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A Monthly Magazine of Progressive Jewish Life



OCTOBER, 1928

THE BATTLE OF BERLIN

By ISRAEL MEREMINSKY

IS PEACE NEARER ?

By JOSEPH E. COHEN

BUILDERS OF A NATION

By MAXIM KONECKY

THE AVENGER

By BEN H. ADLER

THE DAWN OF DISILLUSION	JACOB DE HAAS
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New Contributors To This Issue:

BEN H. ADLER—Young imaginative writer. Has had a number of stories published in Anglo-Jewish periodicals.

M. JARBLUM—Graduate of Sorbonne, mathematician, leader of the Poale-Zion World Confederation, co-secretary, with Louis Pierard of Belgium, of the newly formed International Socialist Committee for Palestine.

SAMUEL SACKS—Silk manufacturer (Mingtoy Silk Mills of America). An unattached Zionist, who believes in action rather than party theories.

BEN AVIGDOR—Executive member of the Young Poale-Zion.

DAVID EWEN—A writer on music and contributor to various periodicals.

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The VANGUARD

A MAGAZINE OF PROGRESSIVE JEWISH LIFE

ISAAC ZAAR, *Editor*

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Vol. II.

OCTOBER, 1928

No. 5

The Kellogg Soporific

NOW that recourse to war for the solution of international controversies or as an "instrument of national policy" has been "condemned" and "renounced", the governments of the world may go on preparing for national defense more effectually than heretofore. None will henceforth engage in aggressive armed conflict. That is "outlawed" now, but every state has the unimpaired right to repulse an attack, to protect the national interests, the life and property of its citizens or subjects wherever they might be. As we well know, no nation has yet, in modern times, waged aggressive war. It merely defended itself against the enemy, and that is still permitted by the latest peace compact of the powers. What is more, should any one of the signatories break the peace, the rest are *ipso facto* released from any and all obligations incurred under the Kellogg treaty. So that all that is needed to have a free hand is to declare the other fellow the aggressor. Which is easy enough.

The alacrity with which everybody, from Liberia to Soviet Russia, is will-

ing to adhere to the treaty shows a commendable desire for peace for the time being, natural enough after years of frightful carnage and a whole decade of dreadful uncertainty. But it also shows that the multilateral document is so general and so vague that there is no real danger to anybody's interests. If anything, it assures the status quo and relieves the victors from the anxiety of possible retribution, to the extent that the weaker members of the human family are deprived of the very hope to wring their freedom or recoup their territorial losses by force of arms. It will work that way even if the ruling nations were actuated by nobler motives in accepting the Paris declaration. That the strong fellows were thinking further ahead and did not trust their own pious wishes is amply attested by the reservations they have made. The Monroe Doctrine, the non-European possessions of Great Britain and France and Italy are not at all affected by the pact. There the big fellows are left to guard public order and advance the white man's civilization as best suits their interests. As to Europe, all the alliances made and

yet to be made, all the treaties, however inhuman or unjust, remain in full force and effect.

So that the new declaration means really next to nothing as a peace agency. It is a declaration that war is not desirable,—something that has been said time and again by every spokesman of every nation. It is even inferior to the Holy Alliance of 113 years ago, in that it fails to stress the positive virtues of peace. As a comparison of the two (see Gleanings and Comments in this issue) documents will show, the Kellogg treaty is negative, not affirmative, and leaves the world just as it is. If the Holy Alliance was said by Metternich to be a “loud-sounding nothing” and became in course of time the bulwark of reaction, the Kellogg treaty is an empty gesture fraught with danger to real peace,—to the extent that it will allay the fears of the people and thus stem the movement to abolish war in earnest.

So long as the distinction between aggressive and defensive war is continued to be made, and each nation piles up armaments for a future crisis, peace on earth is not secured.

The cold fact is that the ruling nations do not take the Kellogg pact seriously even as far as it goes. Great Britain and France concluded a secret naval accord right at the time they were gathering to append their signatures to the renunciation of war, which shows clearly enough that their apprehensions of the future have not been allayed in the least. When Alexander I, emperor of Russia; Francis I, em-

peror of Austria, and Frederick William III, King of Prussia, entered into the Holy Alliance, on September 26, 1815, at the same city of Paris, they urged the people of the world to think in terms of peace and pledged themselves to help each other to keep the peace. The Kellogg treaty, or declaration, makes no provision for maintaining the peace and does not appeal to the conscience of humanity, though it too comes after a world war,—and after the League of Nations had made an abortive attempt at a protocol of arbitration. It is a pious wish then at best, and is calculated to divert public attention from the little side wars, and the wickedness inherent in all the treaties imposed by the Allies since 1919.

Rabbis of Courage

WITHOUT going into the merits of the cause, it is a hopeful sign that at least four rabbis have been found with sufficient courage to align themselves with the Socialists in this year's campaign. Four rabbis have joined the “Ministers' Committee for Thomas and Maurer” and have lent their names to a circular letter appealing to the clergy to help the Socialists. One of them, Rabbi Mitchell S. Fisher of temple Rodeph Shalom, is secretary of the Committee, which is headed by the Right Rev. Paul Jones, formerly Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal District of Utah, and counts numerous religious teachers among the membership. The other three are: Rabbi S. H. Markowitz of Indiana, Rabbi L. A. Mishkind of Del-

aware, and Rabbi John Tepfer of New York.

The campaign letter is in itself very interesting. As quoted in the press, it says:

"The Presidential campaign of 1928 presents moral issues for the ministers and religious leaders of the country in a more clear-cut form than ever before. And by moral issues we mean those vital questions that have to do with the welfare and protection of the great body of workers, both on farms and in industry, and the definite coping with militarism, imperialism and war.

"The past record of the old parties makes it clear that little can be expected of them in regard to these matters. But the Socialist Party, true to its traditions of more than twenty years, has not only put on a platform of constructive proposals for the frank meeting of these vital issues, but has nominated candidates for President and Vice-President of unusual calibre and tried ability—Norman Thomas and James H. Maurer.

"The Socialist Party is now in a position where it may become the logical rallying point for the progressive forces of the country, similar to the Labor Party in Great Britain, which is an intellectual and moral force in politics in addition to being a radical workers' movement. If you will read the enclosed platform, we believe that you will agree that this movement offers the one vital avenue for building an aggressive opposition to the present dominant forces of industrialism and imperialism. That will be the basis of the campaign for Thomas and Maurer."

At a time when the Democratic standard bearer is making a great effort to rally the progressive elements of the country and does what he can under the circumstances to advocate reforms of far-reaching importance, it

requires a high degree of independent thinking and a full measure of social courage to take up the cudgels for the Socialist Party. For that reason alone the rabbis deserve unstinted praise.

While there are numbers of clergymen within the British Labor Party and quite a few amongst the Socialists in this country, the Jewish rabbi has been conspicuous by his absence from the radical ranks,—with the single exception of a rabbi who in 1917, just prior to our being swept into the World War, aided the New York Socialists in their campaign which brought some twenty of their men into legislative office. That is not natural. The Jews ought to have their proportion of radicals within the ranks of religious teachers. A people of such diversity in social status and occupation and culture ought to have its representatives in every movement, the Socialist not excluded.

Students for Palestine

AN international gathering of students at Brussels, last month, went on record as favoring the restoration of Palestine as the Jewish homeland and elected a committee to aid the cause of Palestine labor.

Emile Vandervelde, the famous Belgian statesman, presided at the conference, and he proved as good a friend of Zionism as he has on other occasions, notably in the formation of the International Socialist Committee for Palestine. The student body, composed of some 110 delegates from ten countries, had to fight it out against one contemptible little Jew who had

the temerity to move for tabling the question on the ground that Zionism was "a chauvinistic movement". He was vigorously opposed by the rest of the assembly, and the resolution went through.

It is a remarkable thing that of late the non-Jewish world, whenever approached, responds readily and gladly to the call of Palestine. Irrespective of class or political affiliation. Which goes to show that the Jewish problem is really and truly a world problem. And points a finger in the direction Zionism will have to take, the direction of international cooperation for the restoration of the Jewish people to their land.

The Annual Outrage

IT has become a habit with the British administration to let loose Arab police upon the Jews at the Wailing Wall at Jerusalem. Every now and then the gathering of old and pious

people are beaten up by uniformed hooligans, with the ever ready excuse that they are protecting somebody's property against alien encroachment.

The display of official zeal is particularly marked on days which are holy to the Jews. This last Yom Kippur the same outrage was perpetrated. Men and women were clubbed. The crowd of worshippers was brutally dispersed.

For civilized people it is impossible to conceive of any reason that would permit of such conduct on the part of constituted authority. We are obviously dealing with men and policies that are beyond the pale of culture. Protests do not avail. There is apparently only one thing left to do and that is to buy out the Wailing Wall and all the land about it. When there are no more private owners of what should in all decency be public property, there will be no excuse for disturbing the Jews. Is there no philanthropist to make a gift of the Wailing Wall to the Jewish people?



BUILDERS OF A NATION

By MAXIM KONECKY

AN eager correspondent from Holyoke writes to ask me to elucidate my meaning of the following paragraph in the quoted letter written to Mr. Lipsky under date of January 20, as published in *THE VANGUARD* for September in my article, "The Call to Zion":

"To achieve the miracle of awakening the Jewish soul, I conceive The Jewish Legion of Honor, as outlined to you. I realize the difficulty of recruiting in this day a thousand zealots. . . ."

To help clarify my meaning to the discerning enquirer from Massachusetts I cannot do better than quote my letter to Mr. Lipsky under date of December 17th. I wrote him as follows:

"Do you believe it possible to recruit a thousand men that would band together into, say, The Jewish Legion of Honor, pledged to devote their treasure and their lives to recreate an autonomous Jewish State in this generation?"

These men must needs be of the elite of our race, the dominant class, in whom high aspiration and the zeal to actualize it are still keenly alive. They must be the larger personalities, capable of self-direction, poised, stable as the stars, and sufficiently evolved of soul to know the higher worth of utter obedience.

Each man should be required to pay into the coffers of the Order the equivalent of \$1,000 of American capital, which would, if and when the roster were completed, provide an annual propaganda fund of nearly a million dollars.

Each man should have his life's af-

fairs so ordered that he can devote a major portion of his time to the execution of the commands of the Order, and, when the moment comes, be prepared to make even the supreme sacrifice.

With such a Legion, and with inspired leadership, what miracles of achievement are impossible? Your historical specialists will enlighten you as to the rise and fruition of the Society of Jesus, in another day. . . . What men did in the name of a flimsy faith, could not Jews do for Eretz Israel?

I can conceive the U. P. A. retired, and five or ten times its annual revenue produced by a simple act of legislation. A per capita tax, a tithe on income or property, and the Order would carry it through. Remember, please, that the annual income of American Jewry approximates five billions of dollars. It is required only to wake fully the conscience of our people and their consciousness of the inseparableness of the Jew from his Collective. Such I consider the prime task of the Order.

I can conceive the disappearance of the differentiations of pro- and anti-Zionist. I can visualize how even a Julius Rosenwald could be persuaded that he is a great merchant prince and a prince of philanthropists, not so much because he is Julius Rosenwald, but because in his veins flows rich and unadulterated the blood of numberless Jewish generations! And if he still chose to give a million of his treasure towards Crimean colonization, he would be persuaded to give five millions or ten millions to Palestine. . . .

I can conceive "The New Palestine" change its status from a weakly, subsidized sheet of limited circulation and power to a weekly circulation of 750,000, nay, a million, thundering its message

with the trip-hammer force of The Saturday Evening Post, a veritable colossus of the Jewish press, most truly the Voice of Israel!

I can conceive the mobilization of a hundred thousand young Jews, scions of a dominant race, a master class. They would conquer the air, the sea and the land. They would walk erect, head high, with gods and conquerors. They would return to Palestine, not to degenerate into toil-broken peasants, but to regenerate the land of their fathers, to rule and exploit in benevolent exploitation. What numbers of Paris—and Vienna—and London—dwelling effendi controlling uncounted Palestinian acres lying fallow and forgotten might not the Order persuade to lease or relinquish for profitable exploitation? How many tens of thousands of Yemenite and Syrian and other oriental Jews, to say nothing of the native populations, are there not waiting for intelligent direction and inspiration? . . .

I can conceive the formation under the auspices of the Order of a mammoth corporation that would import into this land Palestinian products by the tens of millions of dollars. Not a grocery store in all the land but might display and sell the fruits and sweets and stuffs of our loved Yeshurun. Not a department store, not a furniture shop but could boast its little Palestinian nook where the reproductions and the unique creations of Eretz Israel craftsmanship would be displayed and sold. A hundred different manufactories in a hundred different industries could divert to the use of Palestinian marble. Every Jew might be taught to insist that a Jewish headstone or mausoleum should be of pure Palestinian marble; or the facade of his palace, or the mantle of his drawing room. . . . Palestinian industry would flourish. At once it would be possessed of an efficient sales organization disposing of large volumes of its wares at a profit. The productive population would increase naturally, itself becoming consumer. Greater immigration would be

intelligently absorbed. The standard of living in Palestine would rise. I can see life, movement, progress. And—

I can conceive this Corporation exporting to Palestine tens of millions in American labor-saving machinery: tractors, trucks, harvesters, punch-presses, lathes, precision tools, wood-carving machinery, crushers, graders, automobiles, dynamos, motors; household utilities, electric refrigeration, etc., etc., etc.! Things we would flood them with, things and the joys and the comforts that only things bring. We would stir them with ambition to possess. Only larger possession instills larger personal responsibility. I am too ignorant to understand the psychology of the personal irresponsibility of a communistic state. Perhaps you have worked out in Palestine a manner of life superior to all that has gone before, but I doubt it. The Most High is a benevolent autocrat. He does not put to referendum any divine fiat. He simply visits His will upon us. And even despite ocular evidence to the contrary, we suppose Him benevolent. Benevolent dictatorship and centralized direction, particularly in this country, to my feeble understanding, is the concomitant of intelligent progress, and intelligent progress must be measured by the yardstick of worldly possessions and temporal values, as a here-and-now expression of all spiritual values.

I can conceive the Order supplementing your labors in The Zion Commonwealth. Credit being Palestine's chief present prerequisite, where is there so much surplus wealth, the basis of credit, as now rests in the hands of our people here? An act of intelligent apportionment—A Jewish Liberty Loan—and the Order would float any needful issue.

I can conceive how the name of the Order will become a thing to conjure with in the chancelleries of Europe, in the council chambers of The League, in the parliament of the Mandatory. We would match diplomacy with diplomacy, and, if need be, force with force!



Who says that Israel is a supine, peace-blabbering people? Time was . . . And who can presume to pronounce the spirit of the Hasmoneans dead? Are there not a thousand Jews left in the world capable of the *beau geste*? Must our ideal be accomplished by attrition, by wearing down and grinding out the Jewish soul? By head-bowing and compromise? By lip-service and word mongering? By trading and back-scratching and more trading and perpetual barter? . . . Are zeal and enthusiasm and the spirit of self-sacrifice congealed in the veins of the race?"

With more than four millions in American Jewry luxuriating in wealth beyond the dreams and the concept of any community in the history of our people, we behold the pitiful spectacle of some twenty-five or thirty thousand enrolled members in the Zionist Organization, with scarcely an infinitesimal fraction moved to give an insignificant dole for the redemption of the SELFHOOD of a nation of sixteen million souls! . . . And it is estimated conservatively that the motor cars owned by American Israel alone represent over a billion and a half of capital investment!

If there were an annual per capita tax of \$5, and there were one thousand competent devoted members of such an order of Young Jews, I would willingly stake my all that the Order would collect the sum, with a minimum of cost in effort and persuasion. . . .

Show me the man of Jewish lineage anywhere whose heart is grown so callous to the call of his collective that I could not fire him to the point of zeal of paying his Jewish Tax with a gesture of grace? . . . And if such there be, I would exhaust my armory

of peaceful persuasion and then I would fearlessly assail him with the tongue of scorn and point him out to his gentile neighbors for the horrent thing he is, a denier of his clan, a violator of his tribal vows, a traitor to his people. . . .

And if he were the governor of his State, a better AMERICAN than his non-Jewish American citizenship, feeling his Jewish kinship only in the filmy bond of his indifferent religious affiliation, with tens of thousands for the development of American airways and not one cent for the Palestinian Halutz, then I would capture and lure away from him his son or his daughter, his little son or his little daughter in whose soul still vibrated the purer and the loftier and the idealistic, with the seductive note of Israel's tragic song. . . . I would find heroic means to persuade him of the mess of pottage for which he had bartered away his divine Israelitish birthright!

Every Jew a taxpayer into the Jewish treasury. Carve that upon the consciousness of each and every young enthusiast. Chart and territorize the whole Jewry. Arm your existing Standing Army with the irrefutable arguments of your just cause and call the task never completed till the final tithe has been paid in. . . .

When there are sixty thousand Halutzim ready and waiting to march upon Palestine, when tens of millions of dollars are needed right now for the intelligent settling of the land, and the money is here just waiting to be gathered by competent ingatherers, why doesn't there SOMETHING HAPPEN? . . .

THE BATTLE OF BERLIN

By ISRAEL MEREMINSKY

THE sharp corner of the impasse which the Zionist movement and its work has reached within the last year under the rule of the "new policy" masters, has been turned, and, as a result, there is a new spirit abroad, greater confidence in the future and more courage for shouldering the responsibilities of the present. The Berlin session of the General Council of the World Zionist Organization (Actions Committee) was an unbroken fight for the freedom and self-determination of Zionism, for a renewal of the hope which feeds Palestine. The fight ended in our favor, and we are now upon the threshold of a new turn in the direction of broader-vised activity. We have gained a larger measure of self-reliance and we are about to be joined by new forces within our people, to the extent that they are endowed with the will to help in the building up of our national possessions in Palestine.

The Actions Committee was faced with several fundamental problems involved in the inner consolidation of the movement, and its restoration work. We did not center our fight on the Agency plan alone, we directed attention to the questions of Executive reorganization, appropriate budget and renewed immigration. And on all these points we have this time more than ever achieved tangible successes which can and should be turned into real victory.

With the aid of friendly groups we succeeded in so stiffening the Actions Committee that it compelled the Executive to bow to its will and rejected every attempt of the officials to impose their will and tactics upon the movement. This found its most characteristic expression in the matter of the Agency Commission's report.

Our comrades in Palestine, America, Poland, etc., were all convinced that the partnership offered by the Report signatories was impossible. No one would prevent any group of Jews from working in Palestine along lines best suited to its taste, but no partnership with the Zionist Organization was possible on the basis of the principles laid down in the Agency Commissions' program.

In reply to Dr. Weizmann's declaration that the Report must be accepted, and to the statement by Mr. Sacher that the Executive "stood or fell" with the Report, and as an answer to the motion of the Executive, the first day of the session, that the Report be adopted as the basis of future Zionist work (Zionist, and not joint!), we submitted the following resolution, which read (abridged):

1) "The Actions Committee notes that the Agency Commission has signified its readiness to cooperate in the upbuilding of Palestine and that it has in a series of political demands identified itself with the reforms asked of the



Mandatory Power by the Zionist Organization,

2) "That the Report is at variance with the decisions on the Agency adopted by the 14th and 15th Congresses; that the principles of the Report run counter to the fundamentals of the Zionist colonization policies in that it seeks to reduce the Jewish National Fund to the status of an insignificant institution, denies the principle of self-labor in agriculture, negates the Kvutzoth, makes no provision for Jewish labor and an uninterrupted growth of immigration, and it cannot therefore serve as basis for a working program of the extended Agency,

3) "That the conduct of the Executive in the formation of the Agency Commission with its experts makes it responsible for the present situation and that because it has in large measure identified itself with the Report, the Actions Committee declares that it can no longer entrust it with the negotiations for the extended Agency;

4) "That a Zionist Palestine Commission shall be selected to work out a plan for the next ten years, which together with other proposals that may come from various groups and Jewish communities wishing to participate in the Agency, shall serve as the basis of a program for the Agency, which is to be constituted in agreement with the resolutions of the 14th and 15th Congresses.

5) "The Actions Committee is reminded that in order to carry out the Congress decisions it is essential to effect an agreement particularly with the democratically elected communities in Europe, with the Jewish Community of Palestine, and the representatives of organized Jewish Labor."

Our relative strength within the Actions Committee was at first rather unfavorable to us, but in the course of the battle we won more and more adherents. The Hitachduth (Zionist Labor Party) was at one with us in

practically every point pertaining to the Agency question. It differed from us with regard to the Executive, or clause three of our resolution, and in some minor points. The Radical Zionists are in principle against the extension of the Agency through non-Zionists and they lined up with us when their own motion had been beaten. The Misrachi (Orthodox Zionists) were divided, and the Palestinian general Zionists, while leaning towards rejection or amendment of a number of features in the Report, were not a united group.

The Executive could rely, theoretically, solely on those who had chosen it at the last Congress, but even here we broke through the ranks. There were of course plenty of promises, threats to resign, and the familiar warnings that money would not be forthcoming, but all of that failed of its purpose when we clearly and emphatically stated that no financial difficulties, want or destitution, however heavily they would bear down upon the worker, will not compel us to yield in our fight against the Report and its defenders and for our right to determine for ourselves the character of the settlements.

The fight was carried into the Political Commission. Here new proponents of radical changes and counter resolutions showed up. The adherents of the Report, both on the Executive and the Actions Committee, became convinced, as a result of two days of struggle, that nothing could prevail against us, that whatever is vital in Zionism is adamant against the Report,—and they weakened in their

obduracy. They became aware that this was not a conflict with a mere group but with the Zionist masses; not with visionaries but with the builders of the land; that it was a fight against the very essence of the Halutzim spirit of our epoch.

The Executive wavered. No longer did it press the Report as basis for Palestine work, not even as common ground for both sides to the proposed extended Agency; it proffered amendments, changes. But the ranks of the zealous Zionists with Labor in the forefront held fast. The Commission handed down its decision that the negotiations for the extension of the Agency should continue and it set forth as conditions that the Jewish National Fund shall be the only purchaser and manager of land; that the principles of Zionism as laid down by the last two Congresses shall be adhered to, and that, in addition, the right of the settlers to self-determination as to the form of colonization shall suffer no abridgment, and that the Kvutzah and the Moshav shall continue as colonization forms. All of that not as mere desiderata but as fundamentals which shall not be changed.

Thus, the Agency report is neither a basis nor a plan. The negotiations must fully agree with the spirit and, in many instances, with the very letter of the decisions. A fundamental which may not be altered is also the Kvutzah which has so often been fought under the cloak of "efficiency" and "consolidation".

We have won out on what is really supposed to be the very rudiments of the restoration of our people and its

land. And we have saved the essentials of Zionism not alone from outsiders but from "Zionist" antagonists who have in recent years endangered our work and placed in the saddle Mr. Sacher under the banner of a "new policy" of consolidation and labor enmity.

After our chief demands had been satisfied we still had before us the question of the Executive. The debates within the Actions Committee did not strengthen our confidence that the Executive would conduct the negotiations in the spirit of the resolutions, and we proposed that in case the resolutions of the Actions Committee shall prove incapable of being carried out, the Executive must call a special session of the Actions Committee or a special Congress before it has concluded any agreement with any one on the Agency.

This again roused the Commission and the Executive. They quite appropriately saw in it a logical inference from our lack of confidence in the Executive. The session was adjourned, and on the following morning Dr. Weizmann appeared and made a statement which dispensed with our resolution. He clearly and unambiguously declared that he saw the resolutions of the Actions Committee, that he did not know whether he would succeed in getting them accepted, but he considered it as his duty to give the solemn assurance that he will carry out only that which the Actions Committee had decided, and that should one single point fail of acceptance he will come before the Actions Committee or the Congress for final determination.

Thus we have succeeded in preventing the acceptance of the Report, in saving the essentials of Zionism and the Kvutzah, and in securing a publicly given pledge by the president of the World Zionist Organization to work in full harmony with the decisions of the Actions Committee.

Let us not quibble about the real intentions of the "new policy" champions in suddenly surrendering to our demands. They have without a doubt not changed their convictions and we must have our eyes open. It is quite possible that important elements among them think, "let us agree, when the Agency arrives we will teach them a lesson." This may possibly be their reasoning, but they voted this time with us because we proved the Zionistically stronger, the richer party, while they were weak and poverty-stricken. Our future role will depend upon our strength and our readiness to fight in Zionism and, later, in the extended Agency.

Neither do we wish to dig into the reasons which brought Dr. Weizmann to yield and to circumscribe the freedom of his action. We merely point out this fact which augurs the beginning of a new turn. They have learned that they cannot ignore either the principles or their upholders, the workers, neither in Palestine nor in Zionism, and this is a step towards the recognition that Jewish labor must be respected and aided as the chief contributor to the upbuilding of the Homeland. Until that time there is, however, much yet to be done and fought for, as was proved by the

further developments at the session of the Actions Committee.

Before the Agency matter had been disposed of we had advised the Executive and the President that the rejection of the Agency report was one of two conditions which would shape our course with regard to them. The second condition was to free the Executive and the movement of Mr. Sacher who came to typify a system that is harmful to Palestine and Zionism. Dr. Weizmann replied that the executive could not accede to this demand.

However, the events during the last year in Palestine under the Sacher regime were such that twenty-two members of the Actions Committee were moved to give expression to their lack of confidence in the Sacher policies. This lack of confidence really finds expression in all the classes of organized Palestine Jewry, and Mr. Sacher had been laboring under an illusion when he believed that Palestine Jewry or the Zionist movement would not have the courage to rise up against him because, as he stated, of his influence in the "Agency circles".

The Executive clutched at the constitution of the Zionist Congress which does not provide for the removal of an individual member of the Executive and which hedges with various conditions the removal of the Executive as a whole.

The 22 then contented themselves with submitting a statement declaring lack of confidence in Sacher as Executive member. Mr. Sacher immediately resigned and left the session. The Executive however appears to have decided to remain in power at all costs

until the coming Zionist Congress, and all of them joined Sacher and tendered their resignations.

The details are known to all. The Executive announced it would withdraw its resignation if the 22 withdrew their statement. That was emphatically and resolutely rejected. The Executive learned for the first time in seven years that there was determination in Zionist ranks, that the "Sacher policies" were doomed; that there were people ready to form a new Executive, and after twenty-four hours of haggling it was compelled to be satisfied with the miserable formula that the Executive is asked to remain in power. Sacher, however, enjoys no confidence and the Executive as a whole will be tolerated until the next Congress by virtue of the constitution and the pledges to carry out the resolutions of the Actions Committee loyally and fully.

We made an attempt to form a new

Executive. But that cannot be done within twenty-four hours at a session of the Actions Committee. A coalition cabinet was necessary, and not all the desirable and available timber was on the spot. The attempt was thus merely a warning for the future. The Executive now knows that the coming Congress will not brook the continuation of a Sacher regime. If the Executive desires to have him as member without countenancing his policies, we shall let things alone till the Congress, otherwise,—we are ready for a fight all along the front wherever we meet with Sacherism.

A reorganization is inevitable. The postponement will not save them, and we must be prepared for eventualities.

A bitter and acrimonious fight was waged around the budget and immigration. In both cases the Executive and Sacherism had to yield to the Actions Committee. But about this next time.

10

REALITY

By LEAH RODKIN

I rose out of the salty depths
Where I in haste was flung.
Through watery eyes I thought I saw
A world of crystal built.

But when a wind of painful truth
Had drained my eyes,
The crystal dulled and then was gone,
Revealing life
As bleak and black
As biting stars that fell.

IS PEACE NEARER?

By JOSEPH E. COHEN

WHEN the waters of hate have risen as high as they did with the World War, it would seem to anyone entrusted with the hope of sparing from utter destruction what remains of the living that the full flood has been reached and the tide must now ebb.

Peace is so much to be desired and craved that it would seem certain to respond to the yearning of the human heart.

If war-weariness could fetch concord, how quickly it would be welcomed. If nature compensated for the intensity of hate with an equal measure of love, what child's play it would be to resolve the passions let loose in the great slaughter into agencies to insure enduring amity.

But the war did not end in peace—only in continued hostility. The form of the encounter changed. Instead of destroying the enemy, methods were devised to consume his substance. Instead of accepting the verdict, the vanquished are too prone to be excited to fury.

For the principal yield of the war was as fine a crop of national animosities as ever threatened the existence of the human race.

Ten years after the armistice the roots continue to thrive and spread havoc in every direction. The old statesmen are carefully tending the shoots, watering and hoeing and feed-

ing them with secret understandings that make certain a plentiful harvest of devastation for future reaping.

Where then is the distraught dove of peace?

About the only chance it has is to try to find a spot to rest its tired feet among the protestations of peace which creep into public attention. Of these there is something of a variety.

Mention may be made of three. First, the exchange of solemn assurances among the nations that they mean to outlaw war. Second, the breakdown of the K. K. K. in this country and similar religious organizations elsewhere, and the softening of religious asperities by chasing the bugaboo out of politics here. Third, the conciliation of labor and capital as against the continuation of the class war.

Of the pompous signing of manifestoes against war by the elder diplomatic representatives little need be said. Splitting hairs between aggressive and defensive wars is an old sport. The spectrum-tinted books setting forth the defensive arguments for the many nations in the last war would fill the air quite fully, when torn to pieces as they should be. What does it profit to add another scrap of paper to the pile?

Manifestoes against militarism cannot avail so long as the merry race for armament goes on. Imperialistic designs are stronger than platitudes

about humane cares. Sunday morality is for preachers, not profiteers.

One must be a confirmed optimist to find in such sundry gestures of handshaking a show of strength against the enlarging armaments, stores of poison gas and sharpening of the swords for more monstrous slaughter.

Only the remote detail of hope remains of increasing internationalism of capital to stay national ambitions, which strain and rupture the tender barriers set up by peace. Fear that the more extensive and fiendish agencies of the next war would annihilate the white man's civilization would hardly avail. For war is a mania.

War, too, has been made surer by the engendering of religious bigotry. If the denominations had not succumbed so fully to the call of army colors, they might have left the battlefields with cleaner hands. They were not conscripted into the opposing camps; they volunteered. They split their divinity into shreds. They abandoned their brotherhood. They sang their hymn of common salvation in a part requiem for their own dead.

It is small comfort, however a credit it may be to their willingness to atone for their heavy sin, that they now spread the cry for peace. But can they promise, should another war break out, that they will refuse to sanction it with their benediction?

What they did against blunting the bitterness of war was followed by the intensifying of religious and racial groupings after the war. Stripped of faith in outside force, each gathering relied upon itself. Each aimed to be secure in its homeland. Belief in in-

ternational religion, politics, and brotherhood fell away.

A decade after the failure of the churches, as of diplomacies, parties and professions, it is a pleasure to record that symptoms can be found to show that religious and racial obstructions are loosening.

And now for the turn which has taken place on the industrial battleground. This has been nothing short of amazing. Come by different channels, there is the rapprochement of labor and capital which amounts to a movement of first importance.

It is not necessary to scan the experience everywhere. To illustrate, three instances will suffice. They are the Italian, English and American.

As will be recalled, in the chaos of the ending of hostilities, metal and other workers seized the shops in Italy. After a brief tenure they acknowledged their failure to run the works democratically, and surrendered. Slipping out of the chaos was the crystallizing force of fascism. With the establishment of the black dictatorship began restrictions as to the terms of labor employment. Finally a code was promulgated which made the strike impossible in the settlement of labor disputes.

Britain's wandering out of its wilderness was of another sort. After the cheat election of Lloyd George, that showman was himself shown up in a very joyful political holiday. The Liberal Party seemed pulverized between Tory and Labor.

By a turn of the tables, Labor came into the government. Being a minority, it had a limited lease of power.

Given a chance only to hint at what it might do, its brief hour was spent and it is now but the strongest opposition to the blundering party in office.

Through these years the industrial depression has hung heavy upon the islands. The condition of British labor sinks from bad to worse. In desperation the unions rally to the support of the doomed miners in a spectacular general strike. When that melts, the costs bring some resolute thinking. Out of that develops the plan to make strikes impossible in further settlement of industrial troubles. It is considered a means for guaranteeing peace in industry.

In America there has been a different experience. Here there was no grasping of power by labor, either industrially or politically. Industrially the end of the war brought the deflation of labor standards enjoyed when putting five million boys into barracks left the market with a shortage of help. Politically there was the so-called farmer-labor revolt and the La Follette flurry. But there never was serious contention that labor was about to take over the country.

Meantime the key industries, notably railroads and steel, and now coal, as well as the utilities, determined to draw an office-governed substitute organization. How well they are succeeding is not difficult to discover. Backed by their mammoth resources, they are a challenge which is a menace.

As manifested in the strikes of steel and coal the stupendous aggregations of capital do not fear contest. As demonstrated in the arrangements

among the railroads and utilities they know how to get by through soft dealing. Whether one way or the other, the strike is outlawed and peace, such as it may be, is enforced.

Making derangements improbable leads to the supposition that a deep source of waste is dried up. The wheels of enterprise turn more smoothly. What was squandered in strife may be spent in social welfare. Terms of employment may be made easier without impairing profits. The conclusion should be better all around.

But does this "peace in industry" become an example for religions and races and nations to follow? Does it help them in their drive toward sweeter understanding?

That question was engaged in the scheme of Bismarck to throttle the Socialist movement in the German Empire. In that experience it was answered or left unanswered. That he did not hamper the labor movement by his social legislation is evident. Whether he overcame the internationalism of the "fatherlandless" Socialist agitators is another matter.

How will it make for peace if the American workers come to love their land the stronger for the improved conditions they enjoy, if the British toilers feel more keenly that their employers have not abandoned them, if the Italian laborers find consolation in the disposition of their government? Will this promote jingoism and war or internationalism and peace?

To fail to find in these sputterings some meagre social forces making for peace would be utter folly. There is a deep yearning to alter the weapons

in the struggle for existence, to abandon the club of barbarism for the refinements of civilization. That is entitled to its weight in the balance so far down toward the making of more war.

It bears up better than the lightning which is derived from the weariness and fatigue of the last blood-letting and the slowness of recovery. For so long as means of encounter may be found or created, there will not be recovery from the malady of war but relapse. There will be fighting another day.

With that our hope again transfers to those who, much more than any other part of the people, can make war impossible—the working classes. In their fiat rests the final decision for the coming of peace.

Only when they accept the invitation to fly at each other's throats is

the expectation of the war-mongers realized. Likewise, by their single vote, once they determine no longer to extinguish each other, will war be stopped.

What a simple thing to say and what a complicated thing to bring about! How difficult for them to acknowledge that the colors which separate parcels of territory on the map are artificially made and would be of no avail if the mighty hand of labor were spread across the page! How slow for them to affirm that the water which splashes between continents is not so precious as the blood which courses through the veins of suffering humanity!

Yet scan the horizon as we will for signs that the flood of war is receding, only with the display of labor's intention to stem the tide can we truly find that peace is somewhat nearer.



WHO KNOWS ?

By PHILIP M. RASKIN

God, since Thou art unknown,
I doubt even Thee;
But then there's the sun,
And the great Sea.

God, I'm not of those
Blinded by Belief;
But who else can tinge a rose,
Or vein a leaf? .

Whenever the rain, sweet and clean,
At my window taps,
My lips lisp, so my soul can hear:
Who knows? . . . Perhaps!

A DISSATISFIED RACE

By OLIVER MANNING

LIGHT is the great vivifier, and though it rarely reveals much more than what we knew existed all along, it still has the power of exciting and awakening in us. Thus I have long been seriously and painfully oppressed in a rather subconscious way by the patent discrimination practised upon the Jew in the several fields of social and industrial endeavor, as against the province of politics where quality is guaranteed him by law. But it took a ray of light in the form—alas, we can't give the whole article in one sentence. . . .

My very good friend, my boss, and a Gentile, feeling quite liberal and magnanimous that he had at least one Jew in his employ, waxed expansive and pseudo-serious.

"What is the matter with you Jews?" he demanded, "never satisfied! Never have enough! Always excited, grabbing after everything! You don't know what it is to sit down and be happy and let well-enough alone."

"Perhaps," I nodded, but said nothing because I have learned that when my boss has a burden on his chest the better part of valor consists in letting him unbosom himself with the least possible hindrance.

"Now, for instance, I had a salesman. He started like you, and I taught him the business from the bottom up. I lost money on him at the beginning but I saw he had good possibilities, so I kept him. Then, what

do you think happened? Just as soon as he began to be worth his salt, the fellow slips off and starts in business on his own. He's 'Jake Lipsin & Co.' now, one of our most energetic and successful competitors. I guess you'll end up the same way," he barked at me with an air of superior resignation—a way bosses have with employees in whom they confide after five P. M.

"No-no, I won't," I said weakly because I am unused to contradicting my boss.

"Yes, you will. You're all the same," he grew reminiscent. "I remember in school. There was one anemic kid who went after every prize, and got them, too, by God, every one of them. That's what I don't like about you people. Have no sense of proportion. Road hogs, that's what you are, crowd everybody else off. Damn capable, I'll grant, but it's mostly for yourselves. You won't cooperate, you won't accept your position and wait decently for your chance to rise. As soon as you can you're out for yourselves.

"That is why railroads fight shy of Jews, and other big organizations. It costs money to train men, and the Jew, as soon as he has a little money or a little experience, wants to set up shop for himself. Be independent, he calls it. It's a good attitude," he conceded, "but it doesn't pay the firm, and it's no good for business.

"Look at the clothing industry, one

of the biggest in the country and nobody making any money out of it. It's bad for labor and for capital. Why? Because the Jews got hold of it and every Jew wants to be his own boss. He'll lose every cent he's got just to see his name on a shingle. He'll starve fourteen hours a day for himself rather than earn a decent salary working eight hours for somebody else.

"Look what has happened to Zimm," he named one of the biggest makers of men's clothing in the country which recently liquidated, "Zimm was a big man. He had the makings of a Captain of Industry.

"He could have bought up all these little fellows and made a real industry out of men's clothing. That's what was done in Steel, even in Baking and Grocery Stores. But no, as soon as he bought up one little fellow, two sprang up in his place, some of the very men he himself trained," he gave several instances. "They lowered prices, cut each others' throats, lowered wages, had strikes and nine-tenths of them failed. It doesn't pay, so big men like Zimm who's got brains and deserves to be a boss, is going out of the business and will put his money into something else."

I told him politely and gently how this sad state of affairs developed historically, how the Jews were excluded from big business first and thereby forced into developing independently, that the fault was with prejudice and not with Jewish nature, that any self-respecting individual who was artificially relegated to the lower positions of industry would naturally and in-

evitably develop his own opportunities independently.

"That may be, that may be," my boss admitted, "no doubt you're right. We're no angels ourselves, far from it. But I'm just stating the facts, and facts are facts, aren't they?"

One does not dispute such a truism, so I went home with the distressing knowledge that I had been a poor advocate for my brethren.

Perhaps the only thing I gained from a four-year course in one of our great universities is the friendship of one of the professors who taught psychology there and served as vocational adviser to the students. He was sincerely interested in Jews,—most likely because the Jewish student body was comparatively large,—as the record of a fate that made them "nature's most significant social and human experiment."

I brought this scientist my heavy conscience.

"Your boss is not a Babbitt," he said after my story, "he's ninety per cent right. The Jews are the most chronic rebels in history and what I term the most persistently dissatisfied race. That is how to explain the facts that are perplexing your boss, and also, if we want to become profound, that is the explanation of a good bit of prejudice that makes conservative employers fight shy of Jews and allows them to employ Jews only when Jewish ability is indispensable.

"You can't predict a Jew. You can't foresee what he'll do next. The Jew always wants the millenium and that makes him an uncomfortable person

to have around. He has a mania for seeing the seamy side of everything and a missionary zeal for correcting faults. Now correcting faults means change, and change spells trouble, especially to the man who is satisfied with himself and his position in the world. His one fear is that when the cards are dealt next time he won't get such a good hand. The Jew expects a better deal."

"That's good for progress."

"For progress, yes, but not for pleasant social intercourse, which is the binder or cement of big business. Your boss doesn't care to have his faults emphasized or corrected. Habit is less profitable, perhaps, but it makes life easier and more pleasant. The Iconoclast is never popular. Even in the most progressive firm his presence is soon sensed by the complacent boss and he is eliminated. Your boss couldn't tell this because he doesn't understand the scientific jargon. He based his conscious opinion on the more evident and rational facts that have developed from this peculiarity of the Jewish mental attitude."

"But in the long run this dissatisfaction works for the general good of industry and humanity at large."

"I'm not so sure. Rebellion and independence, like all virtues in excess, approach vice. You see what happened to the Jews as a nationality. They know not the value of a little stupidity that will follow a plan of action blindly and ignore the little defects or even the big ones. To make a mistake isn't a crime. Better do something wrong than do nothing at all because you can't choose between

eight or ten panaceas. I have seen Jews continue the same leader in office year after year, not because they were pleased with him—they vociferously opposed him and tied his hands, and refused to co-operate with him so that he could do nothing either bad or good—they kept him in office because they could not agree on a successor. One can scarcely call that progress, or even intelligence."

"The fact that we survived where others failed shows that we were right."

"It shows nothing of the sort. It shows only that you survived, that is, as a race, and others as a race died, the benefit of which to you is disputable. Better to have lived your life and died as the Greeks and Romans did, and as we Americans eventually will do, than to groan through 2,000 years like a tortured ghost. What good has your survival done?"

"Our culture."

"Your culture, what is beautiful and good in it, would have survived your death as a race even as happened with the Greek and Roman cultures. You're going to tell me you've given great leaders to humanity, Einstein, Spinoza, the whole list, I know them. That's all very noble for Einstein, Spinoza and Co., but what good do they do the Jew? It's beautiful philanthropy to be martyrs for humanity but charity should begin at home. Let's get back to the individual Jew, who is very individualistic and self-conscious. How does he benefit from this Jewish trait of emphasized dissatisfaction and concomitant rebellion? Is he happier, is

he better? Does humanity at least appreciate his sacrifice?—some satisfaction in that. No, the only recognition he is given is 'Jews need not apply'."

"The Jew is happy in his role of the dissatisfied Spirit. After all he does a great deal of good for the world at large including industry and as for himself, he is fulfilling his nature," I suggested.

"That is hard to say. This spirit of rebellion, of dissatisfaction with the yoke of mass co-operation, of desire for individual independence may be in the Jewish blood, inherited from a long line of ancestors similarly disposed, or it may be trained in the Jewish child generation after generation. You know that certain prejudices, psychological attitudes and biases, ways of looking at things, have a way of persisting generation after generation, through thousands of years, by the simple process of passing from mother to child, almost breathed in from the

atmosphere that is shared by his immediate family. This latter explanation is the one I incline to as the explanation of the Jewish complex. But, whatever the reason, this, like any other alien complex, is suspected by the indigenous population and in this case doubly suspected because it takes the universally dreaded form of rebellion and desire for change."

"So that's how science explains my boss's prejudice?"

"Yes, but don't let it keep you awake nights. Live your Jewish instincts, traditions and prejudices. That's the only way to be happy, for if your prejudice is to see faults, to be dissatisfied, then to be dissatisfied is to be happy. After all, prejudices are mental habits and are good—of course with the exception of a few pernicious prejudices which enlightened men have been trying to eradicate since Abraham went out of Hauran, and before."



THE DAWN OF DISILLUSION

By JACOB DE HAAS

THE Zionist "machine" has ceased to function smoothly. Its mechanism no longer synchronizes. The "New Palestine" of August 24-31 contains a long feeble attempt to prove that the Actions Committee resolutions on the Jewish Agency are all things to all men, whilst the London "Haolam" of the same date publishes two trenchant articles upbraiding the labor group, describing the Kvuzoth as failures, and admitting that the whole Keren Hayesod policy has been and will continue to be a failure. "Haolam" publishes these opinions only under duress. Its apology for making adverse opinion known is a gem of its kind, and should be read in the light of the London "Jewish Chronicle's" Jerusalem report that Palestine scoffs at the policy-by-resignation which prevailed at Berlin. Palestine, we are told, no longer feels dependent on Zionist policies, nor does it feel that it will make or break according to the support provided it by the K. H.

The New York slogan writers will evidently have to think up something new this fall in order to appeal to the pocket nerve of the givers who may discover that the U. P. A. is not so terribly vital to the ultimate consumer or recipient in Palestine. Due allowance must however be made for the ability of the bunk artists who have had their innings for full seven years. One of them has already discovered one of those verbal miracles "not a

dictatorship by Zionists but a Zionist dictatorship."

Months ago we pointed out that our faith was in Lincoln's view of the people and not in Barnum's. And though one should not prophesy without advance knowledge it seems a fair guess that the old blandishments will not work in the immediate future. Potency has gone out of the K. H. and the U. P. A. and the AMZIC—what a lot of letters have been devoured—and the J. A. (Jewish Agency) approaches its testing time. That is the real trouble with it. It can no longer be used as a spell either to raise money or to maintain discipline. In itself the Jewish Agency is a wonderful thing strangely contrived. For five years it has cast its mysterious shadow over Zionism, and in the end produces more confusion than anything else.

Dr. Weizmann first vowed his faith in the extended Jewish Agency idea because he believed that institutions like the American Jewish Congress would arise in all countries and throw a potent spell over the various Jewries. When democracy died, which it did soon after the peace was signed, the hopes for the Jewish Agency died with it. But four years of Keren Hayesod operations disillusioned everyone except the professional spell-binders and the ad. writers. Something new had to be thought of, and the Jewish Agency extension plan was revived. It was not meant too seriously. It

belonged to the things to be accomplished "in the time to come". It offered salve to non-Zionist American Jewry, and was an abracadabra for American Zionism. To European Zionists it was to be the open sesame to the great American purse-strings. At once a source of power to its protagonists and a source of hope to brow-knitted Zionists.

To obtain the good will of the non-Zionists the American Zionists had to swallow a few insults as well as the obvious program of non-Zionist control of American Zionism. One must give the "machine" credit, it is committing suicide with a good grace,—in public. What it mutters in private is another story.

Six months ago one American leader proclaimed his intention of going to the American convention to curse the Agency and all its works. But he went to Pittsburgh and copied Balaam at a distance. Wonderful in incoherence were the Pittsburgh resolutions on the Agency. So we waited for the wisdom that might come out of Berlin. Out of the welter of millions of words that came from the "little Congress" and its repetition of unmeant resignations there has escaped at least one phrase that may be added to the ideology of Zionism, something far more real than the well staged nightmare "of the unforgettable night" in Pittsburgh. Some one has described the Berlin decisions, or the Jewish Agency report, as a "spiritual Uganda". Seeing to whom it is applied there is an irony about that phrase that pleases. These two words bespeak

the Zionist dejection and demoralization as perhaps no others could.

There is a quaint sadness about all the proclamations, interviews and minutes that come our way these momentous days. Yet a little while, say all these official utterances, and the weary laborer will be at rest. The Agency is coming and will take over our work. The swan song of nationalism and all the other isms that have grown out of it these thirty odd years is being sung. The guard is being mustered in full dress parade for its final roll call. They who only so short a while ago protested against those who could not mumble their pet ideology—a word almost patented by petulant leaders—are telling us that the day of romanticism is over and the stern law of economic determinism must decide, not only the fate of Palestine, but also of Zionism.

Jeremiah lamented the fall of Jerusalem with tears. The spokesmen of this new desolation speak with a smile,—a well trained man-of-the-world smile, as though they knew it all the time, knew in their own choice phraseology of a "festering sore in Palestine which blurred all Zionist vision." Would it be rude and unkind to ask when they first discovered this "festering sore" which was bred of hope, propaganda, and their own "too sanguine" conclusions?

But we are not without sympathy for the great, wise and capable statesmen who have led the whole Zionist organization into an impasse from which there is no practical escape. Theirs is a wonderful achievement. Not everyone could take a movement



expressive of the hopes, interest and zeal of several hundred thousand Jews scattered all over the world and gradually destroy its vitality as well as its structure. There is an art in such decimation that exceeds all constructive effort. Ghengis Kahn and Tamerlane had the reputation for wholesale slaughter but they were coarse workers. They shed blood and created physical wreckage. There is no such coarse work ahead. It is being done so politely that many do not even realize that it is being done. In the old melodramas one heard the pistol shots and the thud of falling bodies from the wings. In this polite massacre the "wings" are the first to be dismissed with a mixture of curses and compliments. The great K. H., the ineffable K. H. for which men were asked to die in 1921 is being described with a sneer, the J. N. F. is being piously explained and the Hadassah, we are told, is not necessary. One last lingering pull for the U. P. A. and the thinning ranks must be dismissed.

Are we contrary-minded? Have we

no faith in the extended Jewish Agency? God forbid such thoughts should be ours. Is it not part of that mysterious thing "congress law"? Have not the wise and the great and the ever-resigning proclaimed this as the immutable, the final and the ultimate of Zionism? No, dear reader, we do not question the justice or the wisdom that flows from Berlin, London, or Fifth Avenue. And if we did we would stand too much in awe of the great and their journalistic freebooters. Ours is merely a mood of enquiry. We wonder what all this running to and fro is about. The Zionist story of the last seven years—are they the fat or the lean years?—begins to read to us like those unforgettable lines,

*The brave old Duke of York
He had ten thousand men
He marched them up the hill one day
And he marched them down again.*

The Duke of York has not been celebrated in history for competence, strategy or ability. But that is another story.



THE SYNAGOGUE AND LABOR

By HAROLD BERMAN

NO sooner did Christianity, in the person of Constantine, conquer Rome and her idols than the struggle between state and church broke out in all its ferocity, a conflict lasting throughout the ages, and remaining unsettled to this very day.

Christianity, from its first day, showed itself intolerant of all other creeds. Having come into power in Rome, it quite unconsciously adopted the Roman psychology of an absolute world dominion. Its militancy may not have been due so much to the inherent nature of its message—the stress it laid upon individual salvation, its mystic theology, its Messianic emphasis, and its other-worldly outlooks—as to its *genius loci*, the genius of the place wherein it first emerged as a state and world religion. When the Nazarene faith assumed dominion over the souls and the hearts of all other European nations, they quite naturally took over its intolerant psychology. And as these semi-barbarous groups gradually rose from their amorphous stage, became welded into nations, and created their states on the Roman model and adopted the Roman faith, the religious hierarchy quite naturally, and as a matter of course, expected to dominate the state; and it did dominate for quite a time. It was then that the conflict of centuries, in all its evil, was hatched, to the untold misery of the entire human race.

The Jews, however, remained stran-

gers to this conflict. They were spared this savage and destructive struggle between the two contending forces by the accidental—one is almost tempted to say Providential—loss of their territory just previous to the emergence of that new faith and the birth of intolerance. In the case of the Jew there could only develop a conflict between the religious hierarchy and life, between the constituted guardians of the faith and their more or less rebellious flocks. And inasmuch as the Jews were all through the years of exile an outlaw nation, possessing no soil or government of their own, no vested rights or estates to bestow on their church or clergy, they were saved from falling into the slough of corruption into which the neighboring Christian clergy and their Church as a whole so easily, and almost universally, slid. So that whenever one finds either the writers of the unsophisticated enlightenment period or their latter day radical successors lumping the two orders of the clergy together and speaking in the same breath, and in the identical irreverent tones, of “the Priest and the Rabbi”, one is merely moved to smile at their ignorance. Their phraseology is a borrowed one—borrowed from their Christian neighbors in Russia or other backward countries who had ample reason for despising their own clergy.

America is a new country, but its newness is rather in physical and geog-

raphical sense only. Its habits, beliefs, and traditions hark back to the old world. The Church that one finds here is the identical Church that one finds in all other Christian countries, in all its denominations and sects. The Catholic Church is Catholic and universal, the same church everywhere, no matter what race, color, or group practises it. The Episcopal, the Lutheran, the Presbyterian, and the Baptist are the same here or anywhere else. But, strange as it may seem, the Synagogue of America is not the Synagogue of all other lands. The thread of tradition that should bind it to the Jewry of all past ages and places has been snapped. In all European and Asiatic countries the Synagogue has ever been an integral social and communal institution, having its roots in the very soil of the life of the people. It formed part and parcel of the life of all members of the community, whether rich or poor, learned or ignorant, old or young. It was flesh of every Jew, the warp and woof of the inner consciousness of every man and woman. The Synagogue belonged to no one in particular, but was the inalienable possession of every one who was of the seed of Abraham. For, it was not only a *house of worship*, but rather the nerve-center of the life of the people; the club, the place of assembly, the communal home for all religious, social, and philanthropic activities.

The early American Jewish immigrants usually cut all ties—physical, intellectual, moral, and religious—the moment they decided to leave the soil of the old home behind them. The

tradition of ages was obliterated—was as if it had never been—and a completely new life rose in its place. And if America as a whole was but scantily provided with a traditional background, American Jewry lived in an utter absence. The life of each individual newcomer had to be rebuilt from its very foundation; economically, socially, intellectually, and religiously. The old bond had been sundered and fresh ones had to be forged in the new environment. The result of all this was that an entirely new creature came into being on American soil.

The American Synagogue invariably came into being as a result of a certain group's initiative, and with the indispensable cooperation of one or more men of wealth, without whose generosity the house of worship, having been erected, could not be maintained for any length of time. The Synagogue thus is not a house erected by a community (in some instances, by a generation of men long since dead and passed out of the memory of men), but rather the mushroom growth of yesterday, made possible only by the generous solicitude of some individual man or group of men, men of wealth as a matter of course, but usually far from scholarly or sincerely pious. Now the life of an enterprise or institution being dependent for its existence on the munificence of an individual or very small group, that individual or group's personality will become indelibly stamped upon the institution, and will be but the mirror of his or its social and economic outlooks and prejudices—

though these results may come about in a manner quite unintentional and unpremeditated.

As a result of these conditions we behold a strange paradox indeed. The Christian Church, for ages past enjoying extensive privileges, enjoying feudal estates, and being not only the spiritual but also the physical master of millions of souls, has become—in America, at least—an utterly secular and quite progressive institution, while the Synagogue, previously exercising a purely spiritual power and enjoying no landed or other economic benefits, has now become the citadel of wealth and privilege; the conscious or unconscious spokesman of the rich in all questions affecting the economic, social, and intellectual well-being of American Jewry!

The American Synagogue, being an institution of the comfortable and complacent denizens of Main Street, has no constructive or pronounced opinion on any social, economic, or political problem, even on an immediate and practical problem affecting the welfare of millions today and in the present. "Let well enough alone" is its invariable maxim and the guide in all its actions. It never raises its voice on behalf of the underdog in any conflict. No American synagogue has ever voiced its sympathy, even in the case of the most glaring injustice perpetrated by one faction of the people upon another and weaker one; in the case of a strike or a lock-out in any one of the Jewish trades, or in the widely-prevalent profiteering in the necessities of life that characterized the post-war years. No

rabbi in his pulpit, with one or two notable exceptions that tend only to confirm this rule, has ever been discovered in the hazardous act of thundering forth his denunciation of the exploiting employer, of the gouging landlord or the profiteer. Nor has one of them ever given voice even to the mildest utterance that could be construed into a belief that all is not quite well with the world, or given any evidence of possessing even the rudiments of a social outlook or understanding.

The rich men, through whose instrumentality and benevolence these houses of worship have been erected and by whose doles they are even now being maintained, are the beneficiaries of these *laissez faire* conditions, are waxing fat on them, and have set their faces like flint against any and all change or amelioration. Main Street waxes fat on low wages and long hours, on child labor and dirty and high-priced tenements. Main Street believes that this is the best of all possible worlds, enjoying the best of all possible systems or orders. And the rabbi, even when he does not consciously keep a watchful eye glued to the buttered side of his bread, does yet quite unconsciously absorb the psychology of the people that he is surrounded with, people who, moreover, do the hiring and firing, and hold his fate in the hollow of their hands.

The Jewish proletariat seems to have sensed all this almost instinctively and he has kept away from the Synagogue, resorting to it only on certain obligatory occasions. In the Christian churches of every denomina-

tion one will invariably find a liberal representation of the men and women who toil for a livelihood. The laborer, the mechanic, the clerk, and the intellectual proletariat of every kind are found there along with the prosperous merchant and the property owner. The church is theirs as much as the other fellow's. They are members, pay their dues, and have a voice that is heard in its management. The Jewish mechanic, laborer, and clerk—the most passionately devout and ardently attached elements throughout the past ages—are most conspicuous by their absence from the sacred fane. And why? Because the class struggle, though in a silent and never articulated form, has entered the sacred portals of the Synagogue. The Synagogue, that had been the very first to proclaim laws and prescriptions for the protection of the weak and the lowly, has now hauled down its flag and capitulated to the enemy, and is openly espousing the cause of the "haves" as against the "have-nots"!

In the recent unpleasant happening at Detroit, where the Y. M. C. A. and some of the Christian churches, acting at the behest of the local Board of Commerce, saw fit to publicly snub the personnel of the A. F. of L. gathered in annual convention in that town, one could clearly detect the potential menace inherent in our new industrial system. It was a clear manifestation of the potential evil of aggregated wealth and concentrated control of industries, should it experience the desire to extend its control not only over the physical well-being of man, but also over his spiritual and

mental resources and well-being. The Synagogue has not however arrived at that stage of the problem. The Synagogue still stands, motionless and becalmed, in the sluggish waters of the individual man of wealth representing the fast-disappearing social economy. The heads of the great industries and corporations are mostly non-Jews. The auto industry, the railroads, steel, chemicals, wool, cotton, meat-packing and other basic industries are all in the hands of non-Jews. So that while corporate influence does not as yet directly reach the American Synagogue, nor is it yet possible that the fiat of one small group of men gathered around a table in some small room should simultaneously be echoed in a town full of synagogues or Jewish centers, the net result is practically the same, and perhaps even to some degree much worse, there being a woeful lack of uniformity of action together with a corresponding degree of chaos and irresponsibility. The synagogues stand united, if at all, only in the common platform of conservation of outlook and the common bond of hesitant and lukewarm action, and none other.

As an instance, let me quote the gems uttered by one such good shepherd of a Jewish community by way of comment on the Detroit incident. Here is what the good rabbi said: "There are so many factors involved that *concern the fundamentals of religion and life* as to make certain that the ultimate determination of the question will be attended by sharp discussions, hard feelings, and bitter strife. These are days when shrewd manipulators and clever

propagandists bore their way into all sorts of places, in all sorts of ways, to present issues and to secure results that are far from the logic or relevancy of a cause or an institution, so affected as the poles are distant from each other. On the surface, the labor group has the advantage of the position insofar as the invitations to their representatives had already been issued and accepted. But *if the facts are as the Board of Commerce presents them*, that the speakers assigned to the various churches were known to be radicals whose previous utterances and actions were given to *anti-American* propaganda and anti-religious interests (sic!), then the cause of *good government and the progress of sound religion have been defended and preserved by the speedy and drastic action* of the Board of Commerce." And the rabbi winds up his truly apostolic harangue by the cock-sure assertion that "practically, this has been the attitude of the synagogue on the industrial situation"; and why? Because *"we do not recognize in the work of the synagogue rich or poor: we do not distinguish between capitalist or laborer. We know only children of God, and we value men and women by their character and their conduct, not by their income or trade."*

It has been brought out since the occurrence of the incident that the prime mover in this cancellation of the extended invitations, the administrator of this resounding slap in the face to the representatives of four millions of workers was not exactly concerned

with the abstract cause of "good Americanism" and "sound religion", but rather with the more concrete welfare of the large nation-wide corporation that he manages, one which is reputed to be paying a wage of \$7.50 per week to its female employees. It is also a fact known to all that these men were A. F. of L. delegates, an organization known to be conservative and even accused by some of being somewhat reactionary in its outlook, and not representatives of Socialists, Communists and similar "subversive" bodies. But what of it all, if the interests of "good Americanism" and "sound religion"—a phrase strangely reminiscent of the "sound money" slogan of a recent Republican campaign—as interpreted by the rabbi and the sleek, class-conscious members of his congregation do happen to clash with the elementary principles of justice and civilized amenities?

There are no problems whatever within the Synagogue. The Synagogue must be the patient, winded nag demurely trotting in front of the merchandise-laden dray of the smug, itinerant huckster. It must never seek to quicken its pace, must not feel the tingle of the blood of ambition in its veins. And above all, it must never upraise its stooped back or head, never sniff the free-blowing breezes with its atrophied nostrils. For there is danger in the free air, in the blue firmament and the star-studded skies. Light bears an element of potential danger to all those who, by preference, blind would be.

THE AVENGER

By BEN H. ADLER

WHAT'S that you said, Stranger?

Will I have a drink? Certainly, certainly. I never pass up a chance for a drink, especially these hot days. Make mine wine; I don't like anything stronger. There's nothing like good Palestinian wine, anyhow, but my pal—see him sitting in the corner there half-drunk, guzzling that whiskey?—he hasn't any use at all for wine; in fact, he says it is weaker than water. He comes from Russia where they drink vodka, so, of course, whiskey doesn't hurt him any, just makes him sort of sleepy, harmless, you know. If it wasn't for the whiskey I guess I'd have to hog-tie him every time we come to Jerusalem. We live near Tel-Aviv in a Jewish colony forty miles from here, where we have a regular farm, just like the one I used to spend my vacation on when I lived back in the good old States. What? Yes, sure, I mean the United States. I used to live there before the war came on.

Really? You're an American? Well, well! I'm glad to know you, Sir. My name is Joseph Levinsky, but call me Joe. Touring Palestine, are you? What's your home town? Oh, I see, you live in Boston, and you are a writer. Speaking about writing reminds me of my wife. Before we got married she used to write poetry which I could never understand, though. Poetry was too deep for me, for even

in school the teacher was unable to cram any of that stuff down my throat. My wife is a Zionist and all her poems were about Zionism. Several Jewish magazines used to publish them. Ever since our little boy was born, my wife keeps telling me what a wonderful poet he's going to be. Personally, I haven't much use for poets, but I dare not tell my wife that because she'd only call me an ignoramus. You know how women are.

Are you married? I suppose you're not in any too big of a hurry to put your head into the halter. I met my wife while I was in the army here in Palestine, and if the rabbi hadn't married us sooner, I'd have gone clean out of my head. Ever been in love? Then you don't know what you're missing.

I was telling you about my little boy. He's the prettiest and smartest kid that ever toddled. And, really, he looks just like his mother—has her dimples, curly hair and her big brown eyes that always keep you guessing. Vladimir—that's my pal's name—was tickled pink when we named the kid after him. Of course, he had hoped some day to have one of his own, but when the trouble happened, all his planning and hoping was for nothing. It sure was a hard blow for the poor chap, and he hasn't gotten over it yet. The shock affected his head, and ever since then he hasn't been right.

What was the trouble? It's a long story and it probably wouldn't interest you. Sad, too. I thought my wife would cry her eyes out when I first told her about it. You know how sentimental women are. After hearing it, she insisted that Vladimir live with us, and now he helps around the farm, though he spends most of his time brooding. Ever since the baby was born, Vladimir brightened up a bit. He's crazy about the kid, too.

I beg your pardon? Oh, the nature of the trouble? Well, if you care to listen through it all, I'll start from the beginning. I'll have another glass of wine, if you don't mind. Thank you, Sir.

If you remember, it was in April, 1917, when the United States entered the World War. I was at that time living on the East Side of New York, and my father was running a tailor shop. I was helping him with the business, but when Uncle Sam pitched into the fight, I sure was pleased. Nothing suited me better, for, of course, working ten hours or so in a tailor shop is far from being exciting or interesting. I enlisted and, after three or four months training, was shipped off to England with thousands of others "arearin' ter go", as the old timers say. Just before we were to leave from there for France, I got wind of a Jewish Regiment being formed, and after further inquiry I managed to be transferred to it. The regiment was called the 38th Battalion.

This battalion had a bunch of raw Jewish recruits from practically all

the Ally countries. Most of them didn't even know the difference between a bayonet and a rifle. Dumb? Gosh no! Some were college students, and most of them were very educated in Hebrew, but it seemed that only a few could speak English. So you can imagine what a job there was breaking them in.

Naturally, I was disappointed when we were delayed by having to spend a couple of months training at Plymouth. But it didn't take the men long before they learned the tricks of the game, and everything was coming along in fine shape.

One day we got a new recruit. He was a tall, dark, handsome fellow with long raven-black hair that almost reached down to his neck, and he must have weighed about two hundred and forty pounds easily. Corporal Cohen said he came from the Caucasus Mountains in Russia. Anyhow, this big, hulking fellow looked more like a Cossack than a Jew. Well, by the time we got through with him, he appeared more civilized, and we all had a lot of respect for him, for he had a lightning-quick temper, and anyone with his strength is not to be trifled with. But, of course, to look at him now, no one would think he had ever amounted to much. What? you're right; that's him dozing over there. Yes, Vladimir is no longer what he used to be!

For some reason or other, Vladimir took a liking to me, and I rather liked him. He was clever and willing, and we got along first rate. He learned how to speak English mostly from me,

and by heavens, I taught him real English! If anything grated on my nerves, that was to hear those Englishmen slaughter the English language.

Anxious as I was to leave for Palestine, Vladimir was twice as impatient. Every day he'd ask me about fifty times when I thought we would leave for the Holy Land and I'd usually answer sarcastically that we'd be ready when the war would be over. As the weeks lengthened into months, I thought the chap was going to worry himself sick by the way he was moping around .

"Don't take it so hard, Vladimir," I said to him one day when he was particularly downcast. "We'll get a chance at those Turks yet."

"It's not the Turks that I'm anxious about," he explained, somewhat embarrassed.

"Why, then, in the blankety blank, are you in such a gosh darned hurry to get to Palestine?" I said to him in surprise.

He scratched his head and hemmed and hawed, and then, like a blushing school boy, told me of his romance in Russia.

It seems, he had a girl there with whom he was in love. According to him, this mountain lass was the finest girl in existence. Whenever he'd mention her name he would say it low and soft as though her name was too holy to be said out loud. I believe he actually worshipped her.

When I finally got him to stop raving about her and go ahead with his story, he told me that when he found

out that he was to be drafted into the Russian army, which would, of course, separate them, he planned to escape to the wilderness of Siberia with his girl, whose name was Sarah. Not that he was a coward, but he swore that he couldn't live without her. She was more sensible, however, and vetoed the idea of running away. And hit upon a better plan. She suggested that he go join the Jewish Regiment, which she had heard of, and that she would follow to Palestine. As soon as the war was over they'd get married in Jerusalem, where she'd be waiting for him. Naturally, whatever she said was O. K. with him. I suppose if she had told him to go after the devil himself, he would have done it. He revered the very ground she walked on.

Well, they both came to England, and he joined our regiment and Sarah went ahead to Palestine. And what was now eating Vladimir was that she may have reached Palestine during all these months and is now waiting for him in a hostile country where harm might befall her.

After he got all this off his chest I tried to cheer him up, but he just shook his head miserably and walked away.

I forgot to tell you that a gentile, Colonel Patterson, was in charge of our battalion. He was a splendid fellow, clear white to the very back-bone. We all liked him immensely.

In January, he gave notice that we were shortly to leave for Palestine, and maybe we weren't delighted! I rushed into the barracks and slapped

Vladimir all my might on his back. He must have thought I was crazy.

"Vladimir, you love-stricken fool," I hollered, dancing around him, "in another few days we are leaving for Palestine!"

Well, Sir, you should have heard him whoop! He straightened out his six feet three and he must have jumped about a yard in the air. He grabbed my hand and almost squeezed it to pulp in that huge paw of his. For several days afterwards I could not use that hand.

Sure enough, two days later we embarked from Southampton to Cherbourg, France, and from there to Italy where we stopped at Faenza. We had quite a lot of fun there, and Vladimir took part in a boxing match and nearly killed a fellow after the latter had given him a few hard blows. Vladimir, you see, had never boxed before, and he sure got angry when he got a drubbing. He went after his opponent in true Cossack style. After that event no one volunteered to box with him.

Finally, in a couple of weeks, we arrived at Alexandria. We all were in high spirits, and when we reached Cairo, we got a rousing welcome from the Jews there.

Then the hard work began, when we started marching to Palestine. But who cared for the intense heat or the choking dust! We passed over bare hills and stony, steep gullies. Water was scarce, our packs were heavy, and we worked like coolies, but not a whit discouraged.

We got a surprise, however, when we reached Mellahah, for it was the

most God-forsaken, desolate hole I've ever seen. It was a regular living hell! The heat was about one hundred and ten in the shade, and the grub tasted like anything but food. There seemed to be a conspiracy among the flies and mosquitoes to make life miserable for us. Sleep was almost impossible. Men every day were dying from malaria and other diseases. We were beginning to feel the hardships of war.

Vladimir? He didn't mind it at all. It was child's play to him. He wasn't thinking so much of the war as he was of his fiancee, Sarah. Everytime he got a chance he'd talk to me about her. Pretty soon I knew the color of her hair and eyes, the kind of teeth she had, the way she walked, how she laughed, how daintily she ate, what sort of food she liked, the kind of clothes she wore and a thousand other things about her. He seemed to be in seventh heaven whenever he'd talk of her. I took all this good-naturedly. But he would never speak about her to the other men. Why? I don't know. Perhaps he thought they were not good enough to even hear her name mentioned. Well, you know, people are that way when they are in love.

We were in Mellahah but a short time before Vladimir received a medal for bravery. It happened sometime in the latter part of August. One night, when it was pitch dark outside, a patrol of six privates, including Vladimir and I, stole up to the Turkish trenches near the Umm esh Shert Ford. I was kind of nervous and my heart was pit-a-patting against my ribs so loud that I thought for sure the enemy could hear it. So dark was it that we

were able to creep up about twenty-five yards to the trenches without being seen. Suddenly we all ducked and hugged the ground for dear life. Only a short distance away was a Turkish sentinel. Before we could withdraw or do anything, Vladimir got up from the ground and in Indian style began stalking the sentinel. My heart was within the region of my throat as I watched him. Finally, when he got up real close, what do you suppose he did? He stood right up from the ground and walked over to the guard, meanwhile mumbling a few Turkish words he had learned, and pretending he was a Turk. Suddenly he jumped upon the sentinel, grabbed him by the throat, disarmed him, gave him a few Cossackian blows and brought him back to us. The enemy heard the noise and thought it was an attack. They turned loose every gun they had, and for the next couple of hours it was raining bullets. The noise was deafening. We returned to our trenches none the worse for the experience, except that one fellow was wounded. Vladimir paraded triumphantly his prisoner into camp as proud as a peacock, this being his first encounter with the Turks.

The first real taste of fighting we got when Umm esh Shert Ford was captured. We attacked the Turks at midnight, and, after four hours of hard fighting, the enemy kept retreating, abandoning trench after trench. The way Vladimir was acting you'd think he was out on a picnic. He and I fought side by side, and maybe he couldn't use that rifle of his! Suddenly when a bullet ploughed through

my hair and creased the scalp, I thought sure I was done for. Vladimir caught me as I fell, and he looked pretty scared when he saw my head dripping with blood. The poor fellow thought I was killed. For a moment he didn't know whether to revenge himself on the Turks, or stay with me. I'll never forget as long as I live the look on his face, for, until then, I hadn't ever realized, how strong our friendship really was.

He picked me up as though I was a child and carried me back to the lines. How in the world he ever managed it I don't know, for the ground was strewn with wounded and dead, holes everywhere, and hell was a-popping all around. Of course Vladimir saved my life, and he got a medal for doing it, but for some reason or other he threw the medal away.

On the last day of November, I believe it was, Armistice was signed with Turkey, and when the news reached our battalion a spectator would have thought a riot was taking place. I had all I could do to keep Vladimir from leaving right on the spot for Jerusalem, for had he done so he would have been court-martialed for desertion. He could not seem to understand why, the war being over, he couldn't be immediately discharged. I had quite a time keeping him still on duty.

We were at that time doing guard duty at Rifa, and our work was to stop the Arabs from stealing and pilfering whatever they could lay their hands on. Life there was dull and monotonous, except for those confounded sandstorms accompanied by hot winds. Sometimes these storms

would last as long as a week. Life here was almost as hard as at Mellahah. We had to patrol an area of about one hundred and fifty miles, and many were the skirmishes we had with the Bedouins. They had a nasty habit of smashing the water pipes whenever they needed water for themselves or their camels. Sometimes the natives would start fighting among themselves, and we'd have to go and put the fear of the Lord into them.

During all this time Vladimir was becoming sulkier and sulkier every day and very irritable. He had heard no news of his Sarah, and therefore strongly resented the orders that kept him still on duty. We were not far from Jerusalem and he had applied several times for leave to go there if only for a few days, but it was denied to him every time because every available man was needed.

I had learned from former experience that when Vladimir became morose the only thing to do was to leave him alone and let him brood. Nevertheless, I was quite worried about him. We had occasional boxing matches, concerts, racing and other sports and amusements, but these interested him not a bit; he was only looking forward anxiously to the moment when demobilization of the troops would take place.

Vladimir's sulkiness was at its height when we were ordered by our commander, Colonel Patterson, to Bir Salem. Here the work was very strenuous, and the military authorities, for reasons best known to themselves, discriminated against us Jews and heaped insult upon insult on us. The

men were beginning to grumble, and I was also becoming anxious to be released from the army. If not for the Colonel whom we all liked, for he was one of the finest and squarest Englishmen we had come in contact with, we would have all left the army flat. He, however, persuaded us to do nothing rash, for it would besmirch the proud record our battalion had earned.

One day, Vladimir, as I feared, got into trouble. He was doing guard duty when a couple of drunken English officers said something to him which made him angry. Instead of swallowing his pride, like we did, he pitched right into them and did quite a lot of damage, from what I was told. I have never been able to get all the particulars about it from Vladimir himself, but he was court-martialed on some trumped-up charge and sentenced to three years hard labor. Yes, Sir, three years in jail! Luckily, Colonel Patterson, after much work, managed to have the sentence revoked. From that time on, every Englishman, except the Colonel, was regarded as a personal enemy by Vladimir. You know how a hot-headed Cossack can hate when once he gets it into his head, Then you can imagine what love Vladimir had for the British.

Despite his experience with the officers, Vladimir went around with a chip on his shoulder, so to speak. This attitude got under the skin of most of the officers, and I truly believe they would have made further trouble for him only they were well aware of his nature. I myself was mystified and somewhat scared of him. There was a

smouldering fire in his eyes and his voice was none too pleasant to listen to. All the men avoided him as much as possible. Finally Colonel Patterson, who sympathized with us Jews right along and did all he could to make things easier for us, saw that Vladimir was headed for more trouble and managed to secure his discharge. I petitioned the Colonel to release me also from duty, which he did, and I was sent along with Vladimir to Camp Kantara for demobilization.

Have you ever seen a colt frisk around in a yard when he has been let out of a barn after staying for months shut up inside? Well, Vladimir did practically every thing but bray, and his acrobatic stunts ranged from hand-springs to a wild Russian dance. I've seen a good many circuses back in New York, but none of them could beat the ludicrous actions of Vladimir. My whole body was lame and sore for many a day later due to his playfulness.

"Joe, you old scalawag," he said to me for the tenth millionth time, "can you actually believe that we are going to be discharged? I thought those tea-guzzling Englishmen would wait until the Resurrection before they'd let us free! Now to find Sarah. Whoops, hurrah!"

It took us about five days to reach Camp Kantara, and, after a little delay, we were once again in civilian clothes. We made a dash for the nearest railroad station and hopped aboard the first train headed for Jerusalem.

Once we got on the train the fun began. Vladimir was deliberating with himself whether he ought to go and

seize the engineer by the scruff of the neck and persuade him to coax the train along a little faster, and if I hadn't held him back he probably would have done it. That shows how impatient he was.

When the conductor, a little mite of a fellow with a long, red, bristling mustache, threatened to put us off for making a racket, Vladimir haw-hawed and started to have a little harmless sport with him to the amusement of all the passengers.

"Well, my little rooster," he said, grabbing hold of the fuming conductor, "how would you like to get off yourself and push this crawling, creeping, blankety-blank train along? Or better still, I'll set you up on the smokestack so that you can let me know when we reach Jerusalem. By the beard of Moses I swear, if you strut around cackling again that's just what I'm going to do!" Everyone roared with laughter as the conductor, frightened because Vladimir showed a strong desire to carry out his threat, slunk into the next car, and for the rest of the trip he kept out of sight.

About a half-hour later the train suddenly stopped. Vladimir, with a healthy, vigorous Russian curse at the delay, stepped out to see what was the matter, and I followed him.

A strange sight met our eyes. A group of soldiers, standing around the caboose, were talking to the engineer.

"What is the matter?" I asked.

"We received orders from headquarters to stop every train headed for Jerusalem," answered one of the men. "There is some trouble between the

Arabs and the Jews, and no one is allowed to enter."

"What kind of trouble?" I heard a stricken voice ask.

"Rioting and that sort of thing," was the calm reply.

Vladimir's face was as white as a sheet. For a moment I thought he was sick. He stood gazing at the obliging officer as though he couldn't believe his ears, or that some trick was being played on him.

"Good God!" he cried, "Sarah is there all alone!"

"Oh," I said re-assuringly, "she's safe enough. Of course, the people will be protected. Say," I said turning to the officer who had given us this startling information, "do you know whether any troops are stationed in Jerusalem?"

"Yes," he answered. "General Bols is there with a whole regiment."

For a moment my heart stopped beating. No man in the whole British army hated the Jews as much as General Bols. I knew that the Commander-in-Chief, Allenby, would not send this man to quell the uprising. Naturally, he'd have more sense than that.

"Are you positive it is General Bols?" I asked with a sinking heart.

"Of course, I'm positive," the officer irritably replied. "It was he that ordered us to stop the trains."

Vladimir's countenance at this news became a shade lighter. He stood like one petrified.

"Now listen, Vladimir," I said to him soothingly, "General Bols may hate the Jews, but he's at least gentleman enough to protect the women."

He turned on me savagely. "That British beast protect the women? He'd be one of the first to allow them to be attacked, you fool!" He sat down weakly on a rail as though the last bit of strength had left him.

What did I do? Well, Sir, I just stood and looked at him, not knowing what to say or do.

Suddenly he got up with a wild look in his eyes, and before I could stop him, he made a mad dash for one of the officers' horses tethered nearby. In the twinkling of an eye all that could be seen of him was a large cloud of dust. Straight he headed in the direction of Jerusalem, which could be faintly seen in the distance.

We were all taken so by surprise that it was several minutes before anything was done. Two soldiers were sent to overtake him, but they had as much of a chance of catching him as of stopping the sun. For Vladimir had learned to ride in Russia, and I've yet to see a Cossack that didn't know how to ride like a demon. I asked the young officer, who had given us the information, to loan me his horse, which he readily did.

I'm not much of a rider and the horse seemed to know it. In vain I wanted to overtake the soldiers, for I feared they would shoot at Vladimir as soon as they came within range of him. But the confounded nag I was riding was anything but willing to keep up a fast pace. Several times I came near landing on my neck, but I managed, in the excitement, to hang on for dear life. I kicked the horse in the ribs, whipped him, pleaded with



him, but to increase the speed I was unable.

I dared not think what rash act Vladimir might do when once he'd reach Jerusalem. A hot-headed, impulsive Cossack like him would do, naturally, anything that wasn't rational. Of course, I thanked God that Vladimir didn't have a gun with him, for if he had, I was sure he would not hesitate to use it.

Presently I reached a smooth, paved road which greatly heartened me for I knew I was nearing Jerusalem. The horse was beginning to take interest in his work, and we were sailing along at a fast clip.

Well, Sir, it seemed ages before I finally reached the walls encircling Jerusalem, and I headed at a fast gallop to the nearest gateway, the Damascus Gate. There were about thirty armed soldiers guarding the entrance. Rifles were raised cautiously as I approached.

As I dismounted, I noticed the two soldiers, who were sent to catch Vladimir, resting under a tree a little distance away. Their faces were flushed.

"Did—did he escape?" I asked, running over to them.

"Naw. Came darn close, though," was the laconic reply.

For a few moments all I could do was to get control of myself. Finally when I found my tongue, I asked for further particulars.

"He tried to rush through the guards, and when they stopped him, he began fighting for all he was worth. Knocked out four men before someone clubbed him with the butt of a rifle and came near splitting open his

head. They took him and the other four men to the hospital about five minutes ago. Almost got through the gate, too, before he was clubbed. It sure was the grandest scrap ever," ended the soldier with admiration.

I beg your pardon? Will I have another glass of wine? Why, yes, thank you, Sir. You say I look as if I needed a drink? Well, I do get excited when I tell this story. I've seen quite a lot of this war and telling of that is a cinch compared with the experiences Vladimir and I had after we were discharged.

Where did I leave off? Oh, yes, what the soldier told me about Vladimir.

Believe me, Sir, when I heard that he was in the hospital, I could feel myself getting already prematurely aged. An ordinary blow would no more than tickle Vladimir, so that there must have been a lot of goodwill, muscle and weight behind the blow that put him out. You know how tough these Russian men are.

I asked permission from the officer in charge to allow me to enter Jerusalem, but the old, sour crab refused. He said that because of the rioting and fighting no one was permitted in or out of the gate. However, he told me the name of the hospital where Vladimir was sent.

I had to wait three days before the gates were opened. Three days of actual hell! I almost worried myself to death. From the meagre reports that leaked through during those three days, I found out that a regular pogrom had taken place, a miniature

Russian pogrom. The Arabs had taken the bit between their teeth and made a wild stampede that lasted thirty-six hours. They spared neither Jewish men, nor women or children. I began to feel disturbed about Sarah's safety. I dared not think what would happen if she had gotten killed or injured.

When I entered Jerusalem things looked bad. Now that the worst of the trouble was over, General Bols began to get into action. Soldiers were stationed everywhere. A half-hearted, slipshod attempt was made to get the culprits who had filled the hospitals to overflowing with dead, wounded and dying. I was sick at heart at the sights that met my eyes.

I lost but little time in visiting Vladimir. I found him like a caged lion. Around his head was a swath of bandages.

"Fine mess you got into," I said upon greeting him. "For all you know, Sarah might be waiting for you this very moment, and here you are in the hospital. General Bols and his men had everything in control."

He, glancing around at the wounded men and women groaning in the room, looked at me contemptuously. Then he lit off. For the next ten minutes Russia was heard at her best. He let go a stream of cuss words at England and, in particular, at the soldiers, that would have made a mule driver blush.

A nurse came in and motioned for me to leave his bedside. When she finally managed to quiet him down, I asked her how his condition was.

"Rather bad," she replied. "This is

the fourth day he is here and he hasn't slept a wink the whole time. His condition got worse when the injured people were brought in. He keeps raving about a girl whom he calls Sarah. He's very upset about her."

I hurriedly went to the head doctor of the hospital and asked him permission to take Vladimir away with me. I explained that Vladimir's condition had been greatly aggravated by having suffering wounded people around him.

"I'm sorry," the doctor answered, "but when he was brought here he was under arrest. You'll have to get permission from the military authorities for his release."

Inquiring at the military headquarters, I was ushered into the presence of General Bols' assistant, an officer by the names of Jean Louis. He was a short, fat, bald-headed fellow with chilly green eyes. I instantly took a dislike to him.

"Your friend," said this Louis after listening to my story, "will first have to be tried by court for disobeying military orders, for attacking British soldiers and injuring four of them, and for creating a disturbance."

"But he did not intend to start any trouble," I protested alarmed. "His fiancée was alone in the city during the rioting and he only wanted to protect her from harm. You can't blame him for that!"

"He can tell his story when his case comes up in court tomorrow together with those of other offenders," was the unsympathetic reply.

How I ever lived through until that memorable next day, I'm sure I can't

tell you. I did not know whether I was in this universe or in another. My head was in a daze.

The next morning I was one of the first waiting for the doors of the court house to open. Finally, when session began, my heart sank when I saw that the court consisted entirely of British officers. I hardly dared think of the fate that awaited Vladimir at their hands.

The court was a small, stuffy room with several long rows of narrow benches. The sunshine filtered through two broad windows. In one corner was a raised platform on which was a high desk, and seated at the desk was a tall, thin, narrow-faced man with closely cropped hair, and wearing an uniform elaborately decorated with medals. I recognized him as no other than General Bols, the man whose favorite pastime was to make life miserable for the 38th battalion.

After the Lord's prayer was said, a group of sullen prisoners was brought in, and among them I recognized Vladimir. He was handcuffed to two stalwart soldiers, and from flushed faces and hard breathing, it seemed evident that they were having considerable trouble with their prisoner.

Vladimir's was the first case before the court. The charges against him were read by the corpulent Louis. Vladimir listened to the proceedings with a disgusted mien. His eyes were red, a mute testimony of sleepless nights and mental torture.

After a few moments of deliberation the following words were said

by Bols: "The Court finds the defendant guilty of all charges, and the aforesaid defendant is hereby sentenced to fifteen years of penal servitude."

The world got black before my eyes. I thought that either the General was crazy or that my ears were deceiving me.

As the significance of the words dawned upon Vladimir, he sat down dazedly, and glared at the General as if he was the very personification of the devil. Suddenly he uttered a hoarse, loud laugh that seemed to freeze the blood in my veins. He rocked back and forth in his seat laughing as though it was all a fine joke. He was, however, quickly silenced.

I heard and saw the next case tried as in a fantastic dream. An Arab, in like manner, was sentenced to fifteen years in jail for brutally attacking an old man, Abraham Levi. I glanced at Vladimir and my heart was touched as he sat with head bowed, like one broken in spirit and body.

The next case also went along similarly, the Arab accused of assaulting and stabbing a young girl, Sarah Aaronson.

At the mention of that name a lightning change came over Vladimir. The blood was drained from his face, giving his countenance a yellowish color. He leaned tensely forward, eyes glued on the Arab's face.

No one noticed his strange behavior, and the trial continued. The Arab, a huge brute with massive shoulders and a small, ugly face, was vigorously

shaking his head and denying the charges.

"No, no! Me no kill girl!" he protested. "I swear by Holy Allah me no kill. When she see me come she stab herself."

Vladimir uttered a roar that electrified every person in the room. His face looked anything but human. There was a venomous, malevolent look in his eyes that seemed to go right through the Arab standing at the other end of the room. The expression on his face appalled everyone. Before anyone had an opportunity to collect their wits, Vladimir leaped—yes, actually leaped—from his chair, like a charging, enraged lion, straight at the frightened Arab. The two soldiers, to whom he was handcuffed, were snapped out of their seats as though they were mere stuffed dummies. He dragged them like sacks of grain for about three yards on the floor before they managed to regain their feet.

Vladimir seemed to possess superhuman strength. Step by step he was getting closer and closer to the alarmed Arab. He jerked and yanked and pulled his guards viciously. The courtroom was in an uproar. Finally, with the help of about ten other men, Vladimir was trussed-up hand and foot so that he was practically helpless. As they were carrying him out of the room, he spat at the bewildered, alarmed Arab, and bellowed, "Dog! You, too, shall die with a knife in you, remember! That angel's death shall be avenged!"

Well, Stranger, that's where the

story ends. Vladimir was put in the insane asylum, and then was later pardoned by the High Commissioner of Palestine because of his military record. The doctor warned me that Vladimir might become dangerous if let free, but I promised to be responsible for him. He's harmless as a lamb, though.

Of course, his head after that has never been right. At times he imagines that Sarah is talking from heaven and telling him that she is impatiently waiting for him. It gives me the willies listening to him speak at night to her, sometimes for hours. He makes love to Sarah just like he used to back in Russia, and he tells her what he has been doing and thinking, and a lot of other things. But most of the time I hear him telling Sarah, in a crooning voice, not to be angry with him because he is long in coming to her.

"I'm coming, Sarah darling," he would say over and over again in a chanting voice. "I'm coming, my angel, as soon as I avenge your death. When the vultures begin feeding on the carcass of that abominable Arab, I'll be with you!"

Yes, Sir, it is sad. Whenever Vladimir gets despondent or melancholy, he gets a notion that the Arab has escaped from jail. To put his mind at ease, I take a trip with him to Jerusalem, and he sends me to inquire at the jail about the Arab. At first he'd insist upon himself inquiring, but I got him out of that habit by telling him that if the Arab finds out that an enemy of his, namely Vladimir, is waiting to take revenge upon him, then



he might not want to go out of jail when his time expires for fear he'll get killed. Well, Vladimir swallowed that excuse, line, bait and all, and he doesn't dare let his shadow even fall within the vicinity of the jail house. But, anyhow, I still don't take any risks with him, because, you know, being in Jerusalem brings back to him a lot of memories. So I first tank him up with a lot of this harmless whiskey, and in a day or so I take him back home, and assure him that the Arab is in safe keeping.

How long a time does the Arab still have to serve? Oh, I forgot to tell you;

the Arab died shortly after being put into jail. I spoke to the doctor that attends the prisoners and he told me that the Arab died from a mental sickness. Every night, until his death, he was haunted by the scene Vladimir made in the courtroom, and he was always complaining about a man with a knife wanting to kill him. "Died from plain fear," were the doctor's very words.

Thank you for the drinks, Stranger, and if you ever pass through Tel-Aviv, stop off at my house. I want you to see that pretty baby of mine. Looks just like his mother, too.



ILLUSIONS

By ALBERT HERSCHAL

The land wherein I dwelt I gave a soul.
And in the clay I thought I found a heart
Whose very pulse was mine, and breathed a name
From which each simple blessing seemed to start.

Then to that name—the heart, the soul—I pledged
My love, my life, my mortal self-esteem.
To save that name I left the home I loved,
Forsook the very land that raised the dream.

Till, dying on a shell-strewn foreign shore
Far from the land which asked my simple youth,
I saw the name that graced its taunting flag
Was but a snare to blind me to the truth.

My land was common mud and held no soul,
And in the clay beat not the heart I thought,
The men with whom I shared this vaunted land
I saw were stupid like the men I fought.

And all that noble dream—the heart, the soul,
That glorious name which cheering still attends,
Were tinsel masks for monsters whom I helped
Defraud the hopes of those who were my friends.

BUSINESS EXPERIENCES IN PALESTINE

By SAMUEL SACKS

I WENT to Palestine because I could not help going. And I hope to go there again and again, until I remain there for good.

I had no particular plans and no definite intentions. The desire to see our growing Homeland was overmastering all other considerations. This is the case, I now know, in most instances. The Jewish business man goes to Palestine with no clear idea of what he wants to do,—and no knowledge of what he might under the conditions be able to do.

I spent some weeks taking in the country, drinking in the new spirit of the Jew, saturating my very soul with the exhilarating, buoyant idealism of the very people who labor the hardest and suffer the most. The desire to do something just naturally grew upon me, and I was an open field for any one to plow with suggestions and schemes. There was nothing in my own line of business where experience and training could point the way and perhaps spell success. But there were any number of people convinced that I could do something. And there never is a dearth of ideas and plans in Palestine when an American Jew tramps about the country, or any Jew with some means at his command.

Of all the ingenious schemes the fertile Jewish mind in the Homeland so confidently and so enthusiastically proffers the newcomer I chose the simplest. At least, it so looked to me.

Now Jews like fish, and the Mediterranean must have an abundance of fish. Why not put two and two together and create a new and paying industry in Palestine? The Arab is at present the fishmonger and he goes about his business, as about everything else, in the most primitive fashion. He can sit for hours until the fish chooses to come to him. He will cast his home-made net right over the unwary little aquatic and pounce it to death and then sell it to the Jew for as much as fifty cents a pound. Obviously, the thing to do was to apply some science to the business and flood the market with all sorts of fish, fresh, salted, and canned. A good idea it was. It still is.

No sooner was I ready to embark upon the great adventure than there appeared any number of experts willing and ready to show me how.

One had dealt in sardines in the old country, another had handled all sorts of caviar, while still another had been a herring merchant of the first magnitude in Russia. Some thought that there really was nothing to know; that anybody could catch fish, while others believed that their restaurant experience would serve them well. Of course, there were some who could very vividly remember the days when they used to angle in their village rivers and occasionally did bring home something for the Friday evening meal.

I knew less than all of them combined but I knew enough to know that there must be better qualifications for the job than any of them could offer. It took days to sift the human material until I hit upon two who seemed to possess the right sort of experience. The next step was to secure the proper equipment, the nets, the motor boats or whatever else was necessary to start Judea on a fishing career. With the two workers, or experts, finally selected we went to Germany for the machinery. We bought everything we thought could be useful. The German merchants had no reason to complain this time that a Jew is a difficult buyer.

We had nets galore and a motor boat, too. It now seemed that we would catch the fish of the Mediterranean by the ton and flood the home market. There were visions of export markets, of beating the Norwegians to it, of fine connections with the good old States. All we seemingly had to do was to sink the nets and the fish would run into them.

Well, we sank the nets, again and again, but the fish would not come. Funny, every time we strung out our nets across the currents, apparently rigidly fastened, the rapid waters of the sea would straighten them out and the fish, with the flow, would just run past our traps. Neither was our motor boat a match for the waves. It could perhaps have done excellent service on the Hudson, but the Mediterranean needs stouter craft or, shall I say, better handling? Who knows! I am still not a fishing expert, my losses of time and money notwithstanding.

Did I blame Palestine for my failure? I do not believe so. It is possible that way down I felt some resentment at the counselors and "experts" who had led me into the venture, and I may have for one brief moment despaired of the country as incapable of being developed. But I know that it was sheer nonsense if I ever did harbor such feelings. I had my fun, and my faith in the Homeland remains undiminished.

What is more, I was not altogether cured of the ambition to strike out in any other field that seemed to offer a chance. On my way back, while stopping over at Berlin, I permitted myself to be drawn into another good industrial scheme: fruit canning. It was a small venture, and I did not care to go back to work at it myself, but it did appear to have all the earmarks of plausibility. I met a man who knew all about the business,—so he and his friends said. He probably knows all about it, but he did not know anything about the Palestine facilities. When I recently revisited Europe I had to supply him with a year's lodging. He had returned from the Homeland no richer than he was before I had stumbled into him.

My own luckless experiences have been repeated in various degree by numberless Zionists who had the best intentions in the world but no knowledge of conditions and no reliable guidance. I have learned that many business people of small means lost the little money they possessed before they reached the shores of the Jewish Homeland. They had invested in articles which they were certain were

needed in Palestine but which as a matter of fact were entirely out of place there. For instance, one clever Jew hoped to retrieve his traveling expenses, and to secure a handsome profit to boot, by buying all the nails he could get for his money in Germany. His reasoning was as clear as daylight. There was a building boom in Palestine, and where there is building, he figured, there must be a demand for nails. Coming from a place where they put up their dwellings with logs, boards and shingles, the wise thing to do was to bring along nails. When the Palestine Office learned how that particular Jew resolved to recoup his fare, they thought it was rather astute, and when some other Jews on their way to Palestine came up for advice

they were told the secret. The result was that many Jews brought loads of nails, none knowing what the other fellow was doing.

The ingenuity of the business men was not confined to nails alone. Some bethought themselves of buying up all the beds their purse could pay for. Others took gents' furnishings along, while still others carried canned goods of all sorts.

When these people found themselves with unsalable stuff on hand they did not blame their own silliness; they thought that Palestine was no good. The average man will always find fault with his fellows and the country at large if he is unlucky in his business ventures.



GLEANINGS AND COMMENT

As Rabbi Salit Truly Sees It

IN his sermon before the Jewish Center of Far Rockaway on the first day of Rosh Hashanah Rabbi Norman Salit, just returned from a trip to Europe and Palestine, discussed the situation in the latter country.

"In Palestine," he said, "Jews and Jewesses deal with realities that are fundamental. Man and woman, youth and maid, back the plough and tend the tree. Life is too young and too urgent to allow the luxury of any great sex differentiation in labor. Jew and Jewess alike come to grip with basic values. They deal with sun and soil, with wind and water, with the ever recurring miracle of life bursting forth from barren ground, and with the equally stirring miracle of a people, banished for centuries to shop and peddler's pack, returning with hope and determination to carve its destiny once again on the soil that gave it origin. To such a group position and prestige, continued tenure of office and sweet flow of salary, can mean less than nothing. Such a society, mightily concerned with the eternal necessities of nature, must obtain a sound perspective. Such a society can have but little patience with the sickening pettiness of partisan politics five thousand miles behind the arena of action. Because of this group, laboring in love on the soil of their country, Palestine will progress, and Jewish life there will flourish, in spite of Zionist organization and Zionist disorganization."

Government and Jewish Effendis

THE Palestine Workers' Fund Bulletin for August 23, 1928, carries the following interesting piece of news

which places the Petach-Tikvah plutocrats in their true light:

"The District Governor of Jaffa invited, August 21st, the representatives of the Petach-Tikvah colonists and the leaders of the Labor Council to a conference, to discuss the question of Jewish labor in the fruit harvesting of the coming winter season. The spokesman for the Government explained that the law permitted everyone to employ whomever be pleased and that the duty of the authorities was to extend proper protection and preserve public order. He would, however, advise the colonists to see to it that Jewish labor was employed and that respective arrangements were entered into with the Arab merchants buying the fruits on the stem.

"The representative of the colonists replied that this was a matter which depended altogether upon the discretion of the Arab merchant. The colonists could not exact such a stipulation because the Arab merchant would then offer a lower price. This the Governor's representative denied and urged that influence could well be exerted upon the merchants to that effect.

"The democratic colonists sided with the Government and asked that its efforts in this direction be continued and that it secure the cooperation of the Vaad Leumi (National Jewish Council) and the Zionist Executive. The representative of the Jewish workers likewise asked the Government to use all its influence to secure employment for Jewish labor, but pointed out that no violence should be resorted to. The Government must understand, he argued, that the workers will have to fight for their right to employment. If the Government gives up its endeavor in behalf of the workers it must likewise refrain from using the police power, for otherwise it will mean that the authorities are sup-

porting one side only, that of the colonists."

American Efficiency

FROM the Palestine daily *Davar* for August 19th we glean the following interesting piece of information, which comes in the form of a letter from a resident of Balfouria, the colony founded with so much eclat by the American Zion Commonwealth:

"There is a village in the Valley of Jezreel which was founded by an American Zionist organization. This organization had bought the land, put up buildings and with the aid of a loan from the Zionist administration settled fifty families. The loan, 240 pounds per family, was not sufficient under the conditions of colonization in the country. Together with the cost of the buildings the total amount reaches 550 pounds, whereas the standard for individual colonization is 750 pounds, and in places where there is no water, as is ours, the cost is still higher.

"The village has been in existence for five years now, has had great difficulties, but the debts were being paid and both ends met somehow. Preparations were being made for the coming year.

"This season we were visited by a drought. It came upon us as a ravaging horde. Result: debts cannot be paid, no seed in sight and nothing to live on.

"The settlements in the neighborhood, which likewise suffered, are receiving aid from the Zionist administration either in the form of the budget due them or buildings erected for them. This settlement alone has been left to its fate. No helping hand is stretched out. The American organization, the owner of the village land, met with bad luck, as is known, and it can do nothing, though we heard it had obtained a quarter of a million dollars from the Keren Hayesod to remedy its situation.

"The Zionist administration, the part-

ner to this settlement, replies that it has nothing to do with it. Who has? For lack of some 2,000 to 2,500 pounds the whole settlement may go to pieces and there is no one to save it or expand it."

The Zion Commonwealth is admittedly at the root of all the troubles visited upon Palestine during the last two or three terrible years. In this country, where the gentlemen who held the purse strings thought it their duty to use Zionist funds for bolstering up a toppling private land company, we were repeatedly told, *ad nauseam*, that Palestine would be ruined if the Commonwealth were not helped out of its slough; that its settlements—about three in all—would suffer, etc. What we find, however, is that the colonists are left to their fate in spite of the enormous sum, about half a million dollars, diverted from public funds to "save" the Zion Commonwealth.

A Native Jew on Yiddish

THE flurry about the survival of Yiddish raised a few weeks ago by THE VANGUARD, the *Menorah Journal* and the Louis Marshall statement found an echo in the *Day*, in the form of an article by Israel H. Weisfeld (whom our readers know from his book reviews) on August the 12th. Discussing "This Problem Called Yiddish," the author, a native Jew who recently graduated as orthodox Rabbi and is now with the Beth David Congregation of Miami, Florida, recites all the educational factors making for the spread of Yiddish among the native Jews and points out that American Yiddish literature is not keeping

up with this trend and that it will have to undergo an internal readjustment to insure its own existence:

"The Yiddish author, novelist or journalist, with very few exceptions, came to America a mature man. His training has been European, so that, although many years in this country, and breathing American air, mentally he is still breathing European air, for intellectually he has remained incurably European. In many respects the Yiddish journalist is superior to his American colleague. In his *Weltanschauung*, in his depth, his liberality and broadness of mind he excels the latter, but to the native Jewish youth these are all hidden qualities, for he cannot grasp the writer's method of approach. To him it is alien, not American. For, even when he discusses a purely American problem, there is lacking that American touch; it is top-heavy, somehow the writer always gives the impression of an outsider looking in.

"In the case of the novelist, the problem is even more acute. Since people, in general, and more particularly youth, are more readily drawn to fiction than to fact, the novelist possessing a complete American background could have obtained and retained a great number of youthful readers. Thus far no such writer has appeared on the Yiddish horizon. Instead, while Yiddish newspapers and magazines are replete with stories of present-day Jewish life in Europe, or of the idyllic life in a small European town of a generation ago, very rarely does one come across a story dealing with American Jewish life. And, even those few exceptional stories are not completely American. At best the locality or background only is American—the characters inevitably remain European. All these stories the youth cannot fully appreciate. He understands the contents but not the spirit.

"The American boy prefers Mark Twain to Charles Dickens, not because of the former's superior brand of humor

but because the former deals with conditions and landscapes that are familiar to the boy, whereas Dickens' characters and situations, of necessity, baffle him somewhat. Isn't it likewise expecting too much of an American Jewish lad that he be raised solely on a Sholom Aleichem-Peretz diet? Even classics are supplemented by modern reading!

To sum up, whatever methods are to be employed, there can be no doubt that Yiddish in this country, in order to insure its existence and growth, must develop internally as a language and at the same time consciously or unconsciously acquire a new face, an American-Jewish face."

Congratulations!

IN *The Jewish Forum* for September we find the following announcement:

"Our readers who remember the hard beginnings of *The Jewish Forum* will be pleased to learn of its steady growth, and particularly of the removal of its offices to more spacious quarters in the heart of the city. Communications hereafter are to be addressed to The Jewish Forum, 38 West 32nd St., New York City."

We are really glad to hear that a Jewish publication which stands for something in our life is making progress, and we congratulate our orthodox contemporary upon its good luck.

Dr. Applebaum Heads Poale-Zion

WE have received a communication from the Central Committee of the Poale-Zion that Dr. Israel Applebaum, identified with the labor movement in Zionism here and abroad for the last twenty-five years, has been chosen general secretary of the Party.

This is good news to all friends of

labor in and out of Zionism. We have known the Doctor for the last twenty-one years and believe that he will, in his responsible position, do a great deal for the movement which has done such signal service, through the British Labor Party and otherwise, for the cause of political Zionism, and whose members and class colleagues are the backbone of Palestine today.

We are further advised that Berl Locker, the general secretary of the Poale-Zion World Council and member of the General Council of the World Zionist Organization, is coming to this country for an extended tour in behalf of the Poale-Zion Political Fund, as well as to aid in the ensuing activities of the party. With such two leaders at the helm, the Poale-Zion ought to make things hum quite a bit.

Two Peace Documents

IN view of the striking similarity between the two Paris declarations, one on the 26th of September, 1815, and the other on the 27th of August, 1928, we believe it to be of interest to reprint both. The two treaties differ in phraseology, as befits the respective epochs. Both were at first subscribed to by a limited number of nations—three in 1815 and fifteen in 1928—and subsequently signed by others. The exceptions in the Holy Alliance case were Great Britain which declined the honor, and Turkey which was unwelcome. And both came after world wars which had drained humanity of resources—and further pugnacity. There is one big difference, however, and that is that the Holy Alliance had no prior agreements on various reser-

vations, while the Kellogg pact was emasculated by all sorts of amendments, textually not incorporated but nonetheless legally valid.

The Kellogg Treaty

“Deeply sensible of their solemn duty to promote the welfare of mankind;

“Persuaded that the time has come when a frank renunciation of war as an instrument of national policy should be made to the end that the peaceful and friendly relations now existing between their peoples may be perpetuated;

“Convinced that all changes in their relations with one another should be sought only by pacific means and be the result of a peaceful and orderly process, and that any signatory power which shall hereafter seek to promote its national interests by resort to war should be denied the benefits furnished by this treaty;

“Hopeful that, encouraged by their example, all the other nations of the world will join in this humane endeavor and by adhering to the present treaty as soon as it comes into force bring their peoples within the scope of its beneficent provisions, thus uniting the civilized nations of the world in a common renunciation of war as an instrument of their national policy;

“The signatories of the treaty, having communicated to one another their full powers found in good and due relations with one another.

ARTICLE 1

“The high contracting parties solemnly declare in the name of their respective peoples that they condemn recourse to war for the solution of international controversies and renounce it as an instrument of national policy in their relations with one another.

ARTICLE 2

“The high contracting parties agree that the settlement or solution of all disputes or conflicts of whatever nature or of whatever origin they may be, which

may arise among them, shall never be sought except by pacific means.

ARTICLE 3

"The present treaty shall be ratified by the high contracting parties in accordance with their respective constitutional requirements.

"This treaty shall when it has come into effect remain open as long as may be necessary for adherence by all the other powers of the world."

The Holy Alliance

"Their majesties the Emperor of Austria, the King of Prussia, and the Emperor of Russia, having, in consequence of the great events which have marked the course of the three last years in Europe, and especially of the blessings which it has pleased Divine Providence to shower down upon those States which place their confidence and their hope on it alone, acquired the intimate conviction of the necessity of settling the steps to be observed by the Powers, in their reciprocal relations, upon the sublime truths which the Holy Religion of our Savior teaches;

"They solemnly declare that the present Act has no other object than to publish, in the face of the whole world, their fixed resolution, both in the administration of their respective States, and in their political relations with every other Government, to take for their sole guide the precepts of that Holy Religion, namely, the precepts of Justice, Christian Charity and Peace, which, far from being applicable only to private concerns, must have an immediate influence on the councils of Princes, and guide all their steps, as being the only means of consolidating human institutions and remedying their imperfections. In consequence, their Majesties have agreed on the following articles:—

"Art. I. Conformably to the words of the Holy Scriptures which command all men to consider each other as brethren, the Three contracting Monarchs will remain united by the bonds of a true and

indissoluble fraternity, and, considering each other as fellow countrymen, they will, on all occasions and in all places, lend each other aid and assistance; and, regarding themselves towards their subjects and armies as fathers of families, they will lead them, in the same spirit of fraternity with which they are animated, to protect Religion, Peace and Justice.

"Art. II. In consequence, the sole principle of force, whether between the said Governments or between their Subjects, shall be that of doing each other reciprocal service, and of testifying by unalterable good will the mutual affection with which they ought to be animated, to consider themselves all as members of one and the same Christian nation; the three allied Princes looking on themselves as merely delegated by Providence to govern three branches of the One family, namely, Austria, Prussia, and Russia, thus confessing that the Christian world, of which they and their people form a part, has in reality no other Sovereign than Him to whom alone power really belongs, because in Him alone are found all the treasures of love, science and infinite wisdom, that is to say, God, our Divine Savior, the Word of the Most High, the Word of Life. Their Majesties consequently recommend to their people, with the most tender solicitude, as the sole means of enjoying that Peace which arises from a good conscience, and which alone is durable, to strengthen themselves every day more and more in the principles and exercise of the duties which the Divine Savior has taught to mankind.

"Art. III. All the Powers who shall choose solemnly to avow the sacred principles which have dictated the present Act, and shall acknowledge how important it is for the happiness of nations, too long agitated, that these truths should henceforth exercise over the destinies of mankind all the influence which belongs to them, will be received with equal ardor and affection into this Holy Alliance."

THE SOCIALIST COMMITTEE FOR PALESTINE

THE socialist conference for Palestine labor has been reported in the daily press at some length, but unfortunately without due knowledge of the situation.

For months prior to the Congress of the Socialist Internationale, the World Council of the Poale-Zion was seriously considering the question of giving shape to the sympathies of the socialists and their leaders in the various countries with Jewish labor in Palestine and its creative work. It was desirable to unite all the socialist friends of a Jewish commonwealth in Palestine in a manner that would offer them the opportunity of translating their good will into action, of benefitting in a tangible way the Poale-Zion endeavor in the Jewish homeland. The best method appeared to be a conference of those who had manifested their readiness to aid the cause in whatever form they could.

The Poale-Zion took steps to find out the sentiments of the leaders with avowed Zionist sympathies, and, as a result, a conference was decided upon, and the invitation thereto was signed by the most prominent personalities in the socialist movement, Emile Vandervelde of Belgium, Arthur Henderson of England, Leon Blum of France, and Eduard Bernstein of Germany.

The conference was called in Brussels for the simple reason that the Socialist Internationale was to hold its congress in that city and most, if not all, of those invited were sure to come. It must be made clear that the Poale-Zion had not intended to petition the Socialist Congress to take action as a body in the matter of assisting Palestine labor.

About sixty persons had been invited, the best known leaders of the socialist parties in their respective countries.

The matter did not come up before the Socialist Congress, but it did get an airing at the sessions of the International Socialist Executive, and quite unexpect-

edly. While the question of the Independent Socialist Party of Poland was being discussed, Friedrich Adler, Secretary General of the Internationale, found an occasion to mention our pro-Palestine conference and sharply took exception to the very idea of creating an international socialist committee for Palestine. He had no objections to the Poale-Zion as such, nor to their activities, but he believed it to be destructive of socialist discipline to have a special international socialist committee; he was opposed to any and all attempts at special committees outside the general program of the Internationale. He was joined in this by Otto Bauer and Abramovitch.

He was met, however, by a vigorous defender of the pro-Palestine committee in the person of De Broukiere, Belgian Senator and representative at the League of Nations, one of the most influential men in the Internationale. De Broukiere stated that he had agreed to join the pro-Palestine committee after he had fully gone into the matter and considered it from all possible angles and that he would act according to his conscience. It will be his last day in the Internationale if he is prevented from following the dictates of his own conscience. A similar statement was made by Arthur Henderson, Executive Chairman of the Internationale, who had signed the call for the pro-Palestine conference. He strongly defended his right to participate in such a committee. The opponents fared no better at the hands of the French delegates Brocke and Renaudel.

That closed the incident. The Executive took no action in the matter as no one had placed the question on its agenda. The Pro-Palestine Conference was called into session on the appointed day.

It was a brilliant affair, with Vandervelde, Henderson, and Blum alternating

in the chair and delegates from all countries making up the assemblage. Amongst those present were: Vandervelde and Huysmann from Belgium; Blum, Renaudel and Longuet from France; Henderson, Lansbury, Buxton and Snell from Great Britain; Loebe (speaker of parliament), Breitscheid, Dr. Moses and Dr. Oscar Cohn from Germany; Lang and Graber from Switzerland; Chernov, Rusanov, Suchomlin, and Stallinsky from the non-Bolshevist Russian socialists; Turatti and Modigliani of the exiled Italian socialists; Tseretelli from the Georgian Social-Democracy; Oudegwest from Holland; Diamant, Heronimka and Klushinska from Poland, and many others.

Greetings were received from Abraham Cahan, Abraham Shipliakoff, and Joseph Shlossberg of America; Member of Parliament Kleerkopper from the Netherlands, Congressman Farbstein of Switzerland, the Belgian Deputy Pierard, Lieutenant Commander Kenworthy of Great Britain, Anna Lyndham and Meller from Sweden, etc.

Emile Vandervelde as Chairman gave a full report on Palestine, dwelling at some length on the prospects of colonization, the recommendations of the Agency Commission's experts, the industrial outlook in the Jewish Homeland and closed with a strong appeal to the socialists to lend active support to Labor Zionism.

Of the Poale-Zionist delegates, Kaplansky, member of the Internationale Executive, spoke on our achievements in Palestine within recent years. His lucid and masterful analysis of conditions won him the Conference. When the writer submitted and explained the following resolution it was adopted unanimously:

"This Conference, assembled at Brussels this 10th of August, 1928, upon the initiative of the World Council Poale-Zion and in response to the invitation of the comrades Bernstein, Blum, Henderson, and Vandervelde, and participated in

by socialists of various lands, after giving due consideration to the reports by Vandervelde, Kaplansky and Jarblum, declares,

"That the activities of Jewish labor in Palestine and its endeavor to found there a new Jewish commonwealth based on productive labor and imbued with the spirit of international solidarity, deserve active encouragement by the socialists of the world.

"This meeting resolves to form a socialist committee with the object of aiding the constructive efforts and the class struggle of Palestine labor.

"The Committee shall in all its activities be in constant touch with the Socialist Labor Confederation Poale-Zion, the Palestine section of the Socialist Internationale.

"Membership in this Committee shall be limited to members of parties affiliated with the Socialist Internationale.

"The Committee shall keep informed the Internationale and the socialist world at large on all its activities as well as on the Jewish labor movement in Palestine.

"The Committee shall choose a Praesidium (bureau) to conduct its affairs."

The writer likewise moved that all participants in the Conference as well as those who had signified their willingness to serve, shall be declared members of the Socialist Committee for Palestine Labor, and that the bureau (Praesidium) of the Committee shall consist of the following, with the right to coopt others: Vandervelde, De Broukiere, Huysmans, Lansbury, Wedgwood, Blum, Renaudel, Longuet, Loebe, Bernstein, Breitscheid, Turatti, Oudegwest, Meller, Tchernov, Shipliakoc, Tseretelli. Pierard as Secretary and Jarblum as Assistant Secretary.

Chairman Vandervelde placed these motions before the house and they were all unanimously carried. Thus began a new historic chapter.

M. JARBLUM,
Paris, September, 1928.

THE READERS' FORUM

Science and Established Superstition

THE British Association for the Advancement of Science met at Glasgow, Scotland, on September 5th. The object of this gathering was to exchange views on the latest activities of scientific research, as well as to interest the general public in the progress of science. The President of this distinguished assembly was Sir William Bragg, one of the most accomplished physicists in the country. During his Presidential address Sir William outlined the magnificent achievements by scientists in various fields of study and emphasized the need of industrial co-operation, which would lead to the development "of the body and soul of a nation." The active reporters at the meeting forwarded accounts of the proceedings to the American Press. Like lightning several outstanding newspapers in this country rushed into publication with the following heading: "Scientist Insists Man Has A Soul."

I reviewed the press reports and found nothing that justified the insertion of the title-heading. The phraseology of the reports was carelessly compiled and led to a misunderstanding of what the scientist really said.

But the sad side of the affair followed when editorials repeated the misinformed news and dilated much on the relative value of the pronouncement of Sir Arthur Keith in his last year's address and that of Sir Wil-

liam's in relation to belief in immortality. The editors were under the impression that Sir Arthur and Sir William differed in their views about the existence of the soul. But instead of giving an unbiased review of what each of these distinguished gentlemen believe about the soul, the newspapers made light of Sir Arthur's rejection of its existence and gave long strings of absurd sentences on what Sir William was reported to have said at the conference. The strange part of it all is that neither Sir William nor Sir Arthur believes in the soul at all. The former used the word only in a metaphorical sense and the journalistic press converted the phrase into a religious issue. The misconception might have been carried a little farther had not critical letters been published in the papers.

The following Sunday the pulpits resounded with many sermons on the supposed acceptance by a renowned English scientist of the existence of the soul. No one questioned the accuracy of this "acceptance"; the main object was to drive it into the minds of human beings and bring discredit on the materialist conception of life. Let us take an example from one religious leader. The Rev. Dr. G. C. Cressey of Boston, during his stay in New York, preached in All Souls' Unitarian Church. In the course of his sermon he is reported as having said:

"Disbelief in the reality of the soul is expressed by some today with such

cock-sureness that one would think there had been recent discoveries which settle the question."

As a matter of fact it is Mr. Cressey and his colleague who are cock-sure that the soul exists. Their profession binds them down to a belief in this proposition. In a court of law, or any other branch of human relationship, the individual who *asserts* the prevalence of something must provide the evidence. Can the reverend gentleman give irrefutable proof of the existence of the soul? If not we are logically impelled to regard his "soul" hobby as a source of superstition. Concerning the "recent discoveries" mentioned above let me say that the origin of the belief in the "soul" has ben exploded years ago, but the Church is the last institution on earth that accepts scientific discoveries when the interests of the Church are threatened. If the belief in the soul were abandoned tomorrow the Church would have no right to exist.

Another harmful indication of how the press and religious institutions go hand in hand may be drawn from the former's treatment of dissentients from religion. At every opportunity the press will ridicule unbelievers, free-thinkers or others not actively adherents of any religion, and will do anything to misrepresent the true meaning of their teachings. We have often read and heard the assertion "Materialism is dead", "Materialism is responsible for the evils in this World" and other such tirades. But how many people really know what is meant by the term Materialism? Few people really understand the philoso-

phy of materialism and that is why the press can thrive on the ignorance of its readers.

As a result of what has been said we may take the reported address of Rabbi Abraham L. Feinberg, as it was delivered on the first night of Rosh Ha-Shanah at Temple Israel. He said:

"The most pernicious evil of modern city life is the exaggeration of the natural concern with material necessities into an unnatural anxiety for material luxuries. Few of us have the courage to live moderately; none of us have the boldness to be poor. Even among the so-called intellectual classes, idealism and refinement sooner or later submit to the sway of money madness."

I agree with almost every word of this most logical pronouncement, allowing for a slight change in the last sentence. It is refreshing to hear such wholesome vews expressed in the Synagogue. But the report in the newspapers as a title-heading read: "Rabbi Decries Materialism," and it is to this heading that we take exception. The Rabbi did *not* decry materialism, but merely reiterated the existence of an evil in modern society, which is a disgrace to civilization. The gentleman in question may not accept the philosophical principles of materialism since they are opposed to religious doctrines. But this does not mean that a newspaper has a right to misapply a technical term and pass it off as something obnoxious, something always to be avoided. We should like to see a journal devoted to accuracy in recording international and all forms of political and philosophical opinions, without branding any kind of unpopular ex-

pression. When one is not prepared to openly debate a subject for which he has little sympathy it is obvious that his own mental certainty is weak on the issue. This applies to all who shun the principles involved in materialism instead of examining them with an open mind. We trust that "The Vanguard" will set an example of journalistic integrity which is sadly lacking at the present day.

To revert to our opening subject we may remind the general reader that Sir William Bragg and his illustrious son have been awarded the Nobel Prize in 1915 for their joint researches in physical science. As an introduction to their work we would suggest "Concerning the Nature of Things" by Sir William. A more technical treatise is "X-rays and Crystal Structure" by father and son, containing the total results of their profound scientific discoveries.

MORRIS GOLDBERG.

Editor of The Vanguard,
32 Union Square,
New York City.

Dear Sir:

In the September issue of "The Vanguard" I read an article by Mr. Konecky which both delighted and surprised me. I was delighted to find in *print* a very

dear wish of mine which, because I am not gifted as Mr. Konecky, remained unexpressed ever since it was begotten.

I, too, have often thought as Mr. Konecky thinks. But, besides being unable to write in a way to reach the public, I have neither the means nor the business acumen of which Mr. Konecky speaks and which I know are necessary to carry out such a plan.

I was, however, greatly surprised to read Mr. Konecky's question, "Why is this not done?" For I know of a firm that is doing just the thing of which we dream.

While on a shopping tour I was taken by a friend of mine to a firm (The Palestine Industrials, 44 East 23rd Street) which I understand is the American branch of the Pro-Palestine Association. I have noticed that the Palestine press is praising the work of this association. Don't you think, Mr. Editor, that Mr. Konecky and others of his ability would be aiding the conditions in Palestine if they would unite their efforts with those of the firm that is working towards that end, for in union there is strength.

And we "mere women" will help to our capacity by spreading the idea of assisting Palestine by continually making use of its products. And thus, in a united effort—each one doing as much as he is able—we shall open a much needed market for the products of our homeland and thereby be a *constructive* aid in creating a Jewish State.

One of your readers,
(Mrs.) T. CAROLINE NEWMAN.
1518 Walton Ave., N. Y. C.



OUR YOUNG POALE-ZION

By BEN AVIGDOR

A COLLEGE student, a slightly pedantic youngster, given to light mockery and, at Jewish gatherings, somewhat inflated by the importance of his education, sat beside me. He appeared bored. Being a true representative of our "second" generation, he was of the type that feels no shame in being a Jew. On the contrary, he every now and then glories in his people's history and takes pride in the traditions of his race, but he thinks it ridiculous to cling to worn-out beliefs and practices which he is certain had only been adopted to serve the needs of a nomad tribe thousands of years ago. He makes light of the Jewish problems, believing that their solution is simpler than any mathematical example given him in the classroom. He finds no special interest in the social, economic, religious and national life of his own race as such, unless it bears directly on his limited American schooling and his individual aspirations.

The older generation, those who willingly burden themselves with the sufferings of the race, reprimand such youth for its lack of response to their interests, but they do little more than lament. They depend too much upon an age long mystic strength which in the past ever so often brought the Jewish youth back to its national fold, and therefore they make only feeble attempts to seek remedies whereby he may be drawn in again.

This youth sitting at my side felt superior to the gathering, and he really believed he had reason for it. It was the opening session of the Seventh Young Poale-Zion Convention, held in Milwaukee, Wisc., August 31st to Sept. 3rd, 1928. Delegates representing a numerically insignificant portion of Jewish student and labor youth in the United States and Canada, assembled to discuss problems, platforms, future activities and organizational methods to reach the English speaking elements of young American Jewry.

For such a young man to understand and appreciate a Jewish youth movement, its place and function in a society like ours, he had to first grasp the underlying causes. That he could only obtain by familiarizing himself with the traditions, culture and ideals of our people.

In all youth movements, whether it be the Boy Scouts or the radical club in his university, he, as well as the greater mass of American Jewish youth, sees a training ground for strange and brilliant scenes, a place where conversation would be enlivened by many pleasantries, and sarcasm and impudence would bring forth brilliance and conventional polish, but where sincerity is eschewed for fear of appearing ridiculous.

Sitting here and observing youths heated and seemingly inspired by formulaes and ideals, propounding principles without the eloquence and

flourish with which he might have expressed them, he felt superior to them by comparison. Though he was motivated by simpler and more practical ends, unconsciously their humbler origin caused in him arrogance and aloofness.

The first session of the convention was devoted to a report on the activities of the past year and criticism thereof. My neighbor could not understand why such abstractions as Progressive Zionist ideals should be censured by the government in Lithuania; that members of such organizations should be imprisoned; that their Central Committee should be under police surveillance and all its literature and correspondence confiscated. He could not believe it possible that an intelligent Jewish youth still existed ready to offer its life and future so that its national ideal, its belief in Zionism might become a reality. It seemed incredible that in Letland the Young Poale-Zion must work under cover for fear of persecution, and that in Soviet Russia the Socialist Zionist youth is persecuted not because they are political counter-revolutionists but because, though cooperating with the existing regime, they have the desire to aid in the emancipation of the Jewish working class and to assist in the upbuilding of their Jewish national home in Palestine.

My young college friend showed signs of emotion when the facts were presented in the report. One could see that he took sides with his brother youth and groped for a way in which he might help. He was elated and gloried in the facts given

about the heroic efforts of the Palestinian youth, the Halutzim, who combat all natural, economic, social and political obstacles that present themselves in the building of the Homeland. He marveled at the tales of their achievements. An heroic picture was that of the youth of Judea and Galilee at work in communes and cooperatives.

But that is all about a distant youth in a foreign land. What about the Jewish youth here in America? By now the report reader had in this average young Jewish American student a close and intensely interested listener. He was told of the problems confronting the American Young Poale-Zion movement, the barren soil for socialist propoganda, the seemingly futile attempt to educate them to the Jewish and labor problems.

The report admitted that as a result of innumerable and untiring attempts, only a small scattered group, as a matter of fact only individuals, were drawn to our fold. Written propoganda was of little use, for the youth nowadays does not read things colored by directing thought. But these few carry on an intensive activity in every phase of the Young Poale Zion work. They report of "self-education" classes in Hebrew, History, Social and Labor problems, of lectures and propoganda work to bring to the fore the tradition, culture, and ideals of our people; of practical activities such as the Palestine Workers' Fund and National Fund Flower Days, the Geverka-schaften Palestine Campaign, Political Fund for the Party, Shekel Cam-



paign, assistance in the fund raising of the Pioneer Women's Organization and our Folk Shulen, and our own Young Poale Zion Organization and Cultural Campaign Fund, not to speak of local enterprises. My young friend listened and wondered where they got so much time to devote to it, not to speak of a will to do such burdensome and seemingly unremunerative work.

He received an intelligent and satisfactory reply in the discussions that followed. He no longer looked upon the delegates as recently escaped from a bee-hive, where they worked as Trojans and withstood all ills as Stoics. On the contrary, by comparison, *he* was a picture of mental laziness and spiritual stagnation. He rather found a pleasant surprise in the delegates criticizing the Central Committee of the organization for slackening down in its former demand for concentrated efforts on behalf of trade union and socialist activities among the members.

The other sessions of the Convention found a new convert in this young man. As an interested youth he followed closely the proceedings. The otherwise stereotyped socialist propaganda speech of Wm. H. Henry, Secretary of the American Socialist Party, and Daniel Hoan, Socialist mayor of Milwaukee, which he thought he repeatedly heard in his economic class from his pseudo-liberal professor, became a thing of life and vigor as he listened to the Young Poale Zion delegates enumerate the difficulties they encounter in their trade union struggle for a fair wage.

His rationalistic meditations were taxed when he heard how nonchalantly

the delegates asserted that we must find means of showing our new adherents that there is no distinction nor difference between what is Socialistic work and what is Palestinian work; that working for Palestine is to create a Socialistic state. At this point the college student's question, why the Poale Zion movement was not a mass movement, answered itself,—by disclosing a deep complex philosophy, a seeming paradox; but in reality a well-balanced, finely interlinked deep thought, that required full sacrifice on the part of the adherent, to gain a footing. Someone explained to him that the mass mind was only affected by bloodshed, and only in sudden, hair-raising, breath-taking changes does the mass become a forceful participant. Nevertheless, my neighbor began to realize that in spite of our lack in numbers, we were progressing in our work, stabilizing our activities, spreading our ideas, and that we are a life force in the renaissance of our national culture.

The Young Poale-Zion was founded in 1913-14 as clubs of children attending the Poale Zion Folk-Shulen. But upon branching out these clubs united into a national organization, affiliated with the Party Poale-Zion. Its first official organ was the "Yunger Yiddisher Kampfer", published periodically until early 1921, when it was confiscated and suppressed by the U. S. Attorney General's office at the time of the post-war hysteria.

In the past two years the organization underwent another change as far as its membership is concerned. Seven

of its oldest and strongest branches joined the Party. New blood was needed and the much relied-upon foreign element was lacking because of the immigration laws. An intensive propaganda and organization campaign among the English speaking Jewish student and working youth resulted in that two-thirds of the organization are now either native-

born or completely Americanized Jewish young men and women.

The leadership of the movement is in the hands of a Central Committee elected annually. Its official organ is a Yiddish-English monthly magazine known as "Yugnt". The organization has 35 clubs in 22 cities, the average age of the members is 18, and five "Buds" clubs, average age 13.



THE BIG PARADE

By ZERUBBABEL

Serried and close knit, rank on rank,
 The generations march,
 Each with brave banners fluttering,
 Beneath life's Triumph Arch.

The bugles blare, the pipes shrill high,
 Loud beat the big bass drums,
 As on and on and ever on
 The endless column comes.

Serried and close knit, rank on rank,
 The generations surge,
 Each with a brave song on its lips,
 A paean and a dirge;

Each with its pulses beating high,
 Its vision fixed, profound:
 Relentless is the forward urge
 Into the Great Beyond.

The bugles blare, the pipes shrill high,
 Loud beat the big bass drums,
 Yet on and on and ever on
 The endless column comes.

Now they've crossed the Line,
 Now they've broken Ranks,
 Now they're lost to Sight and Sound:
 O whither do these Marchers march
 Beyond the Great Beyond?



ON WINGS OF SONG

By DAVID EWEN

One music season follows another in an inevitable sequence, like so many waves, carrying upon their crests flotsam and jetsam but occasional shells which contain latent gems. A season has just passed, another one is about to arrive,—and between the going and coming it may be wise to reflect on what the past has wrought. And while the coming season is yet in somnolence and the new music which it will bring yet unheard, we might summon up remembrance of things past so that, with our feet firmly planted in yesterday, we can look more critically and more penetratingly upon to-day.

Felix Mendelssohn it was who gave birth to a long line of great Jewish composers. He was the first of the great composers of his race. Himself a delicate and sensitive soul which quivered under the touch of any exotic influence, his music is as delicate as he was. Like Mozart, Mendelssohn seemed to have an innate genius for expressing his messages in silken delicacy. His orchestration is as fragile and as tender as precious chinaware. Instinctively he chose the proper balance; he could attain sonority without becoming pompous or raucous. And he could depict sensitive delicacy without becoming as tenuous and inexpressive as Debussy. Intensely emotional, he was, however, too much of an artist to permit his music to froth with vapid passions. He is restrained and

careful and his emotional outpourings are the reactions of a highly sensitive artist.

All the virtues of the Romantic period—of which he is the epitome—find their embodiment and perfection in Mendelssohn's music. The tender poetry of Schumann, the effeminate charm of Chopin, the melodic robustness of Anton Rubinstein, and the exaggerated emotions of a Meyerbeer,—all have grown out of Mendelssohn's music just as Minerva grew out of the head of Jove. His fellow-Jews—Meyerbeer and his creation of the Romantic opera, Rubinstein and his founding of a nationalistic Russian idiom, Joachim and his sweeping Hungarian music—imitated Mendelssohn with blindness and with groping. But they are lesser personalities, filling in the period between two giants—Felix Mendelssohn and Gustav Mahler.

To the great music-audience, Gustav Mahler is an incomprehensible pedant of musical composition. But to the scattered few of learned musicians—as typified by Arnold Schonberg, Richard Strauss, Tschaikovsky, Brahms, Nicksch, etc.—he was and is one of the greatest Titans of the symphony; the first to lead the way to the moderns. Mahler did not content himself with tinkling, perfumed melodies which deliciously tickle the ear and the senses but which are shallow and stagnant. Mahler did not, like Wagner, revel but in massive orches-

tral fabrics; or even, like Brahms, did he delight in the sumptuous, sensuous ecstasy of human emotions.

Mahler is a metaphysician and music is his metaphysics. In the Second Symphony he voices the tongue of destiny, wherein the death of a Hero in his gallant Promethean struggle to learn what life and death really are, is depicted. The Third Symphony is to Nature, not overbubbling with a Beethovenian exuberance in the delicious presence of countrysides, but rather the outcry of a bewildered Spinozistic Pantheist who seeks out the inherent meaning of Nature. The Fifth Symphony is one of the greatest threnodies in all music, a grim, tragic dissertation on Death. The Eighth is a Faustian pursuit for the vain happiness and joy of life; the Ninth, as a gigantic culmination of Mahler's superhuman struggles with the philosophic problems of life, is, aptly enough, a docile resignation to it.

William Mengelberg has called Mahler's Nine Symphonies greater than Beethoven's. But the greatest appreciation of all has come from the pen of Arnold Schonberg, foremost of modern composers, who dedicated his valuable book on harmony to the memory of his immortal teacher:

"This book is dedicated to Gustav Mahler. It was hoped that this dedication might give him some small joy while he still lived.

"But Gustav Mahler had to forego far greater joys than that which the book might have brought him. This martyr, this saint, had to leave this earth before he had so far advanced

his work as to be able to hand it over to his friends in all tranquility.

"I should have contented myself with offering him this satisfaction. But now that he is dead it is my wish that my book may bring me this esteem, that none may gainsay me when I say, *Truly he was a great man!*"

Then came the revolt. Music, it was feared, had become too smug and complacent; it was too artificial in the orgiastic orchestration and sumptuous development that Wagner had given it, and in the elaborate emotions of the Romantics and Brahms. But more grievous than all this, music was becoming too stereotyped. Due to the limited number of scales in existence, music—it was feared—was beginning to repeat itself. A revolt was needed, a revolt against the stiff rules of the past. Of this revolt, Arnold Schonberg was the prophet.

Arnold Schonberg's idiom is indubitably his own. The "Gurre-Lieder" has its roots in no other music; it is a new weird twist in the language of music. Before the Gurre-Lieder" Schonberg had composed *Verklaerte Nacht*—lucid, fluent contrapuntal writing in which the exquisite mood of a sensuous night is entrapped in gossamer, delicate tone-colors. It remains Schonberg's most beautiful music and one of the high-peaks of twentieth century music.

Schonberg has always hated superfluities. One of his earliest theories was that music, to be sublime, must be denuded of all superficiality, of all extraneous material, of all unnecessary appendages and must present its terse message succinctly.

Brevity, therefore, is the soul of Schonberg's wit. One of his *Five Compositions for Orchestra* is merely six bars! Schonberg's orchestration, moreover, is threadbare and transparent; it consists only of those instruments which are absolutely essential to the message. Schonberg will, therefore, seldom use the tympani and never the triangle, glockenspiel, snares, etc.—all of which color music but are not essential to it. He must pierce into the very heart of music; he must be absolutely to the point without any subterfuge or circumventions; he must reveal his message in its baldest attitudes. Of modern composers, therefore, he is the expressionist.

But somewhere in France, a group of young talented musicians felt that Schonberg's brutal atonality and gruesome nudity were making music too dry and colorless, too stiff and expressionless. It feared that music, becoming so pedantically intellectual, was now beginning to consist merely of a bundle of tricks and theories.

It was then that this group—the now famous "French-six" headed by two Jews, Darius Milhaud and Arthur Honegger—realized that music, if it was to achieve sublimity, must blend its gushing emotions of the Romantics with the stern intellectualism of the moderns. And so, the French-six determined to free music from the prison of pedagogy and theory. It hoped, by injecting a light touch in composing, to make music more pliantly plastic to various different expressions of emotions than it was under the fingers of other moderns. The French-six, therefore, resorted to wit,

satire and irony as means to procure their deft and sportive style.

They are two musical rascals—Milhaud and Honegger. "Les Mariées" of Honegger is a masterpiece of satire and the heavy, overcolored style of Wagner is ridiculed deliciously—especially the grandiose funeral march conducting the dead Siegfried to his grave. "Pacific 231" is a futuristic tribute to the machine age. The engine grates and shrieks and roars. And one gets a powerful kinaesthetic sensation in hearing it. Milhaud, too, uses humor. In one of his compositions the shimmy is employed—in all its rascally impudence. In another, the mellow wailings of a Negro appear. He has borrowed his effects wherever he could find them, and his music is completely effective.

In America, in the meanwhile, the Jazz idiom was fully developed, and two Jews—George Gershwin and Aaron Copland—developed it. They developed polyrhythm and made it a powerful organ of kinaesthetic expression. Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue" is capricious, whimsical, humorous—but throughout thoroughly American. In it, jazz is thoroughly emancipated and freed from the sterile prison of Tin-Pan-Alley. A miracle of rhythmic ingenuity—where changes of time are achieved by subtle ties and rubatos and convenient rests—a monument of coherent form and a ponderous vessel of the wine of melodic lyricism, it remains the outstanding music that America has brought to the altar of art. The Jazz Piano-Concerto is an advance merely in form. In

content, it is equal to the Rhapsody. This season will tell us—with an “American in Paris”—whether Gershwin is advancing in his art.

Aaron Copland is not the inspired musician that Gershwin is but he is the complete technician. The “Music for the Theatre” is not wholly jazz. In this suite of dances there are unmistakable moments of it. But, by far, the loveliest portions are serious, classical themes and harmonies. It is the Jazz Piano Concerto which is Copland’s most important work, and a development of the jazz technique. Jazz, here, adds a warmer and more lustrous color to the harmonies; it helps Copland attain the sweeping, dynamic effect for which he was striving. In the Concerto, the rhythms interweave with one another like threads of a carefully knit scarf. One cannot tell where they begin or where they end. They are the rhythms of debauchery. They rush through the music like a gust of mighty wind. All the lyrical themes bend and sway before them. They fill the music with a thunderous intensity that locks the work into a coherent unity.

One other preeminent composer lives in America, but he composes his

music irrespective of trends and eras. Ernest Bloch is not a modernist—although he utilizes modernism. Nor does the vigorous tongue of jazz interest him. Only the purely classical music of Beethoven and Brahms has seduced him and it is in their idiom that he tries to phrase his message. His message? At first it was the Jew—the wrinkled, haggard, stooped Jew on whose face are engraved the thousand fingerprints of misfortune and hardships—but here his message is cramped. The “Israel Symphony” is not inspired from beginning to end. It was when he renounced his Hebrew idiom that Bloch found himself. The *Quinete* is a prophecy. It is a music which—like Beethoven’s last quartets—seems to link the mundane world with the celestial one. It seems to be a religion of its own, uniting all of mankind into an inseparable and understanding brotherhood.

A new season is now yawning before us. New music by Ernest Bloch, George Gershwin, Aaron Copland, Darius Milhaud will receive performance. Arthur Honegger is coming here to perform his latest works. What story will this season tell us and what part will the Jew play in it? We wait for an answer impatiently.



STAGE AND SCREEN

By HELEN MALMUD

Five and Ten Cent Store Symbolism

DURING the last year the theatre has been attacked by the regular periodical onslaught of trite and obvious symbolism. It seems that a number of nincompoops who have very ill-advisedly devoted themselves to playwriting became obsessed with an almost indecent passion to have their names inscribed in the annals of history as the great poets of the theatre. What the exact preparation for this great undertaking really is we cannot definitely state. But we imagine that it is somewhat as follows. The aspiring metaphysician secures himself or herself a copy of the works of the European symbolists of the last century, some literature on Christian Science and various other sub-erotic faiths, and a tract on modern Indo-European mysticism. Armed with these inspiring documents, the aspirant removes himself from the banal and mundane society of his fellow humans. The most logical location for the creation of this great Five and Ten Cent Store masterpiece, is either a mountain top or a bleak deserted island where the waves din their sloppy dirge into the playwright's lonely ear.

After months of this communing with the spirits of the sea and the air, these misguided persons who would be more at home in a Washington Heights flat, return to Broadway with a manuscript which they believe is

destined to produce a spiritual revolution in the hearts of their fellow countrymen. Occasionally they are able to convince producers or those bearers of divine grace known as theatrical "angels" that there is something substantial in their claims.

The second act of this drama reveals the opening night of a play which the press agent has christened with a most lavish sprinkling of abstract adjectives. The mottled couriers of the lithographer's craft are sent broadcast throughout the realm to excite those unwary persons addicted to sentimental spirituality and lure them away from the fireside circle for a flamboyant evening at three dollars and thirty cents a head. Their minds are saturated with such terms as soul-searching, heart-rending, liver-convulsing, kidney-throbbing and various other anatomical allusions. The curtain rises. Eventually it descends, re-rises and repeats this several times. In the interim the stage has been a sort of metaphysical fashion show through which has strutted a seemingly endless processional of stilted marionettes displaying an arbitrarily constructed garment bearing one or the other of these labels,—idealism, purity, desire, ambition, etc. This first week's audience of Saturday Evening Post metaphysicians bravely clap their hands and eagerly strive to convince themselves and their neighbors that they are fully cognizant of what it is all about,— and are thrilled with the

momentous import of its daring message. Unfortunately, this enthusiasm is short-lived. Lacking any honest feeling to preserve its vitality, it rarely survives the journey from the orchestra seat to the subway, or the suburban local. Needless to say, the play does not receive that most necessary stamp of public approval known as word of mouth advertisement, and drags out a precarious existence for a short time and suffers its demise.

The final act of this drama is played out in the offices of the erstwhile producer where the financial statements are balanced and the result written in red ink as a warning for the future guidance of the divine messenger.

A generation ago Maeterlinck achieved a great success as a symbolist. His technique though was quite different from that of the present day emulators. Unlike them, he did not make wooden sign posts of his characters but endeavored to portray an actual existence and confined his symbolic gestures to those over-shadowing and abstract forces which may be designated under the general head of destiny.

Even so it is questionable whether the highest type of symbolism could be good theater today. At the present time there exists in New York a more or less sophisticated group of theatre goers whose judgments determine the success or failure of practically every play. These persons patronize a play during the first three or four weeks, and it depends upon their verdict whether or not the more conservative and passionless entertainment seekers shall contribute to its prosperity. The

contemporary audience is accustomed to a life which seems so little affected by the vagaries of natural forces, that they have lost all conception of the more personal Gods of their immediate ancestors—and without this conception symbolism is meaningless.

The logical modern-day successor to the symbolistic method is called impressionism. The best examples of this have been *Pinwheel*, *R U R* and the *World We Live in*. The impressionistic method, in short, is based upon the assumption that in spite of the psychic or mental impulse of man's motor activities, the solution of all human problems is of a peculiar earthly nature. The symbolistic method was an escape mechanism founded upon the assumption that human problems were so complex that their solution required too much mental effort. In this predicament, the symbolists very lamely offered the alternative of ascribing all phenomena to the workings of a dim, shadowy conglomeration of abstractions whose machinations and whims were responsible for everything from corns and whooping-cough to wars, famines, and domestic difficulties.

Machinal by Sophie Treadwell is an example of the very worst type of this modern five and ten cent store symbolism. The staging is a poor imitation—one might say degradation—of the modern impressionistic technique so ably and so inspiringly exemplified in *Pinwheel*, which the Neighborhood Players produced a year or so ago. A very stupid and uninspired story is

divided arbitrarily into a number of scenes that are stuck together by a thin coating of household glue and theatrical trickeries. The manner is neither impressionistic nor realistic and the only thing which entitles it to be called symbolistic is the obvious intention on the part of the author to convey the impression that the whole thing is beyond her, and she wonders what it is all about. In this the audience heartily concurs. That the theatre sometimes welcomes—briefly—this type of juvenile posturing is probably an indication that the American audience is becoming aware of its previous delinquencies, and is groping for something of a slightly more intellectual nature. If this is true, then the crying need of the theatre is to establish a juvenile branch where six month courses may be given to those persons who are afflicted with an avid desire for intellectual maturity in theatrical appreciations.

The story of *Machinal* is about a girl who marries a man she does not love in order to support a mother whom she does not love. We were unable to see in the girl anything but a weak and leisure loving female who was willing to sell herself into a legal prostitution rather than shoulder her burdens. Eventually, according to the author, she decided to kill her husband rather than hurt him by divorce. We were entirely unable to believe the inuendoes which were given as asides, to the extent that she was more sinned against than sinning—and whatever the author's intentions—no amount of warbling about the moon, hugging lily pots, or screaming periodically about

“free-e-dom-m-m”, could make us believe that the “heroine” was anything but a spineless little moron who should have been confined in an institution before the business of living made her over into a murderous lunatic. The poor actors do their very best to bring to this lifeless concoction at least a semblance of animation and sense. The cast contains some very good actors, among whom the leading woman (Zita Johann) and the husband (George Stillwell) deserve special mention for their abilities, which were wasted on a thankless task.

The Front Page by Ben Hecht and Charles Mac Arthur, now at the Times Square Theatre, is one of the most entertaining and realistic plays of this or any other season. If this play does not have a long run, it will be evidence of a lack of healthy, red-blooded persons among New York theatre-goers. It is well staged and well acted; and not only the two leading men, but all the cast and directors deserve all the praise they are getting. If you want a good, exciting and stirring comedy, by all means see this one.

Ringside, at the Broadhurst, is a drama of the much discussed prize-fighting game. It is not a very startlingly original or individual piece, and could be very much improved by a little better writing and staging. The second act is particularly poor in this respect. We would advise Mr. Abbott to concentrate his efforts a little more.

A fair to middling evening's entertainment for those who are not too critical of what they buy.

Caravan, at the Klaw, is a very poor amateurish gibberish which seems to have been put on solely for the purpose of getting someone's name on Broadway's ticker. The leading woman is very bad, and we suspect that the leading man could do better if he were not so depressed by a realization of the utter hopelessness of the play. We are surprised to see Richard Herndon present such a cluck since his average is generally so much higher. There should be a law against producers entering into such business bargains.

The Money Lender is one of those plays which come and go quickly and leave nothing to be remembered by. The lately popular theme of marriage between Jew and Gentile is the motif, with a little Zionism thrown in as a flavoring extract. Someday, perhaps, someone will write a good play on this theme.

Goin' Home is not worth much mention. It is a very, very poorly written play which pretends to show that the Negro has been given that position in America which—of all people—he most earnestly desires.

White Lilacs, based on the life of Chopin, is superior to the ordinary run of musical play, and just escapes being a totally enjoyable evening due to several things: a weak book, a poor first act, and Odette Myrtil's decidedly unmusical voice. She is a good actress but she cannot sing. Fortunately, Guy Robertson can both act and sing and presents a very satisfying

portrayal of Chopin. It is a dignified production and those who enjoy good music—and some excellent characterizations by DeWolf Hopper, Ernest Lawford and Charles Crocker-King—will find a pleasant evening's entertainment awaiting them at the Shubert Theatre.

New Angles on the Movie

One of the most pleasing indications of the present movie season is the trend of pictures to real and living subjects which allow the director to provide a background that is both interesting and educational. We have been so long innured to seeing the poor little shop girl crash her way into the gilded palaces which movie producers fondly imagine the money-stuffed classes live in, that it comes as a pleasant shock to discover a picture with neither a Rolls-Royce nor a million dollar yacht. All the blurbs in the world can never make us believe that the audiences want nothing but back door glimpses into the homes of plutocrats. The only reason directors and producers spent so much money on these imitation luxuries was a dearth of real imagination in planning pictures. In other words money was, beyond comparison, more plentiful among the movie fraternity than simple brains.

During the last several years there has been a definite trend toward better and more believable stories, and at the present time there are on Broadway several pictures which, in addition to being well done and satisfying as entertainment, have a definitely educational nature. Some are modern



in that they deal with professions that are so new and exciting, it is safe to say that every person—who takes enough notice of contemporary life to even glance at newspapers—is intensely interested in them. Others have as their background authentic historical scenes. In this last field the American pictures are hopelessly behind their Russian and German rivals. We do not remember ever having seen an American picture which portrayed some European historical drama as well as a dozen or more foreign films that were imported during the last six or eight years. In fact, there seems to be no ground even for comparison.

Of the first named type we wish to give special mention to "Air Circus" (Fox) and "Submarine" (Columbia), both of which will provide a fine night's entertainment for the most critical.

In "Air Circus", we are given, without any of the usual movie gush, a fine insight into the working of a first class aviation school. We see the aspirants for flying honors at home in a little country town. Two boys who dream the dream which has become dominant in the minds of the present generation of youth the world over. Step by step we follow them to the school and through their arduous training, to the day they are given their first solo flight. Every move necessary in the manipulation of a plane which can possibly be screened, is set before us plainly. So much so that we almost felt we knew enough to take our place at the controls when we left the theatre. With its careful exposition of the dangers as well as the pleas-

ures of flying, it does much to stimulate a healthy and active interest in this new adventure which the race has undertaken, and which will have an unusually dominant effect upon the future of all mankind.

In stressing the greatest informative value of this picture we have perhaps neglected the most important feature—the story. Do not think that this is a dry, technical movie. The technical details are so skillfully interwoven with the story they are not noticeable as such. The story is so exciting and so human it keeps you on the jump continually. The two boys are very finely portrayed by Arthur Lake as Bob and David Rollins as Speed, the last named being one of the most promising young comedians on the screen. The other members of the cast also gave a very good performance. The sound synchronization is very pleasing, but there is a slight speaking episode which we are sorry to say is as stupid as these speaking interpolations usually are, and which would go a long way to ruin a picture that did not have the stamina of this one.

Another picture deserving of special attention is "Submarine" at the Embassy. In this work Columbia, through the directing ability of Frank Capra, has turned out a picture worth anybody's time and money. The entire cast give an excellent performance and the story is kept always well within the bounds of probability. It is obviously a "director's picture" and we hope someone will encourage this new master and provide the opportunity for more of the same.

At the Cameo, during the last month, we have seen an array of unusually fine and interesting pictures which will appear there again this fall and winter. Among them we wish to mention particularly, "Dawn", "The Two Brothers", and "Czar Ivan The Terrible". The Cameo has, of late, the highest average for consistently good pictures of all the theatres.

One of our old time favorites has come back to Broadway with a characterization as fine as any we have yet witnessed. In "The Patriot", Emil Jannings is once more his old self. If there had been a little more judgment in writing the scenario this might have been a much greater work. The usual silly sentimentality which Paramount has not outgrown, and the rather unnecessary ending, help to mar an otherwise marvelous picture. The acting of all the principals is superb and the photography is perfect. A much more fitting person could have been found for the minor role of the Crown Prince, played by Neil Hamilton.

As the depraved and insane Czar, Emil Jannings gives one of the best performances of his career.

Another favorite of ours is now at the Paramount Theatre. George Bancroft, the Huckleberry Finn of the American screen, comes back with one of his best performances in "The Docks of New York". Director Stern-

berg, we predict, will someday be one of the finest directors in any land. In fact, he would be already except for one defect, which has appeared in every picture he has made to date. He does not seem to have a sense of time-action, called in musical language "tempo". When he learns that a good picture should use atmosphere only as an incidental to dramatic action he will be second to none. When we think of him we always remember Von Stroheim. They are two men of exceptional ability with a passion for atmospheric detail which amounts to a positive mania and overshadows the main quality of dramatic discretion.

Another picture which recurs at the Fifth Avenue Playhouse, and which you should not fail to see, is "Peter The Great", with Emil Jannings in the title role.

The Fox Organization stated that we have given our readers the impression that the Fox Movietone Novelties are worse than those of other companies. If we did, we hasten to correct this impression. The Fox Movietone is not worse; it is only just as bad as any of the vaudeville skits we have had the misfortune to hear. Although we believe in the future of synchronization, at present we cannot understand how any one can bear listening to those inhuman, metallic sounds that emanate from the screen

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THE OUTLOOK IN PALESTINE

By JOSEPH CARMIN

PALESTINE is approaching a great economic era. Many audacious dreams are going to be realized soon. The Haiffa seaport is going to be started in a few months. It will be the largest port in the Orient, and one of the largest in the world, three times as large as the port of Beirut, Syria. The Trade Council of Haiffa decided at its last meeting to ask the Government to place the building of the port under its supervision so that the money shall remain in the country and benefit Palestinian contractors and business men. The Government, however, has invited the largest English contracting companies to bid, and their representatives are already in Haiffa studying the conditions.

Haiffa is going to be connected now by railroad with Bagdad, thereby becoming the seaport of Mesopotamia and Irak. England will, of course, use Haiffa as a station for its fleet as protection for her interests in Suez and India. The mineral oils will be conducted from the rich wells in Mossul, Mesopotamia, by pipes laid out directly to Haiffa. The oil deposits in Mossul are extremely rich. Large British, American and French oil companies are jointly exploiting them. The distance from Mossul to Haiffa is much larger than from the other Mediterranean seaports, Trablus and Alexandretta, which are under the French government; the way from Mossul to Haiffa passes through desert districts

inhabited by wandering Bedouins, which fact will make it a hard job to keep the pipes intact. But Great Britain will pay to her partners the difference in the cost of conducting the pipes to Haiffa and will be responsible for their safety all along their way. The oil pipes will run on English territory all along the railroad connecting Mossul-Bagdad with Haiffa. The latest news is that the building of the railroad as well as the laying of the oil pipes have already been started on the desert boundary. The Shell Oil Co. has bought a tract of land in Haiffa at the point where the oil pipes will end, and is about to erect there a factory for purifying the oil.

Exploitation of the Dead Sea is also going to be started soon. The main minerals extracted from there will be various potassium compounds which serve in agriculture as fertilizers. Up to now there is only a German potash trust which controls all this important industry owing to the fact that the mentioned fertilizers are found only in different parts of Germany. Such a state of affairs makes the price of potash extremely high and there is absolutely no way to control it. Now Palestine will be a dangerous rival to the German trust and will keep down the price of potash, which will mean a great deal to agriculture in Palestine, as well as to agriculture the world over.

Palestine is also going to become

soon one of the largest textile centers. All conditions are for it. The first trial was made by manufacturers from Lodz. The Government did its best to annihilate the new industry because it wanted to safeguard the interests of the Manchester textile center. It can be said to its credit that it was fully successful in its job, and many tens of thousands of pounds were lost in this business. But now the Manchester manufacturers themselves are getting interested in Palestine as a textile center; their investigation committee says unanimously that Palestine is a very convenient point for such an industry, and there is hope now that also this dream will be soon realized.

All of these big-scale works will require large numbers of workers. Who shall they be? Under what conditions will they work? It is always to be kept in mind that Palestine is encircled by millions of half-savages who can be easily turned into cheap laborers. The doors of Palestine are closed to Halutzim. The capital which will finance all these big projects is international, not Jewish. The Zionist administration, which was unable to control Jewish undertakings often financed by public funds and did not show the necessary understanding for helping Jewish workers to keep the labor market in their hands, will no doubt be unable to do anything to influence the Gentile capitalists to employ Jewish labor. This is especially the case with the new Zionist Administration which sees as the Zionist aim the building up of the country, but not the building up of our people, not

turning Palestine into a Jewish homeland. It considers it as its duty to finish with all Socialistic and Communist troubles in Palestine, to break down by all possible means the Histadruth (Workers' Organization) and its institutions, to disorganize labor and make the country "safer" for invested capital. The situation in Palestine is now such that we can expect to be flooded any day by cheap labor and all hopes and dreams of a Jewish homeland will be destroyed. This danger is felt by Jewish labor in Palestine and through the British Labor Party it was tried to insure in the building of the seaport at Haiffa a fair wage for the workers. Promises in this direction were given by the British Administration; a special committee was appointed by the Government in Palestine to look into the matter and their findings are—a minimum daily wage of 12 pt (60 cents), which is much lower than the usual wage paid to Arabs in Palestine and excludes entirely the possibility for Jewish workers to be employed in the building of the seaport at Haiffa.

New industries opened lately are: a tannery which is going to employ as a beginning some 50 workers, and a Swiss watch factory in Jaffa. It is also interesting to note that the box factory Hadar at Jaffa received a \$9,000 order from the Slabe Trading Co., New York. Smaller ventures which could pay well under the management of men with the necessary skill and money might be listed as follows. The list is compiled from competent sources and the writer will glad-

ly give more information to interested parties:

	Factory Requires	
Automatic catsup	1500-2000	P.L.
Mandarine oil	6000	P.L.
Orange Juice	1500-2000	P.L.
Grape tartaric acid	400-4500	P.L.
Grape juice	1000-1500	P.L.
Lemon oil	6000	P.L.
Almond oil	1500-2000	P.L.
Citric acid	6000-7000	P.L.
Quince jam	1000-1500	P.L.
Castor oil	3000-3500	P.L.
Fig jam	1000-1500	P.L.
Fig elixir	1000-1500	P.L.

How does the Government help our industries? An illustration will throw some light on the matter. The candy factory Liever which has been in existence a number of years, and which struggles valiantly for success, reaching a yearly output of some 37,000 P.L., announced lately that it is forced to move to Syria where conditions are more favorable. For instance, materials necessary for the manufacturing of chocolate and candies are charged

custom duties by the Palestinian Government at a rate of 75 per cent of their nominal value, while ready-made chocolate and candies are charged custom duties only at a rate of 10 to 15 per cent of their nominal value. This makes any competition with imported merchandise impossible. During the year 1927 chocolate was imported in Palestine to the sum of 16,000 P.L., cocoa, 3,500 P.L., and candies 156,000 P.L. The importation of candies from Syria into Palestine, where customs conditions are better fitted to the needs of existing factories is increasing from year to year. In 1925 it amounted to 22,000 P.L., in 1926 to 30,000 P.L. and in 1927 to 147,000 P.L. The Liever candy factory has struggled a number of years against the policy of the Government and tried its best to obtain conditions which would enable it to continue its work. But all was in vain, for now it is forced to give up its struggle and move to Syria.

September 1st, Tel-Aviv



BOOK REVIEWS

Kitveh A. S. Lieberman. Book One. "Davar". Tel-Aviv. 1928.

FIFTY-ONE years have elapsed since A. S. Lieberman inaugurated a new era in Jewish Socialist thought by publishing at Vienna the *Ha-Emeth*—the first Socialist periodical in the Hebrew language. Only three issues of that journal appeared, but the effect they produced was considerable and lasting. After the appearance of the third issue the editor was sent to prison for his Socialist activities, and he was detained for ten months. Upon his release he was exiled from Austria as "a dangerous character".

His life's dream to spread the idea of brotherhood of mankind among Jewish intellectuals, who still clung to Jewish ways of life and to the Hebrew language, was thus dispelled. The archives of the *Ha-Emeth*, consisting of letters and some unpublished contributions, had been confiscated by the police in order to leave no trace whatever of this "dangerous" man's work. Twenty-five years later this archive was handed over to Meir Ish Shalom, who befriended the lone fighter during the grim days of his trial. Before his death (in the year 1908) Meir Ish Shalom left it to the care of the Vienna Rabbinic Library, and it was from there that its untiring and devoted editor, Dr. M. Berkowitz, got the material to establish this memorial to Aaron Samuel Lieberman.

Liebermann was not a theoretician. In fact, his credo is in some instances very far from consistent. Especially may this be said in the case of his attitude on Jewish nationalism. Deep in his soul he loved his people and its culture. But as he did not dare to break away from the prevailing notion that Internationalism was synonymous with Cosmopolitanism, he granted his Jewish nation a respite, until the Day of Revolution.

Liebermann was a propagandist and as every other propagandist he tried to introduce novel ideas into new regions and to new classes of people by means of popularizations. And this was just what the Hebrew reader of his day needed most,—a popularizer. Imagine a class of readers whose minds had not been previously assailed by economic or social theories and you will understand the importance of this torch-bearer who dedicated himself to bring them up to the standard of European proletarians. Repetition of truths was essential. The task of discussing new uncharted roads to socialism had to be postponed for better days.

Why did not Liebermann follow the way of all Jewish revolutionaries of his day who became completely Russified and carried the gospel of Marx to the Russian masses? What was drawing this pioneer of Jewish socialism towards the students of the "Yeshivoth"? What made him cling



to the ancient language of his people?

His writings furnish no clear answer to these questions, but we may find some light in the words of a friend of his, M. Yochelson, who knew Liebermann during his Vilna days: "Liebermann was as much an atheist as were the rest of us. But it was he who put before us the importance of dealing with the question of Jewish nationalism and Jewish culture. He always stressed the importance of issuing socialist literature in the language of the Jewish people. As to the question of what language, he showed his preference for Hebrew, because to him the main object of propaganda was to reach the ear of the Jewish intellectual, and Yiddish could then lay no claim to be read by intellectuals. He also maintained that for socialism to be scientifically expounded it was essential that the medium possess a rich literature, a demand which only Hebrew could satisfy.

The book now published is the first of a series of Liebermann's works and is made up of two parts. The first is a History of Utopias. The second part consists of notes and letters written to his brothers and friends. We can readily imagine what an impression this History of Utopias would have made fifty years ago, had it been then published. A system of society such as pictured in More's Utopia, wherein all, save the old and infirm, are expected to work six hours a day; where all goods of every kind are owned in common; where people

choose their houses every ten years by lot, and dine together, etc., would not have failed to impress the student of the Yeshivah who "dined" in seven different places every week, and the wretched store-keeper who owed everybody and owned nothing. But this ray of hope was not to be shown them. The action of the Vienna police postponed its publication until 1928.

The letters throw even more light on Liebermann, the teacher and agitator. In one letter he assigns a theme to a poet. In another he instructs his brother in socialism and advises him "to follow the ten commandments of the present generation". These are:

1. Respect everybody.
2. Think logically and strive to harmonize your actions with your ideas.
3. Combat everything that is obsolete and cast aside all inherited follies.
4. Oppose all violence and everything which stands between man and man.
5. Work in order that you may have a right to live; work for the harmony of body and soul; work in order to participate in the harmony of an active society.
6. Sacrifice all your strength on the altar of humanity; use only what strength is left, after your fight for common welfare, for your own personal needs.
7. Don't say "Mine is Mine and Yours is Yours," but say instead "Everything Belongs to Everyone."
8. Join the forces that strive for

the common weal. In unity there is strength.

9. Only when every human being will become a person will you be a person.

10. Do not heed those who tell you: "You are violating the law!" for righteousness is the supreme law. Don't heed those who tell you: "You are causing disorder!" for, the unity of all workers for the common weal is the supreme order. Pay no attention to those who tell you that your activities cause trouble and that you are blood-thirsty. No sacrifice is too great for the happiness of humanity."

As the reader will see, we have before us the words of a revolutionary writer who finds conditions of his time intolerable, but who does not tell us how the world is to be rebuilt. These are words that could have been written by a pre-Marx Utopian. Socialism as a scientific view of society is lacking in these pages and the materialistic conceptions of history is only hinted at but not stated.

But we must not forget the type of readers Liebermann was writing for. It would also be unjust to judge the father of our National Socialism from the contents of this book alone. Let us hope that readers of Hebrew will receive this volume with merited gratefulness and will thus enable the praiseworthy publishers to go on with their work to complete a monument to the pioneer of Socialism in Hebrew.

Justice and Judaism (In the light of today). By Maxwell Silver, N. Y. Bloch Publishing Co., 1928.

IN their arguments and writings, admirers of Christianity never fail to

stress the "fact" that, while Judaism was based primarily on the demands of *justice*, Christianity—the daughter religion—"made love to its all-conquering principle." Love in the Old Testament, according to Christian writers, seems to be in the background and Holiness in the foreground. Christianity, according to them, brought solace and comfort to the lowly where Judaism had an eye only for the strict execution of stern justice. Thus, Harnack, in describing Jerusalem at the time of Christ, says: "The governing classes, to which, above all, the Pharisees and also the priests, belonged—the latter party in alliance with the temporal rulers—had little feeling for the needs of the people—Moreover, there was here the additional circumstance that mercy and sympathy with the poor had been put into the background by devotion to the cult of 'righteousness'." Jewish theologians, in order to vindicate their religion and to refute the claims of superiority for Christianity, endeavored to prove that the Jewish religion also emphasized Love and was therefore in no way inferior ethically to the newer religion.

The writer of this new book, "Justice and Judaism," disagrees with Jewish theologians of the past. He does not concede the first argument of the Christians concerning the supremacy of Love. While agreeing with Christian theologians that Jewish religion *is* based on Justice and Christianity on Love, he tries to prove, by psychologically analyzing the two principles of love and justice, that love *cannot* while justice *must* serve as the fundamental principle in the life of humanity. "Judaism proves itself to be the sounder, the more realistic, the more scientific, the more socially constructive, the more modern ethical "system."

Now, let us grant that a *society* based on justice *is* "more realistic, more scientific, more socially constructive," etc. Let us grant that, while we cannot love people unknown to us, we can be just to them, and that our desire for jus-

tice may impel us to go out of our way and do for others things we would never have done from motives of love. When we protest against our government's interfering with the internal affairs of Nicaragua we do it not because we love Nicaraguans but because we want to see justice done.

But, since when did it become essential for a religion to be *realistic* and *scientific* in order to be sublime and worthy of following? I have read various definitions of the term "religion." One defines it to consist of "an absolute sense of our dependence," another, as "a faculty of mind which enables a man to grasp the *infinite, independently* of sense and reason" (Max Muller). Never have I encountered the contention that a religion must be practical and scientific. This, surely, is a "pilpul" of a cold "misnagged" advocating "Hassidism."

The truth of the matter is that the Jewish religion is no more scientific than any other religion. The Fundamentalists of the Scopes trial, who cling to every word of the Scriptures, are ample proof of that. And as to its being practical, the author, I hope, has read Achad Haam's essay, "Priest and Prophet," where the distinction between the visionary prophet and the practical priest is vividly drawn. "The prophet is a fool, the spiritual man is mad," cry the practical dwarfs, while they respect the priest who seeks not what ought to be, but what *can* be. Is our author of the opinion that religion must teach what *can be* (the practical) instead of what *ought to be* (the "visionary")? This business of sticking labels on religion and claiming for it a monopoly over something or other is sheer nonsense. Rich Christians would again crucify Jesus if he came to them to preach his pure Gospel of Love, and Jews, presidents of Synagogues, would do the same to the prophets, if they persisted with their demands for justice.

Every so-called "Great Religion" enjoins its followers to love mankind and to do justice, and if one emphasizes one

trait more than another it does not follow that that religion is "better" or "worse." It merely shows that the founders had lived in different epochs of human history and that their appeals had to be made to different audiences. Christianity, appealing to the lowly and the downcast of Jerusalem and being embraced eagerly by the slaves and the disowned of Rome and other Pagan lands, had to make a different appeal than that which we find in the Jewish religion of erstwhile nomads who were settling in a land which "Jehovah gave to them as an inheritance."

And what is Justice? Is there such a thing as impartial justice? Is it not dictated by conditions?

It was perfectly *just* for the Jewish invaders to kill every male, female and child of the Canaanites, and it was *unjust* for Saul to spare the cattle of the Amalebites? Now, did the Canaanites and the Amalebites view it in the same light? It was *just* for David—the symbol of a just king, out of whom Messiah is to come forth—to smite Moab and measure the vanquished with a line "making them to lie down on the ground and measuring them two lines to put to death and one full line to keep alive"? In Christian America, it is in the name of justice that innocent people like Mooney rot in prisons and striking miners are shot down cold-bloodedly while representatives of both religions, of Love and Justice, have nothing to say in the matter.

There is no more justice in present-day Judaism than there is Love in current Christianity. These labels mean nothing to the serious student of history.

M. SHIFFMAN.

Let Freedom Ring. By Arthur Garfield Hayes. Boni and Liveright. New York, 1928, 341 pp.

Seven score and twelve years ago there was established on this continent a new nation conceived in revolution and dedicated to freedom. What happened in



the intervening century and a half to the divers inalienable rights guaranteed, somewhat belatedly, in the various amendments to the Constitution? Arthur Garfield Hays gives the answer in this book, which is an accurate cross section of American life as it relates to the status of civil liberties in this country today.

There are six chapters in this volume, each telling the story of a fight by American citizens against the duly constituted authorities on behalf of some "freedom" ignored, or trampled upon, or maimed by the powers that be. "Freedom of Education", the title of the first chapter, gives us the outline of the Scopes trial, that opera bouffe which furnished so much amusement to the compatriots of Mencken all over the world and so much food for reflection to the rest of us. Similarly, we have the tales of an encounter with the police and courts of a non-union coal town in Pennsylvania (freedom of speech and assemblage); of the attempted suppression of the "American Mercury" by the prurient Puritans of Boston (freedom of the press); of the trial of a Negro physician who moved into a white neighborhood in Detroit (freedom of residence); of the setting up of a police censorship in New York (freedom of the stage); and lastly the tragic, shameful story of Sacco and Vanzetti (freedom of opinion).

Is freedom, then, really dead in these United States? Or are these cases, described by Hays, mere stray episodes not at all typical of our great and growing

democracy? Sound arguments can be presented for both these viewpoints. It seems to the reviewer, however, that the acid test of a legal right is whether it is enforced as to the lowliest of citizens and the most unpopular of views. The right to vote for Hoover and sing hosannahs to capitalism is not something that one would—or need—get terribly excited about. It is the right of the coal miner to organize in West Virginia, the right of the Negro to vote in Alabama that matters. Only if the Communist may speak in times of great unrest and the Pacifist publish literature in time of war can we be said to have real freedom.

Considered in this light, many of us will agree with the author that today a new "Declaration of Dependence represents the attitude of a large part of the community. All men are created wicked and are endowed by their Creator with certain limited Privileges — that among these are Life (if you don't drink), Liberty (if you conform) and the pursuit of Gloom...." (p. xvi.)

All the cases described by Hays have centered around court actions. This is but natural since the persons whose rights have been violated have based their appeals against the authorities on constitutions and Bills of Rights. This and the fact that Mr. Hays is himself an attorney lends the book an atmosphere of legalism. One would be disappointed if he looked to this work for an underlying explanation in sociological terms of all these rampant phobias and persecution

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manias. One thing, however, does stand out in each of the cases, and that is the part that public opinion plays in determining the action or inaction of officials—police captains, district attorney, or judge. And by public opinion is meant here not only the attitude of the press but also the prevalent notions of important people in the community, the standards and ideas of the immediate group of the official in question. Thus we find Judge Mack granting an injunction against the Post Office Department's refusing to distribute the "American Mercury" and another judge, under the same law, setting the injunction aside. And the eternal "dissenting" of Holmes and Brandeis in labor and civil liberty cases has become almost as important in establishing precedents as the majority decisions of the Supreme Court.

Hays's presentation is as impartial and coolly appraising as one could expect from a man who was personally involved in each one of the litigations, either as attorney or as principal. On the whole, the book gains from this attitude. Only in the last chapter, dealing with the martyrdom of Sacco and Vanzetti, does the author rise to heights of pathos. The description of the last few days of feverish activity of picketing, protests, appeals to judges, cabinet secretaries, the president, the governor, is moving in its simplicity. This final note on the judicial murder of two innocent idealists will not fail to strengthen the impression of the book on those who are engaged in the spirited and by no means thankless task of restoring to this our land the high ideals of freedom proclaimed by Jefferson, Garrison and Lincoln.

H. SILVER

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State of New York, County of New York,

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Benj. V. Codor, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the The Vanguard, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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Editor, Isaac Zaar, 32 Union Square.

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