn to those to whom he is bound by ties of history, tradition, and situation. Likewise, the non-Jew will look to those who are, by the same token, closer to him, and a natural differentiation takes place. In individual cases Jew and non-Jew may find themselves at one in all possible respects. Admitting for the moment that in those pla-

ces he ceases to feel that he is a Jew, he is only an exception, the greatest majority of his people remaining close to themselves,—just as the greatest majority of non-Jews will hold together. Thus Jewish nationalism in this country is strengthened and reinforced by the growth of American nationalism.

The Jews are divided into classes, societies, clubs, parties, and circles. That does not prevent them from knowing and feeling that they are all parts of a greater group, the Jewish people. The same holds true of America. The people are divided into numerous groups each of which may claim to be of superior value to the nation, but all are parts of a great whole, the American people.

The American nation, while still in its formative period, is, like any other nation, a social fabric which binds together different individuals and groups and is constantly enriched by the variety and multiplicity of interactions between its component parts. Through the incessant accumulation of common social heritage the Jews become part and parcel of American civilization and culture; while through their distinctive national life the Jews vary and enrich the life of America.

Phantoms

By P. M. R.

Ships sailing stormy seas
 May reach their destined port;
 But phantoms of the distant shores
 Each ship escort.

Every house is a haunted house:
 Dreams long slain
 Come bodied in flesh, and sing and laugh
 And weep again.

ZIONIST HIGH FINANCE

By BEN ABRAHAM

FOR the first time since Zionist funds have reached comparatively large dimensions, we have some sort of a financial statement, made public at the third annual conference of the United Palestine Appeal, at Cleveland, Ohio, on October 29, 1927, and reproduced in the November 11th issue of the *New Palestine*, the official organ of the Zionist Organization of America.

The report covers the fiscal period ending September 30, 1927, and, meagre and incomplete as it is, it discloses some astonishing facts.

The report states that the total cash receipts both by the National office of the United Palestine Appeal and the constituent organizations were \$3,257,849.74; that the expenses of the National office with its regional and sectional bureaus "as well as all the constituent organizations," amounted to \$891,774.81, or 27½ per cent of the receipts.

In addition to the expense of \$891,774.81, the Board of Directors of the United Palestine Appeal has given to the American Zion Commonwealth as a "loan" and in the hope that "ultimately no loss will fall upon the United Palestine Appeal," thus far \$247,833.84.

If the reader will pause for a minute and make a rapid calculation he will find that the total outgo was \$1,139,608.65 (nearly 35 per cent).

That would leave for Palestine, for which all the contributions were intended, \$2,118,241.09.

But we are told that the remittances to Palestine for the fiscal year amounted to \$2,379,635.70, which means \$261,394.61 more than there was in the treasury, according to the report!

As to the admitted expenses, we must regret that the Finance Committee of the United Palestine Appeal did not take the public more fully into its confidence and give us an idea of how "faithful service" and "loyal devotion" managed to recompense itself with \$891,744.81 of the Jewish people's money collected in the name of building Palestine.

Think of it! At a time when starvation was staring in the face of thousands of the real builders of our homeland, Zionists in America were using up Palestine funds to the tune of nearly nine hundred thousand dollars—a sum over and above what was required to do away with unemployment. The workers *in* Palestine suffered the agony of hunger and the shame of the unemployment dole while American idealists working *for* Palestine were eating up their chances of employment.

The tremendous sum is stated to include the expenses of all the constituent organizations of the U. P. A. Leaving aside the smaller units whose expense could not have been very big, the large organizations making up the United Palestine Appeal are the Keren Hayesod, the Jewish National Fund, and the Hadassah. We have no figures before us, but from what we know of Hadassah and the Jewish National Fund, their part of the total expense must have been the much smaller one, the lion's share falling to the debit of the Keren Hayesod. We believe that seven hundred thousand or even three-quarters of a million was spent by the Keren Hayesod. And all it sent to Palestine for the period was \$1,357,817. That means that it spent on itself from fifty to six cents for each dollar remitted to Palestine! And that at a

time when unemployed are forced to stage demonstrations in Tel-Aviv to resist a reduction of their total unemployment doles from a thousand pounds to seven hundred pounds!

This waste of public money by "faithful servants" becomes still more scandalous when we reflect that it is the Zionist Organization of America as at present ruled and managed that is maintained by the United Palestine Appeal, maintained by direct grants and through interlocking of offices. A broad hint of what is yet to come is given in the following promise of the Financial Committee:

"Consolidation and coordination in the work in the National Offices of the United Palestine Appeal and the Zionist Organization of America, have been effected and steps are being taken to coordinate all Zionist activities throughout the regions in the country, which, we anticipate, will result in substantial economy."

There was a time when direct or indirect use of Palestine funds by the Zionist Organization for its own machinery was considered moral turpitude, and the headquarters of the Keren Hayesod were separate and distinct. Now we have reached a stage when a single party's machinery is identified with and maintained by the fund raising agency of the whole Zionist movement.

Without seeing the enormity of the offense, the financial report states that the sum of \$891,774.81 "includes an item of \$75,000 paid to the Zionist Organization of America to cover the cost of publishing the *New Palestine* and *Dos Yiddishe Folk*"—and it adds in the way of a justification, "which have done conspicuous service in maintaining, developing and fostering the Zionist movement and *thereby creating a foundation without which the United Palestine Appeal could not possibly have succeeded.*"

Public funds gathered by all fac-

tions within the Zionist movement for Palestine are given away to maintain the party journals of one Zionist body! The brazenness of the justification surpasses all bounds. Just think of it, without the *New Palestine* and *Dos Yiddishe Folk* the United Palestine Appeal "could not possibly have succeeded."

The *New Palestine* states that after combining with the Zionist Pictorial Review, another publication which had been maintained out of the same public funds, it has over 55,000 readers; the number of contributors to the U. P. A. is at the same time stated, in the secretary's report, to have reached last year the figure of 180,000. Now, where did the remaining 125,000 contributors who were not receiving the subsidized journals get their Zionist sentiment?

And why should a weekly with over 55 thousand readers need public support? Do the readers pay or do they not? If they pay, the *New Palestine* should be making money; if they get it gratis, why do they? All Zionist party organs are struggling and taxing the resources of the membership; why should the membership of the "pure-and-simples" drain the public Zionist Treasury? Are there not enough Zionists to support those journals with subscriptions and special contributions, if need be? And if the readers do not care to support them, why publish them? Why squander Palestine money on American party journals? Why?

The United Palestine Appeal has given \$247,833.84, thus far, to the American Zion Commonwealth, a private land company which was scandalously mismanaged and misused by jobholders and Zionist officials. At a time when a quarter of a million dollars applied to constructive work in Palestine—for which it had been originally contributed by American Jews—could have wiped out unemployment to a large degree, the money was di-

verted to save the private investments of individual American Zionists.

No such financial manipulations, no such abuses of public trust would be tolerated anywhere, and we hope and believe that the great mass of Zionists will not permit such practices to con-

tinue, and that they will hold to account any and all of the present and past administration of the United Palestine Appeal and the Zionist Organization of America who had anything to do with the scandalous squandering of Palestine funds.

THE JEWISH HOME

By DAVID L. MEKLER

AS elsewhere, family life in America has undergone some rather sweeping changes in the last few decades. Jewish family life, likewise, has suffered some marked alteration, for Jews living under the same political and economic conditions as the non-Jews, are subject to the same laws of change.

New factors stand out in the changing and still changing family life of the Jews in America. Some, or most, of these factors may not be characteristically Jewish. They may be only "Jewified", as is the case with a great many things in Jewish life. The Jew emulating his Gentile neighbor in America, wears his merits and demerits as so many adaptations.

The Jewish home has changed its form of government. The "patriarchal" sway has given place to the "matriarchal". The husband and father has been dethroned and the crown of domestic sovereignty has passed to the wife and mother. The passing of the rulership from the male to the female of the species has been rather gradual. It still is in the process of passing. Not everywhere has the male ruler been completely deposed. Here and there he is still putting up a stiff though losing fight for his rights. But the woman is in the saddle. She has the upper hand. Times and conditions are in her favor.

In transplanting his home to this

side of the Atlantic, the Jew found himself all absorbed in the task of making a living. His labors were endless and his mind riddled with economic problems. His time was spent in the shop, factory or business. His scant leisure was divided between his union, his lodge, and his other societies which were supposed to take care of his material as well as of his spiritual needs. Little time was left to spend in the home. He barely had his meals there. His home became by necessity his lodging place. He was little more than the habitual visitor, the roomer or the boarder.

The care of the home in a material as well as in a spiritual sense passed into the hands of the wife. She was the homemaker, and the full responsibility of the children's well-being was left entirely to her. The father had no time for his children. Their education, their guidance was left to the mother.

The father had little contact with the children. He left home too early and returned too late to see them awake, much less to know them and to know their doings at school as well as in the world outside. It was through the mother that he could learn about them, their behavior, their joys, their needs, their ailments. If he had something to suggest, something to approve or chide, it was through the medium of his wife.

Home was so near to him and yet so far. He was a stranger in his own home.

No wonder that under these circumstances the wife became the actual "boss", wielding full sway over the household.

With material gain came more leisure. But the materfamilias was already entrenched in her acquired position, while the man was glad to be free of domestic cares. At the same time the desire for wider social contact grew upon him. The interests of his home became secondary to all others, and he ungrudgingly let his wife mold the character of his private domain.

The more ambitious of the women were not content to stop there. It did not satisfy them to remain mistresses of the home. They reached out for new social activities, for interests beyond the home, and today we see many a Jewish immigrant woman who has surpassed her husband in the process of getting Americanized.

New elements have thus entered into Jewish home life. By virtue of the fact that the Jewish woman was always ignorant of all that concerned her race and religion, since it was regarded as superfluous, nay, even sacrilegious to teach woman more than the elementary requirements of her religion, she became the medium of assimilation, ready to abandon all that made the Jew distinguished throughout his exile, separating him from the rest of mankind by an invisible but impregnable wall of national, racial, and religious consciousness.

The Jewish home, always a stronghold of Jewish tradition, became everything but Jewish, thanks to the woman's apathy to and ignorance of all things Jewish.

The man may ever cling to his old ideals. The orthodox attends services at his synagogue and the free-thinker participates in the various movements, national and otherwise. The man has

a past that he cannot divorce himself from and memories that he cannot discard. The Jewish woman, on the other hand, is indifferent, disinterested. Jewish problems and ideals are beyond comprehension, as a general rule.

The Jewish woman in America is like a torn leaf tossed about by the wind. Unlike her Gentile neighbor, she is much less religious than her husband, has no church affiliations. She became a perfect stranger within the Jewish gate. Life in America being free and the opportunities many, she saw but the outer shell of a new life, never taking the trouble to look into the inside of it.

Her chief interests in life are gowns, jewelry, furs, expensive furniture, theaters, parties, gossip.

Often she goes still farther and drifts into intermarriage. No religious scruples, no fight to put up against "fanatic" parents. Father was always hardest to "convince." He put up a struggle. It was mother that could have no strong objections.

"What is the difference?" she would reason. "Are not the Jewish boys as much 'goim' as the 'goishe' boys?"

These intermarriages ceased to be regarded by the parents as "treason" or "conversion," as something that always horrified the Jew. It has become the "natural" thing. The bond is not broken between parents and children when intermarriage takes place.

"Abie's Irish Rose" has become a daily occurrence, but more so O'Brien's Jewish Rebecca, Tony's Jewish Sadie, etc., etc.

While intermarriage may be regarded as the extreme form of Jewish national self-effacement, the lack of interest in Jewish affairs, religious, social, political and economic (mostly on the part of the Jewish women) is probably more serious.

One that drifts into another life may be lost for ever, cut off from the

Jewish tree of life. A leaf, a twig or even a branch less and the tree remains strongly rooted in the ground as ever before. But when one remains within the Jewish camp knowing of no particular good reason why he or she is there, except as an accident of birth, having no particular interest in the life of which he or she is a part, a situation results which is a great deal more portentous.

The Jewish woman could do much to strengthen the foundation of Jewish life in America. She has the leisure; she has the care of the coming generation; she has the home, the basic position to defend.

There is a vital need for a thorough Jewish education. Efforts are beginning to be made in this direction. The Jewish girl, here and there, is sent to

a Hebrew school of some sort, as well as the Jewish boy. Some Jewish parents at least are already coming to the realization that their daughters should know of their people as much, if not more, than their sons.

We can already point to the fact that Jewish institutions, charitable, religious, social, and nationalist are sustained in large measure by women. Almost every men's organization has its women's auxiliary. The influence of women is beginning to be felt in the Zionist movement of America, as witnessed by the Atlantic City convention of July last.

One that always sees the silver lining to the cloud may have a glimpse of the time when the daughters shall be back in the fold of their people and even become real leaders in Israel.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE BALFOUR DECLARATION

By JAMES FUCHS

THE writer of these presents, a Socialist-Zionist of ten years' standing, has been in no hurry to submit to the public certain home-truths about the Balfour Declaration and the Palestinian activities in its train, which became pretty plainly manifest soon after 1920. As a close and tolerably well-informed student of international relations, he knew beforehand that the Balfour Declaration would inevitably reveal itself in its semi-fraudulent character within the first decade of its operation. No useful purpose could have been served by a public discussion of anticipations pondered by the writer as early as Spring and Summer of 1920. The thing had to run its course. The "general" Zionist movement in the United States was then—and is for the most part now—in the hands of middle-class notabili-

ties who, one and all, are in a frame of mind which Karl Marx once characterized, less politely than distinctly, as "parliamentary cretinism." What is parliamentary cretinism? It is a mentality based upon an inbred, obstinate and nearly always incurable delusion that the actualities of history are not only *defined*, but that they are *originated* by enactments, parchments and legal formulas. I am quite aware—and so, of course, was the inventor of the term—that a group may suffer heavily from parliamentary cretinism and yet, in many respects, consist of wide-awake citizens. Take, as a conspicuous instance, Brother Lipsky. He is a clever journalist, one of the ablest dramatic critics in town and not half bad in his capacity of executive. Yet a man more completely steeped in parliamentary cretinism does not exist in

American public life. Somewhere in the back of his head, Brother Hillquit has a subconscious idea, that Socialism is "a case" that will ultimately be argued before and decided by a full bench of the U. S. Supreme Court. Brother Lipsky goes him one better: he is seriously convinced, and always was, that the forensic chicaneries and caucus *drehs*, whereof he is a past master, can shape important Zionist actualities, and in this belief he stands by no means alone—practically all the notabilities of the "general", official movement are like-minded. They seriously consider—of course, without arriving at a blunt formula—that human history is a creation of smart attorneys.

Consider for a moment the true origin and motive of that far-famed manifesto: If we are to believe the various White House Spokesmen of 114 Fifth Avenue, it was a heaven-sent manifestation of Allied disinterestedness, quite seriously intended to help the Jews to their longed-for Palestinian homeland secured in public law. As a plain matter of fact, it was a war measure, proposed at the darkest hour of the conflict—the darkest hour for the Allied camp, which at that time hung by inches above the abyss of defeat. It was proposed, in the councils of the British Government, to get, both in the Allied and the hostile countries, what Captain O'Toole might have called "the Hebroo world-vote"—in plainer words, the enthusiastic support of the Jewish millions, regardless of domicile and allegiance, by a Jesuitical, ambiguously worded declaration in favor of a homeland. It was a master-stroke of policy, suggested by bitter necessity, and it answered brilliantly.

We have it on the assurance of the late lamented Israel Zangwill, that myriads of Jews in the countries of the Central Powers had the sublime courage to rally round the British Declaration in the midst of war. I

suspect that the usual exaggeration in *Goyish* minds of Jewish wealth, Jewish solidarity of purpose, etc., was the midwife that brought the Balfour Declaration into the world. Be that as it may, it chiefly addressed itself to the American Jewish Community—for two reasons: first, because America was the only military Messiah that could possibly save the Allied cause from impending ruin; and, secondly, because the Jews of America were *then*—and evidently would remain for a good many years—the purse-bearers of the entire race, ruined elsewhere within the general ruin of the war. American Zionists, therefore, were the only imaginable party of the second part in any compact with the British Government taking the Balfour Declaration as a basis for Palestinian reconstruction.

It was twice within the power of American Zionism, aided by the Zionists of England and the European Continent, to exact an amendment—an amplification of the Balfour pronouncement, sufficiently explicit, lucid, stringent, to make it a true instrument of Jewish home-building, with British obligations sufficient to be a match to the enormous burdens to be assumed by the Zionists and their Jewish aides—a "fair consideration," to speak in the technical language beloved by Brother Lipsky and his retinue of "general" Zionist attorneys. The first of these opportunities came in 1917, when the Declaration was made public. With the propelling power of British war-necessities to aid them, our Zionists had a very fair chance then of compelling honest specifications. Not a single voice of any consequence was raised in favor of such a procedure. Of course, it would have meant placing before the British Cabinet a blunt alternative: either a Declaration that really declares what the Balfour formula *seems* to declare, or

no *geschaeft*—no Zionist furtherance of British-Levantine aims in America or elsewhere, no armed Zionist legions serving under the British colors, no American millions for the reconstruction of a British-Syrian outpost, no Jewish *shomerim* as an inexpensive British gendarmerie to ward off Arab raids—in short (to quote Mussolini): nothing for nothing!

From this alternative, the timid snobbery of our middle-class notabilities receded with a shudder. What—bargain with a real, god-given Government of a Great Power, and enforce an honest pact? Perish the thought! The legalistic ability of Brother Lipsky and his compeers—to do justice to their talents—would have been the very thing in those days, to analyse the Declaration, point out, in language urbane but firm, its loopholes, and to formulate a true Zionist instrument to supplant it. But such an action would have meant: facing the eventuality of breaking off negotiations—and the hearts of these middle-class “arrivals” of yesterday were not stout enough to risk it. They had attained to petty bourgeois respectability but the other day—and lo and behold! a parcel of cabinet-ministers, with the devil of war-needs driving them, held converse with them on *almost* equal terms. To quit contact, under *any* circumstances, was more than flesh and blood could stand—at least the kind of flesh and blood transplanted in the course of fifteen years or so, from Downtown to Harlem and The Bronx. The Balfour Declaration was swallowed whole, without criticism or objection. The first use made of it was that of advertisement: Zionism was now both a government measure and a belligerent device in times of war—and its stock went up tremendously, which, of course, re-enforced and cemented forever the delusions of the American middle-class mind: how can a failure to nego-

tiate, an unconditional acceptance be wrong, when it results in a 100,000 members and an annual revenue of several millions? That the annual revenue meant, ultimately, a subsidy to further the ends of the British Government in Syria, without anything *definitely* guaranteed in turn, did not enter the consciousness of our “general” Zionist notabilities—nor that the membership-boom must necessarily collapse with the realities behind the Declaration becoming more and more visible.

The second opportunity for making terms with the British Government came in 1919-20, during the transactions leading to the opening up of the homeland. One cannot truthfully call these transactions negotiations. In all points of any consequence the British Government made its stipulations and our middle-class Zionists—in America and England—signed on the dotted line. By that time, the war was over, and the British Cabinet had now taken the measure of the Jews in general and the Anglo-American Zionists in particular. It dawned upon the gentlemen of His Majesty's Cabinet that the Jews, far from being shrewd, long-headed, practical, obstinate, were in fact the most incurable romanticists on earth, in all negotiations beyond the scope of ordinary commerce, and so easily diddled that it was really not worth while to offer them any serious guarantees in return for services rendered and to come.

II.

Ten years of Palestinian actualities have so completely revealed the cozening intent of the pact as to lay it bare to all but the dullest understandings. The Balfour Declaration consists of two parts: a Zionist formula so loosely worded as to afford no end of gateways for escape from governmental obligations, and a reservation so wide as to include, if need be, anything and everything crammed into it by the in-

terests, permanent or momentary, real or fancied, of the British Foreign Office. I do not propose to weary the readers of the *Vanguard* with an account of the successive stages of disillusionment. The innovation of a pogrom in Jerusalem under high British patronage, the unavenged Arab raids upon the Galilean settlements, the governmental sabotage of national resistance against the Wahabi invasion, the inquiry before the House of Lords into the claims of the Effendis, the constant meddling of the Circumlocution Office with Zionist immigration policies, the amazing effrontery with which a faked "Red Spectre" in Jaffa was conjured up to screen official cowardice and incompetency, and finally, within recent days, an open breach of compact in recognizing a Trans-Jordanian Amir as sovereign of anciently and essentially Palestinian soil—all these details of a long story of British treachery and tergiversation are known to every member of the Poale-Zion. The Balfour Declaration *can* still be invoked and, I suppose, *must* be invoked now and then, for some time to come, as a claim and a reminder—but what it really amounts to, under the rule of a Tory cabinet, is too plain now for "boosting" misrepresentations.

But the predicament of the "general" Zionists—apart from human sympathies—is not ours. Let those "sit *shivah*" over the Balfour formula, who, for ten years on end, have boosted it as the true foundation of pragmatic Zionism. Jewish radical labor never did. The Balfour Declaration is neither more nor less than a pledge which *may* be construed Zionistically—a pledge so vague and so plainly given with mental reservations, that its Zionist construction, for the time being, must be *exacted* in every individual contention, for it will never be *voluntarily* applied by the party of the first part to the compact. The mental and moral tragedy of our general

Zionists consists in this: being timid legalists, they imagine that they are under a perpetual obligation to put a good face upon the Palestinian situation in their press—for the one great jewel of their souls is "regularity" in their official status with the British Government. As a consequence, no man can ever get a true vision of Palestinian realities out of *The New Palestine*, though the paper has a technically able editor. To give the *Vanguard* readers an instance of this all-pervading "official" timidity: two years ago, it took me six weeks of reiterated persuasions, before I could cause the editor of the N. P. to secure somewhere an article about the Wahabi invasion, which, owing to British disloyalty, was in a fair way then of subverting the entire Zionist structure on the old soil. When he finally *did* print an article about that portent, it was one devoid of true elucidation.

With this policy of subservient self-censure in the face of the British disloyalties, the American organization stands absolutely alone—the "general" Zionist bodies in England and elsewhere live up to all reasonable expectations in the matter of free criticism—simply because the mentality of the Jewish bourgeoisie with Zionist inclinations, in England and Germany, is not that of people who have starved themselves but yesterday into the respectability of the white-handed trades and callings.

To all rational Poale-Zionists the assets of the homeland are unimpaired. Whatever is of true assistance in the reconstruction of the old soil and the fostering of a new Jewish civilization thereon, is quite independent of a dubious British declaration of intent with regard to Zionism. Tel-Aviv, the Hebrew University, the New Settlement throughout the country, the Keren Hayesod, the National Fund, the Hamishpat Hashalom Havi, the Waad Leumi, the Bezalel, the Kvutzoth and Cooperatives, the Ku-

path Holim—in what relative palpable detail can these cultural assets be said to be inseparable from and dependent upon the glory and decay of the Balfour formula? If all these forces, under a hegemony of Jewish

labor in town and country federate, they may yet bring to pass what the American purse-bearers of the Zionist world-movement could not: they may, by a stern unity-front, force the government to come to decent terms

JEWISH PARABLES

By A. FRUMKIN

Contentment

(*A Story from the Talmud*)

CONTENTMENT is the mother of bliss. It is beyond all wealth.

For—say the Sages—he is rich who is content with his lot.

But—may that hour never come!—should you happen to be in distress, do not betake yourself to despair, and indulge not in complaints.

You will not have had the worst of it.

Thus is the story told in the Talmud:

When Ben Kalba Sabbua, one of the wealthiest and most prominent men of Jerusalem, discovered that his beautiful daughter had fallen in love with the poor Tanna Rabbi Akiba, he grew so wrathful that not only did he turn her out of his house, but resolved to disinherit her altogether.

Most solemnly did he vow that never should his door be opened to her again, and never should she enjoy the least share of his fortune.

But the vow was of no avail.

Love takes no threats, and none of the world's riches can withhold a loving heart.

So one day, in spite of the magnate's opposition and his wrath, the young loving couple were married.

It was a poor, scanty wedding: without bridal gowns, without music, with-

out gifts, and even without a home to live in.

In summer they slept in the field, in the open air, and for the winter they managed somehow to get a corner in a cellar, where they slept on a heap of straw.

Rabbi Akiba was silent; he uttered not a word of complaint, but took it all in good humor.

Not so she. The daughter of the great magnate,—she could not be content.

She could not forget her former life, with all its comforts. Before her eyes there always appeared her father's palace, the large, light and warm rooms, the beds and the cushions, covered with silk and satin. Scarcely had she seen a straw in her life. Nor had she ever felt the least pinch of cold.

However, she took great care not to speak of her sorrows, lest her words might grieve her beloved husband's heart.

When left alone, she often would sit absorbed in her sad thoughts. But no sooner did she cast her eyes on him, saw his radiant, cheerful face and his beautiful, long curls, than all her troubles vanished, like the shadows of night before the rising sun.

How dearly she loved his beautiful curls!

One morning they awoke in the cellar. His hair was full of straw.

While she began to comb it, pick-

ing out one straw after another, tears came to her eyes and she sighed deeply.

Rabbi Akiba tried to comfort her.

"I wish I had money," he said, "I would buy thee a golden necklace. . . . How becoming it would be for thee, my dear!"

Suddenly at the entrance of the cellar there appeared a poor, beggarly-looking man.

"Good-hearted people," he said, "would you not let me have some of your straw? My wife has just given birth to a child, and she has naught to lie upon."

Of course, they gave him a part of their straw.

"Thou seest, my love," said Rabbi Akiba, after the man had left, "one must never indulge in complaints. It seems that our lot is not the worst, as there are people who cannot even boast having a heap of straw to lie upon."

A Blessing

(A Story from the Talmud)

SHOULD you be called upon to bestow a blessing upon some one, always be brief and to the point.

Know how and what to wish.

Do not indulge in pouring out blessings at random.

Either they will never materialize, or they have already been fulfilled without your benedictions.

Thus is the story told in the Talmud:

One day the great Rabbi, Rav Nachman, was invited to dine with his friend and colleague, Rav Itzhak. When the dinner was over and the guest was about to leave, the host asked him for a blessing.

Said Rav Nachman:

I will tell thee a parable.

Somewhere in the desert a man was lost.

He was hungry, and thirsty, and tired. For three days and three nights he had not had a morsel of food nor a drink of water in his mouth. So he strayed along, weary, famished and exhausted, on the brink of collapse.

Suddenly, when at the height of his despair, he turned around and, lo and behold, a tree is before his eyes, stretching out its large branches covered with leaves and full of delicious fruit; and a lovely little brook meandering leisurely by its side.

So the poor man had all he needed.

With the fruit of the tree he stilled his hunger; with the clear water of the brook he quenched his thirst, and the thick, leafy branches of the tree protected him against the burning rays of the sun.

After he had rested a long while, and before starting on his way further, he turned around with his face to the tree and said:

"How shall I bless thee, O good tree? What shall I wish thee in return for all thou hast given me?"

"Shall I pray that thou shouldst bear fruit? Dost thou not bear it without my prayer?"

"Shall I wish thee that thy branches be large and thick and leafy, so that weary people may find ease and comfort under thy cooling shadow? But they are so without my wishing."

"Or perhaps I should bless thee with a lovely little brook at thy side? Thou hast that also without my blessing."

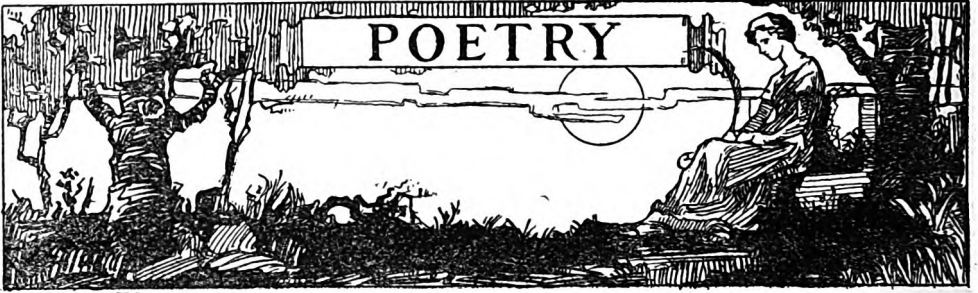
"I therefore wish thee that all the trees which may spring out of thy fruit be like thee!"

So, Itzhak, it is with my benediction.

What shall I bless thee with?

Torah? Thou enjoyest it. Wealth? Plenty. Honors? In abundance. And children? Thank God, in good number.

I can only wish thee that thy children and thy children's children shall never shame thee!



The Last Call

By P. M. RASKIN

The orchestra is jazzing—keep whirling in the dance;
The drum will stop abooming, and straight dispell the trance.

The sun gilds the tree-tops, devour each golden spark,
The night goes shadow-sandaled, and paves the earth with dark.

The mountain-crest is calling—clatter, lose no time—
The raven caws of storm—it will be hard to climb.

The maiden's cheek is paling—color it with your lips—
Life's sunrise lasts a moment—eternity its eclipse.

Stale, maybe, this wisdom, yet dawn-like new though old.
And he who did not heed it—turned to stone his gold.

My World

By P. M. RASKIN

I built me a world
Of self-made light;
A sun for my day,
A moon for my night.

I live my world
Afar from the sod,
A peopleless king,
A lonely god.

But whenever below
I hear laughter and mirth,
I want to go down
Back to the earth.

For what avails
A self-made sun.
If one is a god,
And one is alone?

THE CRIME AND THE PUNISHMENT

By B. OULSKY

WE were twenty-four inmates in a 15 by 18 prison cell at the jail of Butirka. Our crimes were as varied as the stones in a mosaic and even more colorful. Sixteen of us have sinned with Zionism; one was a Menshevik; another, an artist held as a foreign spy; two Jewish merchants; a government bank clerk indicted for embezzling; a railroad-station employee sentenced for misuse of government money; and a thief—a notorious Pogromist—convicted for making a hold-up on the chief of the government paper department.

Dreary and unbearably long are the days. In the cell it is hot, and the air is heavy with the smell of sweat of unkempt and unwashed men. This morning we were made happy. Our daily airing chanced to be earlier than usual, and thanks to the guard's negligence we were out in the open five minutes in excess of our privilege. Though the prison courtyard is miserably small, and the walls high, we enjoyed and gloried in God's warm sun. These walks were important events in the life of our comrades because the inmates of four prison cells at a time were taken out for the "hike". We eagerly awaited the get-together in the hope of finding new faces, strangers with news from the world without and tales from the papers. The walks afforded the opportunity of searching furtively in the stone crevices and wood-piles for pellets of bread wherein a comrade might have hidden a note, a word of hope or a bit of information about our fellow-Zionists in the other cells. Zionists are to be found in every cell of the jail: the recent raids proved highly successful.

The day is growing older and duller. Suddenly rumors begin to spread,

are caught up in the air and swiftly passed from ear to ear: "Cells number 16 and 17, in corridor number 20, are out on a hunger strike!"

About four in the afternoon some comrade threw in through the "guard-hole" (the jail door is a sheet of steel with a 5 inch square hole at the top) a crumpled piece of paper upon which the following was crudely written: "Every cell in the upper hallways is out on a hunger strike. It is three days now since they stopped eating. The demands are: (1) The ration of bread shall be increased to a pound and a half per day. (2) Soup shall be served warm, as prescribed by the prison rules. (3) Separations shall be effected between those already convicted and those whose cases are still in the process of investigation. (4) Krilenko, Attorney General of the Republic, shall visit the prison personally to hear the complaints against the G. P. U. (State Police) for failure to observe the law."

And in conclusion: "Comrades, we need your support! Join the hunger strike!"

Our cell immediately took counsel together. The pros and cons were presented. "It is evident that the strike was not sponsored by the political prisoners . . ." "The demands are not coherent . . . are not in accord with our objections." "The strike should not have begun until the rest of us had seen the complaints . . ." "And yet—comrades have not eaten for three days . . ." We decide to acquaint ourselves with the details of the hunger-strike and if the upper cell-mates have really hungered for three days, we should join them.

During the rest of the day we could get no information. Early next morn-

ing our cell "manager" was ordered to go to the bakery for our rations of bread. We sent a comrade whose shrewdness, alertness, and quick-wittedness had already gained him the confidence of the entire cell. He was instructed that if he found a strike was actually on he should refuse to accept our bread rations.

Five minutes passed and he returned with the following tale minus the bread: "I was ushered into the bakery all alone, not as usual in a group of four. Of course, you know why. They feared the news might leak out, and therefore kept us apart. I saw through it, alright; they could not fool me. The bread shelves were chockfull of loaves. 'That means,' said I to myself, 'that no one took any rations this morning.' Innocently I queried, 'Why so much bread today?' 'None of your d—ed business. Take yours and go!' was the brusque retort. The situation was clear. In the name of our cell I refused to take the bread—and here I am."

It was evident that there was a hunger strike in the prison. We got up a declaration informing the prison authorities that we, of cell No. 86, without going into a discussion of the causes or manifesting accord with the complaints, join the hunger strike out of sympathy. We gathered all the provisions in the cell, called the guard, handed him our declaration and threw the food stuffs into the hallway. The guard slammed the door into our faces—and our hunger strike was on. Two more cells along our corridor joined us, but the last one, number 89, abstained.

Between the hours of 12 and 2 complete rest must reign in the cell. One must not sing, nor talk loudly. It is the time for afternoon naps, for chess games (the chess-men are made of bread crumbs) or reading.

Half-past one. The prison is shrouded in silence. Suddenly, at first incomprehensible, later as if coming from afar, quietly, depressed, but

gaining in volume and intensity, a cry as that of a hoarse siren is heard.

Ah-e-e-e! Eh-u-u-u! Oh-o-o-o!

A whole cell is wailing. A second is joining; the whole of the corridor is replying: Ah-ye-ye-ye Oh-a-a-a!

And then in corps: One, two, three, and now the women joined in the chorus. The whole prison shakes with its two thousand voices: Oh-e-e-e-e! Ah-u-u-u-u. And at intervals the cry is interrupted by a many-voiced yell: K-r-i-l-e-n-k-o! G-i-v-e u-s Kri-len-ko! Ah-e-e-e! We — want — Kri-len-ko! Eh-e-e-e!

And when one group is exhausted others replace it. The cry is one continuous siren-sound—a myriad of voices—a wall splitting wail. A few minutes passed before we realized what was happening. We decided not to participate. The majority of our cell, the political prisoners, thought this form of protest too weak to be efficacious.

An hour, two, three passed. The wailing continued. The prison guards heavily armed speed through the halls, halt at every guard-hole, with guns pointed, and savage voices shout out commands.

"Close that guard-hole or we'll fire! One, two——" The guard-holes are shut; but the yelling does not cease, it gains in volume. Thus it continued until seven in the evening, when it suddenly hushed up—to be resumed the following morning or, perhaps, to break out anew in the stillness of midnight that it might be heard the better in the city.

At eight thirty the usual inspection, but this time it proceeds with more than the usual precautions. The officials seemed somewhat frightened. Instead of one, three guards, armed from head to foot, make the rounds.

Hungry, tired, and with nerves on edge, we make ready to go to sleep. Sleep, sleep—that is the overmastering desire of all. Who knows what the morrow might bring?

"Get up, d— you!" Something cold and hard struck me in the ribs. The pain and the noise brought me to my feet. Unfamiliar faces, gruff, husky voices mingle in my half-dimmed consciousness, and I stare at what is happening without understanding. Our cell is filled with soldiers; some with guns ready for the command; others scramble over the bunks, jabbing the sleeping men with the butts of their guns.

"Get up, d— you! You will rebel, will you? Out of here!"

A pair of strong hands grip me by the back of my neck, lift me off my feet and giving me no chance to touch the floor again, force me out into the hallway. I was placed by the wall, facing it, nose jammed into it.

The hallway seemed empty. The doors at each end were open, causing a sickening draft. I stood there in my nightshirt and bare feet upon the cold asphalt floor. I was completely awake now.

"They will teach us a lesson. Some leaders will be shot . . ." I recall the Prison of Kiev. The prisoners made ready for mutiny and escape. Every tenth inmate was shot . . .

The rest of the comrades just as scantily clad and bare-footed are thrown out of their cells and placed with faces to the wall. The second row faces the necks of the first. We are all shivering from cold, vexation and the dread of the unexpected.

"Shut up! Stand straight!"

"Rebellion — you vile insects! We will show you! Face that wall, damn you!" Behind us we heard the clicking and loading of guns.

"Stand straight!"—and a bone-crushing jab follows. Either with the butt of the gun or the closed fist. Blows fall upon the ribs, the neck or the face. Cries, moans, jeers and teeth clattering mingle with commands for silence and the clicking of arms.

I was struck three times. The blood trickled down my cheek from a cut

I received above the eye. It cooled and hardened by the frozen sweat that covered my face. The third blow to my neck reopened the gash as my forehead struck a sharp stone in the wall.

The fellow beside me. I know him not. I only feel how he shivers. "They'll shoot," he whispers: "I don't think so," I argue, "for in truth it wasn't a real strike. It wasn't mutiny."

"Shut up! Stand still. You d—!"

Blows fly in all directions. One is sighing, another whimpering, a third crying. "Silence!" I hear the heavy breathing and the shivering of neighbors.

We are all in the hall, facing the wall, one hundred and fifty of us. Not a move. Sounds are quickly stilled. Behind us the guards are tampering with triggers of the loaded guns. The dead silence is made more ominous by holding our breath. Time is dragging. The beating of the heart grows audible. It beats faster, as if on its last lap. In the breast a desire for vengeance is newly born. But one feels miserably weak and obediently stands facing the wall, nose jammed into it.

How long will it last? An hour? An eternity? Who knows?

Through the stillness a clear silvery voice is heard:

"Bloodhounds!"

"Who said that?"

"I did! You are worse than hounds."

"Grab him!"

He was taken away. Who? Where to? No one knows. We face the wall.

Sounds. Someone fainted and noisily fell to the ground.

"What's this, you nasty hound? Tired? Get up!" He is picked up but he falls down again. Ice-cold water is thrown at him.

"I can't! Have pity. As God is" . . .

"Stand up and stay up!"

Three days later we found out that

this comrade who fainted was a priest. He fainted from loss of blood caused by a blow on the nose.

* * *

I don't know how long we stood there. Possibly only an hour, but the minutes seemed years.

"About face!" We obeyed.

The inmates of all cells are punished just as we were, even cell number 89, which abstained from the hunger-strike. We are all shivering from cold and nervous strain. In front of us stands the assistant warden, Adamson, the executioner of the G. P. U. His eyes are inflamed with a wicked fire that illuminates his sadistic face.

"Did you yell?"

"As a spokesman of my cell I declare that——"

"Shut up! I recognize no spokesman.

"Did you cry?"

"No!"

"And you?"

"No."

This question is put to each one separately.

"So you won't admit, you scoundrels. Most likely you were the leaders of the mutiny. We will teach you how to obey."

And turning to the guards he commands: "Pick the trouble makers."

Two guards step forward, stare into our faces as if to read our guilt in them and then without hesitation pick six of our comrades.

"About-face!" This command is given to the rest of us.

"Forward march," was the command to the six "leaders."

They were taken away. Where to? No one knows. My neighbor thinks they were led to the "exit" (jail vernacular for the place of execution). I thought they were merely transferred to the dungeon.

The warden stepped along to the other groups to probe and find the leaders of the "mutiny."

We remained standing in the position Adamson commanded us to hold until the very last prisoner in our hall replied to his questions. The slightest change of position brought a bang with the fist of a jab with the butt of the gun.

In automatic obedience to a command we turned and faced Dookis, the "commander-in-chief" of our jail.

"Did you holler?" the inquisition began anew.

"I already, as head . . ."

"Shut up! Answer my question. Did you holler?"

"No."

"Sergeant, pick the trouble makers!"

A bully of a man spat out a few orders and two of our comrades stepped forward. The chief was not satisfied. Another inmate was ordered to leave the ranks.

"And why are you hoarse?"

"Because I have a sore throat."

"Don't worry, my dear, it will soon stop aching you. Just five minutes or so. Sergeant, get this bird too!"

They too were led out in the direction of the court-yard.

"Right-face! Forward march!" and back into our cells we marched.

We scarcely knew whether we should cry or laugh. We had just left four comrades behind to an unknown fate. But lo, the first six "leaders" are already back in the cell. All of them fully dressed, two even in overcoats. We embraced, kissed. Few could hold back their tears.

"But where shall we sit? Where are our bunks? Where is the table; our clothes, our personal belongings?" The cell was bare. Fourteen half-naked men and six with clothes are confined within four icy asphalt walls.

We spread the two overcoats on the floor, grouped ourselves closely together, hugging each other in an attempt to warm our stiffened limbs.

A long time passed. The story of the six "leaders" was a simple one. They were taken back to the cell and

told to dress and make ready for a march to Taganka. Then ordered to clear the cell of every movable object. When this was done they were shut in the cell without further instructions. But what is the fate of our comrades? And just to make things more perplexing, the four picked comrades were of a weaker character and of a more nervous type.

We sat there, a mass of shivering naked bodies on the stony floor. Now and then a more courageous cell-mate rises, sneaks up to the guard-hole, peeps through it and, disappointed, returns to our midst.

Time is dragging. Morning refuses to come. What is to happen next? Oh! If only morning would come.

The door latch is turned. A shudder passes through the shivering naked mass. What next? Why don't they let us alone? We press close to each other without a bit of initiative or will power.

The door opens and crouching together, silently and pale as ghosts march in the four comrades we left behind. As a surging tide we rise from our place, rush upon them and with a cry of joy we embrace them.

We had been certain that they were no more amongst the living, we consoled and mourned them—and here they stood, alive and with us again. We carry them into the center of the cell, seat them upon the coats, warm their hands with our breath, chafe their numb limbs and bring them to life again.

How happy we are again; how quickly we forget our misery!

"Attention!"

We spring to our feet and fall in line; we ask no questions; we act more readily than automatons. The "commander-in-chief" of the jail enters. He reads a proclamation drawn up by the staff of the G. P. U.:

"Whereas the prisoners of the jail of Butirka have rebelled, aiming to overthrow the established authority, the

prison is declared to be in a state of siege. All inmates who participated in the mutiny shall not receive their clothes for three days; (2) shall not have the privilege of using the wash-room; (3) shall be given only two ounces of bread and one glass of water per day; (4) shall have no walks in the prison courtyard for two weeks; (5) shall not buy anything from the jail store for one month nor be allowed to see visiting friends (this privilege *we* never had) nor correspond (merely an academic phrase); (6) the rebels shall have no books or other reading matter for one month," and in conclusion he adds, "no loud speaking, no singing, nor coming close to the 'guard-hole.' If these rules are not obeyed, you know what that means!"

The three days of cold and indescribable misery began. We sleptuddled up together so that we might feel warmer. We sat in Turkish fashion, feet underneath, so that our night-shirts might cover the whole body. In turn we took snappy walks around the cell. We moved fast for the asphalt floor was cold and our feet were bare. We sought relief in sleep, using the hand as a pillow and a coat for a cover (when our turn came).

During the three days the authorities were much concerned about us. The prison doctor, a woman, enters, and very concernedly asks us whether, God forbid, any one isn't ill. We politely reply: "We do not need the services of the prison doctor." Each morning we receive our bread rations and water. The bread rations, according to orders, but water, thanks to the negligence of the guard, we receive a whole jug—almost two glasses per prisoner. We make sport of our misery: "a toothpick for an elephant"; "a speck of dust"; "an acorn for a horse," etc. We elect a "manager," for the bread must be evenly divided into four portions, and the water into three, and there is only one tin cup.

The end of this torture was in sight. In the morning we are to receive our clothes, personal possessions, and bunks. What a pleasure it will be to pull up those trousers, to lace the shoes, to try on the coat! . . .

The kind consideration of the authorities was really to be marvelled at. We are awakened at one o'clock in the morning. Why? Nothing of importance. They desire to give back to us our belongings. The things had been seized exactly at this hour just three days ago, and as the orders were three days, they do not care to let us suffer any longer. Characteristic Soviet punctuality!

We carry into the cell all our possessions (except the books and magazines). We quickly slip into our clothes. One might have smiled at our eagerness, but whoever went through our misery could appreciate the fullness of our pleasure. And the pillows— Oh, how our bodies gloried at the touch of them. The jail became a paradise.

In the morning Dookis, Adamson and the "commander-in-chief" entered our cell. They came in the capacity of an "Elected Investigation Committee."

"Have any of you complaints to make?"

No reply. The question was repeated. Again stony silence.

A better bit of ironic humor these Soviet chieftains could not have thought of. They, who were the cause of all our misery, are here to listen to our grievances! . . .

The same dreary, dull, and unbearable long days began to repeat themselves, except that there were no walks, no books and no singing. Every order of the night of "mutiny" was strictly carried out.

Thus we lived through the "uprising" of April 9th, 1924, in the Butirka jail. In all other cells similar scenes took place. But Soviet authorities believe in some variations, for you no doubt know that the jails are nothing but "educational institutions." And educational methods must vary, and be individualistic. For example, in the 16th corridor no butts of guns were used to awaken the inmates, but instead, a fire hose was turned on the sleepers. Women prisoners were handled differently. They were first beaten up, then dragged out from their cells and their garments torn from their bodies. Those who resisted or yelled were pulled by the hair. Next morning when the two-ounce bread ration was given to the women they refused it. They were out on a hunger strike a day longer than the men.

HEBREW LITERATURE IN AMERICA

By M. SHIFFMAN

IF the term "literature" denotes the storehouse of all human and social experiences of a nation; if literature is, as J. A. Symonds defines it, "the medium whereby spirit communicates with spirit in affairs of life, the vehicle which transmits to us the thoughts and feelings of the past, and on which we rely for continuing our present to the future"—then we have no such thing as Hebrew literature in this country.

The affairs of our Jewish life—such as they are—are not mirrored in Hebrew writings. One may read and re-read every line written in our language and remain completely ignorant of the actual conditions, thoughts, and feelings of our people in America. Our writers, be their gaze directed beyond or beneath the surface of our life, have entirely overlooked the affairs and experiences of the American Jew.

During the many years of Hebrew writing, not a single book has appeared depicting our life in the land of our choice. And there could be no excuse that material was lacking. There was, on the contrary, an abundance of material. The struggles of adjustment to conditions in a new country; the transformation of the traditional small trader and scholar into a shop-worker; the struggles and efforts of the leaders of the new proletariat to hasten the advent of the millenium; the further transformation of the erstwhile proletarian and atheist into storekeeper and manufacturer and good-standing member of the local congregation; the illusions and bitter disappointments of our "intelligentsia",—these and many other phases of our life offer sufficient material for many an excellent epic and drama. It is only on account of creative impotence that no Hebrew writer found it worth his while to draw from this wealth of ore, which was—and is still—waiting for the hand of the craftsman to turn it into glittering gold.

Our "maskilim" disdained the homely life of the masses, hence the isolation of the Hebraists. They chose to count the stars—to sing the praises of a felicitous combination of words of "Hamelitz"—when Jewish life was on terra firma, and now, when they would perhaps like to descend from amidst the clouds to feel solid ground beneath their feet, there is hardly any solid ground life. They are, therefore, forced to descend to the lowest depths of religious hypocrisy and professional bigotry in order to get a hearing at all.

Hebrew "literature" in America has had Puritans for nurses who insisted upon dressing the baby, from its infancy, in shrouds of black respectability. They aimed at a literature of sermons and of shelves filled with heavy tomes on "Jüdische Wissenschaft". A Hebrew encyclopedia "Otzar Israel" in ten volumes was published in this country, under the general editorship

of I. D. Eizenstein with the collaboration of a number of provincial Rabbis and dilettants. Notice what the editor-in-chief has to say about modern Hebrew literature in general:

"The last literary period was ushered in by the younger writers and it is the least important of all other Jewish literary epochs. Most of the (recent) books are copied from other nations and have no bearing whatsoever with Jews and Judaism; (you find there) love stories, idle talk, and profane songs in non-conventional phraseology—in a style which one cannot understand without the aid of dictionaries which they have invented. . . . They have published educational books and various magazines and newspapers that have no lasting qualities, that are made up for the needs of the hour only."

And this was written in the year 1912, when our Bialik, Chernichovsky, Shneiur, Kahn and many others were in the bloom of their creative power!

Nor have conditions changed for the better in recent years. Let a Hebrew writer dare to describe scenes of love—such as was permissible in the Song of Songs and in the Talmud—in the gloomy web of Jewish life, and he will provoke the holy ire and pious barking of our critics of Hebrew books in the *Morning Journal* and *Tageblatt*, who do not care what novels they have as neighbors in their own newspapers, but cannot bear the sight of anything that throbs with life, with actual life, in the "holy" language.

As a result, you cannot recount even a dozen books of belles-lettres of any description from the pen of Hebrew writers in America. As a result, even our Hebrew newspapers are colorless and devoid of human interest. It is on account of all this, that we have tunes of the Middle Ages masquerading as modern music.

At present, Hebrew literature in America is limited to two publications: the weekly "Hadoar", and the bi-

monthly "Shevilei Hachinuch". The "Hadoar" is edited by Menachem Ribalow, and contains the following departments: (a) Editorials that are written in excellent—almost too excellent—Hebrew, but have very little to say. There is no ardor, no energy in them. Their contents are invariably inferior to the form. One never gets drawn into the subject to such a degree as to forget the excellency of the rhetoric. The Jewish editorials add nothing to what one has read during the week in the Yiddish papers, except that they are better written, while those on general questions look suspiciously like those of *The Nation*; (b) Articles by contributors, mostly mummified thoughts in modern garb. It is the Hebrew publicist that disappointed us most. It is he whom we expected to present our Jewish problems in the light of our historical experiences. But how is he to do it if he lives a life that has nothing in common with the masses of his people, when he has no present as a starting point? (c) Poetry, by Americans and from abroad. In the field of poetry our writers are most prolific; although very few would be included in a Golden Treasury of the Palgrave type; (d) Letters from abroad; (e) Stories, rarely exhibiting penetration into the depths of our chaotic life in this country. (There are a few exceptions, and S. L. Blank is one of them); (f) Reviews of books published in Palestine and in Europe and occasionally of new Hebrew school books which appear here at the beginning of every school season. The reviewer of the latter must be either a Hallelujah singer, praising every new textbook and its author, or else—a

daredevil, for any unfavorable criticism is sure to be regarded by the author as a personal affront, and a reply to reviewer is sure to be found in the following issue of the weekly. The last pages are devoted to news of "Hebrew Activities" and general news of Jewish interest. Under "Hebrew Activities" one reads mostly reports of collections for the benefit of the Hebrew Federation, known as the "Histadruth Ivrit", whose main (sole?) activity is the publication of the "Hadoar." In vain does one look for an echo of what is done for and written in, Hebrew in other countries. There is the daily "Hatzevrah", published in Poland; there is the "Hao-lam" of London; there are dailies, weeklies, etc., published in Palestine. Never will you find an extract from any of these papers in the "Hadoar". The Hebrew reader in America is, thus, completely isolated.

We must, however, admit that its editor is a godfather to rising writers and is lovingly assisting everyone that feels the urge to write. Many a Hebrew writer owes him thanks for being given the chance to make his debut. It is not the fault of the editor that the fields are barren in spite of his increasing care in gardening them.

The "Shevilei Hachinuch" is edited by S. B. Maximon. Although it is a professional journal and aims at the elucidation of Hebrew educational problems, the actual workings of the Hebrew school in America are not reflected in its pages. There are good articles and programs, but no data. A devoted reader of this magazine learns what our schools *should be like*, but he will hardly learn from it what they actually are.

10

Gleanings and Comments

Labor Without Drudgery

WHILE big business is plunging ruthlessly ahead in its fight against Trade Unionism and is marshalling its unlimited resources to bring labor to its knees, through enforced strikes, lockouts, and injunctions, the American Federation of Labor proceeds to develop its social-economic philosophy and to formulate its demands upon industry as if no battle loomed in the offing—or as if it were supremely confident of its own strength. This is as it should be. Organized labor must advance,—or it will be driven to the wall and shot to pieces.

This country is now passing through a stage where the force of economic growth makes imperative an ever larger domestic market for the mass products and thus creates the necessity for a higher share of labor in the world's goods, stimulating the demand for a "social wage" and a shorter week. At the same time the concentration of capital and the organization of industry brings to the fore powerful classes which desire to impose their views of life upon society as a whole and cannot brook interference on the part of organized labor. These two tendencies, though springing from the same source, must come into collision and lock horns for some time to come,—until they have reached a higher plane of adjustment. We are headed for a large-scale struggle fraught with many interesting possibilities of which both sides are for the time being hardly aware.

The American Federation of Labor has advanced in theory far enough to strive for a social wage, which means, in principle, the end of classes. It has gone on record for a five-day work-week, and it has risen to a conception of freedom based on the elimination of drudgery in labor. The pronouncement of the Los Angeles convention on the shorter work day runs thus:

"That human beings in a land so blessed as our own should be compelled to work day after day to the point of physical exhaustion shocks the civilized mind. Labor is necessary to health and to the joy of living; labor strengthens the body and character, but hours of labor so extended that labor becomes a drudgery prevents the enjoyment of life. Our ancestors, the pioneers of our country, worked long hours, and because of this our critics attempt to condemn the shorter work-day movement. But the pioneers worked in the open. They were not confined within four walls; rapidly moving and noisy machinery did not disturb or wear them. They were at liberty to rest during the day; to take moments for refreshment. The modern industrial mechanism, the conditions under which the workers are employed in industry today, are of such a different character that no comparison is justified as between the present and the pre-factory system. The men and women in industry who have given their great contributions to the creation of the nation's wealth are entitled to hours of work so regulated that the drudgery of labor is eliminated."

The reference to "the pioneers of our country" and the line of reasoning are characteristic of labor's present intellectual breadth, but what counts is the struggle for freedom back of it all. In this connection the following excerpt from an editorial entitled "Human Freedom" in the November issue of the *American Federationist* is illuminating:

"To live fully is to control decision so that the individual may have opportunity to develop and release his full constructive capacity. The opportunity to make decisions is freedom. Freedom is concerned in every relationship of life and all walks of life. Where control over working conditions and the decisions of the work-life lies with management, workers have no free-

dom in these matters with which their lives are largely spent."

American labor is finding its way, slowly but surely, and the impending fight with the Bourbons of industry will force upon it eventually the right political methods, too.

"The Crisis in Zionism"

UNDER this name, Mr. Ervin S. S. Acel gives, in the November issue of *Current History*, a very compact and fairly lucid review of Zionism and its difficulties in Palestine. Within the space of three pages the author has packed in a lot of material. It is evident, however, that while, on the whole, he gathered his facts from the right sources, he lacks sufficient grounding in the movement and in history for the conclusions he cautiously attempts here and there.

"The answer to the question, 'What is wrong with Zionism?' seems to be that, although Jews are financially and culturally very powerful all over the world, only the poor and unsuccessful Jew who has a heroic capacity to suffer, but is without constructive experience, goes to Palestine. If rich Jewish bankers, manufacturers, and merchants settled permanently there with their capital, Zionism would have at least a fair trial. Their personal wants alone, not to mention the industry which they could try to create with their money and experience, would give employment to tens of thousands. History records many instances of whole industries and towns emigrating to other countries either to avoid religious persecution or at the instance of far-sighted statesmen. But as one wag put it, 'The Zionist is a rich Jew who pays a poor Jew to live in Palestine.' The situation is much the same as during the Babylonian captivity, when the Temple was destroyed and most of the Jewish nobles, priests and artisans were deported to Babylonia. Here the Jews prospered, and half a

century later when Cyrus, the Persian conqueror, permitted them to return to Jerusalem only a few desired to leave rich Babylonia; though those who stayed continued to lament over their misfortune."

Strange how the author overlooked the fact that the few who did leave rich Babylonia rebuilt and resettled Palestine into a powerful country,—until mighty Rome destroyed it centuries later. And it is no less strange for a citizen of the New World to have overlooked the humble beginnings of so many great and prosperous republics on this continent. If these United States had waited for "bankers, manufacturers, and merchants" to settle first. . . .

The author fears for the very existence of our people in Palestine:

"It would take a comparatively small effort to push Zionism, clinging as it does to a narrow strip of territory, into the Mediterranean Sea. Great Britain may control Palestine, but of what avail were all the notes sent to Kemal Pasha when he was driving from Asia Minor the unfortunate Greeks and Armenians? The mighty efforts required of France in Syria may also serve as food for thought. It is just as futile to argue that Zionism benefits the Arabs as that Asia Minor was made by the Greeks."

Well, we held on to that "narrow strip of territory" pretty long against many enemies and no one ever succeeded in throwing us into the Mediterranean Sea. Besides, in our days, we could point to many small nations clinging to narrow strips of territory and facing no danger of being thrown into the sea, or anywhere else, for the very good reason that there always are others who have the power to back up their belief that the small nations shall stay where they are.

Our author, however, does not believe in Zionism on general principles: *"Many believe that without Zionism as an inspiration the Jewish people will*

disappear by absorption, or as Max Nordau said, 'either the Jews will become Zionists or they will cease completely to be.' Others hope that the Jews as a nation in Palestine will contribute an original share to civilization. Scattered among Western nations Jews have given an especially good account of themselves, but this achievement has been only in the West, for the Jews living also in large numbers in the Levant have little to show. However, in Western Europe where they, in common with other peoples, adopted the Greek inheritance, the Jews achieved many results. This might serve as a basis for the belief that the Jew can be more credit to mankind and himself by staying among Western nations."

Zionism with us is not only a matter of belief or volition, but the result of social development within and without Jewry which makes the resettlement of Palestine by the Jews an historic necessity. But our author should know that for the Jews to give "a good account of themselves", liberty of action is the first requisite and the Levant of today does not know its meaning.

Arabs in Palestine

THE New York Evening World had a series of six extremely interesting articles on Jewish achievements in Palestine, written by a correspondent who had made a thorough study of the situation.

In the fifth article of the series, which appeared on the first of November, we find the following vivid illustration of the growing friendship between the two kindred races:

"In the high school at Tel-Aviv, the only purely Jewish city in the world, the rector asked me if I wanted to put some questions to the boys of the graduating class. I asked them which period in the history of Palestine they considered the most important. One slender, dark-skinned youth stood up and

with an earnestness that was striking spoke for twenty minutes on the grandeur of Solomon's epoch. A beautiful style of architecture had developed in the temple and the palaces, enemies paid tribute, the kingdom stretched far and wide, poetry was being born, most of the Psalms and Canticles date from this era of grandeur in Palestine's history. The rector told me that the boy's Hebrew was flawless and that his thesis was eloquently put. But the boy was an Arab and his father a leader in the anti-Zionist movement."

Why Hebrew Succeeds

WE can think of no better explanation of why Hebrew has become again a living tongue in Palestine than the following terse statement of fact, by the same correspondent, in the final article of his series:

"A boy in one of the farm colonies remarked that he could not think of any other language, leaving national reasons aside, that should have been adopted as the general language of communication between Jews. "We have German, Polish, Russian and Roumanian Jews, but although they all understand Yiddish, the Spanish, Portuguese, Greek and Egyptian Jews would not understand them. Then there are the Boukharite Jews, the Persians and the Yemenites. All at least have a smattering of Hebrew when they reach here. It is only a matter of time before they all speak it fluently.

"To speak Hebrew now has become a test of Jewish nationalism among the younger element. It is a passion, like their love of the land."

We share as fully as it can vicariously be done the surprise of our author when he says:

"The experience of hearing Latin, a dead language, taught with the aid of Hebrew, a living tongue, at the Herzl Gymnasium in Tel-Aviv was to me one of the most remarkable in Palestine."

A Calamo Currente

RUSSIA is still libera proedia for anybody who has nothing else to write about, the Russia of today and the Russia of the past. All one has to do is to make a flying trip into Moscovia, and then rove along over reams of silent paper ad gustum.

This is well illustrated by Anne O'hare McCormick's series in the *New York Times Magazine*. As an instance, we take the following passage from her article, "The Peasant that Overwhelms Russia," in the issue of November 20:

"The land reforms of the Czar Alexander and of Stolypin were much more revolutionary than the land seizures of 1917. At that time the landlords, so summarily swept off the scene, owned only one-fourth of the land, and when the holdings that made a small class rich were partitioned among 100,000,000, they added only one-third more at the most, less in most cases, to each peasant's farm."

This jumbling together of Alexander (presumably the Second) and Stolypin; the nonchalant comparison of the land reforms, and the incoherency of what follows are characteristic of the whole article which always sets out to say something grand and always loses itself in a mass of verbiage.

Generosity With a Vengeance

DR. STEPHEN S. WISE has again served the cause of political Zionism by his vigorous criticism of British policies in Palestine. Speaking the mind of the vast majority of Zionists here and abroad, he gave an unqualified "No!" to the question, Has Great Britain as the Mandatory Government facilitated the creation of a Jewish National Homeland in Palestine? in his memorable speech at the conference of the United Palestine Appeal,

at Cleveland, Ohio, on October 29, 1927.

"I do not maintain that it has opposed or has made impossible such establishment. But 'facilitation' is a positive term, a term of affirmative content, and I am prepared to say to you today that the Mandatory Government has not facilitated the creation in Palestine of the Jewish Homeland."

Dr. Wise made it known that he spoke as a lifelong friend of the great English nation and as one who had contributed his share to the situation which resulted in the issuance of the Balfour Declaration. In that capacity he felt that he was defending, not alone the best interests of the Jewish people, but the higher concerns of Great Britain herself by pointing out the failure of the Mandatory Power to live up to its obligations.

But the eminent Rabbi had something to say, this time in unmistakable fashion, of the responsibility of Zionist leadership for the present deplorable state of affairs. Referring to the notorious incident at the Basle Congress when he was compelled to depart because of Dr. Weizmann's opposition to a resolution of inquiry by a special committee into Great Britain's attitude, he said:

"We may be stifled if we seek to speak out in other lands, but in America we shall speak the truth as we see it, more particularly seeing that—and this is of deepest significance—it is far from certain that the British Government is responsible. For my part, I do not believe that Great Britain is chiefly answerable for the policy of non-facilitation of the Jewish Homeland in Palestine. Has it never occurred to you, my fellow Zionists, that ours may be the responsibility in large or small part? I do Britain the honor of believing that its government is always ready to deal justly with a people which makes just demands with courage and sincerity. The justest, noblest

Government in the world will not deal justly with a people that does not stand up with self-respect for the last iota of its rights.

We agree fully with the Rabbi, particularly when he made clear—in intent if not in form,—in the course of his speech, that he does not any more regard the present leader of World Zionism as the best for the good of the cause.

Our ways part, however, and part violently and abruptly, when the Doctor comes to adjudicate the case of Palestine Labor.

He wishes to be just to the builders of Zion, but he is apparently under the influence of that loose and irresponsible clique which sought to hide its own misdeeds and inefficiency behind an anti-Chalutzim barrage. We quote from the same source (*New Palestine*, Nov. 11) and hasten to assure the reader that we have it on Dr. Wise's own statement to us that the following is "substantially correct":

"I will not join in the hue and cry of those who hold the Labor Group primarily responsible. The Labor Group in Palestine, which, after all, is the heart of Palestine—you may build Palestine without even American millions, but you cannot build Palestine without the workers who are giving all to its upbuilding—was coddled into making intolerable and intolerant demands, demands so intolerant as to have been unworthy of the Agudah, let alone a group of enlightened and aspiring workers in the ranks of Zion. It must therefore be exempted from ultimate responsibility for the breakdown in Palestine."

Dr. Wise has nothing to conceal in his Zionist record and has no axes to grind against labor, in or out of Palestine, so far as we know. His benevolent attitude springs from his sense of justice and his clear perception that there can be no Zionism without labor, but his very generosity is under the circumstances an insult to

the real builders of Zion, the Chalutzim, the workers who are the foundation and the backbone of Palestine. We asked the Rabbi to furnish us with a single instance of those "intolerable and intolerant demands" of Palestine labor—and we are still waiting for proof. "Coddled," indeed—by starvation, unemployment and betrayal of their highest and noblest nationalist aspirations; "coddled," by doles which are their deepest shame—and which cannot hold body and soul together; "coddled," by \$1.25 a week to a single man and up to \$2.00 a week for the largest family, while here in America Zionists used close to \$900,000 of public funds for expenses and another quarter of a million to bolster up their private ventures in Palestine real estate!

WHILE Rabbi Wise is regrettably under the anti-labor spell of the little group of Zionist officials in this country, it is encouraging to find at least one of his associates on the Executive Committee of the Zionist Organization of America, as well as of the World Zionist Organization, who takes issue with him on this score. Referring to the Rabbi's speech at Cleveland, Jacob Fishman, managing editor of the *Jewish Morning Journal*, in his column "From Day to Day," on November first, says:

"It would have been much better if Dr. Wise had recognized the really great sacrifices which our working and creating element in Palestine has made by giving up representation on the Executive for the next two years. It is futile to talk of "wings" and "wingless" executives because it is not yet so clear which part of Zionism is the main body and which is the wing."

The Height of Iniquity

WE CALL the attention of the Jewish world to the following outrage perpetrated by an official Zionist institution upon Jewish labor in the Home-

land—as related in the bulletin of the Palestine Workers' Fund, for November 10, 1927:

Near the colony of Hedera, there are a number of orange groves and vineyards which belonged originally to the Agudath Netaim (Planters' Association) and were worked by Jewish labor. But four years ago these groves and vineyards passed into the possession of the Anglo-Palestine Bank—the official Zionist Bank in Palestine—and since then hardly any Jewish workers are employed there. All remonstrances and negotiations proved of no avail. The officials of the Zionist bank take refuge behind the excuse (in itself a

vicious wrong) that the contract for the cultivation of the groves has been given to a Christian company and the bank has nothing to say as to who shall be employed on the plantations.

Last year, while there were a hundred and fifty unemployed Jews in Hedera, Arabs from as far away as Huran were brought to work in these groves and vineyards of the Anglo-Palestine Bank."

This incredible situation was described in a memorandum which the Jewish workers of Hedera submitted to Dr. Chaim Weizmann, upon the latter's visit to the colony, a few weeks ago.

THE LAND PROBLEM OF ZIONISM

By ELIEZER RIEGER.

THE land question has existed in the history of civilization as long as private land possession, and land reformers have aspired to one object—to divide the land among the farmers in order to prevent the few from accumulating wealth at the expense of the many. They have all recognized the farmer as the fundamental element of national culture, of society and of the state, and therefore they wished to strengthen him. They understood from the course of history that the happiness and wealth of a people was not created by the large landowners or rentiers nor by the city proletariat. For these elements are too mobile; to establish a nation upon a firm basis means that it must rest on a healthy agricultural element.

In recent times another object has been incorporated in the ideology of the land reformer, namely: nationalization. Although the land question is so very ancient, the scientific basis was only given to it by a man who lived in the 60's of the last century. He was a compositor who also wrote articles—Henry George. In his im-

portant book "Poverty and Progress," he asks the question which land reformers have always put—how is it possible that today, in this epoch of technical advancement, there has accumulated in the hands of one section unlimited property, while the other section is crushed by poverty and despair to a degree never known in history?

Reviewing the history of private property we shall see that in England aristocratic families, to whom one-third of the country belongs, trace their title to rights received from the Norman Conquerors one thousand years ago. In Germany the Goths conquered the land from the farmers, in virtue of which their offspring today possess stretches worth tens of thousands of pounds. Naturally today there are many people who have purchased their land and have a legal right to it because they paid for it. But these also profit from the increased value of the land. They profit from the economic development of the town or district, though they have not caused it. Land reformers denounce

this as unjust. It is not right that the fruit of the industry of a whole society and of whole generations should accumulate in the hands of a few individuals. Landowners, to the extent that they build houses and improve the land, are entitled to profit from their labor, but they should not benefit from the increase in the value of the land itself if, in the course of time, it has been converted into an important urban or industrial center. Land is the property of the community. It is not produced like other commodities. It should be the property of everybody, just like air and water. Land reformers, therefore, propose that all land should pass into the ownership of the State. The State would lease it, and the rent accrue to the public treasury. There is no need to abolish rent altogether, because if you benefit from a public property it is only right that you should pay for same according to its value. Rent should remain, but it should go to the State so that the whole community benefits.

The plan of land nationalization is by no means a radical social reform. Socialists desire land nationalization to be the progenitor of nationalization in other directions. It is to be the beginning of the future State economic system, the first step of the great revolution, which, if taken, will be followed by others. On the other hand, progressives who are not Socialists, say, we shall nationalize the land and thus anticipate and prevent the revolution. Thus the best minds of both left and right wings are occupied with the land question. The Parliamentary Committee of the Trade Unions in England places two objects in its electoral program: (a) We promise to fight in Parliament against all restrictions on the voting rights of the people: (b) We promise to strive with all our might for the nationalization of the land in England. Today even Conservative and Liberal members of Parliament support land nationalization. The

question is no longer academic and has in many countries become concrete. In New Zealand land nationalization has been almost entirely realized. The result is that it is economically one of the soundest in the world. In Sydney, Australia, with three-quarters of a million inhabitants, the single tax (on land) has been introduced. In other countries these steps have not been taken but a minimum land program has been adopted in order to protect the small farmer.

In Palestine the Jewish National Fund is the instrument of our land reform. Each of us who has thought of the question realizes that our future in the country is dependent not only on our having a majority in land but also a majority in population. We today constitute 150,000 among 800,000, that is, 18 per cent of the population. But we have a much smaller proportion of land. Palestine contains besides the desert, Trans-Jordan and the lakes, eighteen million dunams, of which the Jews possess one million dunams, or 5 per cent of the whole. To be very optimistic we can make another calculation: the country contains about twenty million dunams, half of which are not fit for cultivation. Only one-sixth of Jewish land is uncultivable so that we have 8 per cent of the cultivatable land of Palestine and 5 per cent of the total. Thus we realize the tremendous value of the redemption of the land for our future in Palestine. And it is land redemption which is a task of the Jewish National Fund. It, however, has two functions, both equally important—redemption of the land, and the nationalization of the land.

There are difficulties in the way of each of these processes. The State lands have been discussed more than anything else, but let us realize the exact position. Under the Turkish law, any vacant land passed into the ownership of whosoever ploughed it, so that every good piece of land was

ploughed, and thus became private without owners, with the exception of the Jiftlik lands in Beisan. These were transferred four years ago to the Arabs in the vicinity who cultivate it extensively, although it is peculiarly suited for intensive cultivation. These peasants now offer to sell the land to the Jews, which shows that in future we should demand that the Government grant to Beduins only as much land as they can cultivate, and is sufficient for their needs, and not leave them large stretches which remain vacant. In this respect we have obtained nothing from the Government and we must continue to make our demands until they are granted. But apart from the Beisan land, the Government owns no land suitable for cultivation.

The Effendis possess a third of the land of the country and desire to sell their property. It is true they hesitate about doing so because in the Arab Society the more important position is held not so much by the rich man as by the rich landowner, and they fear to lose their social position. They also fear to be called traitors. Nevertheless, in spite of these hindrances, the Effendi is the most important source for increasing our national property in Palestine and only our own resources determine the question of that increase.

The Arab peasant is himself poor and we cannot purchase much from him. If he takes up intensive instead of extensive farming there is hope that he may manage with less land, but the land which he owns altogether is little and the National Fund has no desire to deprive him of it.

On the other hand Trans-Jordania is invaluable to us. It is as large, and perhaps larger, than Cis-Jordania. It has excellent soil, has numerous fine springs and yields larger crops than Western Palestine. Sixty per cent of the lands there is in the possession

of large landowners, 25 per cent in the hands of small landowners, and only 15 per cent belongs to actual farmers. Under such circumstances, we may hope that Eastern Palestine promises a wealth of land on which a huge settlement can be established. But we must be very careful in our land policy in Trans-Jordan. We dare not purchase small areas for we should in this way simply raise the price against us; nor can we send small colonizing groups there. We can only colonize Trans-Jordania on a very large scale.

We must during the coming years redeem ten million dunams upon which to settle 100,000 farmers, which means half a million people living on the soil. Only such a number of cultivators, living on such an area, can guarantee the national home, the very fatherland.

But for the National Fund it is not only a question of land redemption, but also of land nationalization. Both are inseparably linked together. I do not believe that we can redeem the Jewish village in Palestine without nationalization of the land, without the Jewish National Fund. The sole reason is that the farming unit, that is the farm which can support its owner and family, costs in Palestine 1,000 to 1,100 pounds. There are not many Jews who possess that sum and who at the same time are prepared to earn their bread by the sweat of their brow as land workers. Solitary individuals may do so, but large scale national settlement cannot be imagined except through the National Fund. It can say to the man with little or no means: we shall give you nationalized land for which you shall pay only a small lease rent and, with your small means, you can establish your farm thereon.

The Jewish National Fund is our instrument for land reform in the village and in the city. Without it we cannot imagine the redemption of the village, without it there can be no healthy town.



THE RISE OF HAKOAH

By M. HAEUSLER

IN the year 1910, fifteen Jewish youths foregathered in the city of Vienna, to found a Jewish Football Club. It was a daring innovation, for Viennese Anti-Semitism was then at its high-tide, and it did whatever it could, to make the way of the Club a thorny one. The organization, in a sense, invited attack from the very start, for its statutes were plainly and avowedly nationalistic. For all that, it forced access to the Football Association, where it was assigned a place in the Third Division of the League. After three years of activity in the Third Division, the Hakoah succeeded in winning the championship and advanced to a place in the Second Division.

With that victory, the ascent of the organization began. Skillful and persistent propaganda among the Jewish youth gained it a considerable number of new members. In those early days, the Zionist Party of Austria began to notice the prospering little enterprise and promised it a subsidy, on condition that it maintain and define more strictly its national character. That was in 1913. The idea of physically upbuilding the Jewish (Zionist) youth took root and we gathered in, that year, 300 members. Football was not our only means to that end. It was our avowed ambition

to train young Jews in nearly every field of athletics, and in pursuit of it we organized sections for swimming, wrestling, boxing, hockey and tennis.

In the midst of our dawning prosperity, the World War broke loose and sports naturally fared ill. It was our good fortune to have just then for a leader Dr. Koerner, a regimental surgeon stationed in Vienna. He became the president of the Hakoah and did everything in his power to keep us going. In 1917, the year of inflation, money was little regarded, and Dr. Koerner took advantage to appeal to the well-to-do among our people for funds to be used in the establishment of a Sports Centre. The money was readily forthcoming, the buildings were erected in a twelve-month, and a campus fenced in, capable of holding an audience of 35,000. There are eight tennis courts, a splendid foot race-track, a hockey ground and sumptuous club rooms offering every comfort. In 1919 the Hakoah had 3000 members and a pretty steady Jewish patronage of about 10,000 at its public contests.

Simultaneously with this rise of the Hakoah rose the popularity of football in Austria. In 1920 the Hakoah, through a series of spectacular victories, won the championship of the Second Division. Invitations poured in

from abroad, and the Hakoah went on a tour through Germany. Its reception in Berlin, Frankfort, Dresden and elsewhere was a triumph for the good name and fame of Jewish sportsmanship.

Our first year in the First Division was one of excessively hard struggles, in which we pushed forward to second place in the Division—surely a splendid record, and a demonstration of Jewish virility much needed in a town like Vienna. Our success brought us plenty of friends—and plenty of enemies. Every year, in summer time, we went on a tour through the whole of Poland—a triumphant progress through Cracow, Lemberg, Lodz, Warsaw, Vilna, Byalystok, Riga. The main purpose of our touring—propaganda and the establishment of sections—prospered splendidly. New branches sprang up in every town, and the financial success of our tours was such, that we could afford to help them now and then over their initial difficulties.

The height of fame Hakoah reached in 1925. It was a Red Letter Year, for all sections contributed to our success. In football, we made the Championship of Austria, after a hot contest, likewise in hockey. The other sections also did wonderfully well, particularly the Swimming Section, with Miss Fritzi Loewy and Mr. Karl Guth leading. Our wrestlers brought home the highest honors, having won the championship of Austria—in short, the year was resplendent with new records.

In the great victory which placed Hakoah at the head of the Austrian Football League, the following players took part: Fabian (goalie); Scheuer, Gold (full-back); Pollack, Hess, Guttman, Fried (half-back); Schwarz, Eisenhofer, Grunwald, Wortsman, Haeusler, and Neufeld.

Several of those players are now in

New York with the Giants Soccer Club, to wit: Fabian, Gold, Gutman, Grunwald, Haeusler and Schwarz.

During that championship year we engaged in 24 battles, winning 17, drawing four and losing three. Our greatest rivals were the clubs Rapid, Amateurs, Vienna, and W. A. C. Each of the matches was witnessed by crowds ranging from twenty to twenty-five thousand people. The individual stars received many gifts, while the club obtained the gold cup of the city of Vienna.

In the midst of the season we went to London and there beat the famous Westham United 5 to 0. It was a dazzling game brilliantly won. The Jews of London were jubilant.

In December, 1925, we went to Egypt and Palestine. The receptions accorded us are beyond description. We scored victories over the teams of Cairo and Alexandria. The enthusiasm in Eretz Israel was such that Tel Aviv named a newly laid street after us—Hakoah; furthermore, there exists a Hakoah Forest on the Old Soil. The joy over our achievements among our Palestinian hosts was simply boundless.

In 1926, we realized our old project of an American tour. The financial success was a good one, but the natural desire to improve their condition in this wealthy country made us lose several of our players. No reasonable man can blame them. We apprehend no serious peril therefrom to our organization. We have carried the national glories of Jewish sport over four continents and will presently carry them to a fifth—Australia.

Permit me to wind up this brief account with a renewed mention of Dr. Koerner, who, after fifteen years of most praiseworthy activities, has just gone into retirement. All true Hakoans will loyally remember his great work to the last.

BRIEF NEWS FROM THE HOMELAND

Compiled by MOISHE RIVLIN

On November 10, 1927, the Palestine Labor Information Bureau issued the following figures regarding the labor situation in the Homeland:

20,334 workmen registered with the Central Jewish Labor Bureau. Of these 11,955 are gainfully employed, 4,220 are women workers engaged in their own homes and gardens, and 4,159 are unemployed. Of the unemployed 3,000 are in Tel Aviv 622 in Haifa, 389 in Jerusalem, 116 in Afula, and 36 in Tiberias.

New currency of various denominations has been introduced in Palestine. The new legal tender which is to take the place of the Egyptian money used hitherto in Palestine, has inscriptions in English, Hebrew and Arabic.

One hundred and fifty Jewish workers have been engaged for the construction of a new road between Yabneel and Kinareth.

Two hundred boys and girls of the ages ranging from 12 to 15 have joined the Workers' Scouts in Tel Aviv. These boys and girls spend several days each month in the open.

Twelve members of the Jewish Workers Dramatic League, "Ohel" spent several weeks in the Southern part of Palestine where they studied the lives, types and surroundings of the Bedouins for the production of their new Biblical play, Jacob and Rachel.

The oil factory Shemen has now inaugurated a third shift, which means that this factory will henceforth operate twenty-four hours a day.

The Government of Palestine announced that all imported articles which compete with Palestine products shall be subject to tariff.

The Government of Palestine an-

nounced that it has accepted the sum of two million dollars from John D. Rockefeller, Jr., of New York, for the erection and maintenance of an Archeological Museum in Jerusalem. The Government of Palestine has already assigned a large tract of land facing Mt. Scopus for the Museum which must be completed within three years.

Baron Edmond De Rothschild of Paris has contributed the sum of \$75,000 for Jewish Education in Palestine, to make possible the re-opening of the Hebrew schools for the new season.

Lord Plumer appointed a commission, consisting of Governor Campbell, one Jew, and one Arab to distribute equally all government contracts for public works between Jews and Arabs.

Chief Secretary Symes of Palestine promised a delegation from the organization of Jewish workers, the Histadruth, that an adequate number of Jews shall be employed in the erection of the Rockefeller Museum.

All Arabian and Jewish cement dealers of Palestine agreed not to import any more cement from Europe, and to use only the cement produced by the large Jewish cement factory Neshet of Haifa.

The following works will begin shortly: Road between Petach Tikvah and Kilkilla; a new Post Office building in Jaffa; the Nathan Straus Health Center in Tel Aviv; one hundred and thirty new houses in Tel Aviv.

Many Jewish workers will be employed in the erection of the new Palace for the High-Commissioner at Mitzpah-Jerusalem.

A number of engineers are already engaged in surveying the coast of Haifa preparatory to the construction of the harbor.

SOME REVIEWS

Mr. Menken and "Americana"

I AM FORCED TO CONFESS—though an erstwhile Rand School girl and as such presumably bound to admire the Green-covered One—that I haven't much use for the type so glaringly represented by Mr. Menken. I have an instinctive distaste for social protestants without principles and—confessedly—without aims. According to my way of thinking, a man does *not* well being angry, when his anger leads to nothing but the production of lurid syndicate stuff.

If comfortable, sheltered existences make a public grievance out of their inability to procure the erotics of Mr. Frank Harris otherwise than booklegged for twenty-five dollars instead of getting them in the open market for four or five, I grudge my sympathies. If a man with a snug bank account arraigns the nation, again and again and yet again, because it has betrayed the cause of liberty by substituting synthetic gin for the genuine article (not to speak of a few more important betrayals which Mr. Menken either shares or passes by in silence), his indignation leaves me cold,—even after listening to his assurance, that "his constitution now and then needs a dram."

If Mr. Menken is quite certain—as he assures us he is—that Socialism as an alternative for the great American muddle is out of question, then he should at least have the grace to leave us as satisfied with the muddle as circumstances will permit of, and refrain from stirring it.

To repeat, I am not an admirer of the Aimlessly Disgruntled One. And yet, I act, in lesser measure, on the principle of Elia's Hoti, who burned his house because he liked the taste and odor of roast meat. I buy every month a bulky magazine, though I have no use for its contents, save and except the five or six pages headed: *Americana*. Mr. Menken deserves so well of the Republic in collecting and publishing these sidelights

upon our national civilization, that I gladly yield my half-dollar tribute.

It is a work of high social usefulness to remind the cockneys of a few large American cities once a month—as assuredly they need to be reminded—that their town does not represent, in its comparative libertarianism, the true essence of our present-day American civilization. The odorous bouquet of that civilization, distilled and re-distilled, must be held under the noses of free and independent New Yorkers, so that they may get the flavor of its mean, snooping tyranny.—ALMA LEVIN.

Toward the Light. By Mary Fels. New

York: George Dobsevage, 1927, 281 pp. BECAUSE the authoress is known as a generous friend of Palestine and as advocate of the Single Tax theory so dear to the late Joseph Fels, her husband, we hoped to find in the book something on Zionism and the teachings of Henry George. *Toward the Light* is, however, a collection of fragmentary thoughts on many things, all tending, it is true, to ethical unity, but none elaborated or even elucidated. Mrs. Fels has found her god and she sees him in everything which happens for the moment to flash through her mind, caring little for the thing itself.

The book is chiefly interesting as the brain child of a woman in whose circle life is a round of "attending lectures and banquets, going to religious services, and taking up University courses," as she, characteristically enough, makes it clear in the opening sentence. It is a sort of diary of a philosophizing mind without groundings in philosophy—or science.

That such mental ramblings are likely to involve a writer in absurdities, is illustrated by the following dictum of our authoress—on page 271:

"Strauss, in his Life of Jesus, was wrong in presenting as not historically but only ideally true, the immaculate conception, the transfiguration, the re-

surrection, the ascension into heaven. They are both ideally and historically true. They could have happened and probably did so. It is evident that Strauss knew of none such either in his own experience or that of others. Jesus must have been born in harmony with the Law: thus immaculately conceived. That noble soul must have experienced the loftiest exaltation: transfiguration. Re-

surrection into the Kingdom of God surely awaited a being so close to perfection. And he must have experienced the very heaven of happiness both here and hereafter: at times here, out of his infinite serenity; more constantly there, in the great Beyond. All this has come in its way and degree to lesser beings; how much more, and in all likelihood, to Jesus."

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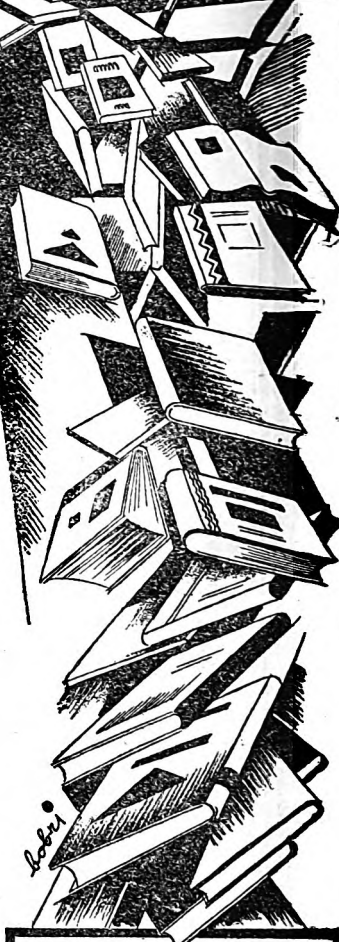
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