

April 1985

AMERICAN JEWISH ARCHIVES

*Forgotten Fiction:
American Jewish Life,
1890–1920*

*Stanley F. Chyet
Guest Editor*

Volume XXXVII April, 1985 Number 1

American Jewish Archives

*A Journal Devoted to the Preservation and Study
of the American Jewish Experience*

Jacob Rader Marcus, Ph.D., *Editor*
Abraham J. Peck, Ph.M., *Associate Editor*

Published by The American Jewish Archives
on the Cincinnati Campus of the
Hebrew Union College—Jewish Institute of Religion
Dr. Alfred Gottschalk, *President*

American Jewish Archives is indexed in The Index to Jewish Periodicals, Current Contents, The American Historical Review, United States Political Science Documents, and The Journal of American History

Information for Contributors:

American Jewish Archives follows generally the University of Chicago Press "Manual of Style" (12th revised edition) and "Words into Type" (3rd edition), but issues its own style sheet which may be obtained by writing to:

*The Associate Editor,
American Jewish Archives
3101 Clifton Avenue
Cincinnati, Ohio 45220*

Patrons 1985:

*The Neumann Memorial Publication Fund
The Harris and Eliza Kempner Fund*

*Published by The American Jewish Archives on
the Cincinnati campus of the Hebrew Union
College—Jewish Institute of Religion*

ISSN 002-905X

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Introduction

Mohammed it was who dubbed the Jews a “people of the book”—a people whose spiritual life rested on scriptural foundations. In later generations, the phrase would be appropriated to characterize Jews as *the* people of the book, with “book” now understood to include belles lettres as well as Scriptures. Both constructions of Mohammed’s epithet were true to Old World Jewry. American Jews, however, could provide rather scant support for the belletristic understanding prior to the late 1800’s and the mass immigration from Eastern Europe. Not that American Jewry was ever totally devoid of a belletristic impulse, but it is hard to say much more before the publication of Abraham Cahan’s *Yekl* in 1896.

Yekl is a distinguished achievement, though not everyone was able to see the novella as such on its first appearance—the B’nai B’rith monthly *Menorah* found in it none of “the humor and poetry which make the Ghetto stories of [Leopold] Kompert, [Aaron] Bernstein and [Israel] Zangwill so delightful”; *Yekl*, while “cleverly written,” filled the *Menorah*’s reviewer “with disgust at the coarseness of characters introduced.”¹ Cahan offered his “tale of the New York Ghetto” to a generation which, as Joseph Silverman had put it in a lecture at Temple Emanu-El, “yearn[ed] for another world, where truth conquers, where right prevails, duty is the watchword, and where true love meets in everlasting union with its mate.” Fiction which answered to this yearning would “fascinate and charm and enthrall us forever.”² *Yekl* reflected a different sort of yearning—all of Cahan’s novels and stories did, and Cahan is the commanding figure among American Jewish writers of the pre-World War I generation. Mary Antin’s *The Promised Land* (1912) won her a great, and not unjustified, reputation, but *The Promised Land* fades in the still intense glow of Cahan’s imagination. Ludwig Lewisohn may well have had Antin in mind when, some years later, he prophesied that Cahan’s “moving and largely wrought narrative,” *The Rise of David Levinsky* (1917), would one day “obtain the position given to less sober and more glittering books.”³

Cahan's generation may properly be called the first generation of American Jewish fictionists. It produced no other writer of like power. Even so, writers emerged who, though largely forgotten today, have a claim, even an emphatic claim, on our notice. Mary Antin and Anzia Yezierska appear to have escaped oblivion; writers of merit like James Oppenheim and Elias Tobenkin have not—which is our own generation's loss. The present collection is meant to appeal against the adverse verdicts rendered by history and to attempt rescue of writers who have something of interest and significance to tell us about American Jewish life in the 1890's and the first two decades of the 1900's. What these writers communicate may not be aesthetically notable—in fact, in some instances it is—but literary excellence is by no means the sole criterion for preserving a work of imagination. Even a frankly second-rate novel or short story will illuminate the age which produced it. Even infelicities of style and expression recall an historical experience. Historical experience is ultimately what this collection seeks to evoke. That is why non-Jewish writers such as Edward King and Myra Kelly have been included. Their testimony, too, reveals facets of American Jewish life worth recalling.

What is the overriding theme of the three decades straddling the turn of the century? It is the wrench of change—the wrench of immigration from the collapsing feudal economy of Eastern Europe to the boisterous new industrial giant of the transatlantic West, the wrench of passage from a society of tradition and long-established self-definition to a society in becoming, one which perhaps sensed itself but could not be said to embrace a clear recognition of itself, the wrench of flight from familiar, more often than not rural or semirural patterns to a bizarre, frenetic new urban scene. For America itself, quite apart from the coming of the immigrant masses, the wrench of change was central to those decades; the older agrarian-commercial America was rapidly yielding to the novel—and for many an American quite unnerving—America of industrial capitalism. Portents of revolutionary upheaval convulsed the very air of this America; a revolution was in progress, a revolution whose political meaning might be uncertain but whose social or socioeconomic repercussions were inescapable. Everyone, then, was something of an immigrant in the new industrial civilization. Dislocation, physical, psychic, spiritual, was virtually coterminous with turn-of-the-century America as much from a nativist

as from an immigrant perspective. Inevitably tensions flared between Jews and non-Jews and between East European immigrant Jews and their longer-settled, better-established brethren of Central European background. Mutual suspicion and spleen were scarcely uncommon embellishments to Jewish-Christian and to "Russian"—"German" relations. The fissures were not gross, not tragic in that generation, but few could escape awareness of them.

The religious experience of European, and especially East European, Jewry appears in most of these selections poorly adapted to the New World. Its footing is precarious in an American society which in the years 1890—1920 has yet to turn in the direction of pluralism. A writer for Henry Hurwitz's newly founded *Menorah Journal* asks, perhaps not rhetorically, in 1917: "Must one cease to be a Jew in order to be wholly an American?"⁴ Encounters between Jews and Christians in these turn-of-the-century decades are almost invariably problematic. Jews face no legal restrictions, but the social barriers are formidable. Sidney Nyburg's modernist, eminently presentable young Rabbi Graetz "did not fail to perceive . . . how rigidly his intercourse with Gentiles was restricted to activities occurring elsewhere than in their own homes."⁵

American Jewry in these years was overwhelmingly foreign-born or first-generation native-born. What percentage of this population would have had a taste for English-language fiction? For whom, one wonders, were the narratives of this generation written? Was it for a more or less middlebrow readership—non-Jewish as well as Jewish—seeking some insight into immigrant life in particular and a changing America in general? Or was it primarily a quest for entertainment, for romance, for the exotic, which brought this body of writing such readers as it found? Of course *autres temps autres moeurs*: today the immigrant Jewish family chronicle *à la Evergreen* is a staple of American bestsellerdom—but this is a testimony to, a tribute to, the degree of pluralism American society has learned to accommodate. Few of the writers in our collection would have been well advised to anticipate widespread receptivity; not least noteworthy about their effort is that so many of them were able to find commercial publishers. Writers like Jacob Riis (*How the Other Half Lives* appeared in 1890) and Hutchins Hapgood (*The Spirit of the Ghetto* appeared in 1902) always attracted readers, but high journalism and fiction address different

markets.

The general environment of volatility would call forth judgments from American fictionists: Howells, Dreiser, London, Crane, Sinclair fashioned an uneasy new literature unlike any an earlier Puritan and transcendentalist America had known or dreamed possible (though in 1880, in *Democracy*, his only novel, Henry Adams was already speculating about “the great American mystery of democracy and government” and concluding that it was “a lurid nightmare that convulsed the sleep of nations”). Cahan, too, was impelled to give voice to “a brooding sense of emptiness and insignificance.”⁶

Cahan was not representative. He belongs to the roster of great writers, on the basis of *The Rise of David Levinsky* at least. None of the writers in our collection are of Cahan’s stature—to say nothing of the stature of Adams, Howells, Dreiser, et al.—but surfeit of anxiety and lack of ease not infrequently supply their context as well. The gloomy verismo which informs *The Rise of David Levinsky* is not invariably their response, but for them, too, *golus*—exile—is no mere conceit. Even so, there is ample evidence in their work, and in Cahan’s too, for that matter, that America did justify her reputation of *goldeneh medineh* (golden land). Abrasions, bereavements, disasters, all of these are evident in abundance, but also evident is a Golden Land of energy and opportunity. Social protest is not absent from the novels and stories offered here, yet one notes how quickly and thoroughly bourgeois mores attract the immigrants who people these narratives—their circumstances may be proletarian, their aspirations are not. Edward King’s fictive labor leader Zalmonah in a novel of the mid-1890’s dismisses revolution as a remedy for American social problems: “It would be poor policy to . . . blow up a magnificent mansion because one could afford to live nowhere in it except in the basement.”⁷ A mixed blessing perhaps, this turn-of-the-century industrial prodigy, but a blessing nonetheless: Such is the portrait of America circa 1890–1920 that the first generation of American Jewish writers and their “fellow-traveling” non-Jewish colleagues have drawn.

—Stanley F. Chyet

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Notes

1. *Menorah* 21 (1896): 127-128.
2. *Ibid.* 18 (1895): 164.
3. Ludwig Lewisohn, *Expression in America* (New York, 1932), p. 410.
4. Rosalind Schwab, "A New Discovery of America," *Menorah Journal*, December 1917, p. 305.
5. Sidney Nyburg, *The Chosen People* (Philadelphia, 1917), p. 45.
6. Abraham Cahan, *The Rise of David Levinsky* (New York, 1917), bk. 14, chap. 7.
7. Edward King, *Joseph Zalmonah* (Boston, 1894), p. 129.

JOSEPH ZALMONAH

A Novel

BY

EDWARD KING

AUTHOR OF "THE GENTLE SAVAGE" "THE GOLDEN SPIKE" "MY PARIS"
"A VENETIAN LOVER" ETC.

*"And the children of Israel sighed by reason of the bondage,
and they cried, and their cry came up unto God."*

BOSTON
LEE AND SHEPARD PUBLISHERS
10 MILK STREET

1894

Joseph Zalmonah

Edward King

It was not to be expected that Massachusetts-born Edward King (1848–1896) would produce so good a novel about immigrant Jewish life in late nineteenth-century New York City. Joseph Zalmonah (1893) was not King's first "Jewish" novel. He had written two others—The Gentle Savage (1883) and The Golden Spike (1885)—neither of them notable for art or for Judeophilia.¹ But the Yankee gentile was apparently very much taken with the Ukrainian Jewish immigrant Joseph Barondess (1867–1928). King's Zalmonah is modelled on Barondess, who arrived in the United States in 1888, made a name for himself as a labor activist, and went on, after the novelist's death, to abandon the cause of labor and to embark on a career as insurance executive, Jewish communal leader, and Zionist spokesman. The poet "Mordecai Menzer" in Joseph Zalmonah is probably inspired by Morris Rosenfeld (1862–1923), the Yiddish poet who came to New York from Russian Poland in the mid-1880's, eked out a living as a sweatshop presser, and began publishing Yiddish poems of social protest in 1888. King depicts Menzer-Rosenfeld as author of "a bitterly satirical ballad tinged with socialism, in which he ridiculed the United States as a land of promise, but not one of performance."²

King knew immigrant life from his vantage point as a teacher at the celebrated Educational Alliance in the Lower East Side. Whatever his earlier literary gaffes, he was able in Joseph Zalmonah to write a novel that, as Louis Harap has observed, "may still be read with interest today, especially for the flavor it conveys of the ghetto community of its time."³

1. Louis Harap, *The Image of the Jew in American Literature* (Philadelphia, 1974), pp. 480–481.

2. *Joseph Zalmonah* (Boston, 1894), p. 115.

3. Harap, p. 481.

The Pig Market

It was a hot and airless afternoon. The sun beat down with terrific force on the push-carts piled high with unripe or half-decayed fruit—with strawberries which had lingered too long in transit, and melons which had not seen enough of the sun. Sickening exhalations arose. The voices of the men chanting the attractions of their wares sank to a sickly wail. The old women squatted on the pavement, drooped their scrawny necks, and seemed ready to faint.

Round the corner, into the most crowded section of the "Pig Market," probably so called because everything but pig is sold there, came Ben Zion, languidly pushing his cart, which was heaped high with mottled strawberries. Behind him was a bevy of young girls, dark-haired and graceful, but with the fatal pallor of the sweaters' dens [sweatshops] upon their faces.

"If you go a step farther, Ben Zion," cried the tallest of the girls, "you lose our patronage. Do you think we want to walk all the way to Jerusalem just to accommodate you?"

Ben Zion halted and backed his cart against the curb. The girls crowded around him. But he did not seem inclined to begin trading at once. He held up one hand, and bent his head in the attitude of listening.

"This is the place," he said. "Now hark, and you will hear something curious. Open your ears, you silly girls, and tell me what you hear."

The girls listened, and presently perceived, above the clatter and hum of the street, the clicking of thousands of sewing-machines, over which, in front and back garrets, men and women were bending and working furiously, without thought or hope of rest.

Click-click-click-click-click! went the machines, until the brain was possessed with the burden of their chorus, and seemed to dance to the rude and lilting rhythm into which they gradually swung.

There was something almost sinister in the energy and tirelessness with which the click-click went on, as if behind it were a tireless and unbending will, disdaining fatigue, scorning unhappiness, and toiling forward to some obscure vengeance in the future.

“You hear it!” said Ben Zion, shaking his hand impressively. “Well, if the Czar who kicked us out of the Pale could hear it, he would tremble and feel faint. Why? because every one of those clicks means that one of his enemies—you know—one of those enemies that never pardon, is moving on to independence, and to a position where he or she can strike back! I like to listen to the merry chant! It does my heart good.”

“It sounds more to me,” said one of the girls, across whose pallid face a heavy shadow swept, “like infernal music, to which the sweaters love to dance on our graves, when we are used up, and can work no more, and they throw us out!”

“What a horrid fancy!” said a little brunette. “And what do you think such cattle as we are could ever do to the Czar, Ben Zion? One wag of his beard, and you would run all the way to Siberia!”

“Do you think that I would run?” said the little pedler angrily. “If you had seen me and Joseph [Zalmonah] when we took landlord Simon by the beard”—

“What did you do, Ben Zion?” said one of the girls breathlessly.

“I marshalled the army,” said the pedler, brandishing the three-cornered horn of coarse paper into which he was presently to pour three cents’ worth of damaged strawberries. “I was the grand marshal! If you had seen me then, you would not dare to accuse Ben Zion of running away!”

At this moment there was a hubbub at the street corner a short distance above them. The shuffling and the patter of hundreds of feet were heard. Then there were angry discussions, oaths, plaintive protests, shrieks, and maledictions.

A huge lumber wagon, drawn by smart horses, stood in the middle of the street. Several resolute men were advancing beside it, peering at the contents of each push-cart, and if the inspection disappointed them, they ordered the suspected articles to be thrown into the wagon. Policemen at front and back were ready to enforce the order.

Ben Zion understood the situation at a glance. He whirled his little cart around, and was off, at the top of his speed, down the street, and away from the Health Board’s Inspectors, without stopping to consider the total contradiction afforded by his act to the brave words which had just left his lips.

As he sped along, his decaying merchandise strewing the pavement

on either side of the cart, the inspectors bawled after him, but no one ventured to stop him, for Ben Zion had a ready hand and a still more ready tongue.

The three girls laughed the hoarse, ghastly laugh of their overworked class as they saw the pedler so belying his courageous declaration, and they followed him as fast as they could, around a corner and into a narrow alley beyond the precincts of the "Pig Market."

"There, my lambs!" said Ben Zion, puffing and blowing and fanning himself with a red bandanna pocket-handkerchief. "I ought to have told you that the only thing I am bound to run from is the nasty, prying American Health Board. We poor pedlers never have a minute's rest when those fellows have a working fit on. Down they pounce on us, like eagles; and if there is a fish in the neighborhood that smells as if it had outlived its usefulness, bang! they seize up all the fish within a square mile around! It is the same with fruit! What is an honest fellow to do in the midst of such persecutions? And that reminds me, Esther, that you are waiting for your lunch. Did you say three cents' worth of these very nice berries, my little dear?"

Esther, the brunette, had been ferreting among the berries while the pedler was talking. "Why, Ben Zion, this fruit is not good," she said. "It has been kept too long. You were right to run away from the Health Board."

Ben Zion threw down the horn of paper, and, raising his hands, shook them furiously in the air. Then he folded his arms across his breast, stood back, and gazed at Esther with an air of deep disdain.

"Not good, you say, not good, my berries! The little witch has the courage to say that to me—to me, Ben Zion!" Then suddenly taking a "five-cent paper," he filled it to the brim with mouldy fruit, and pushing it into Esther's hands, said,—

"There's double measure for you! Give me the three cents. Now run home, and don't try to cheapen my fruit any more!"

This master-stroke of impudence had precisely the effect contemplated by Ben Zion. It brought the other two girls to terms. They each left three cents in Ben Zion's coffers, and carried away an invitation to cholera. But they were wise enough not to eat the fruit when they saw how bad it was. The commercial instinct was strong in them, and in a few minutes they had exchanged the berries for a small loaf of the wretched bread for sale on every corner of the Pig Market.

The baker dressed up the berries in a little basket, and shortly afterwards avenged himself on the tribe of sweaters by selling them to a contractor for twenty-five cents. And thus was the transaction ended.

"The girls are right!" said Ben Zion when left alone. "There's too much richness and ripeness in this cargo ever to pass the Health Board. So here goes!" And he emptied the mass of fruit into the gutter, after which, producing from an inner pocket a worn leather cigarette case, he lighted a fragrant roll of tobacco, and, lazily propelling the cart before him, he returned into the market.

The tumult was now greater than ever. Choosing a spot directly in the path of the advancing inspectors, Ben Zion tilted up his cart, stretched himself luxuriously in it, and began to sing in a high falsetto voice one of the comic folk-songs which he had learned in David's theatre.

"We shall have rare sport now, as the bear said when he hugged the hunter," remarked Ben Zion, looking up with eager interest as the sound of a fresh scuffle and a woman's piercing cries greeted his ears.

The scene was as un-American as possible. There was nothing but a fat policeman to remind one that he was in the largest city of the United States. Even the narrow brick houses, belettered as they were with signs in Hebrew characters, had a strangely foreign air. But more foreign of aspect than anything else was an old man in a long caftan and a skull-cap much frayed at the edges, who sat on the curbstone with both his wrinkled and knotted hands folded over his knees, and with an air of saddened resignation upon his yellow face, on either side of which hung a small curl of iron-gray hair.

"Why, how goes it, Father Manasseh?" said Ben Zion, as his gaze fell upon this pitiable figure. "You don't look over gay, because you don't feel so, as the fox said when they were skinning him, I suppose. Any new trouble?"

"Ho! I can't complain," said the old man. "The society gave me three dollars a week when I was ill, and I saved something out of that. So that I still have the crust, you know, and might die happy if I could only get Shiphrah back."

He sighed deeply, and a tear rolled down his withered cheek, and took refuge in his whitening beard, as if it knew itself to be a luxury of which the old man would be ashamed.

"Oh, yes! Shiphrah!" said Ben Zion reflectively. "She ran away, didn't she? Or what was it?"

“Worse than that—worse!” said the old man, unfolding his hands and rising painfully. “But don’t ask me the story now. It makes my heart bleed. I sit here every day, hoping that I may see her again before I die; but she seems to keep clear of the market. I shall find her yet; but I won’t ask the police; no, I won’t ask the police!”

Suddenly the old man looked up at the pedler, with a gleam of hope in his countenance. “Ah, I remember!” he said, “you know Joseph—young Zalmonah—who is at the head of the Cloakmakers’ Union, don’t you?”

Ben Zion arose, and assumed an air of quiet dignity.

“I perceive,” he said, “that you have heard how Joseph and I led the cloakmakers the other night. Do I know him? It is a vain question, old man. We are hand and glove. Well, and if I do know him, what then?”

“Why, then I would ask you to tell me the way to his house. I would like to see his wife, I hear she has just come over. She knew Shiphrah. They were from the same town. Perhaps she may have been to see her. Will you not tell me where I can find Joseph’s wife?” he said in querulous, piping tones, and laying hold of the frayed and soiled skirt of Ben Zion’s coat.

Ben Zion gave the lachrymose patriarch the desired information, and looked after him thoughtfully, as he hobbled away. “Well, well,” he said, “that will be a search. It is hard work looking for acorns after snow falls, as the bear with the frozen paw said.”

Some hundreds of “push-carts” like Ben Zion’s were ranged within the narrow limits of Hester Street, and were laden with every conceivable kind of merchandise. Behind the carts stood the black brigade of misery, the great unwashed and saucy pedler’s company, ready to starve, fight, or suffer tortures in order to turn the nimble penny.

There were no ragged or crippled people in this company of hucksters, and yet they produced upon the spectator the impression of profound poverty. Old women in disordered wigs and tarnished caps, and in petticoats which seemed to have come from the junk man, squeaked out, in cracked voices, the value of their wares.

Cunning-faced boys, already bent and faded like men of fifty, laughed and told jokes, as they dispensed infinitesimal portions of rancid fish and huge pieces of half-baked bread to the pale-faced operatives from some adjacent garret.

At a street corner a shaky and greasy flight of steps led down to a

basement in which an old Jew in a green coat sold mouldy-looking meat, while the steps were occupied by a starving book-worm, who had a meagre array of Hebrew literature displayed on a dirty shelf. In a little recess half a dozen old men, leaning on their carts, furiously discussed some knotty point, making the air vibrate with their sonorous jargon [Yiddish]. Small slips of girls, barefoot and haggard, went by like rays of moonshine, seeming as noiseless and unreal. They were the messengers despatched by the toiling employees in adjacent sweating-shops to procure them a little food for keeping soul and body in company. There were bands of dirty-faced men who recklessly sold green fruit, all the time shouting at the top of their voices, "Sweet! Oh, sweet!" And here and there was a pale, proud face with genteel lines in it—a face which spoke of refined life and comfortable position in the past—bent over the merchandise on a cart, as if afraid or ashamed to look the world in the eye.

Such a face Ben Zion now saw close to him, and he studied it with his quick eye, making up his mind meantime how he should address its owner. It was the face of a scholar, a thinker, who was reduced to the extreme of misery.

The man halted at Ben Zion's side, and, spreading a clean white handkerchief, sat down and leaned his handsome head against the little cart's side. For stock-in-trade he had only a few yellow bound pamphlets containing popular ballads written in jargon. And from the goodly number of them it was pretty evident that he had done but small business that morning.

"Well, comrade," said Ben Zion good-naturedly, "you haven't sold more than a thousand volumes this morning, I'll be bound. People don't want to read when they can't eat."

"I have sold nothing," said the man in a husky voice, and with an accent of profound despair. He spoke in the jargon, yet there was refinement in his speech. "Nothing. And I have eaten nothing since yesterday. If this existence is to go on day after day, in this terrible heat and in this turmoil, I will throw myself in the river over yonder, rather than endure it! This is the land of plenty, indeed! Why, I am starving!"

"Yes," said Ben Zion, getting out of his cart briskly, and beginning to examine the new-comer's books, "that's all very fine; but drinking too much river water will not cure you of starvation, nor give you back the fine position and the money which the Russians robbed you of. We

must work our brains, man! Work our brains! Stand up here by me a minute, and see how I will drag you out of the bog into which you have floundered.”

The man obeyed feebly, doubtless feeling that anything, no matter how grotesque or humiliating it might prove, would be better than his own lack of success.

Ben Zion was bent on killing two birds with one stone. He saw the inspectors rapidly approaching (the Health Board cart was but two blocks away now), and he wished to appear before them as a seller of something besides fruit. At the same time he was sincerely anxious to rescue the poor man—a scholarly refugee who had been expelled from Moscow at four days’ notice, losing property worth forty thousand roubles—from his peril of starvation.

So without any explanation he snatched two or three dozen of the little volumes from the other cart, and with them completely covered the floor of his own. Then he set up a shrill yell, “Books! books! cheaper than dirt! Wiser than Solomon, more venerable than Moses, because of the wisdom that is in ‘em! Books—books! at—(How much do you sell ‘em for?).”

“Ten cents.”

“At ten cents apiece—here they are—the wonderful songs and ballads of Mordecai, the poet of the people! Just the things to sing now, my friends, now that the day of reckoning with the sweaters is at hand! Ten cents apiece! Who’ll buy?”

A silver coin fell into Ben Zion’s ready palm. One of the little books vanished into the capacious pocket of a greasy-looking contractor, who was anxious to see what the “poet of the people” had said of his class. Then came a rabbi in a huge silk hat and a stained linen coat, who also purchased. He was followed by an asthmatic tailor, and next by a landlord.

“Take these coins and run and get your breakfast,” said Ben Zion, thrusting the money into his pale companion’s hand. “If you want to sell, you must shout! If you keep still in your corner, you will starve! Run! Trust me to make money while you are gone. I will look after your cart.”

The man obeyed; and so it happened that when the inspectors came up with Ben Zion, whom they had plainly discerned running away a few minutes before, he thrust a book under their noses, and urged

them to buy.

"Surely this is the man," said one of the inspectors. "He is one of the worst sinners in the business. He would peddle decayed vegetables by the ton, if we came around less often."

"Shall I run him in?" said a policeman.

Ben Zion flourished one of the books under the officer's nose. "Have a book?" he said. "Only ten cents."

"Yes, he's peddling books now," said the inspector; "but there are the stains of the fruit on the sides of his barrow. This fellow will poison the city some day. Can't you talk United States?" he said angrily to Ben Zion.

The pedler only flourished his books more lustily, and proclaimed its virtues more loudly in his copious jargon vocabulary; but, finally, placing the book again close to the officer's face, he said dryly,—

"Zehn cents. You better buy von."

"I'll pound your red head off, if you say that again," cried the exasperated officer; and the inspection procession rolled along. Before it swept a wave of lamentation from the old women, who saw their stock-in-trade seized and thrown into the hated wagon. An aged hag, sorting buttons in a heap on a push-cart, assailed one of the officers tooth and nail, and was carried off screaming, her whole family following her to rescue her if possible from the grip of the law.

"That was a narrow escape!" said Ben Zion. "I think I will stick to the side streets hereafter. Unless I sell pants again! People must have pants, even when they can't get bread."

And he was lost in thought on this important matter when the grateful man returned to thank him for intervening to preserve him from the pangs of hunger.

"Let me sell you a few more books," said Ben Zion. And he addressed himself so deftly to his task, that in half an hour the refugee was insured against want for several days. He at first refused to accept any commission for his labors; but when pressed he accepted a quarter. "It'll come handy to buy shoe-laces with," he thought. "But ought I to sell shoe-laces and suspenders now that I am a leader of revolutions?"

While meditating on this momentous problem, Ben Zion found the three girls to whom he had sold the berries standing near him again.

It suddenly occurred to him that they might have heard something

about the lost Shiphrah. He began questioning them, and in a few minutes he was in possession of the information which old Manasseh had so long sought in vain.

Chapter X

With the Poet of the People

“Come, Joseph,” said Miryam, with a faint trace of petulance in her sweet voice, “if you drag along behind that way we shall be too late. When Mordecai has a singing fit upon him, he wouldn’t wait for King Solomon.”

“King Solomon has been dead for thousands of years,” answered Joseph wearily, as he quickened his pace. “You live so much among those old historical personages in your theatrical world, that you get to think they are real.”

“Ah! Joseph, Joseph!” said the girl-woman, turning her head and looking archly at him, “I know you well enough to feel sure that when you try the comical vein, you are worried about something. And why shouldn’t you be worried, after all?” she mused with a sudden change of manner.

“There’s nothing very humorous in my situation,” sighed Joseph. “Thirty to forty thousand starving people ready to break into riot, if I can’t invent some pretence for keeping them still! What would you do in my place, Miryam?”

The pair stopped in the shadow of a tall tenement house, as if the weight of Joseph’s responsibility were pressing upon them both.

“I don’t know,” said Miryam simply, raising her beautiful eyes, and looking at Joseph with an expression of perfect trustfulness. “But I always feel sure that you will succeed—that you will do the right thing. It is as if—as if something were leading you on.”

Joseph winced. There were times when he felt the unseen guidance, and when he would gladly have acknowledged it. But for the moment he seemed to have lost the touch of the guiding hand.

Since his stormy interview with Freier he had felt half stunned and helpless. The slave-drivers had shown a firm front against the revolt of the slaves. It was even evident that they coveted open riot, that they might have an excuse for harsher measures.

Surrounded by snares and pitfalls, friendless in a foreign land, with the laws and the very Constitution of which he was unfamiliar, and with a great army of desperate men and women urging him to lead it on to reckless and lawless deeds, unless he could find bread and work for it, he began to feel appalled at the immensity of his task.

His senses swam when he tried to think steadily upon the dangers and trials close at hand.

They were standing in Henry Street, that comfortable old region of quaint Dutch-looking houses which was once a fashionable promenade for New Yorkers, in those faraway days when a cow-pound stood on the site of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and when a journey to Harlem was an event. Henry Street has still kept much of its ancient trimness and neatness, although tall tenement houses have thrust their ugly and angular forms in among the little mansions and have brought with them troops of dark-visaged folk, who seem as alien to America as if they had never heard of it.

"I wish I could help you, Joseph," said Miryam; "I do with all my heart! I—I never saw you look as if you needed help before."

The mists arose, quite unbidden, in Joseph's eyes. His helplessness was, then, apparent even to this unworldly little waif? He must make an effort, and he did, taking Miryam's hands, and saying kindly—

"It will all come out right. Let us go on."

A few steps more brought them to the entrance of a gray brick tenement house, which towered dizzily into air, as if it were not at all certain of its footing, and might at any time topple over. Miryam made her way among the sprawling groups of olive-faced babies, tended by little damsels with very womanly heads of hair, and with eyes which sparkled with curiosity and good-humor.

"This is it. Come up," said the girl, pointing to the annunciator, on which a small tablet bore the name in Germanic script:—

MORDECAI MENZER

A little pang of envy shot through Joseph's breast, but was gone in an instant. He wondered if he could ever attain to the dignity of a plate with his name upon it, as Mordecai, "the poet of the people," had done. At present, in his shabby lodgings in a frowzy quarter, he was far enough from any such style.

They climbed flight after flight of poorly lighted stairs hearing the click of sewing-machines and the droning voices of actors and actresses rehearsing their rôles in jargon, and a woman singing shrilly to the music of a cracked piano.

Through an open door they had a glimpse of a veritable "sweater's hell," where girls were toiling at the needle in the immediate vicinity of a red-hot stove, on which the pressing irons were heating.

The blast of fetid air which came from the room as a pallid employee hastened to shut the door, was what one might imagine a puff from the cavernous mouth of hell to be.

On the fourth floor Mordecai Menzer's name again confronted them on a soiled and splintered door. Miryam rang, and a moment later she and her companion were standing in the presence of "the poet of the people."

He was a small man, on the borders of fifty, with a thin, sharp face, and a bushy beard which he had evidently dyed to conceal the snows of time upon it. He had a curious way of gazing out from under his brows which at first was rather startling; but one soon discovered that it was only a manner. Mordecai Menzer was a man of intense nature, and he showed it even in his ordinary speeches and gestures.

His greeting of Joseph was so deferential that it confused the young leader, who was prepared to compliment the poet on his wonderful power over the hearts of the Jewish people. But Mordecai at first would hear little about himself; his talk was of Joseph and his plans,—the lock-out, the labor revolution in progress.

The poet's domicile consisted of three diminutive rooms and a rather dark kitchen. In the tiny dining-room his rotund little wife and two modest and pretty daughters were busy with household cares. Here the poet had received his visitors. He now conducted them into the next room, a Liliputian *salon* in which some old faded tapestry-backed chairs looked as if they felt crowded and out of place. In one of these chairs sat a little nervous man with a dark face, holding a violin in his lap. And on a low stool behind one of the chairs, intently looking out of the window, was the beautiful Bathsheba.

Joseph's heart gave a curious throb as he saw her, and he could not refrain from gazing at her, until she slowly turned her queenly head, and seemed to take possession of him with her eyes. He looked confused; and although Miryam rushed to Bathsheba, and engaged in a

lively conversation with her, he thought of nothing but Bathsheba and her eyes, while the poet Mordecai finally intoned his history, bestowing various picturesque maledictions upon the government which had expelled him from his native Russia, and had compelled him to begin his career anew in a faraway land.

Mordecai had much to tell, and in an ordinary frame of mind it all would have been intensely interesting to Joseph. The poet told how, when a child at the carpenter's bench in his father's shop, he had begun to compose ballads telling the story of his people's joys and sorrows. As he grew up he found that his singing was nearly all sorrowful, and he learned that his people were oppressed and down-trodden.

Then came the magic and never-to-be-forgotten moment when the spirit of revolt and the spirit of poesy moved within him, and in a few tremendous verses, into which he had condensed the anguish of a whole race, he had struck out at white heat the ballads which had won for him the name of the "Poet of the people."

As a youth, and finally as a man, he had wandered up and down the Russian land, wherever those of his race were to be found, and he had sung to them the songs which gave them life and hope, and also the spirit of vengeance.

He created the cradle-songs to which Jewish mothers have for more than thirty years rocked their babes to sleep, and in each and all of these songs there is a plaint or a wail.

In the villages and at the country fairs the women and children flocked to hear him sing his own songs; and, when the Russian officials found that they often went away weeping, they began to spy upon Mordecai. Sometimes they sent stenographers to take down his words; at another time they gave him twenty-four hours in which to leave the locality. And at last they became so threatening that Mordecai, who supported his family by singing in public and by selling reprints of his own songs, felt constrained to give up his little home and to migrate over seas to "the golden land" which he had already celebrated in his verse—the golden sunset land of free and untrammelled America.

Arriving here in the thick of the labor troubles, and finding his hapless countrymen and women starving by regiments, victimized in brigades, slave-driven in armies, his sensitive nature had received a severe shock.

He no longer believed in "the golden land," and had written, since his arrival, a bitterly satirical ballad tinged with socialism, in which he ridiculed the United States as a land of promise, but not one of performance.

Without being himself what the masses call a Socialist, he had leanings in that direction, and was easily persuaded to enter into friendly relations with Baumeister, and with others who professed to believe in what they called "the policy of force."

And it so happened that Mordecai, although he had been but a few months in America, had sung at several socialistic gatherings, and had composed one or two rhymed invectives against "capitalistic legislatures" and other institutions of the present order of society, which quite delighted Baumeister and his colleagues.

Therefore, when he was urged to bring his influence to bear upon Joseph, he resolved to do it as a kind of duty, and was readily persuaded by Baumeister to give the young leader a rendezvous in his humble abode.

Baumeister, meantime, took excellent care not to appear in the matter. He was acting by deputy, and, in this case, he had chosen with great adroitness, and had decided confidence in the result.

For Bathsheba was his deputy.

Baumeister was a man of talent, of comprehensive vision, and great audacity. Bathsheba was a new convert, and converts are always more zealous than those born in the faith.

If she had remained in her native province of Russia, and had never been moved from the calm conventionality of middle-class life, she would have been the most exemplary of matrons, the coldest and most statuesque of beauties. It is doubtful if she would even have descended to the commonplace level of a flirtation with a provincial landowner, or a passing officer in some crack regiment.

But destiny had thrust her forth upon the world by filling her head with a caprice for this dark-faced fiddler, who had won her heart by playing gypsy melodies at a festival in her father's house one summer moonlight night. She had run away to marry him, leaving home and fortune behind her; and when she had come to the end of the few thousand roubles which her mother had sent her, out of sheer pity for the daughter whose erratic conduct she condemned, she saw that there was no new fortune to replace the old one.

She had married a man who, in the cold sunlight of every-day life, turned out to be nothing but an ordinary musician. In America he found crushing competition awaiting him in the very specialties in which he had hoped to succeed.

If this had not soured his happy-go-lucky temper, not so much could be said of Bathsheba. With the loss of her illusions had come an immense and overpowering disgust, which gradually transformed itself into a fixed hatred for Society and all its institutions.

The transfer of her existence from Russia to America, the keen shock of disappointment experienced on finding that the conditions of life, especially for the refugees,—victims of the labor glut which they themselves created,—were so hard and forbidding, and the contrast—so appalling in New York—between the extreme of want and abject misery and the topmost height of luxury and abounding prosperity, gave the finishing stroke to the slender framework of piety and tradition which at home would have sufficed to keep her from Socialism.

A few words from Baumeister at the opportune moment, and Bathsheba was an active worker in the cause of the “force party,” which she and her companions called “Socialistic” when they wished to be mild, and which they glorified by its real and more repulsive name when they were determined to speak out. The exalted, almost frenzied fervor of Bathsheba’s work in “the cause” had led Baumeister to believe that he could trust her to do anything. Himself firmly convinced that a “campaign of force” was near at hand, he rejoiced at having within call a woman who would recoil at nothing, who would even undertake the mission of the assassin should he confide it to her.

She found in the keen intellectual delights of this conspiracy, hopeless and foolish as its aims and undertakings in reality were, a charming relief from the deadly monotony of life in a dreary street in an obscure quarter, surrounded by her inferiors, and sometimes in doubt where the next day’s food was to come from.

She had early acquired an ascendancy over her husband; and she made liberal use of it, converting him to the new doctrine, and persuading him that by means of it they might both yet attain to consideration and worldly success. Her beauty and strength of mind argued more for her doctrine than her rather wild words could have done; and the husband seemed, under Bathsheba’s direction, as clay in the hands of the potter.

It was Bathsheba whom Baumeister had chosen as the instrument for the conversion of Joseph to his doctrine. When the leader of revolt against society in the metropolis had first had Joseph pointed out to him as one who worked steadily against the inroads of Socialism in the ranks of the oppressed people, he had fancied that he could sweep him out of the way by some adroit manoeuvre.

But when he discovered that Joseph was his equal in sagacity and prudence, and his superior as a popular leader, he made up his mind that Bathsheba alone could operate the conversion. He proposed to her the mission of bringing the young leader over to the "school of force," and after some hesitation she consented.

At that time she had never seen Joseph, and supposed him to be some greasy cloakmaker, the very odor of whose garments would offend her nostrils. When she learned that he was a man of rare power, and that he impressed all who saw him with the idea that he had a mission, she found means frequently to see him without being herself observed. This careful espionage had begun weeks before the lock-out was started. At first she found it a task, then, suddenly, it became a pleasure, and she discovered that the pale face of Joseph, with its patient weariness, had left its impress on her heart.

Thenceforward she watched him with keen and unflagging interest. She had not seemed to notice the young leader that evening when with David he had seen her in the lodge-room in Grand Street. But her eyes had followed his every movement, and it was with a rapturous joy which thrilled her that she noticed the profound impression made upon him by her beauty.

The next day she found herself possessed of a strange, almost uncontrollable desire to see Joseph at once. If she had been tardy before in approaching her mission, she now sped to it with a willing foot.

She had gone to the theatre because she had felt the mad wish to see him that very night. Amazed at this new manifestation in her nature, which she had supposed to be no longer susceptible to romance, she began to analyze her emotions.

At the end of a few hours she had made up her mind that her position was singular and embarrassing, even for a disciple of Baumeister, and a revolutionist who believed but little in the sacredness of the marriage-tie, or any other of the social conventions.

Had she loved Joseph at first sight? Certainly she had felt the dawn-

ing of a passionate devotion to the leader whom she had sworn to seduce from his allegiance to order.

Bathsheba knew that she was well watched, and she concealed her new secret with all the skill of an accomplished conspirator. She wished to see Joseph face to face again, to hear him talk, to touch his hand, before she decided on her future course.

She was a woman of more than ordinary courage and resources. She realized fully what this new love, if indeed it were love, was likely to mean for her—all the possibilities of tragedy, humiliation, suffering, contained in it; and she felt that she must bring the fate closer to her, where she could inspect it narrowly, without delay.

So she had profited by her acquaintance with David and Miryam, and with Mordecai, the people's poet, to lead Joseph to her side. After she had heard his voice, had looked into his eyes, she would decide—she would decide.

But as she looked languidly out at the window, while Joseph listened to Mordecai's monologue, she betrayed by no sign the anxiety and commotion which reigned within her breast.

It seemed to her that she feared to hear Joseph speak, lest something which he might say should force her to overturn the idol which she had erected in the innermost sanctuary of her heart.

Miryam rattled on about the expedition of the night before, unconsciously throwing into it, with her theatrical training, a certain dramatic force, especially when she spoke of Joseph. To her surprise Bathsheba seemed to know many of the details, but scrutinized her with wild, widely opened, almost tearful eyes every time she alluded to Joseph's part in the night-drama. As yet it did not enter Miryam's innocent heart that Bathsheba might dare to love him, nor did she dream that the beautiful woman in whose lap she laid her head was a conspirator commissioned to convert or ruin Joseph.

Suddenly the girl caught her breath, and said, "Oh, I am so afraid that something will happen to Joseph! Do remember your promise to warn him!"

A wave of ashy pallor swept into Bathsheba's face and out again in an instant. "You may be sure that I shall do my very best," she said, and her voice had a curious tremor in it.

At this juncture Mordecai's round little wife appeared in the doorway with one of her husband's presentation silver salvers laden with

peaches, grapes, and a dark-looking wine which they had brought over seas with them.

“May I join the worthy company?” she said in her quaint jargon; and Joseph was glad to get free from Mordecai’s monologue, and to see a little movement in the room.

The company collected about the wine. The dark-faced fiddler smiled pleasantly at Joseph, smacked his lips, and said,—

“You don’t get that every day, hey—you other cloakmakers—do you?”

“Ho!” said Joseph, “wine to drink! That would be luxury indeed! Why, we are happy when we can get water enough. I know a sweater who allowed the company to cut off the water in his place. He declared that he wasn’t going to be taxed to furnish water for a crowd of thirsty workers! ‘Let each man bring his own drinking-water,’ he said. ‘And if he can’t do that, let him choke.’”

“Good subject for a little ballad,” said the dark-faced fiddler to the poet.

“There are so many that father doesn’t know which to choose first, does one, father?” said the small wife, holding her wineglass with both hands, and looking up at her husband with a proud and pleased expression.

And now Joseph became conscious that Bathsheba was near him, and the little fiddler was introducing him in a few well-chosen words, and with an air which showed that he was very proud of her.

“It was so kind of you to spare a few moments from your poor people!” said a melodious voice, and Joseph looked up in surprise.

Could it be the voice of Bathsheba, the “Socialist,” which had spoken thus considerately of his mission? He was prepared to hear her sneer at his down-trodden cloakmakers, but not to sympathize with them.

He gazed at Bathsheba, as if waiting for her to explain herself. The sincerity in his questioning eyes both pleased and startled Bathsheba. She lowered her gaze.

“So good of you,” she continued, “to give us a chance of seeing you. Mordecai has been inspired by what he has heard—and seen—of your work, to write a little song about the sweaters. He was good enough to sing it to me—and I thought—I thought,” here she raised her eyes and flashed their light upon Joseph’s face for a moment, then swiftly low-

ered them again, "that you ought to hear it. Certainly it will be an engine to help you in your work."

Joseph was surprised that he did not readily find words to thank Bathsheba for what seemed such purely disinterested kindness. He was usually ready enough with his tongue, but now he dreaded to open his lips, lest he should say something foolish.

He felt deliciously flattered by Bathsheba's interest in him. It seemed to make his work larger, finer in his own estimation. At last he realized that he must speak, so he stammered,—

"I have heard it said that songs often make revolutions. Why, then, shouldn't they aid strikes? And Heaven knows that we have bitter need of aid! I am sure that if the poor cloakmakers now starving in Hester Street could see the impression their misery has made on you, they would be more courageous than ever."

But while he was speaking he felt like crying out to Bathsheba, "Woman! Woman! these are not the words I want to say to you. I want to ask you why your eyes burn so strangely into my being; why the touch of your hand on mine thrills me with a strange delight; why the little room seems full of a glory which emanates from you!"

Did his eyes ask these questions? He did not mean that they should do so. He meant to conceal the delirious disturbance which Bathsheba had wrought in his soul, and the purport of which he but vaguely understood.

They talked for some minutes, while Miryam aided the housewife and her daughters in cleaning the room, so that Mordecai might have a little stage for action.

"When he is excited in singing," said the small wife, "he walks up and down; and if he should happen to knock his shin against a chair, it would spoil the whole effect of his song."

"Not because he has a bad temper, I hope, Frau Menzer," said a cheerful voice at the door, "because you know the proverb, 'The sins of the bad-tempered are greater than his merits.'"

"Here is Reb David!" cried Miryam, "with his mouth full of wisdom, as usual. May he come in?"

"He must," said the little wife with effusive hospitality. "And as proverbs are dry eating, and leave a bitter taste in the mouth, he shall have a glass of wine."

David accepted the proffered glass, and went with it in his hand to

join Bathsheba and Joseph, who were conversing in low tones.

"Now," said Mordecai, springing into the middle of the floor and addressing the dark-faced fiddler, "get your violin. I feel the inspiration bubbling up! Come! I will sing you the song which I have put into the mouths of the victims of the sweaters."

The fiddler gently refused the written music which the little wife handed to him. "I know the song by heart," he said, "and so will every cloakmaker and operator in New York before we have done with them."

Bathsheba and Joseph sat down, and listened.

Chapter XI

The Object-Lesson

A hush fell on the little company. The sacramental touch of art was upon it. Mordecai began to sing.

He stood in the middle of the floor, holding his verses, written in fine Hebrew script upon note-paper, in one hand, and nervously beating the air with the other, as if he were trying to catch flying words and phrases, and fit them to his song. Thus he seemed for a few moments irresolute, and a trifle ridiculous.

But most of his auditors knew that Mordecai was awaiting the exact moment when the inspiration would reach its height, and that, when it came, he would startle them with the wild beauty and eloquence of his rhymed composition.

Joseph studied him with all his might. He could hear, close beside him, the rustling of Bathsheba's dress, and her short, sharp breathing, as if she were painfully excited.

Suddenly the dark-faced fiddler struck a wailing chord on his violin, and instantly ceased to play. It was like the cry of a woman in distress and despair—a heart-broken wail which made the flesh creep.

Then came Mordecai's voice, and Joseph felt his heart hot within him, as, in a stern recitative, rhymed, yet roughly carven (such as an ancient Hebrew prophet might have sung before an erring king), the poet of the people told of the cloakmakers' torture.

And now the music of the violin accompanied the singer. At first it

was in a soft and brooding undertone, like the sobbing of hungry children in the dark.

Presently it became stronger—less plaintive—fiercer—menacing—as the poet, in the homely jargon which was his native tongue, catalogued the sorrows and sufferings of his oppressed countrymen and countrywomen.

At last it burst out into a tone of triumphant irony—like that of a prophet who, despairing of remedy for a hopeless situation, calls on those who created it to look on their wretched work. This ironical vein was maddening. It made Joseph long to arise, to go down into the street, and, taking the first capitalist whom he might meet by the throat, to knock out his brains with a stone.

It made Miryam weep; and as she wept, the image of her dead mother lying on the trestles in the little room, with the flies buzzing curiously about her peaceful and worn face, arose before her.

It recalled to Joseph the day when he saw his young “partner” falling face downward on his machine, with his mouth distorted, and his poor lean cheeks withered with hunger. And with his brow aflame, Joseph started up, making wild and convulsive movements with his hands, and crying,—

“Stop! Stop! I can’t bear it!”

But Mordecai motioned him imperiously to his seat, and went on, with a proud smile for a moment wreathing his thin lips, as a ray of sunshine sometimes plays about the crater of a volcano. “The fit was on him,” as Miryam had aptly phrased it, and nothing but death could stay the current of his splenetic and vindictive singing.

There was a curious refrain to the eight-line verses, containing a passionate appeal to the workers, so terribly oppressed, to arise and strike down the tyrants. Into this refrain Baumeister and his band had wrought all the venom of their cunning; and, as delivered by Mordecai, it was a startling incentive to violence.

The last verse, which compared the young girls, fading so quickly in the noisome atmosphere of the sweaters’ dens, to the flowers cut down by the mowers, and withering speedily in the harsh, sharp sunlight, was irresistibly moving. Bathsheba veiled her face, and great sobs shook her broad bosom. Then came anew the ironical refrain, with the mournful undertone of music. Mordecai’s intense, vibrating tones died away.

He sank down into a chair, looking white and old.

The dark-faced fiddler hugged his violin, and gazed out at [the] window, as if he saw there all the horrors mentioned in the song.

A new Marseillaise of the poor had been born in that humble apartment; and now that the singing was over, it seemed almost as if the palpitating listeners could hear the beating of the wings of the great angels of War and Revolution, as they receded to the spaces from which they had come down to infuse their spirit into this group of mortals.

David was the first to speak. He knew that the tension could be relieved only by a practical remark. So he said,—

“I will give you twenty dollars to sing that song as well as that on the stage of our theatre next Saturday afternoon, Herr Mordecai.”

“Oh, father sings just as well one time as another,” said the rotund little wife, who was jealous of her husband’s reputation. “That is, you know, after the first inspiration has come to him. For he gets a fresh inspiration with every new song; don’t you, father?”

Mordecai ignored his wife’s loving, although clumsy, efforts to aid him, and after one or two weak protests he closed with David’s offer. “Such chances are not to be neglected,” he said. “And if the cloakmakers were there to hear they might be influenced.”

“They shall be there,” said David, “for I will invite them. I can’t feed the poor creatures, but I can point out the way”—

“For them to help themselves,” said Bathsheba, arising with her cheeks aglow. “That is it! That is what your song will do, Mordecai. It will teach the starving people to ask in such a way that they cannot be refused. Do you not think so?” she asked Joseph, turning suddenly to him.

Joseph hesitated. It seemed to him that he was in a boat which had drifted loose from its moorings, and was at the mercy of tide and wind. For weeks he had fought the Socialists; had rebelled against the doctrine of Force; had stigmatized it as silly and criminal. And now here, after a breath of song, and under the influence of this woman Bathsheba’s eyes, he was almost ready to admit that the true way to solve the cloakmakers’ situation was to strike up Mordecai’s song, and to march upon Freier and Monach and all the other tyrants, at the head of a legion or two of the starving people.

“I think that the poet of the people has sung us a great song,” he

answered, trying to cast off the influence which seemed mastering him. "And I am glad the men in our Union are to have a chance to hear it at the theatre. But I should not like to see them aroused to any deeds of violence, because I am afraid that—well, I feel certain that it would ruin the cause."

"Oh, yes, yes," said Mordecai in a bitter tone; "yield, yield, always yield, in the hope of concessions which never come! It is the story of our people"—

"Well, as to that," said Joseph, beginning to rally, "I don't think I can quite agree with you. We have already secured a good many concessions from the sweaters—and who says that we shall not win the final battle? It seems to me that it is not so very far off, and sometimes I feel confident of victory. But what has the party of force ever done? I certainly never heard of its doing anything practical."

"There I think you misjudge it," said Mordecai uneasily, and looking at Bathsheba, as if he read his lesson in her eyes. "The party of force is preparing the grand revolution. If it were not for the partial revolutions of leaders like yourself—men whom everybody respects, and whose courage nobody doubts, but who are unwilling to admit that Society is rotten, and must be swept away by complete revolution—we, that is, the force party, would be much further advanced than at present."

Joseph listened attentively, but with the air of one far from convinced.

"And are those your sentiments also?" he said to Bathsheba, turning round to her so sharply that she started and lowered her eyes.

"They are," she said almost humbly. "Not that I would presume to criticise you or your work, which is so grand, so self-sacrificing" (the blood stole into Joseph's cheeks), "but because I feel that nothing can be done without a complete social revolution. I should like—be glad to see you associated in such work."

"How long have you been in America?" said Joseph, keeping his gaze steadfastly on Bathsheba.

"Long enough to learn that poverty is as bitter and terrible here as anywhere else," she answered hotly.

She began to rebel at Joseph's catechising mood. She had fancied that she would be able more quickly to establish her influence over him.

But the man seemed to have two natures, quite different, yet each in some respects completing the other. One was sensuous, passionate, sympathetic, yielding; the other, cool, practical, unyielding as steel, and capable of leading him straight to martyrdom.

With woman's unerring intuition she made sure of these things, and decided to accommodate her campaign to the newly acquired knowledge of his traits.

But Joseph was gaining ground every instant now.

"Poverty is hard enough to bear anywhere," he said; "but the remedy for it is not revolution in this country, I am sure. It would be poor policy to undermine and blow up a magnificent mansion because one could afford to live nowhere in it except in the basement."

Bathsheba's eyes flashed. She liked Joseph all the better for standing to his guns.

"Perhaps it is as you think," she said sweetly. "But I believe that you are mistaken; that here in this big city there are tens—yes hundreds of thousands who long for the Social Revolution—for the *régime* under which every one will do just as he or she pleases, and when there will be no inequalities of fortunes."

"Oh, dear, dear!" sighed Mordecai's round little wife, "what a blessed day that would be! No more click-clack of sewing-machines night and day, I should think, in those times!" And she took a huge pinch of snuff as fiercely as if she had been strangling a millionaire, or helping to hang a manufacturer.

"It may come to-day, to-morrow, in a week, in a month—this Social Revolution," said Bathsheba, lowering her voice, and looking around, for she had not yet learned that America is a free country, where one may speak without danger of spies. "How did you know that you were not in the van of the Social Revolution when you were leading the cloakmakers to Simon's house the other night?"

Joseph was startled. How little, indeed, it would have taken to send the mad mob of hungry men and women into the rich quarters, burning and sacking and ravaging!

He had thought that often enough since.

"But it could only have ended in disaster and despair," he said. A sudden vertigo seized him; he staggered and would have fallen, had not Bathsheba stepped forward, caught him in her strong arms, and gently lowered him into a chair.

The little wife came bustling with a glass of wine. But the touch of Bathsheba's arms had electrified Joseph; he sat up, feeling a little ashamed, and holding one hand to his head.

"You must excuse me," he said, looking around. "I have been up so much nights lately that I am a little top-heavy." He took the glass of wine, drank sparingly, and professed himself as well as ever. But the mortal pallor on his brow belied him.

"Fresh air is what Joseph needs," said David. "Instead of bothering him with your socialistic notions, all of which, I believe, will come to naught" (here Bathsheba flashed a keenly reproachful glance upon David), "if you would take him up to Central Park, or out on the river, you would be doing the cause of united labor a real service. And you, Joseph, be more careful of your health. Remember the proverb, 'Our days pass quickly over us, even as the shadow of a flying bird.' "

"I should be glad, for one!" said Bathsheba quickly, addressing Joseph, "if you would take David's advice, and if we might all go together into the upper quarters of New York. It would give us a chance to teach the labor leader an object-lesson."

"Yes," said Mordecai; "he would certainly feel the bitterness of poverty more keenly when we came back."

"Then why go?" queried Joseph. "No, I must go home to my wife and little one. I have left them too much alone since they arrived."

A shadow so imperceptible that no one save Miryam, who was opening her eyes now, observed it, passed over Bathsheba's face.

"Oh, it was only in the hope of justifying ourselves in your eyes," she said coquettishly.

"I have just come from your house, Joseph," said David, coming up and putting his hand on the young labor leader's shoulder, "and I met Malcha going out with the child. I told her I should see you this afternoon, and she wished me to tell you that she had found Shiphrah, and was going to stop with her until evening." He lowered his voice. "You know the poor Shiphrah whom you pitied so much. It seems that she is from the same village as Malcha, and Malcha asked me to implore you not to be angry."

"No," said Joseph, his brow clearing, "it is an errand of mercy. It is like Malcha."

"She told me to tell you another thing," said David in a whisper. "A letter has come from her mother, and in it were a hundred roubles,

which the good woman sent just about the right time, didn't she? Now, don't be proud because of this good news. Remember what [the talmudic sage] Rabbi Ashi said: 'He who hardens his heart with pride softens his brains with the same.' "

"There really is nothing to be proud of, unless it is Malcha's good sense," answered Joseph. But he felt immensely relieved even at this momentary cessation from grinding want. A sudden hunger for rest and fresh air, for the odor of trees and flowers, for contemplation of the calm of nature and the beauty of summer, seized upon him, and would not be appeased. The battle in his nature, caused by the intoxicating song, by the presence of Bathsheba, by the knowledge that he was treading on dangerous ground, had aroused new desires, new passions, of the existence of which he had never before dreamed. The spirit of resignation was dying away in him, and in its stead arose an intense longing for the riches and luxury of the world. To his inward shame and sorrow, he found that he was forgetting the poor cloakmakers, and thinking only of himself.

They lingered some time in conversation, while the little wife pressed the simple refreshments upon all. Then Mordecai sang once more—one or two comic folk-songs, which yet had in them the rebellious and menacing spirit; and it was almost six o'clock before they started on their stroll up-town. David and Miryam, rejoicing that there was no theatre for them that evening, led the way, and it seemed natural that Joseph should escort Bathsheba down the narrow and ill-lighted stairs, Mordecai and his wife, very quaint in their provincial Russian Sunday best hats and cloaks, bringing up the rear.

As they were descending the last flight of stairs, Bathsheba turned to Joseph, with her hand gracefully raised, and said with an arch smile,—

"Will you promise to confess if the object-lesson convinces you?"

"I hope I shall be frank," he said, his heart leaping as he gazed down into the beautiful face, with its deep mysterious eyes, from which Will-o'-the-wisp fires seemed to dart into the air.

At David's suggestion they went down to the East River, and there, at a pier below the bridge, they embarked on a diminutive white steamer, which went coughing and wheezing and blowing in and out among the statelier craft, and carried them rapidly up stream.

The sunlight lay in great gleaming masses on the water; it seemed as if one might cut out pieces of it, and take them home.

In the west there was a great bank of golden haze, which would have delighted the soul of [the English painter Joseph] Turner, could he have seen it, and which might have interested some of our American painters, had they not all been too busy interpreting the misty blues and pearly grays of England and Northern France.

Against this sumptuous background arose the lines of graceful masts and spars; and now and then across it moved the symmetrical mass of a huge Sound steamer, its white sides glistening and its bows throwing up fountain jets of diamond foam. Here fluttered gently down a group of white sails, capriciously hovering at the black sides of a battered ocean liner, drawn by two quarrelsome and aggressive tugs. The sunshine cast its glory over the long lines of red brick warehouses, on the tottering and dirty docks, and on the hundreds of bare-headed mothers with children in their arms, seated at the dock's ends, in the hope of securing a few breaths of fresh air. The vast current, swirling around the piers and boiling and eddying about the great vessels at anchor, caught the thousand points of darting light, and reflected them in a million ways and in infinitesimal variations.

A cool breeze fanned the heated brows of the poor refugees, and lent a sudden animation to their spirits, which for a time had suffered relapse from the tension caused by Mordecai's song.

Now the steamer began to dart along the upper reaches of the immense tidal stream: past sugar refineries, with little fleets of steamships lying at their wharves; past the low shores crowded with evidences of abundant wealth and of the tremendous inland commerce of the nation; past the "Island," with its pretty lawns and grim penal institutions and asylums; and presently it skirted the wooded shore of a smaller island, dashed in and out among a multitude of yachts lying peacefully at anchor, shot through a drawbridge which opened obediently at its approach, and pushed up to the entrance of the Harlem.

Here, at a rambling and crazy old dock (like all the docks in the metropolis) the friends disembarked.

Miryam was in an ecstatic mood. She ran and gambolled like a child of six, and rallied "Reb Joseph" and Bathsheba on their solemn and careworn look. It was all that David could do to subdue her gayety so that it should not attract the notice of the passers by.

"Well," said Joseph, who had never seen so much of New York before, "thus far we have set eyes on nothing but the activity of people

working hard for their daily bread. And I must say that it would seem very hard to upset all this energy and industry by a revolution, just because there is trouble in a few trades like ours, and one or two hundred rascals refuse to pay decent wages for honest labor.”

Bathsheba did not answer, and her silence impressed Joseph more than any voluble defence of her doctrines could have done. Gradually she assumed guidance of the party, and, just as the soft summer darkness was stealing over earth and sky, they came out upon Fifth Avenue, in front of the Vanderbilt mansions. They had been walking for a long distance, having taken the elevated road at One Hundred and Twenty-Fifth Street, and then left the train at the wrong station and got lost; and Joseph's thin cheeks were aglow with fatigue, and with the unwonted fresh air, when they halted, and stood in mute contemplation of the line of palaces, churches, and hotels stretching away on either side, as David expressed it, “like the Devil's wheat-field, which was bounded on one side by the North Pole and on the other by the South Pole.”

Now that they were beyond the familiar neighborhood of the East Side, the little company began to feel strangely out of place, and each gazed at the other as if challenging criticism on their respective shabbiness. Bathsheba glanced down at her worn and frayed dress, which was not in the prevailing fashion. She caught at the edges of her jacket, much too heavy for the season, and the collar of which was of decidedly antiquated design. She glanced from time to time at Joseph, and was ill at ease.

Joseph tugged at his frayed wristbands, and silently regretted that he had not been allowed to go home and don his one good coat. He took off his hat and gave it a surreptitious look. The band was stained, and the sunlight of two seasons had taken much of the color out of it. Even Mordecai, usually draped with effective majesty in his own dignity, seemed dimly conscious that his attire was not in harmony with that of the trim ladies and gentlemen who sauntered lazily by with the apologetic air of well-to-do New Yorkers detained in town in summer.

But they walked on, trying to be gay, and gazing at mansion after mansion without the remotest idea who inhabited any of them. Joseph had never been in Fifth Avenue before, nor had he ever set foot in the Park. Like tens of thousands of the inhabitants of the East Side of the narrow and crowded island, he had rarely been very far west of the

Bowery, or north of Twenty-Third Street.

Up-town was unknown land to him. He now gazed at the acres of palaces, the majestic entrances, the noble basements well protected with railings of wrought iron, the exquisite windows overlooking vast expanses of ornate architecture, with astonishment.

He had never been in a large city in Russia; and nowhere before had he seen so much splendor. "Why are the houses all so quiet? many of them seem deserted," he ventured to say.

"O Reb Joseph!" said Miryam, "haven't you heard that all the rich people leave New York in the summer, and go to beautiful places in the woods and at the seaside, and only come back when there is no more hot weather?"

"While we sweat sixteen hours over our flat-irons and our sewing-machines, even when the thermometer is at ninety," said Bathsheba in a low voice in which concentrated passion seethed like lava at a volcano's mouth. "God! God! How can it be right that some should be so happy and fortunate through life, while others toil and struggle in torment, and die without leaving enough to bury themselves decently?"

The intensity of Bathsheba's utterance, and the bitterness of her words, seemed to touch a hidden chord in Joseph's heart.

He turned to her with the tears standing in his eyes, and murmured brokenly,—

"That is a terrible question. Don't ask it again; it stings me—here," and he touched his breast.

A baleful fire flashed from Bathsheba's splendid eyes. With a tragic gesture she pointed to the scene on the broad stone steps of a great mansion a little beyond where they were standing.

Two beautiful girls, in elegant dinner costume, had ventured out upon the steps in the warm darkness, and around them were gathered three or four young gentlemen, in evening dress, who paid assiduous court to the beauties.

In the doorway a majestic mamma was enthroned in an easy-chair, and two liveried servants were just bringing out a tiny Turkish table, beautifully inlaid with ivory and precious woods, and with a costly coffee service and *liqueur* cellaret arrayed upon it. One of the young girls was stripping flowers from her corsage, and distributing them with playful gestures to the courtiers at her feet.

Here were evidently some New Yorkers who had lingered in town in defiance of the conventionalities, and who were enjoying an after-dinner chat under cover of the friendly dusk without any fear of scrutiny.

Bathsheba clutched Joseph by the arm, and pointed to the comfortable group, the members of which had little idea that Misery at that moment had her envious eyes upon them.

“Do you see that, Joseph Zalmonah?” she hissed. “What more convincing than that do you want for an object-lesson? What do you think of the society that can permit such insolent luxury as that, and at the same time insist on such humble slavery as that of your poor cloakmakers? Do you think that you can ever reason with those people there?” pointing to the steps of the mansion. “Not much. And if you beg of them, they will put you in prison, or in an asylum.” Her voice sank to a husky whisper. “Why, what is left, then, but to rise up and compel them—by force—to be just—to give a reasonable share of the world’s joys and abundance to those who are starving for them? Why don’t you answer me, Joseph Zalmonah?” and she shook his arm furiously.

“What is Bathsheba doing and saying?” cried little Miryam, running up with a protecting air to Joseph, who was staring at the group on the mansion’s steps as if he meant that the memory of it should be graven on his heart.

*IN THE GATES
OF ISRAEL*

Stories of the Jews

BY

Herman Bernstein



NEW YORK
J. F. Taylor & Company
MCMII

In the Gates of Israel

Herman Bernstein

For Orthodox Jews in particular, the New World constituted a formidable challenge. What Abraham Cahan spoke of as the “absolutely inflexible” Judaism of “the old Ghetto towns” in Eastern Europe seemed ill suited to the American environment.¹ Lithuanian-born Herman Bernstein (1876–1935) understood the problem very well. Arriving on American shores in his teens, he soon entered on an active literary and journalistic career. The American Jewish Committee under the leadership of Louis Marshall enabled Bernstein in 1914 to found the Yiddish daily Tog, which for a generation addressed itself to immigrants of Orthodox sympathies; Bernstein also edited the conservative English-language American Hebrew and, during the 1920’s, brought suit against Henry Ford in an effort to discredit the industrialist’s advocacy of the anti-Semitic Protocols of the Elders of Zion. Bernstein served the Hoover Administration as ambassador to Albania in the early 1930’s.

In 1902 at New York Bernstein had published his collected “Stories of the Jews” in a volume entitled In the Gates of Israel. The literary historian Meyer Waxman found in them “little psychology or art,”² but the reader of the 1980’s may be inclined to see Bernstein’s offering more charitably.

1. Cahan, *The Rise of David Levinsky* (New York, 1917), bk. 5, chap. 4.
2. Waxman, *A History of Jewish Literature* (New York, 1960), 4:969.

Reb Naphtoli, the writer of Sacred Scrolls, stood on the deck of a trans-Atlantic steamer and fervently offered to God the Eighteen Blessings of the afternoon prayer. He firmly clung to the railing with both hands, and swayed his thin, somewhat stooping body back and forth in quick, rhythmic movement. A brisk wind was blowing into his face; his earlocks—"the corners of his head"—protruded from beneath his velvet cap, quivering upon his sunken, wrinkled cheeks; his eyes were closed, and his lips moved unceasingly. Now and then he would open his large black eyes and turn his head abruptly, as though suddenly seized with fright, but he would immediately close his eyes again and, tenderly stroking his earlocks, resume his prayer.

As he stood there it seemed to him—in spite of his endeavor to brush the thought aside—that certain wicked enemies were lurking behind him, ready to spring upon him and rob him of all his possessions.

The loud, many-toned murmuring of the waves, seething and wrestling at the side of the steamer, and the dark gray, massive clouds, solemnly hastening southward, seemed to be singing the praises of the Lord in their own peculiar ways, and Naphtoli prayed with greater zeal and fervor.

Toward the end of the Eighteenth Blessing, he pressed his right hand close to his eyes and slowly implored God that his tongue be guarded from wicked calumny and his lips from utterances of falsehood, that his soul be as dumb as dust in the face of his slanderers, that his heart be open to God's teachings, that his soul should crave His Commandments, that the Lord interfere with all those who bear him malice and plot against him;—all of which Naphtoli wished the Lord to do, "for the sake of His name, for the sake of His right arm, for the sake of His holiness, for the sake of His Torah—"

Naphtoli swayed his head to the right, then to the left, made three steps backward, and turned around. His eyes fell on a group of men who stood a few paces away from him. Suddenly an expression of intense fright crept over the features of his face. Mechanically he clutched his long black, curly earlocks and, as though to shield them from grave danger, held them in a firm grasp.

"Reb Naphtoli, make haste! Take my advice, Reb Naphtoli," said a dark-eyed, red-headed young man, twisting his mustache. "The

steamer will probably make fast before dawn to-morrow! You had better make haste!" he added, as he tapped Naphtoli on the shoulder.

"Hurry up, or it will be too late," interposed another, in a convincing tone.

"Yes, yes, it will be too late—you'll surely feel sorry, but then you'll not be able to help it," said the red-headed young man, with mock seriousness.

Naphtoli, with downcast eyes, stood amidst the crowd, and, slightly shuddering, held his earlocks with all his strength. His eyes were wet with tears. He lifted his head and gazed at the crowd, surveying them with a piteous, haunted look.

"Wait awhile, wait, I beseech you, have pity on me!" he blurted out plaintively, in a voice choking with emotion.

"You are not doing us any favor," ejaculated the red-headed mischief-maker, "but look out! It will be too late!" and he smiled roguishly.

"Murderers, you heartless murderers!" muttered Naphtoli, unable to restrain himself, and he quickly turned away from the crowd.

The crowd burst into laughter.

"He will rather jump overboard than part with his earlocks," remarked a hook-nosed, curly-haired, spectacled man. "Ha, ha, ha!"

"But his are indeed extraordinary earlocks! They're worthy of exhibition."

"They seem to have grown at the expense of his beard!" roared the spectacled man, laughing. "Wouldn't he feel funny, though, without them!"

"He must have raised them on yeast!"

The jolly crowd giggled light-heartedly for a long time, but Naphtoli heard not their laughter. He hastened away to his steerage berth, and threw himself down upon it, weeping bitterly.

Ever since Naphtoli remembered himself, he felt he had been like Samson, dedicated as a Nazarite, as it were, unto the Lord and unto his brethren. It is true, he had not fought Israel's battles, as Samson of yore, but then, Naphtoli's was rather a spiritual strength. His life-labors lay in quite another direction. For nearly half a century he had been writing Sacred Scrolls for Israel's synagogues, phylacteries for Israel's daily prayers, and *mezuzohs* for the protection of Israel's homes from the influence of evil spirits.

Never did a razor or a scissors touch his long black, curly earlocks, or the scanty growth upon his lips or chin. To him "the corners of his head" have ever seemed as something symbolic, constantly reminding him of most that is noble in the Books of Moses—of the highest and wisest form of charity. "The corners of the head" reminded him of "the corners of the field," which the Bible had prescribed to be left uncut, that the poor of the community might come and get the grain with their own hands, and depart, with nothing to wound their self-respect, and nothing to bleed their hearts.

Thus, when some of his fellow-passengers, bent on mischief, told Naphtoli that he must cut his earlocks or the authorities at Ellis Island would not permit him to land, he shuddered and hung his head in despair. In his simplicity, it never for a moment occurred to him to doubt their word. Since he had never done them any wrong, he reasoned, why should they seek to injure him? Indeed, he had never in his life consciously wronged any one save himself, nor had he ever been offended by any of his countrymen in the little town by the Dniepr. God, the Omnipotent Judge, too, was merciful to him, and only once, many years ago, had He poured His wrath upon his head for some sin or other. Naphtoli's youngest son Samuel, who had been the pride of his father and the glory of the whole community, and who had been steadily forging towards the Chair of Teacher in Israel, had suddenly disappeared. Many years had passed. Naphtoli survived his wife and his elder sons, and it looked as though the stem of his forefathers was to end with Naphtoli. But God had willed it otherwise.

One day a letter came to Naphtoli from a countryman of his in America. It said that Naphtoli's son, Samuel, was alive; that he was in New York, and that he was a reformed Rabbi; that there was an organ in his temple, which was playing during the Sabbath service; that the men and the women were sitting together during prayer in the temple; that the men were bare-headed, and that the choir consisted of girl singers.

Naphtoli wept, tore the hair of his head in anguish, and for many days went about "without a head." Finally, he decided to pack his "bit of poverty" and go to reform his beloved son Samuel,—to bring him back to the "road of the righteous." With the community's blessings showered upon his head, Naphtoli who had never before left the boundaries of his native town, started hopefully on his long journey to

the New World.

All went well on the way, when suddenly—the sin and the shame and the pity of it!—now towards the end of his journey on earth, he had to part with the long black, curly companions of a lifetime, the features which, for their size and beauty, had singled out their possessor even among his long-locked and long-bearded, pious coreligionists.

Naphtoli lay upon his berth, quivering in every limb, choking with sobs. Suddenly he straightened himself, wiped his tears away and uttered emotionally:

“Yes, the Lord will help me—He knows Naphtoli needs His help now!”

Naphtoli came out on the deck. The sun was now setting, a globe of fire, sinking beyond the tempestuous waves, near the horizon. With rapid strides Naphtoli walked up to the railing, and firmly clinging to it with both hands, began to say the evening prayer, swaying his body back and forth.

A group of merry, loud-talking men drew near him with buoyant steps.

“Reb Naphtoli, it will be too late, you’ll regret it!” said the red-headed, touching Naphtoli by the arm.

Naphtoli shuddered. He turned his head—there was an expression of terror on his face.

“Nu—Oh!” he uttered, waved his hand, and resumed his prayer.

Naphtoli’s heart beat violently, his lips kept moving, and tears coursed down his cheeks. The crowd waited behind him. A few steps away from them, a group of Russians were jesting and laughing. Now one of them started in a deep baritone the “Dubinushka,” the song of the Russian workmen, and all sorts of voices joined in the popular chorus. Opposite them two Poles were patriotically humming, “*Poland is not yet forlorn*,” and, farther away, a dark-eyed Jewish lass sang mournfully in Russian:

*“But death is nigh, my sepulchre is nigh!
When, like the rustling grass, I die—”*

The voices mingled, the sounds were wafted in every direction. When the singers became silent, some one was heard talking with

enthusiasm:

“Yes, in bygone days they used to have music on the ocean-liners,—you know—the Sirens, half women and half fish, used to sing such strange, melancholy melodies that the passengers fainted when they heard them, so they had to have music to drown the voices of the Sirens.”

“And now?”

“Now the Sirens sing no more!” replied the narrator, authoritatively.

Naphtoli shuddered convulsively. He felt he was already becoming a sinner. During prayer his thoughts wandered hither and thither, and though he firmly believed that the people behind him were not his enemies, yet he feared them.

“Thou art my rock and my fortress, O Lord!” he muttered at the end of his prayer.

“Make haste, make haste!” the red-headed mischief-maker urged him on. “Here’s a chair, be seated!”

Naphtoli seated himself mechanically. In a moment a big crowd assembled around him. He stared at the ground, with drooping head, with his thin hands resting upon his knees.

“Here’s the scissors, Reb Naphtoli! Shall I do it, or will you do it yourself?” asked the red-headed softly.

Naphtoli was silent—his soul was too full for utterance. He struggled with himself as to whether he should lead another man to sin by letting him cut “the corners of his head” or whether he should commit the sin with his own hands. But Naphtoli lacked courage to lay his hands on his own locks.

He kept staring at the ground in silence.

Then the muscles of his face began to quiver.

“You may cut!” he finally uttered in a tone of resignation. His voice trembled with emotion, and he covered his eyes with his hand.

Open-mouthed, the crowd drew nearer.

The red-headed seized one of Naphtoli’s earlocks, and lifting the scissors high in the air, began in a sing-song, mockingly: “Blessed art Thou, O Lord—”

Turning pale, Naphtoli jumped to his feet.

“Be silent, heathen, do not bear the name of the Lord in vain!” he cried, defiantly. His teeth were firmly set together, his eyes, wide open,

flashed with rage, his fists were tightly clenched—only now it dawned upon him that it was all a conspiracy—the work of men who did not have God within their hearts. For a moment his defiant attitude and the piteous expression of his intense suffering awed the crowd into silence. Soon, however, the crowd burst into ringing laughter. The red-headed had already done his work, he had cut one earlock off, and now held it up with an air of triumph. Naphtoli sank back in his chair mutely, submissively, “like a lamb on the way to the slaughter-house.”

“Save me, O God, for the waters are come unto my soul,” mumbled Naphtoli, faintly, and the tears trickled down his face.

The crowd laughed on. Naphtoli feared to lift his eyes to face the people, lest they might be stung with shame. Each moment was to him an endless torture. Time, it seemed to him, slackened its pace to prolong his sufferings.

“Now you may pass for a reformed Rabbi, Reb Naphtoli!” remarked the red-headed conspirator, with an ill-concealed smile, handing him the two long tufts of hair.

With trembling hands Naphtoli seized the locks, and, not heeding the noise about him, silently and carefully wrapped them in his handkerchief and hid them away in his upper vest pocket—next to his heart.

Soon one by one the crowd dispersed; the roaring and the chatter died away. But the laughter was still ringing in Naphtoli’s ears like the crash of thunder. He felt as though the laughter, gaining entrance through his ears, sought to tear his heart asunder. Naphtoli rose from his chair; his eyes were red from tears, his frame was shrunken, enfeebled, bent; he shook his head and directed his steps toward his berth.

A half an hour later his eyelids closed little by little, and, curled together in his narrow bed, crushed by the sin and the disgrace, he slept.

In his sleep Naphtoli’s restless mind wandered away to his native town by the Dniepr. It is Friday evening, Voronzov is at rest, peacefully awaiting the coming of the bride—Sabbath. The market-stands, the stores, the bathhouses, the mill—all are being closed. Solemn quiet and peace fill the air. After dinner Naphtoli had slept for about an hour, and sleep being, according to an old commentary, one-sixtieth part of death, he thus had the taste of death; then he had taken a hot bath, which is equal to one-sixtieth part of the taste of the everlasting

flames of hell; returning home, he had eaten a piece of fish, which had been prepared for the Sabbath, and which had given him a sixtieth part of the taste of the Leviathan. Thus Naphtoli had become purified to meet Sabbath, the Messenger of Peace, which was to bring to him an additional soul, and, double-souled, he was to get a taste of the sixtieth part of the ease and comfort of paradise. There, the Rabbi of Voron-zov, tall, thin and gray, is slowly walking towards Naphtoli. Now the Rabbi stops. He is staring at Naphtoli, wide-eyed.

“Reb Naphtoli, what has befallen you?” he asks in a tremulous voice,—“Reb Naphtoli, where—are—your—earlocks?”

Naphtoli clasps his head with his hands and exclaims in a heart-rending tone:

“God is my witness—I have them—I have them!”

“Eh, hold your peace there!” grumbled some one on the upper berth. “Keep quiet!”

Naphtoli tossed about in his steerage berth, perplexed, crestfallen. There was an acute, burning pain in his temples. His suffering was so intense that there were moments when he doubted he was Naphtoli, he who had ever braved blessings and afflictions alike. He felt ashamed before himself, before God.

It was three o’clock in the morning. Naphtoli could not sleep. He came out on the deck, and, pacing back and forth, reflected upon his dream. Gazing into the distance, he recalled the Dniepr, and he shuddered. The splashing of the black waves frightened him now. The stars overhead looked cold and melancholy and the wind blew angrily into his face.

Year in and year out, on New Year’s day, Naphtoli used to go, together with the entire community, to shake off his sins into the Dniepr. For man, be he ever so pure, is after all but “flesh and blood,” susceptible to sin. Knowing from Ecclesiastes that “all the rivers run into the sea,” it now seemed to Naphtoli that all the sins he had ever committed, even though unconsciously, and then shaken off into the Dniepr, stared at him from the depth of the sea—stared—and laughed wildly, maliciously.

“My son, Samuel—what can I say to him now?” he asked himself despondently. “God knows, perhaps Samuel had been led astray even as I was led astray!”

Yet Naphtoli did not seek to defend himself.

“God knows best what He is doing. Evidently I have deserved my fate—I must have sinned.”

Naphtoli gazed at the water beside the steamer, and trembled. He clasped his aching head with his hands, and drew back. In the hissing and roaring of the black waves poor Naphtoli heard the peals of mocking laughter:

“Ha, ha, ha!—in-fi-del, in-fi-del, in-fi-del!”

He could not control himself any longer, and lifting his eyes heavenward, with his arms outstretched, he cried, solemnly, the tears flooding his cheeks:

“God is my witness—God is my witness!”

C H I L D R E N O F M E N

BY

BRUNO LESSING



*“For He doth not afflict willingly
nor grieve the children of men.”*

NEW YORK
McCLURE, PHILLIPS & CO.
MCMIII

Children of Men

Bruno Lessing [Rudolph Edgar Block]

The immigrant scene never lacked for an operatic sort of pathos. That quality found an adroit recorder in Rudolph Edgar Block (1870–1940), who took “Bruno Lessing” as his nom de plume. Block, born in New York, graduated from the College of the City of New York and earned his living as a reporter for the Sun and the Recorder. In the mid-1890’s, he began working for the Hearst newspapers as editor of the Sunday comics.

Children of Men, Block’s 1903 collection of stories, seemed to Meyer Waxman genuinely reflective of “the tragedy of Jewish life at the time.” The book, Waxman thought, “expresses the best that there was in this Anglo-Jewish fiction during the early stage.” Sol Liptzin reminds us that Block’s vignettes had their share of humor, too.¹

1. Waxman, *A History of Jewish Literature* (New York, 1960), 4:970; Liptzin, *The Jew in American Literature* (New York, 1966), p. 113.

The Americanisation of Shadrach Cohen

There is no set rule for the turning of the worm; most worms, however, turn unexpectedly. It was so with Shadrach Cohen.

He had two sons. One was named Abel and the other Gottlieb. They had left Russia five years before their father, had opened a store on Hester Street with the money he had given them. For reasons that only business men would understand they conducted the store in their father's name—and, when the business began to prosper and they saw an opportunity of investing further capital in it to good advantage, they wrote to their dear father to come to this country.

“We have a nice home for you here,” they wrote. “We will live happily together.”

Shadrach came. With him he brought Marta, the serving-woman who had nursed his wife until she died, and whom, for his wife's sake, he had taken into the household. When the ship landed he was met by two dapper-looking young men, each of whom wore a flaring necktie with a diamond in it. It took him some time to realise that these were his two sons. Abel and Gottlieb promptly threw their arms around his neck and welcomed him to the new land. Behind his head they looked at each other in dismay. In the course of five years they had forgotten that their father wore a gaberdine—the loose, baglike garment of the Russian Ghetto—and had a long, straggling grey beard and ringlets that came down over his ears—that, in short, he was a perfect type of the immigrant whose appearance they had so frequently ridiculed. Abel and Gottlieb were proud of the fact that they had become Americanised. And they frowned at Marta.

“Come, father,” they said. “Let us go to a barber, who will trim your beard and make you look more like an American. Then we will take you home with us.”

Shadrach looked from one to the other in surprise.

“My beard?” he said; “what is the matter with my beard?”

“In this city,” they explained to him, “no one wears a beard like yours except the newly landed Russian Jews.”

Shadrach's lips shut tightly for a moment. Then he said:

“Then I will keep my beard as it is. I am a newly landed Russian Jew.” His sons clinched their fists behind their backs and smiled at him amiably. After all, he held the purse-strings. It was best to humour

him.

“What shall we do with Marta?” they asked. “We have a servant. We will not need two.”

“Marta,” said the old man, “stays with us. Let the other servant go. Come, take me home. I am getting hungry.”

They took him home, where they had prepared a feast for him. When he bade Marta sit beside him at the table Abel and Gottlieb promptly turned and looked out of the window. They felt that they could not conceal their feelings. The feast was a dismal affair. Shadrach was racking his brains to find some explanation that would account for the change that had come over his sons. They had never been demonstrative in their affection for him, and he had not looked for an effusive greeting. But he realised immediately that there was a wall between him and his sons; some change had occurred; he was distressed and puzzled. When the meal was over Shadrach donned his praying cap and began to recite the grace after meals. Abel and Gottlieb looked at each other in consternation. Would they have to go through this at every meal? Better—far better—to risk their father’s displeasure and acquaint him with the truth at once. When it came to the response Shadrach looked inquiringly at his sons. It was Abel who explained the matter:

“We—er—have grown out of—er—that is—er—done away with—er—sort of fallen into the habit, don’t you know, of leaving out the prayer at meals. It’s not quite American!”

Shadrach looked from one to the other. Then, bowing his head, he went on with his prayer.

“My sons,” he said, when the table had been cleared. “It is wrong to omit the prayer after meals. It is part of your religion. I do not know anything about this America or its customs. But religion is the worship of Jehovah, who has chosen us as His children on earth, and that same Jehovah rules supreme over America even as He does over the country that you came from.”

Gottlieb promptly changed the subject by explaining to him how badly they needed more money in their business. Shadrach listened patiently for a while, then said:

“I am tired after my long journey. I do not understand this business that you are talking about. But you may have whatever money you need. After all, I have no one but you two.” He looked at them fondly.

Then his glance fell upon the serving-woman, and he added, quickly:

“And Marta.”

“Thank God,” said Gottlieb, when their father had retired, “he does not intend to be stingy.”

“Oh, he is all right,” answered Abel. “After he gets used to things he will become Americanised like us.”

To their chagrin, however, they began to realise, after a few months, that their father was clinging to the habits and customs of his old life with a tenacity that filled them with despair. The more they urged him to abandon his ways the more eager he seemed to become to cling to them. He seemed to take no interest in their business affairs, but he responded, almost cheerfully, to all their requests for money. He began to feel that this, after all, was the only bond between him and his sons. And when they had pocketed the money, they would shake their heads and sigh.

“Ah, father, if you would only not insist upon being so old-fashioned!” Abel would say.

“And let us fix you up a bit,” Gottlieb would chime in.

“And become more progressive—like the other men of your age in this country.”

“And wear your beard shorter and trimmed differently.”

“And learn to speak English.”

Shadrach never lost his temper; never upbraided them. He would look from one to the other and keep his lips tightly pressed together. And when they had gone he would look at Marta and would say:

“Tell me what you think, Marta. Tell me what you think.”

“It is not proper for me to interfere between father and sons,” Marta would say. And Shadrach could never induce her to tell him what she thought. But he could perceive a gleam in her eyes and observed a certain nervous vigour in the way she cleaned the pots and pans for hours after these talks, that fell soothingly upon his perturbed spirit.

* * * * *

As we remarked before, there is no rule for the turning of the worm. Some worms, however, turn with a crash. It was so with Shadrach Cohen.

Gottlieb informed his father that he contemplated getting married.

"She is very beautiful," he said. "The affair is all in the hands of the Shadchen."

His father's face lit up with pleasure.

"Gottlieb," he said, holding out his hand, "God bless you! It's the very best thing you could do. Marta, bring me my hat and coat. Come, Gottlieb. Take me to see her. I cannot wait a moment. I want to see my future daughter-in-law at once. How happy your mother would be if she were alive to-day!"

Gottlieb turned red and hung back.

"I think, father," he said, "you had better not go just yet. Let us wait a few days until the Shadchen has made all the arrangements. She is an American girl. She—she won't—er—understand your ways—don't you know? And it may spoil everything."

Crash! Marta had dropped an iron pot that she was cleaning. Shadrach was red in the face with suppressed rage.

"So!" he said. "It has come to this. You are ashamed of your father!" Then he turned to the old servant:

"Marta," he said, "to-morrow we become Americanised—you and I."

There was an intonation in his voice that alarmed his son.

"You are not angry—" he began, but with a fierce gesture his father cut him short.

"Not another word. To bed! Go to bed at once."

Gottlieb was dumbfounded. With open mouth he stared at his father. He had not heard that tone since he was a little boy.

"But, father—" he began.

"Not a word. Do you hear me? Not a word will I listen to. In five minutes if you are not in bed you go out of this house. Remember, this is my house."

Then he turned to Abel. Abel was calmly smoking a cigar.

"Throw that cigar away," his father commanded, sternly.

Abel gasped and looked at his father in dismay.

"Marta, take that cigar out of his mouth and throw it into the fire. If he objects he goes out of the house."

With a smile of intense delight Marta plucked the cigar from Abel's unresisting lips, and incidentally trod heavily upon his toes. Shadrach gazed long and earnestly at his sons.

"To-morrow, my sons," he said, slowly, "you will begin to lead a

new life.”

In the morning Abel and Gottlieb, full of dread forebodings, left the house as hastily as they could. They wanted to get to the store to talk matters over. They had hardly entered the place, however, when the figure of their father loomed up in the doorway. He had never been in the place before. He looked around him with great satisfaction at the many evidences of prosperity which the place presented. When he beheld the name “Shadrach Cohen, Proprietor” over the door he chuckled. Ere his sons had recovered from the shock of his appearance a pale-faced clerk, smoking a cigarette, approached Shadrach, and in a sharp tone asked:

“Well, sir, what do you want?” Shadrach looked at him with considerable curiosity. Was he Americanised, too? The young man frowned impatiently.

“Come, come! I can’t stand here all day. Do you want anything?”

Shadrach smiled and turned to his sons.

“Send him away at once. I don’t want that kind of young man in my place.” Then turning to the young man, upon whom the light of revelation had quickly dawned, he said, sternly:

“Young man, whenever you address a person who is older than you, do it respectfully. Honour your father and your mother. Now go away as fast as you can. I don’t like you.”

“But, father,” interposed Gottlieb, “we must have someone to do his work.”

“Dear me,” said Shadrach, “is that so? Then, for the present, you will do it. And that young man over there—what does he do?”

“He is also a salesman.”

“Let him go. Abel will take his place.”

“But, father, who is to manage the store? Who will see that the work is properly done?”

“I will,” said the father. “Now, let us have no more talking. Get to work.”

Crestfallen, miserable, and crushed in spirit, Abel and Gottlieb began their humble work while their father entered upon the task of familiarising himself with the details of the business. And even before the day’s work was done he came to his sons with a frown of intense disgust.

“Bah!” he exclaimed. “It is just as I expected. You have both been

making as complete a mess of this business as you could without ruining it. What you both lack is sense. If becoming Americanised means becoming stupid, I must congratulate you upon the thoroughness of your work. To-morrow I shall hire a manager to run this store. He will arrange your hours of work. He will also pay you what you are worth. Not a cent more. How late have you been keeping this store open?"

"Until six o'clock," said Abel.

"H'm! Well, beginning to-day, you both will stay here until eight o'clock. Then one of you can go. The other will stay until ten. You can take turns. I will have Marta send you some supper.

* * * * *

To the amazement of Abel and Gottlieb the business of Shadrach Cohen began to grow. Slowly it dawned upon them that in the mercantile realm they were as children compared with their father. His was the true money-maker spirit; there was something wonderful in the swiftness with which he grasped the most intricate phases of trade; and where experience failed him some instinct seemed to guide him aright. And gradually, as the business of Shadrach Cohen increased, and even the sons saw vistas of prosperity beyond their wildest dreams, they began to look upon their father with increasing respect. What they had refused to the integrity of his character, to the nobility of his heart, they promptly yielded to the shrewdness of his brain. The sons of Shadrach Cohen became proud of their father. He, too, was slowly undergoing a change. A new life was unfolding itself before his eyes, he became broader-minded, more tolerant, and, above all, more flexible in his tenets. Contact with the outer world had quickly impressed him with the vast differences between his present surroundings and his old life in Russia. The charm of American life, of liberty, of democracy, appealed to him strongly. As the field of his business operations widened he came more and more in contact with American business men, from whom he learned many things—principally the faculty of adaptability. And as his sons began to perceive that all these business men whom, in former days, they had looked upon with feelings akin to reverence, seemed to show to their father an amount of deference and respect which they had never evinced toward the sons, their admiration for their father increased.

And yet it was the same Shadrach Cohen.

From that explosive moment when he had rebelled against his sons he demanded from them implicit obedience and profound respect. Upon that point he was stern and unyielding. Moreover, he insisted upon a strict observance of every tenet of their religion. This, at first, was the bitterest pill of all. But they soon became accustomed to it. When life is light and free from care, religion is quick to fly; but when the sky grows dark and life becomes earnest, and we feel its burden growing heavy upon our shoulders, then we welcome the consolation that religion brings, and we cling to it. And Shadrach Cohen had taught his sons that life was earnest. They were earning their bread by the sweat of their brow. No prisoner, with chain and ball, was subjected to closer supervision by his keeper than were Gottlieb and Abel.

"You have been living upon my charity," their father said to them: "I will teach you how to earn your own living."

And he taught them. And with the lesson they learned many things; learned the value of discipline, learned the beauty of filial reverence, learned the severe joy of the earnest life.

"One day Gottlieb said to his father:

"May I bring Miriam to supper to-night? I am anxious that you should see her."

Shadrach turned his face away so that Gottlieb might not see the joy that beamed in his eyes.

"Yes, my son," he answered. "I, too, am anxious to see if she is worthy of you."

Miriam came, and in a stiff, embarrassed manner Gottlieb presented her to his father. The girl looked in surprise at the venerable figure that stood before her—a picture of a patriarch from the Pentateuch, with a long, straggling beard, and ringlets of hair falling over the ears, and clad in the long gaberdine of the Russian Ghettos. And she saw a pair of grey eyes bent keenly upon her—eyes of shrewdness, but soft and tender as a woman's—the eyes of a strong man with a kind heart. Impulsively she ran toward him and seized his hands. And, with a smile upon her lips, she said:

"Will you not give me your blessing?"

* * * * *

When the evening meal had ended, Shadrach donned his praying cap, and with bowed head intoned the grace after meals:

“We will bless Him from whose wealth we have eaten!” And in fervent tones rose from Gottlieb’s lips the response:

“Blessed be He!”

A Swallow-Tailer For Two

“Isidore? Bah! Never again do I want dot name to hear!

“Isidore? A loafer he iss! Sure! Ve vas friends vunce, unt don’t I know vot a loafer he iss? Ven a man iss a loafer nobody knows it better as his best friend.

“Don’t you remember by der night uf der two Purim balls? Vot? No? Yes! Dere vas two Purim balls by der same night; der one vas across der street from der odder. Yes. Der one, dot vas der Montefiore Society. I vas der president. Der odder, dot vas der Baron Hirsch Literary Atzociation. Isidore vas der vice-president.

“Isidore unt I lived together. Oh, ve vas such friends! David unt Jonathan dey vas not better friends as me unt Isidore. Everyt’ing vot Isidore had could belong also to me. Unt if I had somet’ing I always told Isidore dot I had it. I did not know vot a loafer he vas.

“So it comes der day of der Montefiore ball, unt I ask Izzy if he iss going. ‘No, Moritz,’ he says, ‘I am going by der Baron Hirsch ball.’ ‘But anyway,’ I says, ‘let us go by der tailor unt hire for rent our evening-dress swallow-tails.’ ‘Sure,’ he says. Unt ve vent by der tailor’s. But dot vas such a busy times dot every tailor ve vent to said he vas so sorry but he had already hired out for rent all der swallow-tails vot he had, unt he didn’t haf no more left. Ve vent from every tailor vot ve know to every odder tailor. Der last vun he vas a smart feller. He says: ‘Gents, I got vun suit left, but it iss der only vun.’ Den Izzy unt me looked into our faces. Vot could ve do?

“‘Id iss no use,’ I says, unt Izzy says it vas no use, unt ve vas just going away, ven der smart tailor says: ‘Vy don’t you take der suit unt each take a turn to wear it?’ So Izzy says to me, ‘Moritz, dot’s a idea. You can wear der suit by der Montefiore ball, unt I can wear it by der Baron Hirsch ball. Der dancing vill be all night. You can have it from nine o’clock until it is elefen o’clock. Dot iss two hours. Den you can excuse yourself. Den I put on der suit und wear it by der Baron Hirsch ball from elefen o’clock until id iss vun o’clock in der morning. Den I excuse myself. Den, Moritz, you can haf it again by der Montefiore ball until id iss t’ree o’clock. Dot iss two more hours, unt if I want it after t’ree o’clock I can haf it for two hours more.’

“Say! Dat Izzy iss a great schemer. He has a brain like a Napoleon. He iss a loafer, but he iss a smart vun. So, anyway, ve took der suit. Der tailor charged us two dollars—oh, he vas a skin!—unt Izzy unt I said ve would each pay half, unt ve each gave der tailor a gold watch to keep for der security uv der suit. Unt den—I remember it like if it vas yesterday—I looked into Isidore’s eye unt I said: ‘Isidore, iss it your honest plan to be fair unt square?’ Because, I vill tell you, der vas somet’ing in my heart dot vas saying, he vill play some crooked business! But Isidore held out his hand unt said, ‘Moritz, you know *me!*’ Unt I trusted him!

“So ve went to der room ve lived in unt I put der suit on. It fitted me fine. I look pretty good in a evening swallow-tail unt Isidore says I looked like a regular aritztocrat.

“‘Be careful, Moritz,’ he says, ‘unt keep der shirt clean.’ I forgot to tell you dot ve hired a shirt, too, because it vas cheaper as two shirts. ‘Come, Moritz,’ he says, ‘let us go!’ ‘Us!’ I says, astonished. ‘Are you coming by der Montefiore ball, too?’ ‘Sure,’ he says. ‘You are der president, unt you can get me in without a ticket. I don’t have to wear a swallow-tail evening dresser because I ain’d a member.’

“It took me only a second to t’ink der matter over. I am such a quick t’inker. If he comes to my ball, I says to myself, I vill come by his! ‘Sure, Izzy,’ I says. ‘As my friend you are velcome.’ So ve vent to der Montefiore ball.

“Der moment ve got into der ballroom I seen vot a nasty disposition Isidore got. ‘Izzy,’ I says, ‘go get acquainted mit a nice lady, unt dance unt enjoy yourself unt I vill see you again at elefen o’clock.’ ‘No, Moritz,’ he says. ‘I vill stick by you.’ I am a proud man, so I said, very

dignified, 'All right, if you vill have it so.'

"Unt Isidore stuck. Efry time I looked around me I seen his eyes keepin' a look-out on der swallow-tail evening dress. Such big eyes Isidore had dot night! 'Don't vatch me like dot, Izzy,' I said. 'Dey vill t'ink you are a detectif, unt dot I stole somet'ing.' Efrytime I drops a leetle tiny bit from a cigar ashes on my swallow-tail shirt Izzy comes running up mit a handkerchief unt cleans it off. Efry time I sits down on a chair Izzy comes up unt vispers in my ear, 'Moritz, please don't get wrinkles in der swallow-tail. Remember, I got to wear it next.' Efry time I took a drink Moritz comes unt holds der handkerchief under der glass so dot der beer should not drop on der swallow-tail shirt. 'Izzy,' I says to him, 'I am astonished.'

"So a hour vent by unt den comes in Miss Rabinowitz. Ven I see her I forget all about Isidore, unt about everyt'ing else. Oh, she is nice! I says, 'Miss Rabinowitz, can I haf der pleasure uv der next dance?' 'No,' she says, 'I ain'd dancing to-night because my shoes hurts me. But ve can haf der pleasure of sidding out der next dance togedder.' Den she says to her mamma, 'Mamma, I am going to sid out der next dance mit dis gentleman friend of mine. You can go somevere else unt enjoy yourself.' Dot gave me a idea. 'Isidore,' I says—Isidore was right on top uf my heels—'gif Miss Rabinowitz's mamma der pleasure of your company for a half-hour, like a good friend.'

"Isidore looks a million daggers in my eye, but he couldn't say nodding.

"He had to do it. Unt I found a quiet place where it vas a little dark, unt Miss Rabinowitz sat close by me unt I vas holding her hand unt I vas saying to myself, 'Moritz, dis is der opportunity to tell her der secret of your life—to ask her if she vill be yours! Her old man has a big factory unt owns t'ree houses!' Unt den I looked up, unt dere vas Isidore.

" 'V'y did you leave Mrs. Rabinowitz?' I asked. He gafe me a terrible look. 'Moritz,' he says, 'Id iss elefen o'clock unt der time has come.' 'Vot time?' asked Miss Rabinowitz. 'Oh, Moritz knows vot I mean,' he says. So I excused myself for a minute unt I vispered in Izzy's ear, 'Izzy,' I says, 'if you love me, if you are a friend of mine, if you vant to do me der greatest favour in der vorld—I ask you on my knees to gif me a extra half-hour! Dis iss der greatest moment uv my life!' But Isidore only shook his head. 'Elefen o'clock,' he said. 'Remember der agree-

ment!’ ‘A quarter of a hour,’ I begged. I had tears in my eyes. But Isidore only scraped a spot off my swallow-tail shirt unt den he said, ‘Moritz, I vill tell you vot I’ll do. I wouldn’t do dis for nobody else in der vorld except my best friend. You can wear der suit ten minutes longer for fifty cents. Does dot suit you?’ Vot could I do? I looked at him mit sorrow. ‘Isidore,’ I said, awful sad, ‘I didn’t know you could be such a loafer! But you haf der advantage. I will do it.’

“He even made me pay der fifty cents cash on der spot, unt den he vent off to a corner where he could keep his eyes on der clock unt vatch me at der same time. Dose fifty cents vas wasted. How could I ask a lady to marry me mit dem big eyes of Isidore keeping a sharp watch on der clothes I had on?

“ ‘Id iss no use, Miss Rabinowitz,’ I says. ‘I had a matter uv terrible importance vot I wanted to tell you, but my friend iss in great trouble, unt ven Isidore has troubles in his heart, my heart iss heavy!’ ‘Oh,’ she says, so sweet, ‘you are such a nobleman! It makes der tears come to my eyes to hear of such friendships!’

“Dot vill show you vot a prize she vas. I hated to tell her a lie, but vot could I do? So I says I haf to go out mit Izzy unt get him out of his trouble, but at der end of two hours I come back. ‘I will wait for you,’ she says. Unt den, mit a cold, murder eye, I goes to Isidore unt says to him, ‘Come, false friend! I keep der agreement!’

“So Isidore dusts off my coat unt says he found a room upstairs where ve could change der clothes. Ven ve got to der room I took der swallow-tail evening-dress coat off, unt der vest off, unt der pants off, unt der shirt off, unt I says to Isidore, ‘Dere iss not a spot on dem! I shall expect you to gif dem back to me in der same condition ven der two hours iss up. Remember dot!’ Unt den a horrible idea comes into my head. ‘Vot am I going to wear?’ I says. ‘I don’t know,’ says Isidore. He had already put der pants on. ‘Unt I don’t care,’ he says. ‘But if you vant to put my clothes on, for friendship’s sake I lend dem to you.’

“You know how little unt fat dot Isidore iss. Unt you see how tall unt skinny I am. But vot could I do? If I vent home to put on my own clothes I know it would be good-bye Isidore unt der swallow-tail evening suit. I would never see dem again. I couldn’t trust dot false face. ‘Moritz,’ I says to myself, ‘don’d leave dot swallow-tailer out uv your sight. No matter how foolish you look in Isidore’s short pants, put dem on. You aint a member uv der Baron Hirsch Literary Atzociation.

You don'd care if your appearance iss against you. Stick to Isidore!' So I put on his old suit. My! It vas so shabby after dot fine swallow-tailer! Unt I felt so foolish! But, anyway, dere vas vun satisfaction. Der swallow-tailer didn't fit Isidore a bit. He had to roll der pants up in der bottom. Unt der shirt vouldn't keep shut in front—he vas so fat—unt you could see his undershirt. I nearly laughed—he looked so foolish. But I didn't say any'ting—nefer again I vould haf no jokes mit Isidore. Only dot vun night—unt after dot our friendships vas finished.

“So ve vent to der Baron Hirsch's across der street. Ven ve got by der door Isidore asked me, astonished-like, ‘Haf you got a ticket, Moritz?’ ‘No,’ I says, ‘but you are der vice-president, unt you can pass in your friend.’ But Isidore shooked his head. ‘Der rules,’ he said, ‘uv der Baron Hirsch Literary Atzociation is different from der rules uv der Montefiore Society. Efrybody vot ain'd a member has got to pay.’

“Say, vasn't dot a nasty vun, vot? But vot could I do? It cost me a quarter, but I paid it. Unt as soon as ve got in by der ballroom Isidore got fresh. ‘Moritz,’ he says, “ve vill let gone-bys be gone-bys, unt no monkey-business. I vill introduce you to a nice young lady vot got a rich uncle, unt you can sit unt talk mit her while I go unt haf a good time. At vun o'clock sharp I vill come back unt keep der agreement.’

“‘Isidore,’ I says, awful proud, ‘vit your nice young ladies I vill got nodding to do. But to show you dot I ain'd no loafer I vill sit out in der hall unt trust you.’

“So I took a seat all by myself. My! I felt so foolish in Izzy's clothes! Unt Izzy vent inside by der wine-room, where dey was all drinking beer. ‘Moritz,’ I says to myself, ‘you make a mistake to haf so much trust in dot false face. Maybe he iss getting spots on der shirt. Maybe he is spilling beer on der swallow-tailer. He iss not der kind uv a man to take good care vit a evening dresser. ‘Moritz,’ I says it to myself, ‘be suspicious!’ Unt dot made me so nervous dot I couldn't sit still. So I vent unt took a peek into der wine-room.

“Mein Gott, I nearly vent crazy! Dere vas dot loafer mit a big beer spot on my shirt in der front, unt drinking a glass of beer unt all der foam dropping in big, terrible drops on der pants uv der swallow-tailer. I vent straight to his face unt said, ‘Loafer, der agreement is broke. You haf got spots on it. You are a false vun!’ Unt den Isidore—loafer vot he iss—punched me vun right on der nose. Vot could I do? He vas der commencer. I vas so excited dot I couldn't say nodding. I

punched him vun back unt den ve rolled on der floor.

“Ve punched like regular prize-fighters. I done my best to keep der swallow-tailer clean, unt Izzy done der best to keep his suit vot I had on clean, but dere vas a lot of beer on der floor unt ven der committee come unt put us out in der street—my! ve looked terrible! But nobody could make no more monkey business vit me dat night. ‘Izzy,’ I says—I vas holding him in der neck—‘take dot evening dresser off or else gif up all hopes!’ I vas a desperate character, unt he could read it in der tone uv my voice. He took der swallow-tailer off—right out on der sidewalk uv der street. Den I put it on unt I vas getting all dressed while he vas standing in his underclothes, trying to insult me. Unt just ven I got all dressed unt he vas standing mit der pants in his hands calling me names vot I didn’t pay no attention to, but vot I vill get revenge for some time, dere comes up a p’liceman. Ve both seen him together, but I vas a quicker t’inker as Isidore, so I says, ‘Mister P’liceman, dis man iss calling me names.’ He vas a Irisher, dot p’liceman, unt he hit Izzy vun mit his club, unt says, ‘Vot do you mean by comin’ in der street mit-out your clothes on? You are a prisoner!’ So I says, ‘Good-night, Isidore!’ unt I run across der street to der Montefiore ball. Dey all looked at me ven I got in like if dey wanted to talk to me, but I vas t’inking only uv Miss Rabinowitz. I found her by her mamma.

“Miss Rabinowitz,’ I says, ‘I haf kept my word. I promised to come back, unt here I am!’ She gafe me a look vot nearly broked my heart. ‘You are a drunker,’ she says.

“Miss Rabinowitz,’ I says, ‘dem iss hard words.’ ‘Go away,’ she says. ‘You look like a loafer, Instead of helping your friend you haf been drinking.’ Den her mamma gafe me a look unt says, ‘Drunker loafer, go ‘way from my daughter or I will call der police.’

“Vot could I do? As proud as I could I left her. Den a committee comes up to me unt says, ‘Moritz, go home. You look sick.’ Dey vas all laughing. Den somebody says, ‘He smells like a brewery vagon.’ Vot could I do? I vent home.

“Der next morning Isidore comes home. ‘Moritz,’ he says, ‘you are a fool.’ I gafe him vun look in his eye. ‘Isidore,’ I says, ‘you are der biggest loafer I haf efer seen.’ Ve haf never had a conversation since dot day.

“My! Such a loafer!”

Deborah

Her name was Deborah. When Hazard first saw her she was sitting on the steps of a tenement with Berman at her side, Berman's betrothal ring on her finger, Berman's arm around her waist. "Beauty and the beast!" Hazard murmured as he stood watching them. He was an artist, and a search for the picturesque had led him into Hester Street—where he found it.

Presently Hazard crossed the street, and, with a low bow and an air of modest hesitation that became him well, begged Berman to present his compliments to the young lady at his side and to ask her if she would allow an enthusiastic artist to make a sketch of her face. Hester Street is extremely unconventional. Deborah looked up into the blue eyes of the artist, and, with a faint blush, freed herself from her companion's embrace. Then she smiled and told the artist he could sketch her. In a twinkling Hazard produced book and pencil. While he sketched they chatted together, ignoring Berman completely, who sat scowling and unhappy. When the sketch was finished the artist handed it to Deborah and begged her to keep it. But would she not come some day to pose for him in his studio? Her mother or sister or—with a jerk of his thumb—this sturdy chap at her side could accompany her. And she would be well paid. Her face fitted wonderfully into a painting he was working on, and he had been looking for a model for weeks. His mother lived at the studio with him—the young lady would be well cared for—five or six visits would be sufficient—a really big painting. Yes. Deborah would go.

When Hazard had departed, Deborah turned to her lover and observed, with disappointment, that he looked coarse and ill-favoured.

"It is getting late," she said. "I am going in."

"Why, *Liebchen*," Berman protested. "It is only eight o'clock!"

"I am very tired. Good-night!"

Berman sat alone, gazing at the stars, struggling vainly to formulate in distinct thoughts the depth and profundity of his love for Deborah and the cause of that mysterious feeling of unrest, of unhappiness, of portending gloom that had suddenly come over him. But he was a simple-minded person, and his brain soon grew weary of this unaccustomed work. It was easier to fasten his gaze upon a single star and to marvel how its brightness and purity reminded him so strongly of

Deborah.

In the weeks that followed he saw but little of Deborah, and each time he observed with dismay that a change had come over the girl. In the company of her mother she had been visiting Hazard's studio regularly, and the only subject upon which Berman could get her to talk with any degree of interest was the artist and his work.

"Oh, it is a wonderful picture that he is painting!" she said. "It is the picture of a great queen, with a man kneeling at her feet, and I am the queen. I sit with a beautiful fur mantle over my shoulder, and, would you believe it, before I have been sitting five minutes I begin to feel as though I really were a queen. He is a great artist. Mamma sits looking at the picture that he is painting hour after hour. It is a wonderful likeness. And his mother is so kind to me. She has given me such beautiful dresses. And not a day goes by but what I learn something new and good from her. I am so ashamed of my ignorance."

"Each time I see her," thought Berman, "she grows more beautiful. How could anyone help painting a beautiful picture of her? She is growing like a flower. She is too good, too sweet, too beautiful for me!"

The blow came swiftly, unexpectedly. She came to his home while he sat at supper with his parents.

"Do not blame me," she said. "I prayed night after night to God to make me love you, but it would not come. It is better to find it out before it is too late. You have been so kind, so good to me that it breaks my heart. Is it not better to come to you and to tell the truth?"

Berman had turned pale. "Is it the painter?" he whispered. A flood of colour surged to Deborah's cheeks. Her eyes fell before his.

"He is a Christian, Deborah—a Christian!" he murmured, hoarsely. Then Deborah's colour left her cheeks, and the tears started to her eyes.

"I know it! I know it! But—" Then with an effort she drew herself up. "It is better that we should part. Good-bye!"

"Good-bye!" said Berman. And his father arose and called after the departing figure:

"The peace of God go with you!"

With an artist's eye Hazard had been quick to perceive the beauty of Deborah, and the possibilities of its development, and, with an artist's temperament, he derived the keenest pleasure from watching that

beauty grow and unfold. Her frequent presence, the touch of her hand and cheek as he helped her to pose, her merry laughter, and, above all, those big, trusting brown eyes in which he read, as clear as print, her love, her adoration for himself, all began to have their effect upon him. And, one day, when they were alone, and suddenly looking up, he had surprised in her eyes a look of such tenderness and sweetness that his brain reeled, he flung his brush angrily to the floor and cried:

“Confound it, Deborah, I can’t marry you!”

Deborah, without surprise, without wonderment, began to cry softly: “I know it! I have always known it!” she said. And when he saw the tears rolling down her cheeks he sprang to her side and clasped her in his arms, and whispered words of love in her ear, and kissed her again and again.

An old story, is it not? Aye, as old as life, as old as sin! And always the same—so monotonously the same. And always so pitiful. It is such a tempting path; the roses bloom redder here, and sweeter than anywhere else in the wide world. But there is always the darkness at the end—the same, weary darkness—the poor eyes that erstwhile shone so brightly grow dim in the vain endeavour to pierce it.

Like a flower that has blossomed to full maturity Deborah began to wilt and fade. Her beauty quickly vanished—beauty in Hester Street is rarely durable—Deborah grew paler and paler, thinner and thinner. To do him full justice Hazard was greatly distressed. It was a great pity, he thought, that Deborah had not been born a Christian. Had she been a Christian he could have married her without blasting his whole future career. As it was—Fate had been cruel. Let Hazard have full justice.

But it fell like a thunderbolt upon Berman when Deborah’s mother sent for him.

“She has been raving for two days, and she keeps calling your name! Won’t you sit by her bedside for a while? It may calm her!”

His heart almost stopped beating when he beheld how frail and fever-worn were the features that he had loved so well. When he took her hand in his the touch burned—burned through to his heart, his brain, his soul.

“Berman will not come!” she cried. “He was kind to me, and I was so cruel. He will not come!”

Berman tried to speak, but the words stuck in his throat. Then, with that sing-song intonation of those who are delirious with brain fever,

Deborah spoke—it sounded like the chanting of a dirge: “Ah, he was so cruel! What did it matter that I was a Jewess! What did it matter that he was a Christian! I never urged him, because I loved him so! He said it would ruin his career! But, oh, he could have done it! We would have been so happy! Once he made the sign of the Cross on my cheek. But I told him I would become a Christian if he wanted me to. What did I care for my religion? I cared for nothing but him! But he was so cruel! So cruel! So cruel!”

It was more than blood could stand. With a cry of anguish Berman fled from the room. In the dawn of the following day Deborah’s mother, grey and worn, came out of the tenement. She saw Berman sitting on the steps. “It is over!” she said. Berman looked at her and slowly nodded. “All over!” he said.

When Hazard awoke that morning his servant told him that a strange-looking man wished to see him in the studio. “A model,” thought Hazard. “Tell him to wait.” Berman waited. He waited an hour. Then the Oriental curtains rustled, and Hazard appeared. He had walked halfway across the room before he recognised Berman. He recognised him as the man who sat beside Deborah when he had first seen her. The man who had his arm around her waist. The man whom he had referred to as a sturdy chap—who had, indeed, looked strong and big on that starry night. And who now loomed before his eyes in gigantic proportions. He recognised him—and a sudden chill struck his heart. Berman walked toward him. Without a word, without the faintest warning, he clutched the artist by the throat, stifling every sound. The artist struggled, as a mouse struggles in the grasp of a cat. From his pocket Berman drew a penknife. He could hold his victim easily with one hand. He opened the blade with his teeth. As a man might bend a reed, Berman bent the artist’s back until his head rested upon his knee. Then, quickly, he slashed him twice across the cheek, making the sign of a cross.

“You might have married her!” he whispered, hoarsely. Then he threw the helpless figure from him and slowly walked out of the room.

The newspapers told next day, how a maniac had burst into the studio of Hazard, the distinguished young painter, and without the slightest provocation had cut him cruelly about the face. The police were on the slasher’s trail, but Hazard doubted if he could identify the man again if he saw him. “It was so unexpected,” he said. To this day

he carries a curious mark on his right cheek—exactly like a cross.

The Murderer

When Marowitz arrived at the station-house to report for duty, the sergeant gazed at him curiously.

“You’re to report at headquarters immediately,” he said. “I don’t know what for. The Chief just sent word that he wants to see you.”

Marowitz looked bewildered. Summons to headquarters usually meant trouble. Rewards usually came through the precinct Captain. Marowitz wondered what delinquency he was to be reprimanded for. He could think of nothing that he had done in violation of the regulations.

Half an hour later he stood in the presence of the Chief.

“You sent for me,” he said.

The Chief looked at him inquiringly. “What is your name?” he asked.

“Marowitz.”

The Chief’s face lit up. “Oh, yes,” he said. “From the Eldridge Street station. Do you speak the Yiddish jargon?”

Marowitz drew a long breath of relief.

“Yes, sir,” he answered. “I live in the Jewish quarter.”

“Good,” said the Chief. “I want you to lay aside your uniform and put on citizen’s clothes. Then go and look for a chap named Gratzberg. He is a Russian, and is wanted in Odessa for murder. He is supposed to be hiding somewhere in the Jewish quarter here. You’ll have no trouble in spotting him if you run across him. Here,”—the Chief drew a slip of paper from his desk—“here is the cabled description: Height, five feet seven; weight, about 150 pounds. Has a black beard. Blue eyes. Right ear marked on top by deep scar.”

He handed the paper to Marowitz.

“Keep your eyes open,” he said, “for marked ears. It’ll be a big thing for you if you catch him. When I was your age I would have given the world for a chance like this.”

When Marowitz left headquarters he walked on air. Here was a chance, indeed. He had been a policeman for nearly six years, and in all that time there had come no opportunity to distinguish himself through heroism or skill, or through any achievement, save the faithful performance of routine duty. His heart now beat high with hope. How pleased his wife would be! His name would be in all the newspapers. "The Murderer Caught! Officer Marowitz Runs Him to Earth!" Officer Marowitz already enjoyed the taste of the intoxicating cup of fame.

In mounting the stairs of the tenement where he lived Marowitz nearly stumbled over the figure of a little boy who was busily engaged in playing Indian, lurking in the darkness in wait for a foe to come along. The next moment the little figure was scrambling over him, shouting with delight:

"It's papa! Come to play Indian with Bootsy!"

"Hello, little rascal!" cried the policeman. "Papa can't play to-day. Got to go right out after naughty man."

Suddenly an idea came to him.

"Want to come along with papa, little Boots?" he asked. The little fellow yelled with joy at the prospect of this rare treat. He was six years old, and had blue eyes and a winsome face. His real name was Hermann, but an infantile tendency to chew for hours all the shoes and boots of the household had fastened upon him the name of "Boots," by which all the neighbourhood knew him and loved him. An hour later, and all that day, and all the next day, and the day after for a whole week, Marowitz and his little son wandered, apparently in aimless fashion, up and down the streets of the East Side. The companionship of the boy was as good as a thousand disguises. It would have been difficult to imagine anything less detective-like or police-like than this amiable-looking young father taking his son out for a holiday promenade.

Occasionally they would wander into one or another of the Jewish cafés, where little Boots ascended to the seventh heaven of joy in sweet drinks while Marowitz gazed about him, carelessly, for a man with a dark beard and a marked ear. In one of these cafés, happening to pick up a Russian newspaper, he read an account of the crime with which this man Gratzberg was charged. It appeared that Gratzberg, while returning from the synagogue with his wife, had accidentally jostled a

young soldier. The soldier had struck him, and abused him for a vile Jew, and Gratzberg, knowing the futility of resenting the insult, had edged out of the soldier's way, and was passing on when he heard a scream from his wife. The soldier, attracted by the woman's comeliness, had thrown his arms around her, saying, "I will take a kiss from those Jewish lips to wipe out the insult to which I have been subjected." In sudden fury Gratzberg rushed upon the soldier, and, with a light cane which he carried, made a swift thrust into his face. The soldier fell to the ground, dead. The thin point of the cane had entered his eye and pierced through into the brain. Gratzberg turned and fled, and from that moment no man had seen him.

Marowitz laid down the paper and frowned. He sat for a long time, plunged in thought. Then, with a shrug of his shoulders, he muttered, "Duty is duty." And, taking little Boots by the hand, he resumed his search for the man with the black beard and the marked ear.

It was a long and tedious search, and almost barren in clues. Two men whom he approached—men whom he knew—remembered having seen a man who answered the description, but their recollection was too dim to afford him the slightest assistance. In the course of the week he had made a dozen visits to every café, restaurant, and meeting place in the neighbourhood, had conscientiously patrolled every street, both by day and by night, had gone into many stores, and followed the delivery of nearly all the Russian newspapers that came into that quarter. But without a glimpse of the man with the marked ear.

There came a night when the heat grew so intense, and the atmosphere so humid and suffocating that nearly every house in the Ghetto poured out its denizens into the street to seek relief. Numerous parties made their way to the river, to lounge about the docks and piers, where a light breeze brought grateful relief from the intense heat.

"Want to go down to the river, Boots?" asked Marowitz.

The lad's eyes brightened. He was worn out with the heat, and too weary to speak. He laid his little hand in his father's, and they went down to the river. Marowitz walked down a long pier, crowded with people, and peered into the face of every man he saw. They were all peaceful workingmen, oppressed by the heat, and seeking rest, and none among them had marked ears. The cool breeze acted like a tonic upon little Boots. In a few minutes he had joined a group of children

who were running out and screaming shrilly at play, and presently his merry voice could plainly be distinguished above all the rest. Marowitz seated himself on the string-piece at the end of the pier, and leaned his head against a post in grateful, contented repose. His mind went ruefully over his week's work.

"He cannot be in this neighbourhood," he thought, "else I would have found some trace of him. I have left nothing undone. I have worked hard and faithfully on this assignment. But luck is against me. To-morrow I will have to report—failure."

It was a depressing thought. He had had his chance and had failed. Promotion—the rosy dawn of fame—became dimmer and dimmer. Now suddenly rose a scream of terror, followed instantly by a loud splash. Then a hubbub of voices and cries. Then, out of the black water, a wild cry, "Papa! Papa!" Even before the people began to run toward him Marowitz realised that Boots had fallen into the river. A swift, sharp pang of dread, of horrible fear, shot through him. He saw the white, upturned face floating by—sprang swiftly, blindly into the water. And not until the splash, when the shock of the cold water struck him, at the very moment when he felt the arms of little Boots envelop him, and felt the strong current sweeping them along—not until then did Marowitz remember that he could not swim a stroke.

"Help! Help!" he cried, at the top of his voice. But the lights of the pier had already begun to fade. The cries of the people were rapidly dying out into a low hum. It was ebb tide, swift and relentless as death. A twist in the current carried them in toward another pier—deserted—and dark—save for a faint gleam of light that shone through an aperture below the string-piece and threw a dancing trail of dim brightness upon the water.

"Help! Help!" cried Marowitz, in despair. He heard an answering cry. The faint light had suddenly been cut off; the opening through which it had shone had suddenly been enlarged; Marowitz saw the figure of a man emerge.

"Help! For God's sake!" he cried.

The man climbed quickly to the top of the pier, shouting something which Marowitz could not distinguish—seized a great log which lay upon the pier, and, holding it in his arms, sprang into the water. A few quick strokes brought him to Marowitz's side. He pushed forward the log so that the policeman could grasp it. Then, allowing the current to

carry them down the stream, yet, by slow swimming guiding the log nearer and nearer toward the shore, the man was finally able to grasp the rudder of a ship at anchor in a dock. A few moments later they stood upon the deck, surrounded by the crew of the ship; the loungers of the wharf alongside gazing down upon them in curiosity. Boots was safe and uninjured. The moment he felt his feet firmly planted on the ship's deck he burst into wild wailing, and Marowitz, with his hand upon his heart, murmured thanks to God. Then he turned to thank his rescuer, who stood, with the water dripping from him, under a ship's lantern. The next moment Marowitz's outstretched hand fell, as if stricken, to his side, and he stood stock still, bewildered. The lantern's rays fell upon the man's ear, illuminating a deep red scar. The water was dripping from the man's long black beard. And when he saw Marowitz draw back, and saw his gaze fastened as if fascinated upon that scarred ear, a ghastly pallor overspread the man's face. For a moment they stood thus, gazing at each other. Then Marowitz strode forward impetuously, seized the man's hand, and carried it to his lips, and in the Yiddish jargon said to him:

"You have saved my boy's life. You have saved my life. May the blessing of the Lord be upon you!"

Marowitz then took his son in his arms and walked briskly homeward.

"What luck?" asked the Chief the next day, when he reported at headquarters. Marowitz shook his head.

"They must be mistaken. He is not in the Jewish quarter."

The Chief frowned. Then Marowitz, with heightened colour, said:

"I want to resign. I—I don't think I'm cut out for a good detective."

"H'm!" said the Chief. "I guess you're right."

Unconverted

The Reverend Thomas Gillespie (it may have been William—I am not sure of his first name) noticed a tall old man with fierce brown eyes standing in the front of the crowd. Then a stone struck the Reverend Gillespie in the face. The crowd pressed in upon him, and it would

have gone ill with the preacher if the tall, brown-eyed man had not turned upon the crowd and, in a voice that drowned every other sound, cried:

“Touch him not! Stand back!”

The crowd hesitated and halted. The tall man had turned his back upon the Reverend Gillespie, and now stood facing the rough-looking group.

“Touch him not!” he repeated. “He is an honest man. He means us no harm. He is but acting according to his lights. He is only mistaken. Whoever throws another stone is an outcast. ‘Before me,’ said the Lord, ‘there is no difference between Jew and Gentile; he that accomplishes good will I reward accordingly.’ Friends, go your way!”

In a few minutes the entire crowd had dispersed; the tall man was helping the clergyman to his feet, and the first “open-air meeting” of the Reverend Gillespie’s “Mission to the East Side Jews” had come to an end. The Reverend’s cheek was bleeding, and the tall man helped him staunch the flow of blood with the aid of a handkerchief that seemed to have seen patriarchal days.

“Friend,” he then said to the clergyman, “can you spare a few moments to accompany me to my home? It is close by, and I would like to speak to you.”

The clergyman’s head was in a whirl. The happenings of the past few minutes had dazed him. He was a young man and enthusiastic, and this idea of converting the Jews of the East Side to Christianity was all his own idea—all his own undertaking, without pay, without hope of reward. He knew German well, and a little Russian, and it had not taken him long to acquire sufficient proficiency in the jargon to make himself clearly understood. Then began this “open-air meeting,” the sudden outburst of derisive cries and hooting before he had uttered a dozen words of the solemn exhortation that he had so carefully planned, then the rush and the stone that had cut his cheek, and—he was only dimly conscious of this—the sudden interference of the tall man. He was glad to accompany his rescuer—glad to do anything that would afford a moment’s quiet rest. The Reverend Gillespie wanted to think the situation over.

The tall man led him into a tenement close by, through the hall, and across a filthy court-yard into a rear tenement, and then up four foul, weary flights of stairs. He opened a door, and the clergyman found

himself in a small dark room that seemed, from its furnishings, as well as from its odours, to serve the purpose of sitting-, sleeping-, dining-room, and kitchen. In one corner stood a couch, upon which lay an old man, apparently asleep. His long, grey beard rose and fell upon the coverlet with his regular breathing; but his cheeks were sunken, and his hands, that clutched the edge of the coverlet, were thin and wasted.

“Rest yourself,” said the tall man to the clergyman. “You are worn out.”

The clergyman seated himself and drew a long breath of relief. He was really tired, and sitting down acted like a tonic. He began to thank his rescuer. It was the first word he had spoken, and his voice seemed to arouse a sudden fire in the eyes of his rescuer.

“Listen!” he cried, leaning forward, and pointing a long, gaunt finger at the clergyman. “Listen to me. I have brought you here because I think you are an honest man. You are like a man who walks in the midst of light with his eyes shut and declares there is no light. You have come here to preach to Jews, to beseech them to forsake the teachings of the Prophets and to believe that the Messiah has come. But to preach to Jews you must first find your Jews. You were not speaking to Jews. It was not a Jew who threw that stone at you. It is true the Talmud says, ‘An Israelite, even when he sins and abandons the faith, is still an Israelite.’ But you have not come to convert the sinners against Israel. You have come to convert Jews. And I have brought you here to show you a Jew.

“That old man whom you see there—no, he is not sleeping. He is dying. You are shocked? No, he has no disease. Medical skill can do nothing for him. He is an old man, tired of the struggle of life, worn out, wasting away. Oh, he will open his eyes again, and he will eat food, too, but there is no hope. In a few days he will be no more.

“He is a Jew. We came from Russia together, he and I, and we struggled together, side by side, for nearly a quarter of a century. It did not take me long to forget many of the things the rabbis had taught me, and to become impatient of the restraints of religion. But he remained steadfast, oh, so steadfast! His religion was the breath of life to him; he could no more depart from it than he could accustom himself to live without breathing. It was a bitter struggle, year after year, slaving from break of day until dark, with nothing to save, no headway, no future, no hope. I often became despondent, but he was always cheerful. He

had the true faith to sustain him; a smile, a cheerful word, and always some apt quotation from the Talmud to dispel my despondent mood.

“He argued with me, he pleaded with me, he read to me the words of the law, and the interpretations of the learned rabbis, day after day, month after month, year after year—always so kind, so gentle, so patient, so loving. And all the while we struggled for our daily living together and suffered and hungered, and many times were subjected to insult and even injury. And he would always repeat from the Talmud, ‘Man should accustom himself to say of everything that God does that it is for the best.’

“Then Fortune smiled upon him. An unexpected piece of luck, a bold enterprise, a few quick, profitable ventures, and he became independent. He made me share his good fortune. We started one of those little banking houses on the East Side, and so great was the confidence that all who knew him possessed in him, that in less than a year we were a well-known, reliable establishment, with prospects that no outsider would ever have dreamed of. Through all the days of prosperity he remained a devout Jew. Not a feast passed unobserved. Not a ceremony went unperformed. Not an act of devotion, of kindness, or of charity prescribed by the Talmud was omitted by my friend.

“Then came the black day—the great panic of six years ago—do you remember it? It came suddenly, on a Friday afternoon, like a huge storm-cloud, threatening to burst the next morning.

“They came to him—all his customers—in swarms, to ask him if he would keep his banking place open the next day. ‘No!’ he said. ‘To-morrow is the Sabbath!’ ‘You will be ruined!’ they cried. ‘We will be ruined!’ ‘Friends,’ he said, in his quiet way, ‘I have enough money laid aside to guard you against ruin, even if all my establishment be wiped from the face of the earth. But to-morrow is the Sabbath. I have observed the Sabbath for nearly sixty years. I must not fail to-morrow.’

“And when the morrow came the bank failed, and they brought the news to him in the synagogue. But he gave no heed to them; he was listening to the reading of the law. They came to tell him that banks were crashing everywhere, that the bottom had fallen out of the world of business and finance. But he was listening to the words that were spoken by Moses on Sinai.

“And,” the narrator’s eyes filled, and the tears began to roll down his cheeks, “on the Monday that followed he gave, to every man and

to every woman and to every child that had trusted him, every penny that he had saved, and he made me give every penny that I had saved. And when all was gone, and the last creditor had gone away, paid in full, he turned to me and said, 'Man should accustom himself to say of everything that God does that it is for the best!'

"And the next day—yes, the very next day—we applied for work in a sweater's shop, and we have been working there ever since.

"We were too old to begin daring ventures over again. I would have clung to the money we had saved, but he—he was so good, so honest, that the very thought of it filled me with shame. And now he is worn out.

"In a few days he will die, and I will be left to fight on alone.

"But, oh, my friend, there, lying on that couch, you see a Jew!

"Would you convert him? What would you have him believe? To what would you change his faith? Ah, you will say there are not many like him. No! Would to God there were! It would be a happier world.

"But it was faith in Judaism that made him what he was. If I—if all Jews could only believe in the religion of their fathers as he believed—what an example to mankind Israel would be!

"My friend, I thank you. You have come with me—you have listened to my story. I must attend to my friend. May the peace of God be with you!"

The Reverend Thomas Gillespie (although, as I said, it may have been William) bowed, and, without a word, walked slowly out of the room. His lips trembled slightly.

The "second outdoor meeting of the Reverend Gillespie's Mission to the East Side Jews" has never taken place.

LITTLE CITIZENS

THE HUMOURS OF SCHOOL LIFE

BY MYRA KELLY



Illustrated by W. D. Stevens

NEW YORK
McCLURE, PHILLIPS & CO.
MCMIV

Little Citizens

Myra Kelly

*In 1899 a young woman of Irish birth and ancestry began teaching on the Lower East Side of New York. "The little children of Israel entrusted to her care"¹ so stimulated her imagination that she was inspired to pen a number of volumes about her experience. Myra Kelly (1875–1910) published *Little Citizens: The Humours of School Life* in 1904, and the book has gone through several editions in succeeding years (it was in print as recently as 1984). *Wards of Liberty* (1907) and *Little Aliens* (1910) never equaled *Little Citizens* in popularity. Theodore Roosevelt, who had been police commissioner in New York City before departing for the nation's capital, wrote Miss Kelly that he and his wife knew her "very amusing and very pathetic accounts of East-Side school-children almost by heart."²*

It may well be, as Lee M. Friedman thought, that her stories were "a little oversentimentalized and overdrawn," and Irving Howe is surely right to describe her ear for Jewish accents as "atrocious"³—she confuses a Yiddish with a German accent—but it remains indisputable that Myra Kelly demonstrated "a real skill of portrayal" and gave her public a new appreciation of immigrant Jewish life.⁴

1. Kelly, *Little Citizens* (New York, 1904), p. 3.

2. Cited in Lee M. Friedman, "Myra Kelly," in *To Doctor R.* (for A. S. W. Rosenbach), ed. Percy E. Lawler et al. (Philadelphia, 1946), p. 73.

3. *Ibid.*, p. 78; Irving Howe, *World of Our Fathers* (New York, 1976), p. 271.

4. Friedman, p. 75.

Four weeks of teaching in a lower East Side school had deprived Constance Bailey of many of the "Ideals in Education" which, during four years in college, she had trustingly acquired. But, despite many discouragements, despite an unintelligible dialect and an autocratic "Course of Study," she clung to an ambition to establish harmony in her kingdom and to impress a high moral tone upon the fifty-eight little children of Israel entrusted to her care. She was therefore troubled and heavy of heart when it was borne in upon her that two of her little flock—cousins to boot, and girls—had so far forgotten the Golden Rule as to be "mad on theirselves and wouldn't to talk even," as that Bureau of Fashionable Intelligence, Sarah Schrodsky, duly reported.

"Und Teacher," Sarah continued, "Eva Gonorowsky's mamma has a mad on Sadie Gonorowsky's mamma, und her papa has a mad on her papa, und her gran'ma has a mad on both of papas und both of mammas, und her gran'pa has a mad somethin' fierce on both of uncles, und her auntie—"

Here Miss Bailey sent the too communicative Sarah to her place and called the divided house of Gonorowsky to her desk for instant judgment. And as she held forth she was delighted to see that her words were falling upon good ground, for the dark and dainty features of her hearers expressed a flattering degree of conviction and of humility. She was admiring the wonderful lashes lying damp and dark on Eva's smooth cheek when the beautiful eyes unclosed, gazed straight across the desk at Sadie, and Eva took a flying leap into Teacher's lap to cling with arms and knees and fingers to her chosen refuge.

"Oh, Teacher, Teacher," she wailed, "Sadie makes on me such a snoot I got a scare over it."

Miss Bailey turned to the so lately placid face of Sadie in search of the devastating "snoot," but met only a serene glance of conscious guilelessness and the assurance:

"No ma'an, I don't makes no snoot on nobody. I get killed as anything off of my mamma sooner I makes a snoot. It ain't polite." This with a reassuring smile and direct and candid gaze.

"Teacher, yiss ma'an, she makes all times a snoot on me," cried the now weeping Eva, "all times. She turns her nose around, und makes go

away her eyes, und comes her tongue out long. On'y I dassent to fight mit her while I'm cousins mit her. Und over cousins you got all times kind feelings."

"Well, Sadie," Teacher questioned, "what have you to say?"

The dark eyes met Teacher's with no shadow in their depths as Sadie uttered her denial:

"I *never* in my world done no snoot."

A shudder of admiring awe swept over the assembled class—followed by a gasp of open contradiction as Sadie went on with her vindication. For Sadie's snoots were the envy of all the class. Had not Morris Mogilewsky paid three cents for lessons in the art, and, with the accomplishment, frightened a baby into what its angry mother described as "spine-yell convulsions"? And now Sadie was saying, "I *couldn't* to make no snoot. Never. But, Teacher, it's like this: Eva makes *me* whole bunches of trouble. Bertha Binderwitz und me is monitors in the yard when the childrens comes back from dinner. So-o-oh, I says, 'front dress,' like you says, so the childrens shall look on what head is in front of them. On'y Eva she don't 'front dress' at all, but extra she longs out her neck and rubs on me somethin' fierce—"

"It's a lie!" interrupted Eva gently. "I don't make nothing like that. I stands by my line und Sadie she makes faces on me with her hand. It ain't polite." This with plaintive self-righteousness. "No ma'an, it *ain't* polite—you makes snoots mit your hand like this." And as Eva illustrated with outspread fingers and a pink thumb in juxtaposition to a diminutive nose, Teacher, with uncertain gravity, was forced to admit that snoots of that description are sanctioned by few books of etiquette.

"Now, my dear little girls," said she, "this quarrelling must stop. I want you to kiss each other as cousins should."

This suggestion was a distinct failure. Eva and Sadie, with much fluttering of aprons and waving of curls, sought opposite corners of the schoolroom, while up started Sarah Schrodsky with: "Teacher, they couldn't to make no kissing. They're mad on theirselves 'cause their mammas has a mad. Sadie's mamma says like this on Eva's mamma, 'Don't you dast to talk to me—you lives by the fifth floor und your man is a robber.' Und Eva's mamma says—"

When Teacher had managed to silence Sarah she led the weeping Gonorowskys back to their places and the scholastic world wagged on

in outward tranquillity.

Hostilities were temporarily suspended some days later owing to the illness of Sadie, by far the more aggressive of the opposing parties. Eva led a placid life for three peaceful days, and then—as by law prescribed and postal card invited—Sadie’s mother came to explain her daughter’s absence. Large of person, bland of manner, in a heavy black shawl and a heavier black wig, Mrs. Lazarus Gonorowsky stood beaming and bobbing in the hall.

“I likes I should Sadie Gonorowsky’s teacher see,” she began, in the peculiar English of the adult population of the East Side. Mrs. Gonorowsky could neither use nor understand her young daughter’s copious invective. Upon being assured that the diminutive form before her was indeed clothed with authority, she announced:

“Comes a letter I should by the school come. I was Sadie’s mamma.” Here she drew from the inner recesses of the black shawl a bundle which, being placed in a perpendicular position, proved to be the most recent addition to the Gonorowsky household. She smoothed it with a work-worn but tender hand, and repeated in a saddened voice: “Yes, ma’am, I was her mamma und she lays now on the bed.”

The increasing sadness of Mrs. Gonorowsky’s announcement and its sinister phraseology startled Teacher. “Not dead!” she cried. “Oh, surely not dead!”

“Sure not,” was the indignant response. “She’s got such a sickness she must lay on the bed, und comes the doctor. Sadie’s papa holds much on that child, Miss Teacher, und all times he has a worry over her. Me too. She comes by the school tomorrow maybe, und I ask you by a favour you should do me the kindness to look on her. So she feel again sick she should better on the house come. She say, ‘Oh, mamma, I got a lovely teacher; I likes to look on her the while she has such a light face.’ ”

Having thus diplomatically led up to a question, Mrs. Gonorowsky with great suavity asked, “Sadie is a good girl, hein?”

“Oh, yes, indeed.”

“She is shmartd, hein? She don’t make you no troubles?”

“Well,” Miss Bailey answered, “she has rather bothered me lately by quarrelling with her little cousin, Eva.”

“So-o-oh!” exclaimed Sadie’s parent ponderously. “So-o-oh, Eva Gonorowsky makes you troubles; she is a bad girl—I tell Sadie—Sadie

is a good girl—I tell her she should make nothings with Eva soch a bad girl. For what you not put her back by baby class? She is not shmartd.”

“Oh, but she is; she is a bright little thing,” cried Teacher. “I couldn’t think of putting her back. She’s a dear little girl and I can’t imagine why Sadie quarrels with her.”

Mrs. Gonorowsky drew her ample form to a wonderful erectness, readjusted her shawl, and answered with much stateliness:

“It was a trouble from off of real estate.” With dignity and blandness she proceeded to kiss Teacher’s hand, and signified entire willingness to entrust her precious Sadie to the care of so estimable a young person, inquired solicitously if the work were not too much for so small a lady, and cautioned the young person against rainy mornings. Had she a mackintosh? Mr. Gonorowsky was selling them off that week. Were her imperceptibles sufficiently warm? Mr. Gonorowsky, by a strange chance, was absolutely giving away “fine all from wool” imperceptibles, and the store was near. Mrs. Gonorowsky then withdrew, leaving a kindly sentiment in Teacher’s heart and an atmosphere of ironing-boards and onions in the hall. On the following morning Sadie returned to her “light-faced” teacher, and for one whole day hostilities were suspended.

But on the morning after this truce Eva was absent from her accustomed place and Sadie blandly disclaimed all knowledge of her whereabouts. After the noon recess a pathetic little figure wavered in the doorway with one arm in a sling and one eye in a poultice. The remaining eye was fixed in deep reproach on the face of Isidore Belchatosky, the Adonis of the class, and the eye was the eye of Eva.

“Eva!” exclaimed Teacher, “oh, Eva, what can you have been doing? What’s the matter with your eye?”

“Isidore Belchatosky he goes und makes me this here shiner,” said Eva’s accusing voice, as the eye under the poultice was uncovered for a moment. It was indeed a “shiner” of aggravated aspect, and Isidore cringed as it met his affrighted gaze. The sling and the bandages were of gay chintz, showing forth the adventures of Robinson Crusoe, and their lurid colours made them horribly conspicuous. Friday scampered across Eva’s forehead, pursued by savages; and Crusoe, under his enormous umbrella, nestled close to her heart.

“Surely Isidore would never hit a little girl?” Teacher remonstrated.

“Teacher, yiss ma’an; he makes me this here shiner. Sadie she goes

und tells him she kisses him a kiss so he makes me a shiner. He's lovin' mit her und she's got kind feelin's by him, the while his papa's got a candy cart. It's a stylish candy cart mit a bell und a horn. So-o-oh I was yesterday on the store for buy my mamma some wurst, und I don't make nothings mit nobody."

Here the poor, half-blind Eva, with her love and talent for pantomime, took a gay little walk past Teacher's desk, with tossing head and swinging skirts. Then with a cry she recoiled from the very memory of her wrongs.

"Come Isidore! Und he hits me a hack on my leg so I couldn't to hold it even. So I falls und I make me this here shiner. Und when my mamma seen how comes such a bile on my bone she had a mad; she hollered somethin' fierce."

One could well sympathize with the harassed Mrs. Nathan Gonorowsky.

"So-o-oh," continued Eva with melancholy enjoyment, "my mamma she puts medsin at a rag und bangages up mine eye. Und now I ain't healthy."

"Sadie Gonorowsky, come here!" commanded Miss Bailey, in a voice which lifted Sadie bodily from the place to which she had guiltily determined to cling. And Sadie went, jaunty of air, but with shifting eyes.

"Isidore Belchatosky, come here!" commanded Miss Bailey, and Isidore slunk after his divinity.

Teacher was savagely angry, but by-laws forbade corporal punishment, and principles—and the Principal—bade noisy upbraidings. And so with long, strange words, to supply the element of dread uncertainty, she began to speak, slowly and coldly as one ever should when addressing ears accustomed to much sputtering profanity.

"Sadie and Isidore, did you dare to interfere with the life, the liberty and the happiness of our cherished young friend, Eva Gonorowsky? Did you *dare*?"

"No ma'an," said Sadie with a sob.

"It's a lie!" said Isidore with a snuffle.

"Did you, Isidore, allow yourself to be tempted by beauty to such inconceivable depravity as to blacken Eva's eye?"

"No ma'an. Self done it."

"Did you, Sadie, descend so low as to barter kisses with Isidore

Belchatosky?"

"No ma'an," this with much scorn. "I wouldn't to kiss him; he's a scare-cat, und he tells out."

"What did he tell?" asked Teacher.

"He tells out how I say I kiss him a kiss so he make Eva a shiner. Und I wouldn't to do it. Never. So he gave me five cents even, I wouldn't to kiss no scare-cat."

"Well, then, why did you promise?"

"Cause I couldn't to hit her mineself," said the doughty Sadie. She was inches taller than her victim, and stout withal. "I couldn't, 'cause I ain't so healthy; I'm a nervous child, Teacher, und I was day-before-yesterday sick on the bed."

Here the plaintive plaintiff showed a desire to testify once more, and Teacher appointed three-thirty that afternoon as the hour most suitable for a thorough examination of the case.

When the last arm had been twisted into the last sleeve, when the last chin had been tied into the last shawl, when the last dispute as to ownership in disreputable mittens had been settled, the great case of *Gonorowsky vs. Gonorowsky* was called. On either side of the desk stood a diminutive Gonorowsky; Eva still plaintive, and Sadie, redly, on the defensive. Directly in front stood that labourer defrauded of his hire, that tool in the hands of guileful woman—Isidore Belchatosky.

"Now," Teacher began, "I want to hear nothing but the truth. Isidore, did you hit Eva?"

"Yiss ma'an."

"What for?"

"For a kiss."

"From whom?"

Here Sadie muttered a threat "to lay him down dead if he tells," and Isidore required promise of safe conduct to his own block before he consented to murmur:

"Sadie Gonorowsky."

"Did you get the kiss?"

"No ma'an."

"Do you know anything about this fight?"

"No ma'an."

"Well, then, you may go home now, and bring your mother with you to-morrow morning."

Isidore left with a heavy heart and the enquiry was continued.

“What has Sadie been doing to you, Eva?” asked Teacher, and Eva, with resigned mien, answered:

“All things,” and then details followed.

“She makes on me a snoot, she pulls me on the bottom of my hair, she goes und takes her pencil und gives me a stick in my face. When I was marchin’ she extra takes her shoes und steps at my legs; I got two swollen legs over her. Und now”—here a sob—“you could to look on how she makes me biles und shiners.”

As Eva’s voice droned out these many accusations, Sadie grew more emphatic in her favourite repartee:

“It’s a lie! It’s a lie! It’s a lie!”

“And now, Eva, will you tell me *why* Sadie has been doing all these naughty things?”

“Teacher, I don’t know.”

“Oh, yes; you do!”

“No ma’an; I don’t. I could swear if I do. I kiss up to God.” She wafted a kiss towards the ceiling. “I got all times a kind feelin’ over Sadie, on’y she wouldn’t to be glad on me. I seen yesterday her little brother in the street mit Sadie und she make he shouldn’t to talk to me. My heart it breaks when she make like that; I’m got no brother und no sister und I’m lovin’ *so* much mit my little cousin. She goes und makes he should say nothin’ und in *mine* eyes stands tears. I was sad.”

“Well, dear, that’s a shame,” said Teacher, “and if you really don’t understand, go out into the assembly room and wait for me. Sadie is going to tell me all about it.”

Eva vanished, only to return with the lurid bandage in her hand and the query:—“Can I make this wet?”

Upon receiving permission so to do she retired with her courteous “Good-afternoon, Teacher,” and her unchanged “Good-by, Sadie; I’m got yet that kind feelin’.” Truly the “pangs of disprized love” seemed hers.

Several kinds of persuasion were practised in Room 18 during the next five minutes. Then Sadie accepted defeat, faced the inevitable, and began:

“It’s like this: I dassent to be glad on Eva. So I want even, I dassent. My mamma has the same mad, und my papa. My mamma she says like this: So my papa gets sooner glad on my uncle she wouldn’t to be

wifes mit him no more! *Such* is the mad she has!”

“Why?”

“Well. Mine uncle he come out of Russia. From long he come when I was a little bit of baby. Und he didn’t to have no money for buy a house. So my papa—he’s awful kind—he gives him thousen dollers so he could to buy. Und say, Teacher, what you think? he don’t pays it back. It *ain’t* polite you takes thousen dollers und don’t pays it back.”

Sadie’s air, as she submitted this rule of social etiquette to Teacher’s wider knowledge, was a wondrous thing to see—so deferential was it and yet so assured.

“So my papa he writes a letter on my uncle how he could to pay that thousen dollers. *Goes* months. *Comes* no thousen dollers. So my papa he goes on the lawyer und the lawyer he writes on my uncle a letter how he should to pay. *Goes* months. *Comes* no thousen dollers.” At each repetition of these fateful words Sadie shook her serious head, pursed up her rosy mouth, folded her hands resignedly, and sighed deeply. Clearly this was a tale more than twice told, for the voice and manner of Sadie were as the voice and manner of Mrs. Lazarus Gonorowsky, and the recital was plagiarism—masterly and complete.

“And then?” prompted Teacher, lest the conversation languish.

“Well, my papa writes some more a letter on mine uncle. Oh-o-oh, a awful bossy-und-mad letter. All the mad words what my papa knows he writes on mine uncle. Und my mamma she sets by my papa’s side und all the mad words what my mamma knows she tells on my papa und he writes them, too, on mine uncle. Mine uncle (that’s Eva’s papa) could to have a fierce mad sooner he seen that bossy letter. But *goes* two days. *Comes* no thousen dollers.”

Here ensued a long and dramatic pause.

“Well, comes no thousen dollers. Comes nothings. On’y by night my mamma she puts me on my bed; when comes my uncle! He comes und makes a knopping on our door. I couldn’t to tell even how he makes knopping. I had such a scare I was green on the face, und my heart was going so you could to hear. I’m a nervous child, Missis Bailey, und my face is all times green sooner I gets a scare.”

This last observation was a triumph of mimicry, and recalled Mrs. Gonorowsky so vividly as to make her atmosphere of garlic and old furniture quite perceptible.

“So my mamma hears how my uncle knopps und says ‘Lemme in—

lemme in.' She says ('scuse me, Teacher)—she says 'he must be' ('scuse me) 'drunk.' That's how my mamma says.

"So goes my papa by the door und says 'Who stands?' Und my uncle he says 'Lemme in.' So-o-oh my papa he opens the door. Stands my uncle mit cheeky looks und he showed a fist on my papa. My papa has a fierce mad sooner he seen that fist—fists is awful cheeky when somebody ain't paid. So my papa he says ('scuse me)—it's fierce how he says, on'y he had a mad over that fist. He says ('scuse me), 'Go to hell!' und my uncle, what ain't paid that thousen dollers, he says just like that to my papa. He says too ('scuse me, Teacher), 'Go to hell!' So-o-oh then my papa hits my uncle (that's Eva's papa), und how my papa is strong I couldn't to tell even. He pulls every morning by the extrasizer, und he's got such a muscles! So he hits my uncle (that's Eva's papa), und my uncle he fall und he fall und he fall—we live by the third floor, und he fall off of the third floor by the street—und even in falling he says like that ('scuse me, Teacher), 'Go to hell! go to hell! go to hell!' Ain't it somethin' fierce how he says? On all the steps he says, 'Go to hell! go to hell! go to hell!' "

Miss Bailey had listened to authoritative lectures upon "The Place and Influence of the Teacher in Community Life," and was debating as to whether she had better inflict her visit of remonstrance upon Mr. Lazarus Gonorowsky, of the powerful and cultivated muscle, or upon Mr. Nathan Gonorowsky, of the deplorable manners, when this opportunity to bring the higher standards of living into the home was taken from her. The house of Gonorowsky, in jagged fragments, was tested as by fire and came forth united.

Eva was absent one morning, and Sadie presented the explanation in a rather dirty envelope:

Dear Miss:

Excuse pliss that Eva Gonarofsky comes not on the school. We was moving und she couldn't to find her clothes.

Yurs Resptphs,

Her elders,

Nathan Gonorowsky,

Becky Ganurwoski.

"Is Eva going far away?" asked Teacher. "Will she come to this school any more?"

"Teacher, yiss ma'an, sure she comes; she lives now by my house.

My uncle he lives by my house, too. Und my aunt.”

“And you’re not angry with your cousin any more?”

“Teacher, no ma’an; I’m loving mit her. She’s got on now all mine best clothes the while her mamma buys her new. My aunt buys new clothes, too. Und my uncle.”

Sadie reported this shopping epidemic so cheerily that Teacher asked with mild surprise:

“Where are all their old things?”

“Teacher, they’re burned. Und my uncle’s store und his *all* of goods, und his house und his three sewing machines. All, all burned!”

“Oh, dear me!” said Teacher. “Your poor uncle! Now he can never pay that thousand dollars.”

Sadie regarded Teacher with puzzled eyes.

“Sure he pays. He’s now ‘most as rich like Van’pilt. I guess he’s got a hundred dollers. He pays all right, all right, und my papa had a party over him: he had such a awful glad!”

“Glad on your uncle?” cried Teacher, startled into colloquialisms.

“Yiss ma’an. Und my mamma has a glad on Eva’s mamma, und my gran’ma has a glad on both of papas und both of mammas, und my gran’pa has a glad just like my gran’ma. All, all glad!”

As Teacher walked towards Grand Street that afternoon, she met a radiant little girl with a small and most unsteady boy in tow. She recognized Eva and surmised the cousin whose coldness had hurt her even unto tears.

“Well, Eva, and what little boy is this?” she asked.

And the beaming and transformed Eva answered:

“It’s my little cousin. He’s lovin’ mit me now. Sadie, too, is lovin’. I take him out the while it’s healthy he walks, on’y he ain’t so big und he falls. Say, Teacher, it’s nice when he falls. I holds him in my hands.”

And fall he did. Eva picked him up, greatly to their mutual delight, and explained:

“He’s heavy, und my this here arm ain’t yet so healthy, but I hold him in my hands the while he’s cousins mit me, und over cousins I’m got all times that kind feelin’.”

GLIMPSES
OF
A STRANGE WORLD

BY
H. S. STOLLNITZ
AUTHOR OF "THE REDEMPTION—A DOUBLE DREAM"

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR
MCMVIII

Glimpses of a Strange World

Henry S. Stollnitz

Born in Russian Lomzha in 1865, Henry Sandé Stollnitz served as hazzan (cantor) in Wuerttemberg and subsequently in New York, Maryland, California, and New Jersey. He held rabbinical positions in Hoboken, New Jersey, and Tampa, Florida. Active as a fictionist and a journalist, he enjoyed the regard of several notable exponents of liberal Judaism: Gotthard Deutsch, J. Leonard Levy, and Max Heller were all willing to supply encomia about his publications.¹ A Tampa physician, Dr. William C. Richardson, declared himself impressed with Rabbi Stollnitz's "intelligent and sympathetic insight"² in the collection of vignettes which appeared in 1908 under the title Glimpses of a Strange World.

It is an unutterably sentimental outlook Stollnitz displays in Glimpses. From the remoteness of Tampa, he offers a Panglossian effigy of the goldeneh medineh.

1. See "Dr. Stollnitz and His Work" at the rear of Glimpses.

2. *Ibid.*

Chapter I

“Woe me! Woe is to me! Shall we remain forevermore a prey to such atrocities? How many weary days was I scraping together those two rubles for a pair of new Tefilin!” (phylacteries.)

“Esther Leben! How my heart aches! If I only had the means I would flee to the end of the earth. Surely, there cannot be another spot on God’s earth where the Jew is so oppressed. Woe, woe is me! But there is a God, the same God who hath delivered his people from Egyptian bondage!”

Thus spoke Chatskel Shimanowski to his wife Esther one morning, after being forced into bribing a burly officer of the peace of Ostrolenka, Poland, where they lived.

Malkeh, their little daughter and only child, had gone on an errand for her mother and on the way was assailed by some rude non-Jewish boys. The father, hearing his little girl’s pitiful cries, hurried to her rescue. A crowd had gathered and the policeman, without the least investigation, dragged the Jew to the station. Poor Chatskel, anticipating the consequences, for he knew with what injustice the Jew would be dealt by the magistrate, bought his freedom of the officer with the two rubles above-mentioned.

From that time the Shimanowski family worked more zealously, and lived more economically, than ever before, for they had an aim and that aim was America.

“Well, Esther Leben, with the aid of His blessed Name, we are at last at our destination. Oh, how thankful I am to the Lord of the universe that our tiresome and wearisome trip is over. I thought I would never outlive it. His Name, blessed be it, shall forgive me for uttering such ungrateful words, for naught happens without His design; but very great was the agony I suffered, and chiefly on account of you, my good wife, and of our Malkeh. I did not murmur for fear of aggravating conditions, but when I saw you and the child suffering, and myself lying prostrate, thus not being able to render assistance, my soul rebelled and my heart felt as if it would break.”

These were the first words spoken by Chatskel Shimanowski on landing in New York at an early hour on a Friday morning, after a

most unpleasantly long voyage from Ostrolenka, Poland, not to mention the indescribably annoying ordeals the Shimanowski family was forced to go through on the way from their place of residence to the German frontier, and from thence to Hamburg. They experienced a stormy and disaster-threatening sea journey, which was trying enough to people who are accustomed to traveling and who are provided with all the comforts money can supply; but how much more so to poor people of the kind of Chatskel Shimanowski, of his spouse, Esther, and of their sixteen-year-old daughter, Malkeh, who never in their humble lives were on a railroad train, and a steamer they knew from hearsay only. They had often heard of the woes and tribulations of steerage travel, described in letters by some friends residing in America, but they could never have realized the hardships and deprivations which they went through, particularly Chatskel. He was of a frail constitution, and so pious that he would rather have perished of starvation than indulged in food not prepared in accordance with Jewish rite. It can therefore be easily imagined what they suffered, and how rejoiced they were when they entered Castle Garden [in New York Harbor].

No matter how gruesome a feeling we experience when passing through a long tunnel, the moment the smiling sun greets us this feeling entirely vanishes. So it is with a wearisome sea voyage: the moment we leave the ship and behold the spot of our destination, our thoughts are occupied with the surrounding present, with the future, and we are not over desirous of looking back to the past when its pictures are not of an agreeable nature.

This was the case of Mrs. Esther Shimanowski. She was of robust physique and of a philosophical turn of mind, and after her husband had relieved his aching mind by his thanksgivings, she pettingly put her hand on his shoulder and consolingly replied: "Oh, Chatskel Leben, it was of no use to worry about me or Malkeh. The One above hath looked and will look after us, and He sendeth not burdens heavier than we can bear. I thank thee for thy consideration and let us be grateful to His blessed Name, who hath sent us such redeeming angels as Mrs. and Mr. Wilhelm. Thanks to their heart's nobility that our condition was not still worse. How kind those people were to us in spite of being non-Jews. May they be blessed!"

"Yes, may the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob bless them eternally," Chatskel added.

They bought five cents' worth of bananas, the first they had ever seen, and with bread consumed them with great relish. To make the meal complete they each drank a cup of the fresh fountain water in the park, and after enjoying a two hours' rest on one of the benches, they divided their belongings into three packets, although Malkeh begged her father, but without avail, to let her carry his bundle, too, and thus proceeded to hunt for Ludlow Street.

To their dismay Shmool Jacobowski, a distant relative of theirs, whose address Chatskel had guarded like a treasure for the last two years, had moved to quarters unknown. They were terror-stricken and more than ever aware what it meant to be poor and homeless in a strange land whose language was more wonderful to them than the fine structures, twenty-eight stories high. But the consciousness that Jehovah was on Ludlow Street as well as in Ostrolenka filled their souls with new hopes.

It did not escape Esther's notice how pale and haggard her Chatskel looked. She asked him to sit down on his "peckel" (packet) while she went off to look for a place of lodging. But a short time elapsed before she returned with a mien of triumph and commanded: 'Come, Chatskel Leben! Malkeh Leben, take my peckel, please, and I'll carry father's and yours.'

Chatskel was bewildered: he knew not if he should admire Esther's pluck, think of his exhausted purse or his own condition, or follow with eyes and mind the doings of the American loafers who surrounded them and vied with each other in trying to terrorize the new arrivals. He looked undecided, then said to his Esther: "I thought there were idlers in Ostrolenka only, but it seems they have plenty of them in America, too."

"Come, come Chatskel Leben," Esther coaxingly replied, "erevra'v (riffraff) you'll find even in Jerusalem."

Chatskel threw on their tormentors a look of deep contempt, gathered together his aching limbs and musingly followed his Esther, assisted by his devoted daughter Malkeh. They entered a tenement house, an edifice of extensive dimensions. On the first landing of the stairway Chatskel halted and earnestly spoke: "Esther Leben, I fear we do not possess the means to take up quarters in such a palace. You could put entire Ostrolenka in it." Whereupon Esther pacifyingly remarked: "The God who giveth life provideth with life's necessities."

They climbed one flight, two, three, finally the fourth, breathless to be sure, especially poor Chatskel, who hastily seated himself on the top step to regain his breath, remarking after he was somewhat restored: "I do not now wonder why the Americans have such a queer language, because they build such Babylonian edifices."

Meanwhile the sub-landlady came out, opened the door of the scantily furnished room they were to occupy and bade them welcome.

The very first thing Esther did was to unpack and light the "Samovar" (tea-machine). She found a little Russian tea tied in a corner of a handkerchief, and in a very few minutes the affectionate trio sipped out of the tumblers. (Seldom do they drink out of any other vessel—to see the tea is essential to the enjoyment thereof.) They smacked their lips and Chatskel exclaimed: "Ah, Esther Leben, that was a treat! Long live my Esther! Mayest thou make tea in Jerusalem." Whereupon mother and daughter responded "Amen."

It was about two o'clock, the May sun shone brightly, and a refreshing breeze was blowing. Esther begged Chatskel to lie down and take a nap, and bade Malkeh to stay and respond to the desires of her father while she herself would try to make preparations for the Sabbath.

Chatskel drew forth his pocket-book and all three counted: two dollars and ninety-seven cents, which sum, after the deduction of one dollar for a week's lodging, was reduced to one dollar and ninety-seven cents.

"Ah," exclaimed Chatskel, "not so bad yet! I am rich, for I am contented! Money, a lodging, and above all, though last, an Esther, a virtuous woman! And my Malkeh! How many millions is she worth? Is she not a real queen? May she live till one hundred years!

"With the entry of the Sabbath cometh the bliss of rest. I am happy and rejoice that we arrived in time to celebrate Sabbath according to our rites. Yes, Esther Leben, I'll lie down for awhile whilst you prepare for Sabbath, and then I'll go to 'Shool' (synagogue) and pour out my heart to our Lord, our Maker. I shall pray for your welfare, my beloved ones, for mine and for that of the entire human race. Oh, Esther Leben, is it the tea, or the pure love with which it was scented? I feel a new soul in me. Oh, I am so infinitely happy!"

He then arose and threw himself on the bed and within a few moments slept the sleep of the righteous. He dreamed, and in his dream he saw the sweetest visions of a paradise, reserved for the perfectly right-

eous only; he beheld a deputation of seraphim, ophanim, and holy beings surrounding him, the angel Michael to his right, Gabriel to his left, and at his head the resplendence of the mighty God. He heard a voice of God addressing him: "Fear thee not, Chatskel ben Shimon, the God of thy forefathers is with thee, thou shalt not stumble. Follow in the path of the God of thy father Israel and thou shalt experience and enjoy all the glory he hath promised on Mount Moriah." Here the gates of the vaults opened themselves and lo, the treasures and luxuries stored up therein well-nigh blinded him. He was overwhelmed with a joy which knew no bounds and he cried out: "Hineni!" (Here I am, thy servant!) in a voice so ringing and powerful that Esther and Malkeh, who were busily engaged in cleaning fish in the hallway, in order not to disturb the one they loved from his sleep, became frightened and ran to his bedside.

"Masoltov! Masoltov!" he cried. "A Baskol! A Baskol!" (Good luck! Good luck! A voice of God! A voice of God!)

The poor wife feared a derangement of his reason. He continued: "See ye not the resplendence of God with us? Hear ye them not, the host of angels filling this space and in sweet chorus singing: 'Holy-holy-holy-Lord of hosts'? Oh, how happy am I! I am filled with joy! The Great, the Mighty, and the Tremendous is with all of us and we fear not!"

Mother and daughter soon understood the situation, and when Chatskel concluded with: "The name of the Lord be blessed eternally," they responded aloud "Amen."

It was four o'clock. Chatskel had learned from the landlady before he lay down, that they go to the synagogue on Allen Street at six, and she promised to send her little boy Simche with him as a guide. He jumped up quickly. How he longed to take his accustomed bath in honor of the Sabbath, but the expenditure it would involve, his being strange, and, above all, fearing that he might be late for the reception of the Sabbath, were factors weighty enough to dissuade him, and he contented himself with washing his face and hands. Esther had prepared warm water for a foot bath, but wishing to be early in the synagogue so as to be able to indulge in the pentateuch, the abstract for the week and its commentary before the "Chazan" (cantor) began, he thankfully declined to use it.

Chapter II

What a mighty factor is song! We find even Spiegelberg in Schiller's "Robbers" indulging in singing. Some of the wildest animals are tamed by sweet strains of music and song. For ages song has been, and still is, the constant and inseparable companion of the Jew. When his heart is cast down he pours it out in song and finds solace in the soft minor keys. When he feasts or celebrates he gives vent to his happy feelings through song, and song constitutes the bulk of his religious services. It is easy to judge a nation's degree of culture by its musical standard. A Jew will frequently travel many miles to hear a good "Chazan."

Chatskel's joyful anticipation of hearing the enchanting melodies of the "Chazan," who had been described to him as a great singer with a voice pleasing and sweet, would beggar all descriptions. After he had completed his toilet by arranging himself in his Sabbath surtout, he looked in the eyes of his Esther and Malkeh as the living picture of the Lord's creation, and their approving smile expressed more than words could say. Wife and daughter insisted he should partake of a bun and a little broth, for they feared he might get too weak were he to wait until after "Shool" and, *nolens volens*, he had to submit.

Light hearted and with refreshed body and mind, Chatskel Shimanowski, accompanied by little Simche, proceeded to the house of worship. On their way a fruit peddler passed and Simche asked his charge for a penny with which to purchase some huckleberries, the first of the season. Not complying with the demand, for Chatskel never carried money with him on the Sabbath, the guide avenged himself by leaving the perplexed stranger to his fate. But, thanks to Jehovah, many of those faithful ones who receive the Sabbath early and dismiss it late were already on their way to "Shool" whom Chatskel joined.

In the mean time Esther, assisted by Malkeh, put forth strenuous efforts to "make Sabbath" by not only using remarkable discretion in her purchases (for, all told, including five cents which she dropped in the charity-box for the poor of Jerusalem, and three cents she gave to a poor man who knocked at the door, she spent fifty-seven cents), but in devising to replace some missing kitchen utensils. For instance, not having a rolling-pin to make noodles she used a bottle instead; for

candle-sticks she used two big potatoes, and so on. Before sunset all was complete to receive the holy Sabbath. She dressed herself in her queenly attire, consisting of a brand new calico dress, an apron and a bonnet with broad ribbons, said the prayer over the candles, and awaited her Chatskel—her “Balbos” (head of the house)—her lord—her king. Holy Sabbath reigned as I. G. Asher sings in his “Friday Night,”

“The air is still, the lamp is lit,
 With blessings for this hallowed eve,
 All cares are hushed, and shadows flit
 In every grateful prayer we weave,
 And over all is shed the light
 Of love, to welcome Friday night.”

At the vestibule to the first holy edifice in America which Chatskel visited his heart throbbed, he was bewildered and saw in his fantasy the gates of the heavens through which the prayers and wishes of his people went up to the King of kings, and he prayed:

“How goodly are thy tents, O Jacob! thy tabernacles, O Israel! And in the greatness of thy benevolence, will I enter thy house, in reverence of thee will I bow down towards the temple of thy holiness, O Lord! I love the habitation of thy house and the dwelling place of thy glory. I therefore will prostrate myself, bow down, and bend the knee before the Lord, my Maker. And I will offer my prayer unto thee, O Lord, in an acceptable time, in thy abundant mercy, O God, answer me in the truth of thy salvation.”

With great reverence he then entered the temple, read all prayers preparatory to the reception of the holy Sabbath, and the “Chazan” sang:

“Come let us proceed to meet the Sabbath, for it is the source of blessing appointed of old, even at the creation, though last in execution, it was first in design.” Chatskel eagerly and with mighty voice joined the congregation in the refrain: “Come, my beloved, to meet the bride.” (The poet has compared the Sabbath to a bride, bringing joy and happiness to Israel, to whom she has been united by the Eternal.) “Let us welcome the presence of the Sabbath.” To praise the name of the Lord as it is written: “All my bones shall say, O Lord, who is like unto thee? Who deliverest the poor from him that is too strong for

him, the poor and the needy from the oppressor?" Chatskel not only sang, but jumped and swayed his whole body as the wind does the branches of a willow-tree. His enthusiasm grew stronger and mightier with every verse, so that he was in a sort of catalepsy from which he did not awaken until the "Chazan" ended with: "The Lord is with me and I fear not!"

He was in a fine frame of mind. His soft heart expanded by the great love he cherished for the entire human brotherhood. He therefore greeted every one within his reach with extended hand and a cordial "Good Shabbas," while they returned a "Good year," and a "Peace be with you" to boot, and at the portals he planted himself to wait for the "Chazan" to present him with the extra "Good Sabbath" he had reserved for him. He told him how he admired and was touched by his excellent voice and fine melodies, and declared him the best "Chazan" he had ever heard. The prayer-master was highly flattered and promised to excel himself the next morning.

With a great treat behind and a still greater one ahead, Chatskel Shimanowski hurried homeward in the mood of one who had won the highest prize in a lottery, and could not reach home quickly enough to impart the good news to his beloved ones. The four flights which had previously so exhausted him, he now flew up with ease. Malkeh awaited him at the door, while her mother was deeply interested in the jargon [Yiddish] translation of the Pentateuch. Chatskel put his hands on his daughter's head and blessed her: "God make thee like Sarah, Rebecca, Rachel, and Leah." Proceeding to his wife he said: "Good Sabbath, Esther Leben. May it be the will of His Name, blessed be it, that all turn to good luck." Whereupon she and her Malkeh called out: "Amen! Amen! Father, Merciful God!"

With a look of astonishment he surveyed the room and knew not over which creation of Esther's ingenuity he should marvel first, for there was naught missing of Sabbath comfort which they were wont to have in Ostrolenka. Tears of joy filled his eyes and with emotion he cited from the Proverbs, Chap. XXXI, verse *x ad fin*: "Who can find a virtuous woman? Her value is far above gems. The heart of her husband trusteth in her and he shall never lack gain. She dispenseth good to him and not evil, all the days of her life, . . ."

After the sanctification of the wine, he washed his hands and said the prescribed prayer for that function, and then they seated them-

selves at the table, Esther to the right and Malkeh to his left. At that moment a feeling overcame the happy Chatskel which, if it ever can, may be described by the following verses:

“Not the choicest of wines at a banqueting board
 Can ever such exquisite pleasure afford
 As the Friday night meal when prepared with due zest
 To honor thee, Sabbath, thou day of sweet rest.
 With thy angels attending thee, one at each side,
 Come on Friday betimes in pure homes to abide,
 In the homes of the faithful that shine in their bliss
 Like souls from a world that is better than this.”

He spoke the prayer over the “Chalos” (shewbread), and the repast progressed amid joy and the expressions of mutual appreciation and encouragement, Chatskel remarking that such a broth would be good enough for even the richest man. But when the “gefillte” fish were put on the table, accompanied by freshly grated horse-radish, Chatskel’s eulogies for his Esther Leben were beyond limit, and he said if paradise was reserved for the most righteous, he was sure his Esther was destined to become one of its heaviest stockholders, and next to her his Malkeh. It is needless to state how highly flattered and happy the two devotees were.

Chatskel had undertaxed the power of the freshly grated horse-radish, and indulging in an undue quantity thereof he began to cough and sneeze, the tears running down his cheeks, and he jumped up from his chair like one possessed. Mother and daughter feared he had swallowed a fish bone, and Esther, in her remarkable presence of mind, grasped the “gefillte kishke” (filled intestine) and thrust it into the throat of her beloved Chatskel, which process would surely have suffocated the agonized man had it not been for Esther’s presence of mind quickly to pull it out again.

Once more happiness reigned and Chatskel tuned his voice for “Zemiros” (the table hymns). Kind nature had provided Shimanowski with a pleasant tenor voice of lyric quality, and although he had not the remotest knowledge of music, nevertheless he sang the traditional melodies very acceptably.

The orator, the preacher, the pleading one, and the singer will rarely fail to effect the desired impression when the utterings come from the depth of an honest, pure, and feeling heart, for “what cometh from the

heart penetrateth the heart," is the Hebrew adage.

Chatskel sang, that evening particularly, with such inspiration and pathos that one could feel his whole soul melting, and his mellow voice sounded sweeter than ever, even to his loved ones.

CANAWAY AND THE LUSTIGS

BY
JOSEPH LEISER



CINCINNATI
YOUNG ISRAEL
PUBLISHER

Canaway and the Lustigs

Joseph Leiser

To what extent had the bucolic character of preindustrial nineteenth-century rural America ever existed except in fancy? Joseph Leiser (1873–1940) would have been unlikely to ask such a question. Leiser, born in Canandaigua, New York, was at home in a countryside whose Jewish immigrants had been “Germans” rather than “Russians.” A graduate of the University of Chicago, he was ordained by Rabbi Emil G. Hirsch and served congregations in the Midwest, the South, and his native New York State.

Leiser’s publications included a volume of poems and songs, a hymn for the Union Hymnal, holiday plays for Jewish children, and an historical survey of American Judaism. In Canaway and the Lustigs, he testifies to rather an observant eye for detail, an ability to write with some charm—and an addiction to moralism and sentimentality.¹

1. See his necrology in *Central Conference of American Rabbis Yearbook* 50 (1940): 254.

Chapter I

The Lustigs in Canaway

There used to be over the entrance and along the upper line of the store windows of a two-story brick building on Main Street of Canaway, a large gilt and black sign, the bright glistening letters standing out distinctly against a background of black. The words read:

ROCHESTER CLOTHING STORE.

This building, not an imposing structure by any means, or a thing of beauty, is still standing, and may be seen on any day in the year by one who chances to be in this Western New York town. But the sign has changed, and the interior of the store has been greatly enlarged and improved, since the owner and proprietor, with whom we are especially concerned, carried on business there.

At the time of which I write, the store was long and narrow. It still conforms in the main to these dimensions. But it has been so lengthened that one scarcely notices its width. In former days it was about one-half of its present depth and the rear end was as dark as a cellar.

In those days the store was packed with clothing. On both side walls stood tiers of shelves reaching from the floor to the ceiling, and in the middle of the floor ran a succession of tables. There also were counters that stood a few feet away from the shelves. These and the center tables made four little aisles up and down which the proprietor passed as he waited on his customers.

On the right and left of the entrance were small show-cases resting on the counters. The modern show-case, which is made wholly of glass, was unknown in those days. The type of show-case used in the Rochester Clothing Store may still be found in the confectionery stores of country towns. It is about six feet long, three feet wide and one foot high. Candy dealers in country towns find it necessary to confine their sweets within this limited enclosure to keep out the flies and sundry small fingers. But these show-cases are no longer used in large cities, where merchants are eager to display their wares.

In the Rochester Clothing Store of Canaway there were few fixtures. Over the counter, on a home-made wooden frame, some wires were

strung, the whole device being suspended from the ceiling. On these wires were pinned red bandanna handkerchiefs, suspenders (called by the country people "galluses"), and socks, usually of two colors—a bright red and a light gray. The socks were not of a pretty design, like those worn by the present generation. They were thick and as hard as cardboard, but kept the feet warm, and for that reason men bought them.

Directly opposite this rack and over the counter to the right of the entrance, hung another rack, on which in winter a variety of hats, chiefly felt hats or woolen caps, were displayed. In summer all this cloth headgear was removed, and a goodly assortment of straw hats hung from the rack, being mostly wide-brimmed for the farmers, and more especially for the farmers' sons, who prided themselves more on possessing a broad-brimmed straw hat for the haying season than the city boys do on owning a bicycle.

On the tables, counters, and shelves, each kind in its place, were coats, trousers, vests, overcoats, overalls, shirts, underwear, neckties, paper collars, and linen dusters, which were made popular by Horace Greeley, who, it is said, never wore any other kind of coat when he could help it.

This was a country clothing store; and the goods offered for sale were the sort most needed by the farmers and country people. The material was good and strong, but not strictly fashionable. It was worn for use and not for show. This is the general appearance of the place, except in winter time, when, by removing one of the center tables, a space was cleared for a large cylinder-shaped sheet-iron stove, around which a half-dozen tottering chairs were set. These chairs were like war veterans—one wanted an arm, another leg. Not one was sound of limb or unbandaged. All were bound in place with twine—a decrepit lot of props for a parlor, but very comfortable seats for a clothing store in winter, when the north wind blew and the stove, roaring back defiance, threw out warmth and cheer to those encircling it.

Were one to enter this store, he would be met by a man of average height, who would advance slowly from whatever part of the room he happened to be, and grasp the newcomer by the hand cordially, and begin to talk at once about the weather, the last runaway in the village, and end up his inquiries by asking, with apparent deep concern, all

about your family, your wife and children, your father, mother, sisters, brothers, aunts, uncles and cousins.

Being usually in his shirt sleeves, both in summer and in winter, he appeared to be inclined to obesity, and so he was. His arms were short and fat, and his shoulders wide apart, giving ample space for the setting of his large, round head, which was covered with a heavy growth of brown, curly hair. His neck—and that was the one feature of the man to be remembered—he had no neck. It was so short that his head appeared to rest level with his shoulders. At times one might think he was deformed; but not so; he was simply short, and not a stiff-necked nor obstinate man. His eyes, which were dark blue, always sparkled with good cheer. The color of his skin was ruddy, in spite of his indoor habits. There was not a frown or a wrinkle on his low but wide forehead, nor a furrow on his cheeks. Honesty and friendliness were written over his open face. Light and happiness shone from his eyes.

This was Herman Lustig.

The people of Canaway and the farmers of Ontario County considered Herman Lustig a prudent, trustworthy business man. When he said the cloth of a coat was “all wool,” his customers believed him, because he never hesitated to inform a customer, if he knew it was so, that a coat was not all wool. It became a proverb among the country folks that whatever “Dutch Herman” said was true. And Dutch Herman is what they called him. In other words, Herman Lustig was honest in his dealings and public-spirited when necessary. But he attended strictly to his own business, and allowed others to do the same with theirs. So he prospered, as all do who adhere to this policy.

But were he simply an honest clothing merchant, and nothing more, I would have no occasion to introduce him here. He was more than a clothing merchant, as we shall have opportunity to learn before long.

Our interest in Herman Lustig arises from two facts: First, he was the father of two boys, Ludwig, the older, and Gottlieb; and secondly, Herman Lustig had many stories to tell his sons about places he had seen and men he had known—men, the like of whom live only in the provincial towns of Germany. And Lustig was born and brought up in one of them, and had many experiences there, which are not the lot of boys of our day and country.

We are tempted to say that Herman Lustig and his sons are of special interest to us because they lived in Canaway. To be born or to live

in Canaway is a rare good fortune to any one. And since our stories are all located in this place (those who hear them and he who tells them lived there), suppose we learn something about Canaway.

Bear in mind that Canaway is not a manufacturing town. Only two things are made there—ale and bricks, two articles that do not always go together. There used to be a spoke factory just outside the jail limits, but the only fact of interest about the spoke factory was that occasionally it burned.

Canaway is not a place of mills and factories. It is simply a Western New York village, situated at the foot of Canaway Lake, on the banks of which grow the most deliciously flavored grapes raised in North America. Canaway Lake gives the town of Canaway its distinction. Without the lake, the town would be a bride without a bridegroom. The two are inseparable.

Now, it must be remembered that the Lustigs did not make Canaway famous, although certain great men make their places of residences well known. "Let a man do a great deed," says Emerson, "or think a great thought, and even if he lives in a forest, men will come to see him." But the chief interest we have in presenting Herman Lustig and his sons is due to the fact that they and their mother were the only Jewish people in Canaway.

A few such people live in country towns, and to distinguish them from all other kinds and classes of Jews, they are called country Jews. For this reason their relatives and friends who live in cities commiserate them. But there is no need to do that, even if the only Jewish family dwelling in a country town enlarges the Jewish population by bringing a mother-in-law, a cousin, or a step-brother, or a sweetheart to live with them in that place. . . .

. . . But let it be understood now, that Ludwig and Gottlieb never regretted that they were born in Canaway, for although they occasionally visited Rochester, the biggest city in the world to them, and saw a real fire engine there, and a patrol wagon and policeman, and big stores with more goods in one corner than their father had in his entire store, and more people on one street than in Canaway on a fireman's parade or circus day, still they never regretted their childhood in Canaway. There was no occasion for them to regret the many times they went barefoot. There was no need for them to recall with a shiver the day they fell in the brook when the ice broke upon the creek. Was there

any disgrace in picking up bones and selling them to Mr. Cornell, the phosphate man, to buy firecrackers with on the Fourth of July? Not at all. All this was boys' fun. All the boys in Canaway did something like this. Many of them flew kites with Ludwig and Gottlieb in Blanchard's pasture lot. Many a time a dozen or more boys would help Mr. Mutchler drive the cattle which he bought at the Buffalo Stock Yards from the freight cars to his abattoir on the Poor House road. There were a thousand and one things Ludwig and Gottlieb never forgot or felt sorry that they had seen and done.

On the contrary, Ludwig and Gottlieb remembered their experiences in Canaway all their lives, and perhaps this day they are telling a younger generation, born in the city, of what country boys in America used to do, just as their own father told them of his life in Schwersenz. And because all these things happened and were true, I am telling them.

Ludwig and Gottlieb were not very old when their father made known to them that they were Jewish children. In fact, they were the only Jewish people in Canaway. But nobody paid any attention to that matter. The boys played together—the Mutchler boys, Will Andrews, Charles Ashley, Charles Kleinle, Art Ellis, Speedie Blanchard, Pat Meade's boys—all the boys on Bristol Street, Clark and Coy streets, say nothing of Main, as if Ludwig and Gottlieb were no different from the other children. Nobody called them names; nobody referred to their religion; and nobody knew that they were Jews except for the fact that Mrs. Rosalia Lustig usually sent Matzoth in Passover week around to all her neighbors. But then the Lustigs called them crackers, and that is all they thought about it.

But in their own household Herman Lustig and his wife tried to preserve a few Jewish practices. On Friday evening extra candles were lighted, and on Saturdays the boys were not allowed to dig a cave or build a hen house. At first they did not understand the reason for this rule; but Herman Lustig made it very clear by saying that Saturday is the Jewish Sabbath, and no hard work must be done on that day.

During the week days the boys ran in and out of their father's store. On Saturday afternoon, and during summer months on Saturday evening, they were permitted to stay in the store.

This was always a rare treat. On Saturdays the farmers came to town. At every hitching post along either side of the main street stood

a horse and a wagon. The farmers who stepped into the store always talked to the boys and invited them to come out to their farms, and especially to see a young colt or a flock of young ducks or geese or turkeys. The town was a-hum on Saturday. Every Saturday there seemed to be a runaway to furnish excitement for the rest of the week. Every Saturday something happened—somebody was lost in the great crowds that flocked into town, either a baby or a wife or a husband; something occurred that did not happen week days, and so made the town lively.

Busy as Canaway was on Saturday, it was at its quietest on Sunday. Early Sunday morning the church bells rang, sending their tones over the hills and far away. The Baptist Church on Main Street started the music. Up Main Street the sounds hastened, carrying along with them in their train the tones of the Congregational and Presbyterian bells, quickly answered by the Methodist bell, and far out on Upper Main Street by the Episcopal chapel's, whose sweet, tinkling tones ended the strain. As soon as the bells rang, the procession of church-goers began. From almost every house along Bristol and the other streets some one came forth attired in his best clothes.

It was natural that Ludwig and Gottlieb, who witnessed this scene every Sunday morning, should have their curiosity aroused. And it was.

"Why don't we go to church, papa?" Ludwig asked his father one Sunday morning, as he saw the Stuart children step out of the house, directly opposite their own home, and follow close behind their parents on their way to the Congregational Church.

"Our temple is at Rochester. We have no church. We go to a synagogue," answered the father.

And with this statement of the bare fact, began a recital of the history of the Jewish people as Lustig knew it. But it was, in truth, simply the briefest outline of early Biblical times, including the stories of Abraham, Joseph, Moses, David and King Solomon. Much of what he told his sons, he had heard in his own father's house in Schwersenz. Some of it, too, he had picked up in Cheder [Hebrew school], which he had attended. Brief as it all was, it was sufficient to interest the boys and evoke Lustig this wise saying as he concluded the story:

"You see, boys, we Jews try to do the fair and square thing. We try to take care of people when they need help. We study and are instructed

to make a good living. Every man should be able to work. Whatsoever a man can do, he should do with all his might.”

But it is not my plan to now tell what the Lustigs did, as in later chapters you will hear how they kept Purim, Pesach and other holidays. To tell all about it would be like picking out all the raisins from a pudding. It is best for us to know something about the Lustigs and their life in Canaway before we know what they did. You will find that out soon.

. . . Ludwig and Gottlieb were too young to appreciate the natural beauties of their native village and the lake region. But so long as they lived they remembered the lay of the land, as we say—the lake and surrounding country. It was only as young men, on revisiting their native town that they discovered the charm and magic of the scenery. In those days the mere pleasure of riding in a boat over the smooth waters, along the shore and under the willows, in and out of coves and to and from the island, with swift glimpses of the town before or back of them, as the case might be, sufficed and answered all their wishes.

But this interest they did have—they were eager and curious to know how their father happened to come to this particular spot in America. One Sunday, while driving to the Sulphur Springs on the west shore of the lake, five miles from town, the subject came up, Ludwig asking his father how it was that he came to Canaway.

Lustig answered promptly: “Walked. Yes, sir,” he said, “I walked.”

“Tell us about it, papa,” Gottlieb urged, suspecting that it was something worth knowing. And, by the way, there is no better place to talk without being interrupted than on a drive in the country or on a stroll along the roads.

Lustig was in a story-telling mood, and began:

“One day, when I was a peddler—”

“Were you a peddler?” inquired Ludwig, in great surprise.

“Certainly,” Lustig answered, and he let the horse walk so that he might the better tell his sons. “When we immigrants come from the old country, the quickest way we have to learn the language here is to peddle. Then, too, we must earn our living. So we peddle. There’s no disgrace in that.”

His sons did not understand exactly what he meant.

“What did you do?” Gottlieb asked.

“Go from house to house trying to sell my goods,” Lustig explained.

"Most of the time I was in the country among farmers. At every farm house I stopped, I sold something, because in those days there were few stores, and it was difficult for farmers to get to town. That's how I started in business in this country, and that's how every man of my people that I know began his business career."

Many people were out driving this beautiful Sunday afternoon. Now and then Lustig would stop to talk to his friends whom he met on the road. But after a while he resumed the story that had been interrupted in this way.

"I came over in the time of the Civil War, boys, the day after the battle of Gettysburg, as I learned later. I did not understand a word of English. My grandfather had a brother living in New York, whose address I had obtained from my father in the old country. I called on my granduncle, who was then an old man. He received me pleasantly, and set me to work at my trade—that was tailoring. I worked a month for him, and then he sent me to some relatives who lived in Rochester. They supplied me with a peddler's outfit, and told me to go anywhere in the country."

"Where did you go?" Ludwig asked, with a boy's impatience to know everything at once.

"Anywhere," Lustig told him, carelessly. "I did not know the country roads or the language—that is, English. But every house I stopped at they would ask me to tell them the news of the war; but I did not know what they meant."

"De noose? De noose? I repeated, just like that."

It amused the boys to hear their father imitate himself.

"Noose? I hev henkershiffs, stockin's, ribbons, lace-goods."

"Naw, the news! What's going on in the war?" the farmers asked me, anxiously.

"I shook my head. I did not know what they were talking about; so I unpacked my bundles, opened my satchel, and showed them the stuff I had to sell. And they always bought something of me," he added, with a chuckle.

"Everyone tried to teach me how to speak English. When I said handkershiffs, I would be corrected. They made fun of me in a pleasant way."

"What did they do, papa?" the boys asked, together.

"Well, whenever I came to a farmhouse, some one, seeing that I was

a foreigner or a greenhorn, as we were called in those days, would say:

“Hello, Dutchman! what have you got to sell?”

“I would unpack my bundles and spread out my goods on the floor. The men would come in from the fields, and then the women and children would gather around me to look at the stuff. If it was meal time, they would invite me to take dinner with them, although you know that in those days we Jewish men dare not eat everything. Sometimes I explained, as best I could, why we Jews were forbidden to eat pork, or drink milk in our coffee at dinner, or spread butter on our bread. But what a mess I made of it, trying to tell them in my broken English! They laughed at me, and imitated my words, and made me blush to the roots of my hair. Often they showed that they wanted to convert me, and invited me to attend church with them to hear their preacher. All asked me questions about the Bible. No matter how busy the farmers were, they always had time to talk with a stranger. They had a little fun with me; but none ever said an unpleasant word to me; and only on one instance was I refused a night’s lodging. But that’s how I came to Canaway.”

The boys were looking curiously at their father. He kept his horse on a walk, so that he could better tell them this all-important matter.

“We peddlers, you know, could not afford to stop over night at a hotel. However, there were no hotels where I went. Whenever I came to a farmhouse about dusk, I asked the farmer or his wife to let me stop there till morning. No matter how much they bought of me, they would not accept pay for a night’s lodging, and very few would accept pay for meals. People are different these days; but then, times have changed. I must tell you what happened one night.”

“What was it?” they asked.

“It was over in Cheshire. I have forgotten the name of the family. We were seated in the parlor talking about the Bible and the Jews; for I had got so I could make myself understood. We had been talking a long time, and then all went to bed. How long I had been asleep, I do not remember. But I was suddenly aroused by some one calling, ‘Hey, Dutchman! The barn’s afire!’ ”

“Didn’t they have fire engines?” Ludwig asked, interrupting.

“Fire engines in the country!” Lustig exclaimed. “We formed a bucket brigade. I will tell you what that is. When I heard the farmer call, I hurried into my clothes and rushed down stairs. The barn was

burning. Great sheets of fire shot high in the air, lighting up the whole country around. From every part of the neighborhood men came running across the fields, those coming from a distance riding on horseback or in wagons. I never saw so many farmers in a farmyard, nor such excitement as was there. Every one had a plan, and they were shouting at the tops of their voices: 'Save the house! Save the horses! Save the cows!' "

Lustig imitated the hoarse, wild cry of excited farm folks his loud words resounding over the fields.

"Some cool-headed men shouted out: 'Fire brigade! fire brigade!' "

"What was that?" Ludwig asked, a trifle frightened by his father's vivid description.

"I'll tell you," Lustig said. "We formed in line instantly from the well to the fire. A couple of farmers kept pumping water from the well. As fast as the buckets were filled, they were passed down the line, and the last man in line threw the water on the flames.

"Fortunately, the well was deep and the pump new. We had plenty of water and saved a part of the barn. That was my first experience as a fireman in America. After I settled in Canaway, I joined a volunteer fire company. Every man belongs to such a company in Canaway."

"We will, too, when we are men," the boys said, proudly.

"Pshaw! when you are young men, they will not have fires," Lustig said, mischievously.

They evidently did not understand what he meant, and, in order to spare them needless inquiries, he added, quickly: "I haven't told you yet how I came to Canaway, have I?"

"Tell us," they said, in chorus.

"One dark night I stopped at a farmer's house in Paddleford—that's five miles north of Canaway. Do you know where it is?"

"It's where the train stops first after it leaves Canaway for Rochester," Ludwig answered, promptly.

"Exactly. The locomotive runs out of Canaway so fast it must stop at Paddleford to get breath. That's right, son. It was hop-picking season; but I did not know it then, and every house was crowded with hop-pickers. Every place I stopped at, I was told they were crowded, and, at their suggestion, I started to walk to Canaway.

"I was tired, and an extra five miles to go on a dark night, with heavy things to carry, was not a pleasant prospect for me, I can tell

you. But off I started, hurrying as fast I could with a big pack on my back and filled satchels in both of my hands.

“For some time I walked on. I could scarcely see. I was very tired. The pack on my back and my two satchels were growing heavier all the time. I stumbled against stones and ran against bushes, trees and fences. It was so dark I could not keep in the road. All along the way it was as if I was blindfold. I did not know where I was going. Finally, far down the road, I saw a tiny light, and I made for it. After a while I reached the farm-house where the light came from. And I walked into the yard. A dog began to bark and rushed at me. I was accustomed to such treatment from dogs, and stood prepared to knock the brute down, when a man on the porch—I do not to this day how he knew me—called out in German:

“Hello, countryman! Where are you going?”

“I was so tired that I could not answer politely. I walked up to the porch, put down my bundles, and the first words I said were: ‘Can I stay here over night?’

“‘Come in,’ the farmer said, pleasantly; ‘come in, eat something and let’s see who you are.’

“He spoke in German to me, and that made me happy.

“As soon as I went into the house, the entire family came into the room where I was. The farmer had a large family. His children were young men and women; and there were some relatives, all living in one farm-house. They got me something to eat and gave me some home-made wine to drink. After a little while I felt rested; but I was too tired to open my bundles. They asked me my name, and what part of Germany I came from. Then I asked again for permission to stop there over night. I was too tired to go farther.”

“‘Stop here? Certainly,’ the German said, with evident pleasure; but first we go to town to meet some of our countrymen.’

“I refused, but they persuaded; and soon the farmer, his sons, and I drove off to town.”

“Who was the man, papa?” Ludwig asked promptly.

“What town was it?” Gottlieb inquired, before his father had time to answer the first question.

Lustig smiled. “The man? Why, that’s our friend Reeser—the best friend I have in Ontario County. And the town? Why, that was Canaway.”

There was not so much mystery to it after all. The boys became suddenly silent. It seemed their father had reached the end of his story. But he had more to say.

"That's how I came to Canaway. Old Yakob Reeser and his sons brought me here. Well, we drove into town that night and up to Lem Sprague's clothing store. We all got out, and Reeser took me into the store.

" 'Lem,' he said, 'I have found a clerk for you;' and he presented me to the proprietor, who was an Englishman.

" 'Just the man I want,' Sprague said, as he looked at me. 'Do you speak German?'

" 'Sure,' Reeser answered for me. 'He is a countryman of mine.'

" 'What's your name?' Sprague inquired.

" 'Hyman Lustig,' I said.

" 'Hyman,' he repeated after me. 'Hyman? That won't do. Nobody here by that name. A clerk must have a name everybody knows. Suppose you call yourself Herman instead?'

" 'That's good,' Reeser laughed; 'call him Dutch Herman; then every one of his countrymen will buy clothing here.' And that name has clung to me to this day. Everybody knows me as Dutch Herman; but in the old country my name was Hyman."

The boys were not at all surprised at the ease with which men change their names in America.

"That was an experience for me," Lustig resumed, presently. "Sprague engaged me as a clerk then and there; and while we were talking over the arrangement, Reeser went out and brought back all the Germans in town to meet me. There were Singlaf and Mutchler, and Lintner, and Metzger, and Adolph Yahn, the furniture man, and a dozen others. They all came into the store, shook hands with me and urged me to remain in Canaway and give up peddling. I sold out my goods, and—well, I acted as a clerk for Lem a whole year. Meanwhile I learned how to sell clothing and speak English. Lem wanted to speculate in hops. So he sold out to me, and I started in business for myself."

"After another year I prospered so that I sent home for mamma from Schwersenz; and that's the way Lustig came to settle in Canaway."

A Country Cheder

Ludwig and Gottlieb were greatly excited over the information their father imparted one June evening, when he announced with his usual persuading cheerfulness that he had arranged to have them taught Hebrew. The boys were sorely perplexed. For of all things he had told them—and he had, as you know, narrated sundry episodes of his early days in Schwersenz, not to mention the many incidents that had happened in Canaway—he had never told them what Hebrew was.

They were, therefore, a trifle anxious; and, if the truth must be said, they did not know exactly what to make of the news. It presented to their young minds many mysteries. This is certain. Not one of the Gentile children had ever said anything about Hebrew, and so the Lustig boys were quite in the dark.

“What is Hebrew, papa?” Ludwig asked, concealing his bewilderment sufficiently to show intelligent curiosity.

“My son,” Herman replied with more severity than the question warranted, “we are Jews; and Hebrew is our holy language. Every Jewish boy ought to know a little of Hebrew, in order to understand his religion. And, just as luck would have it, a Hebrew teacher has come to live in Canaway.”

“What’s his name?” they asked with lively interest.

“Hyman Goldstein, D.D., professor of music and languages.”

But this they could not understand, and stared at their father with amazement, baffled by the long-sounding words.

But they soon learned. On that very afternoon the newcomer had stumbled into Lustig’s store, made his peace with the proprietor, and ended the visit by arranging to instruct Ludwig and Gottlieb in Hebrew. So far as they were concerned, this was sufficient to fill them with either pleasure or dismay; but that the forlorn professor came to Canaway with his large family because he did not have money to take him elsewhere, and that he and his family were allowed the use of an abandoned house on a back street where he proposed to support his family by the precarious method of teaching music and language to unappreciative townfolk—these grim facts and the pitiful struggles of this unfortunate man, Lustig did not relate to his sons. They would not

have realized their pathos. The professor himself interested the boys more than his untoward circumstances. After answering many inquiries, Lustig proceeded to describe the teacher.

"Oh, I know him," Ludwig interrupted with animation. "He wears a stovepipe, and all the boys threw stones at him."

"You must not throw stones at him," Lustig commanded them. "He's a learned man; you must respect a learned man."

"The boys chased him all the way down Coy street," Ludwig continued excitedly.

"And every one yelled after him," Gottlieb broke in, "Say Mister, where did you get that hat?" Yes, they did papa. I heard them."

His high hat was indeed conspicuous in spite of its shabbiness; and the urchins of Canaway could not help noticing it. In fact it was the third of its kind to appear in town. One was worn by the manager of Barnum's circus, another by a country physician of Reed's Corners, a third by Hyman Goldstein, D.D., professor of music and language.

"Why does he wear that long coat?" Ludwig asked, after he had exhausted all available information bearing on the significance of the hat.

"His Prince Albert you mean," Lustig observed. "Oh, that's fashionable. All professors wear long coats to make them look smart."

"He's got such big whiskers," Gottlieb cried out, "and he is so odd." Lustig tried to contain himself in defending the unusual appearance of the newcomer, which does not imply that the professor was uncanny or unsightly, but that the innocent people of Canaway had seldom rested their eyes on one so distinguished as a professor of music and languages. After skillfully defending his client, Lustig succeeded in awakening in his sons a proper regard for the man, as well as a desire to receive instruction from him. Such glowing accounts did Lustig give of his accomplishments, that the instruction they were to receive on the following afternoon promised to be one of the greatest events of their lives.

Early next morning both boys were on the street telling all their playmates what they had in store.

"We are going to take Hebrew lessons of Professor Hyman Goldstein, dee, dee," they said proudly. "Only smart people study Hebrew."

"Humph, that's nothing." Charlie Ashley returned unimpressed by

what the lads told him so innocently. My sister, she's in the normal school at Genesee. She takes botany and hydrogen, and she is awfully smarter."

"Well, Hebrew is the holy language, that's what my papa says and only Jews study it. We are going to take religion." Ludwig added promptly.

But Charlie was not affected by even this additional reminder. "That's nothing," he related blandly. "I study catechism in church. Reverend Lee, he teaches that, and he's smart, too."

But the Lustig boys did not know nor care what all this meant; and thus, having driven themselves into unknown realms, they abruptly changed the subject by referring to things of greater moment to them.

"Say, Ludie," Charlie drawled, "have you seen my dove eggs?"

The three repaired instantly to the dovecote that Charlie had built in the back yard of dry goods boxes given by Mr. Lustig, and instantly forgot every other matter while inspecting the wonderfully made little white eggs. For some time they glowed over them, and then, having commented to the full extent of their knowledge, the three young hopefuls sauntered down Bristol street to see what the Mutchler boys were doing.

It was cherry season, and the Mutchler offsprings were found picking Mrs. Blodgett's sour cherries, an employment in which the three new arrivals soon busied themselves with such diligence and interest, that the dove eggs and Hebrew lessons were for the time overlooked.

But this is certain; every boy who lived in Bristol knew before he ate his dinner that day that Ludwig and Gottlieb were going to take Hebrew lessons of the stranger in Coy street; and furthermore, that odd undersized individual, who had shot out of space and landed in Canaway, was none other than a wonderfully learned man, who taught music and languages and many mysterious things.

The children's guileless and inexpensive advertising explained many an incident which the professor experienced during his brief, but bustling career in Canaway. It accounted in particular for the cohort of youngsters that surrounded the rural Beth-Hamidrash [religious school] on the afternoon that Gottlieb and Ludwig, attired in the new sailor suits their father brought from Rochester, wandered over to Coy street on the most solemn and awe-inspiring journey of their young lives. Every boy on Bristol and the adjoining streets accompanied

them. Each was anxious to see a Hebrew teacher. Had they other motives such were not patent. Even so, they intended to introduce themselves by the favorite method, which country lads have of making the acquaintance of a stranger, that is to play some deviltry. A mutual interest, which often continues through a lifetime, may thus be compacted.

In this instance, however, the Canaway boys were moved by higher impulses. They were at least as eager as the Lustigs were to see what species of a man or beast a Hebrew teacher was.

And, it is fair to say that the meeting was as great an event for the professor's family as it was for the lads. For when Ludwig and Gottlieb, with steps slow and heavy, walked into the yard, they found the professor's family awaiting them. The teacher himself in a solemn black but shabby Prince Albert coat, graciously received them at the door as befits a professor of Hebrew; and then introduced them to his shrivelled wife, who cast servile and sad smiles on them as they marched through the narrow, uncarpeted hall way, passing en route a retinue of girls and boys, each of whom was scantily clad and looked thin and hungry.

The coming seemed to have been formally planned. And how could any one help finding the spot? Every boy in Canaway knew this old, green, brick house. Tradition reported, with self-evident falsity, that it was built in the days of Noah. But ever since the discovery of America it had been uninhabited because, so the boys said, the house was haunted. Though it was not haunted, almost every window pane in it was broken, every blind off one or other of its hinges, and every brick loose in the chimney. But when this rejected and dejected dwelling was invested with scholastic dignity and converted into a studio, as well as a school of languages, all Canaway must needs celebrate the, at least partial, rehabilitation of this old and somewhat dilapidated dwelling. This was a new epoch in the history of the town. When, in addition, the old green, brick house was decorated with a weather worn sign, bearing the singular legend, "Professor Hyman Goldstein, D.D., professor of music and languages," the Canaway boys felt it their duty to use the sign as a target. For what other purpose were old signs for?

Long after the Lustig lads had lost themselves in the cavernous interior the cohort of youngsters had not departed. Some hung around the building; others threw themselves on the uncut grass of the front yard;

others began the time-honored practice of throwing stones at the sign; and then, every little while, the more impatient ones cried out; "Ludie, oh, Ludie, come on! We're goin' swimmin'!"

'Tis well that the timorous Lustigs heard merely the faint echoes of the voices of their comrades. It speaks well for their self-control that they fastened their attention on the peculiar presence of their teacher, who had escorted them to the front room which was to be their seat of learning. And it revealed a fine sense of propriety that they gazed steadily at him instead of looking at the boxes and bags of unpacked furniture, and open bags and boxes of peanuts, oranges and other Italian commodities deposited carelessly around the uncarpeted room. Fright, more than curiosity may have impelled them to attend to their instructor. He had planted himself squarely before them; and ere they had found a comfortable position on the hard wooden chair, he began to lecture about the majesty of all languages, with peculiar reference to Hebrew.

He was a rapid speaker, making use of words they had never heard. But suddenly he interrupted himself. Staring at their bashful, half-frightened faces, he asked curiously: "Boys, are you twins?"

"No," Ludwig answered shyly. "We are Jews."

"Yah, yah, I know!" the professor snapped irritably. "Are you twins?"

"I am the youngest," Gottlieb ventured.

"You are a hacham [sage]!" the professor exclaimed, patting his head. "Now my dear youths, we begin the study of our mother tongue. Hebrew is the guardian of our holy scriptures. The angels discourse in Hebrew. The cherubim whisper their divine syllables in it. Ah, my children, when your tongues are touched by fire, the exclamations of your soul are proclaimed in Hebrew. We now begin the study of all subordinate languages. As we begin French, Latin, Greek, as we begin violin or piano instruction, so we begin Hebrew with the alphabet, known among the lexicographers as the aleph-beth."

"The A, B, C?" Gottlieb suggested, encouraged by his former success. "We study it in school."

"Good"; the professor cried, patting him again on the head. "You are a wise lad. Study, my son, and learn. Some day you will be a signor."

Ludwig turned a bewildered eye on his younger brother, who

seemed to have won the Professor's favor suddenly and with astonishing ease, and thereafter deferred all questions to Gottlieb.

"Well, now," began the professor, "say after me: Aleph a, a."

"Aleph, a, a; aleph, beth, gimmel; gimmel, daleth, hey," said the professor of music and languages.

They imitated his intonation.

Their intonation was exact, and received instant approval.

"Ah," Professor Goldstein exclaimed gleefully, "now both of you are instructible."

Whirling around, he snatched an open primer from a box and handed it to Gottlieb. Both boys laid hold of the covers and held the book firmly as the professor, pointing to each letter, pronounces it and had them repeat it after him in his sing-song style. With singular adaptability they mastered the pronunciation, and had learned the name and form of the camel shaped lamed, when, with sudden violence, a broadside of pebbles hit the closed shutters.

The professor jumped to the window.

"Such loafers," he fumed savagely. "Wait I will reprimand them for their torments? I will communicate with the police. Such imbecilities!"

But the Lustigs smothered their laughter and were reading along the bottom of the page where the lonesome shin and sin are located, when the drawling tones of Charlie Ashley came through the window:

"Ludie, oh, Ludie! Come on! We're goin' swimmin'!"

"Ach!" the professor ejaculated, scowling, that's the boy! Does the boy cogitate on the holy languages? No. The boy never touches his heartstrings with divine speech. Do not think about them. When we have completed our instruction I will give you a momentum."

The boys looked wistfully at an open bag of peanuts and oranges. The professor noted the direction of their gaze and smiled.

"Yes, yes that too," he said hurriedly, pointing to the fruit, "but something better than all things material. Indulge me, I will read you some poetry. Youths, do you know I am a poet? Furthermore, have you ever lisped poetry?"

He turned to Gottlieb who had heretofore answered all questions promptly and in a satisfactory manner. But the unhappy boy knew not whereof the professor spoke and hung his head in dejection.

"Ah, poetry is the chant of the celestials," the professor explained with melting sympathy; and full of anticipated pleasure, he suddenly

darted from the room and as suddenly returned, his face wreathed in smiles and his eyes beaming. Holding a mass of wrapping paper in his trembling hands, he began to sway his body, and as he swayed, he intoned musically, as if he were rendering an anthem, these lines:

“The night is dark, and not a star
Doth shine in all the empty space;
I am a stranger and alone,
A dethroned prince of a homeless race.”

“Isn’t that fine?” he said, enthusiastically, kissing the tips of his fingers. But the boys stared at him vaguely, much amazed to see tears streaming down his face, as he continued to murmur the remaining verses.

“Listen to this!” he said after a pause. And having selected another poem for recitation, he tossed his head back, as if he were about to sing and began:

“Count not my tears, O Lord, my God;
With tears I pray to thee;
My tears have knit a ladder
Whereon I climb to thee.”

Copious tears filled his eyes at the conclusion of this verse, and he was unable to continue either reciting the subsequent stanzas, of which there were many, or to resume the instruction. The tears welled from his eyes, flowing down the grooves of his face and melting in the thick meshes of his beard.

“Are they not divine, boys?” he asked, kissing the tips of his fingers.

‘Ah,’ he sighed languidly, “a sweet singer of Israel left perishing in a foreign land! Shield of David redeem me! Harken to this youths!”

Tears were gathering in the boys’ eyes, but the professor did not see them. Shuffling the scrappy pieces of paper hurriedly, he selected the desired poem, and then read slowly:

“How burdened are we sons of men,
Where’er our steps are lead;
There is no peace for that poor soul
Who daily begs his bread.

The sheep or cattle in the field,
Or dogs of a city's streets:
They find their food—a whitened bone—
Beneath their idle feet;

But man, God's child, he hungry goes,
And starves for a crust of bread,
And all the joys my poor soul knows
Is buried with the dead."

Because the professor was in tears, the boys thought they ought to weep too, and they did.

"Boys, boys," he said sorrowfully, "you will never comprehend my position. Never, never! God spare you that catastrophe. But my own poor children, how they must suffer on my account."

He was indeed overcome. Burying his head in his hands, he wept with a sad disconsolate wail, heart-rending and grewsome. His sobbing now still further affected Ludwig and Gottlieb, and so loud did they cry that their lamentations attracted the professor's notice. Realizing the futility of provoking needless tears, he composed himself, brushed his own tears aside and, resting his hands gently on his scholars' heads spoke softly to them.

"Gentle, my lads," he said, "methought in America all Jews hard-hearted and stiffnecked. In country towns, alas! methought the Jew turned goy [gentile]. No, no! The Jewish heart is ever moved by distress. God made it so. See, even you princes of fortune, you feel for your teacher. I espy that in you. So now let us continue our tutORIZATION."

He pointed to the open primer and sang:

"Aleph, a, a; aleph, beth, gimmel; gimmel, daleth, hey; hey, vay, zayin."

So the lesson continued to the end of the hour.

Not one of their companions was waiting for them when the Lustig boys emerged from the house, each sucking an immense juicy orange. Devouring the succulent fruit, they sauntered down Coy street, into Bristol street, toward their home beyond Sucker Brook.

When Herman Lustig returned at supper time from his store, he called the youngsters from the backyard where they were digging a cave.

"Well, boys how did it go? What did you do?" he asked.

"He threw kisses at us, and we cried." Gottlieb answered immediately.

"Didn't you learn your aleph, beth?"

"Aleph, a, a; aleph, beth, gimmel; gimmel, daleth, hey," they sang, repeating the professor's intonation.

"Is that as far as you got?"

"No, no; we shall know all of the alphabet," Ludwig said proudly, and thereupon both convinced their father that the hour under the professor's instruction was profitably spent by reciting fluently the entire Hebrew alphabet.

"Ah," Lustig said with evident pleasure, that's fine. I give each of you five cents because you have learned it so well."

"Give my money to the professor," Ludwig said. "He's poor."

"Mine too, papa," Gottlieb echoed warmly. "He's hungry. He said he was and that dogs ate bones and he couldn't—yes he did. And he likes me."

Recounting the incidents of their lesson was the chief diversion of the evening; and Lustig listened intently to all they had to say along these lines, on this and many subsequent evenings of the summer vacation. The boys continued their lessons regularly and faithfully during July and the first week in August, when the long expected Barnum circus came to town.

A circus is the annual carnival of a country town. Before sunrise the youths of the place are astir. In Canaway, as in most of such places, attention hangs on the event. Many a boy remains awake all night in order to be up in time to see the circus train come in and unload. Of great importance to all is such a show in Canaway. But with the advent of Barnum's circus, the brilliant career of the professor came to an untimely end.

In defense of Barnum's let it be known that on its account the worthy professor did not leave Canaway. But on circus day he became convinced that the place did not appreciate his imposing citizenship, for then culminated the series of torments to which he had been subjected by the younger generation of his townfolk.

Ludwig and Gottlieb were unaware of the many pranks played on the professor by the ingenuous [*sic*—ingenious?] youths of Bristol street. They were obviously too young either to engage in the many

midnight prowls or to play "hunt the grey." The big boys, those who wore long trousers, could endure the strain of that game, and then only the older boys were sufficiently skillful to attach undetected a tick-tack to some one's window. On Saturday night only, the Lustig lads were permitted to go down town after dark.

So it came to pass that they never heard of the frequency with which the professor reported these annoyances to Hiram Doolittle, the town constable (there was no policeman in Canaway; policemen were invented for cities;) nor of the many times the professor had harangued the youngsters on the front lawn, long after the town clock had tolled the curfew.

Had the Lustigs engaged in any of these dare-devilties, they would have understood what Charlie Ashley, the Mutchler boys or Will Andrews meant, when they asked where the professor kept his "stove-pipe." The Lustigs did not indeed know in what part of the studio or boudoir the professor bestowed his headgear. Nor did they understand that the boys were hinting when they asked them if they ever heard the professor lecture. These veiled references were lost on them, although they confessed they had been lectured. With familiarity came indifference. Frequently their teacher reproved them for carelessness. But never had they heard him lecture the village boys. It had not been their fortune to hear him shriek:

"Wait! I communicate your imbecilities to the police—loafers!"

The Lustigs had never been a party of the chorus of the youngsters who verbally repeated his threat, and then added with rural disdain:

"Ah, come off!"

"Insolence!" the professor would yell back, "know you not that I am a teacher? Have you no respect for learning, you ignoramuses? Am I so distinguished that you maltreat my repose, and annihilate the tranquility of my family!"

Hyman Goldstein, D.D., professor of music and languages, was not the first nor the last to hear the derisive laughter of the gentiles. But the town boys were not maliciously inclined. They were playful, and the impressive professor afforded them one of a very few sources of amusement.

Wherever he went he was sure to have a following. And as domestic exigencies compelled him to move about frequently, with his baskets of fruit, he was constantly driven to desperate straits.

On circus day the battle ended. Within a few months he had succeeded in making himself one of the best known characters in Canaway. His whiskers and his stove-pipe had singled him out on the street; and his retorts to the boys were quoted in all parts of the town. Besides his poems in the village paper popularized him jocularly with the literary people and the lawyers. Canaway had never had a real poet, nor had it ever bought fruit and garden truck from one who wore a stove-pipe hat. Whatever it was that moved his townfolk to patronize him, he did a thrifty vegetable business for a time; but it did not last long; for the boys practically drove him away.

The Professor was alive to the profitable advantage that a fruit stand would be on circus day. With a discerning eye he had pitched his tent near the depot. Over some clothes poles he spread a bed sheet, beneath which on the dry goods boxes which Lustig gave him he piled small mountains of oranges and peanuts, while into a big wash-tub he poured gallons of diluted lemonade. Appointing his older son and daughter to stand guard behind the counter, he stationed himself without the shadow of his tent, calling aloud to everyone:

“Lemonade! lemonade! Peanuts and oranges!”

It may have been the rest of his attire, but it was particularly the hat that attracted the rustics. They had never seen anyone so arrayed. It appeared to them a part of the circus attraction to look at a small, coatless fellow, wearing a high silk hat that slightly sheltered a strong but sad face, and who was eyeing intently the passersby and chanting to them persuadingly, in tones that remotely resembled a melody:

“Peanuts and oranges! Lemonade and candies!
Lemonade, ladies! Lemonade and candy!”

The throng on the street thickened. From the surrounding towns and the rural districts streamed into Canaway the farmers and others. Main street was packed with people awaiting the circus parade.

The Canaway boys who had been on the circus grounds since dawn and had witnessed the bustling method of pitching the tents, were now drifting back to town to watch the procession from the crowded curbstone on Main street. But the more restless ones circulated among the crowd, and in good time a detachment of Canaway's choice spirits, the Bristol street gang, discovered the professor's tent.

"Hello, Professor Deedee!" they yelled, familiarly. The constant mention by the Lustig boys of Goldstein's theological title provided the rest with the needed nickname, which all town boys invent to honor each of their favorites.

Their greeting was righteously ignored.

"Peanuts and lemonade! Oranges and candies!" sang the professor.

"Peanuts and lemonade!" the boys shouted, imitating his tones.

"Lemonade! Lemonade!" sang the professor, unheedingly.

"Lemonade, made in the shade with a spade by the aid of an old maid," one urchin shouted; while his companions in a semi-circle, closing in on the booth or tent, took up the strain instantly, adding to and improving it so that the professor heard a saucy lot of lusty throats cry out:

"Lemonade, made with a spade in the shade, by an old maid."

Goldstein's patience was tried. The idle throng, amused by the humorous and somewhat musical wrangle began to enclose them. When the Lustigs, who, like other town boys, feel the superiority of the local resident, found themselves at the end of their wanderings at the railroad station, they overheard the familiar voice of the professor exclaiming excitedly:

"Imbeciles, begone with you! Loafers, vagabonds! hie away! You are injuring my business. Begone with you, hoodlums."

Angered by the persistent disobedience of his tormentors, he darted toward the bolder with a threatening gesture, and they instantly retaliated by coming nearer to his tent, and shaking the unsteady tent poles and pretending to grab some of the fruit. The sales stopped, for the crowd was more interested in the scrimmage than the wares.

Ludwig and Gottlieb looked on with fear, blanched by the possibilities of the situation. The agonized appeal of their teacher aroused their sympathy and moved them to tears.

"Pity me, my good friends," he cried to the gawking crowd. "I am a poor man. Don't you see you are taking the bread from my mouth?"

The crowd was unmoved, however, and a country bully, inflamed, perhaps, by the hard cider and impelled by mischief, pushed some one against the stand, upsetting the fruit and lemonade and wrecking the tent. Oranges rolled over the ground, while the lemonade made its own rivulets, wetting the place underfoot and forming many pools.

The catastrophe paralyzed the professor. For a moment he stood

without motion or speech, and then winding his arms about his crying sons and daughters, who had crept out from under the ruins of the booth, he himself burst into tears and wailing, but suppressed his own feelings presently, in order to soothe his son and daughter.

His grief softened the heart of the mob. Many a rustic who had stared open-mouthed and dully at him now set about to pick up the fruit and restore the tent. But all the while a silence was over them, and few ventured to move, none to pilfer the fruit. The crowd merely stood and gawked. Then a broadshouldered red-faced man pushed his way through and facing the crowd and shaking his fist at them, said in his country drawl:

“See here! The fellers that’s done this ‘er thing’s goin’ to pay for it and I know who it is. Any fellow what moves from here before he settles up, that feller’s going to wrastle me!”

He threw off his coat and flung it to his wife, who carrying a baby on one arm, tried to restrain her husband with the other.

Ludwig and Gottlieb did not wait the outcome. They ran to their father’s store, attracting attention by their loud cries and causing everyone they met to ask them what had happened.

Lustig’s Rochester Clothing Store was crowded when the boys came in, sobbing and rubbing the tears from their eyes.

“What’s this?” Lustig demanded, sharply, leaving his customer.

“The boys wanted to kill our Hebrew teacher,” Ludwig blubbered.

But the professor was fully repaid and all damages repaired. When the gorgeous band-wagon that leads the parade loomed into view on lower Main street, he had his tent restored, his oranges replaced, and the lemonade renewed in another and better vessel. He was plying to a thrifty trade. His sympathizers had increased apace, and his fruit was sold out again and again.

But the accident did not alter his intention. “I leave this hamlet,” he confided to Ludwig and Gottlieb the following day. I have just been appointed Chief Rabbi of the Rhine Street Ahavas Israel in Rochester, and I must obey the summons. This is my vocation; and now at last fortune destines me to better ends. I need it; God knows I need it!”

He sighed and blew his nose vigorously in his large red and white bandana handkerchief, and then he shook each boy by the hand.

“Hearken, lads. I am proud to have met you country youths. Ludwig and Gottlieb Lustig, always be proud of your Jewish heritage,

and some day, perhaps, you will read all of my poems in one immense publication like Shakespere. Some day the sweet singer of David will be famous, and you will remember your teacher, nicht wahr?"

Then he blessed them, gave each an orange and a bag of peanuts, and sent them on their way. This was the last they saw of Hyman Goldstein, D.D., professor of music and languages.

DOCTOR RAST

BY

JAMES OPPENHEIM

Author of "Monday Morning and Other Poems," etc.

ILLUSTRATED

New York

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

1919

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Doctor Rast

James Oppenheim

James Oppenheim (1882–1932) reflects a rather notable perspective. This native Minnesotan, born to a family of German Jewish background, came east as a child, studied at Columbia University, and from 1905 to 1907 was employed in New York by the Hebrew Technical School for Girls. That experience informs his first book, Doctor Rast, the collection of vignettes he first published in 1909. Oppenheim wrote other novels and produced five volumes of poetry. In 1916, together with Waldo Frank, Paul Rosenfeld, and other friends of socialism, he founded an ambitious periodical called Seven Arts, which, owing to the pacifist sentiments of its editors and contributors, could not weather the furies of World War I. Oppenheim also deserves to be remembered among the early defenders of Jungian psychoanalysis in the United States.

It is possible to ascribe genuine distinction to Oppenheim's oeuvre. Louis Untermeyer has said of Doctor Rast that the book reveals its author's "strength . . . embodied in a social vision, a consciousness that was also conscience, a passion for justice, and a hunger for hidden beauty." The book, as Untermeyer was well aware, testifies in addition to a pervasive—surpassingly Victorian—sentimentality.¹ No doubt it is this factor which accounts for the oblivion visited on Oppenheim by post-World War II critics.

1. Universal Jewish Encyclopedia (New York, 1948), 8:306.

Chapter I

It All Began—

It all began on one of those wonderful gray days that make New York a gray city. The pavements are the same color as the leaden skies, and the very people take on a grayish tint. When I emerged from the elevated station at Canal Street and looked east, the red goods displayed in stores, the red brick tenements and the red shawls on the women seemed to fade into the general grayness. Old Grabo at his news-stand looked up dreamily, recognized me, and muttered a salutation. Half-way down the block a street organ was droning out "Mother dear, come bathe my forehead," and I was not surprised to find my friends, the organ-grinders, Old Sinn and Tiffy.

I crossed Seward Playground Park, noting the new public library that was rapidly being erected opposite the Educational Alliance. This new library pleased me greatly. It was only a few doors from Dr. Rast, and I knew what it would mean to him and to Nell.

As I turned into East Broadway, one of the relic horse-cars of New York rumbled by, and looking at it, I realized how little the neighborhood has changed in recent years. The same poverty-stricken antique Old-World crowd moved by; the same shabbiness was everywhere—house and gutter, store and push-cart.

I turned in at the entrance of the familiar old tenement, and pushing one of the bell buttons, stepped into the musty hallway. At once Dr. Rast's door was flung open, and I saw the Doctor himself shadowy in the twilight of his office.

"Well, of all people!" he cried. "In with you!"

I laughed. It was always a mightily good thing to see that man— young, tall, handsome, and overflowing with warmth for his fellows. He made me sit down in the big comfortable chair he reserves for patients, and he himself sat in the revolving chair at his desk. The neat small room had the clean smell of antiseptics and was so cosy and comfortable that I felt myself expanding, relaxing, loosening out as it were.

He offered me the special pipe he keeps reserved for me, and we both lit up and filled the room with the sweet clinging smell of the tobacco.

“Well,” he said “how go the stories?”

I sighed heavily.

“They don’t go. I’ve been drained dry, and there’s not a story in my head.”

“Strange!” he muttered absently, “and you a New Yorker! Man, you can’t look at the lighted window of a tenement at night, without seeing the outline of a whole novel—a whole tragedy or comedy. Why the city is simply flooded with material. Every face that goes by is marked up by a whole history. Every day there are greater dramas unfolded right down East Broadway than Shakespeare even got the scent of. I sometimes wish I could write.”

Dr. Rast has the philosophic habit; he sees things religiously and socially; he is forever endeavoring to sum up the life about him, to give it meaning, to feel the tendencies of it; and somehow I like it. Possibly this is so because I know that he isn’t a theorizer, but one of our social experimentalists—a man who when he grasps what he believes is a truth, at once puts it in action, tests it out in actual living, and abides by the results. He lives in the scientific spirit.

“Morris,” I replied, “you may be right—but remember, not all of us are sensitive to the facts about us. But, listen—” I leaned forward, “there is one story I haven’t written yet.”

“And that?” He looked at me queerly.

“The Doctor Rast story.”

“G’wan!” he shouted, with mock anger. “None of that! None of that!—Nell!” He arose, and raised his voice, “Nell!”

From the darkness beyond the inner waiting room, came a sweet clear answer:

“Morris? Do you want me?”

“Come, quick!”

She came right in—exquisite as ever—the olive-tinted face, the large brown eyes, the soft brown hair, the same graceful little woman.

“Oh!” she cried, “I didn’t know—”

We shook hands.

“What do you think,” roared the Doctor, “Nell, what do you think! The man actually wants to put us in a story of his! That’s the way he uses his friends! What do you say to that, Nell?”

Nell laughed.

“It wouldn’t be much of a story, I’m afraid—and really, I don’t think

you could even sell it! So—don't waste your time!"

I smiled my craftiest.

"It all comes down to this—do you want the facts given, or shall I leave it to my imagination? If you want the facts, you've got to help me. Otherwise I'll write something very romantic, with a Don Quixote Doctor and a princess wife starving in a garret, murder, burglary, hair's-breadth escapes, and a few other things. Which shall it be?"

They looked at each other and burst out laughing. Then Nell sat down on the arm of his chair, and I vowed to myself that the story should be written.

"It's this way," I argued, "you have had some splendid experiences, some unusual adventures in life. You have no right to hoard them up, to greedily enjoy them for yourselves alone. If a man wins a battle he goes down in a biography; and just because you are buried here on the East Side, unknown and unknowable, working alone and obscure—why for that reason alone you ought to be put down in writing—just to show," I added vehemently, "that the common, the everyday, the private hero-life is as great as any other. Honestly, it would do me good to write about you, and maybe it would do some others good to read about you. It's my plain duty to do it—so you've got to help me."

They both looked at me with shining eyes.

"Tush!" murmured the Doctor, "if you lived one day of my life with me, you'd forget all about the hero-life, and get very busy over dirt and dust and people with rheumatism and bad English. Nicht wahr, little Nell?"

"Don't you believe him!" she cried fondly. "If you only knew," she went on fervently, "what this man of mine does! If you only knew! Why, only a couple of years ago I almost persuaded him to give up his work here and go to the country—"

"Shuh! Not a word!" the Doctor put in.

"Why didn't you go?" I asked of Nell.

"Well, you see it was this way—" and despite the Doctor's muttering she unwound a tale that thrilled me.

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“Well, you see it was this way—” and despite the Doctor’s muttering she unwound a tale that thrilled me.

I smiled.

“We could call that the Battle,” I exclaimed. “It would make a capital beginning for the book.”

The Doctor tried to make us believe he was angry, by rapping the table with his fist.

“There, Nell,” he roared, “now you’ve gone and done it!”

A wicked gleam appeared in her eyes; she frivolously kissed the Doctor, and I could see that she had fallen in with my scheme.

“Oh!” she exclaimed, “I could tell you some stories more exciting than that—there was the fight with pneumonia, the story of the boy who had consumption, and the exciting adventures—”

“Nell!” cried the Doctor, putting a hand over her mouth, “are you going to disgrace the family?”

“And the search for the typhoid serum,” Nell blurted through his fingers, “and the woman who tried suicide—”

The Doctor leaped up, pulled dramatically at his hair, and stamped up and down the room.

“Take out your note-book,” he cried to me, “take it out! Nell, dictate it! Tell every word! Shout it from the housetops! But, really, for a wife to talk that way about her husband—”

He looked at her, and she at me, and suddenly the three of us set the room trembling with our laughter. Then the Doctor spoke seriously:

"There's no material for a novel—really. I guess there isn't in most lives. A novel ought to be one big story, with a beginning, a rise, a climax, a descent, an end—close-knit, all of a piece, dramatic. But look at any ordinary life, and what will you find? Why, only a series of episodes. Some one gets married—much excitement—wedding feast—and then the next morning, the day's work begins again. Years later some one dies. Life goes on again. Understand? Most lives run along the same from day to day, and only once in a great while do things come to a dramatic crisis. And it's so with us—we are just having a series of disconnected experiences, plus washing dishes and curing the grip, and cursing the bill-collectors. So you can't do it, after all!"

He added that "that settled it," and looked much more comfortable. But Nell was still in a wicked mood.

"Does it though," she piped, "does it, Doctor-man? Eh? For my part I think it would be mightily interesting to show up that very fact—that the ordinary life is a series of episodes, and just give those episodes. Strung together they'd make a comfortable sort of book."

The idea seized on me, and I knew it would never let go of me until I had written out the last episode of all.

"Good!" I cried. "I'll write one at a time, and come down and get the material in between. Good!"

And we all laughed again.

It was months, however, before Dr. Rast would let me go ahead. And that's how it all began.

Chapter II

The Battle

Dr. Rast returned home at eleven P.M. He found his wife in his office—the front room—sorting papers at his desk beneath the brilliant blaze of a Welsbach light. She wheeled in the revolving chair to get his kiss.

"Are you tired, Morris?" she asked. Her face was unusually thoughtful.

"Why—anything wrong, Nell?" He dropped wearily into a large, soft armchair.

"Nothing wrong," she said slowly, "except that you *are* tired—" and then she added wistfully, "but are you too tired?"

He smiled.

"Not too tired, little wife. Swing out on me."

She drew her chair nearer his. Her hands were full of papers.

"I've been reckoning all evening," she said, slowly, as he fondled her free hand, "and it's terrible."

"I know," he acknowledged sympathetically. "It *is* awful. I'm a wretch."

"But you really are, Morris," she said, softly touching her lips to his hand. "You've worn my husband out, and worried his wife to pieces, and we are getting poorer every day. Now listen," she went on. "How much rent do we pay?" And then she added in a guilty undertone, "I know it's mean of me to bother you."

He smiled.

"Thirty-five dollars a month. What else?"

"Five dollars a month for gas," she went on, with slow deliberate-ness; "five dollars for laundry; forty-five dollars for table; twelve dollars for help—how much is that?"

"Guess!" he exclaimed, his eyes twinkling.

"Don't, Morris," she cried, inwardly hurt. "You must think of money to-night. You must."

"Poor little wife!" he exclaimed, remorsefully, "I always put the whole burden on you! How much is it?"

She looked at him gravely.

"It's one hundred and two dollars."

He whistled.

"Think of it," she went on. "And between us we need five dollars a week for little things—that's twenty dollars a month—and three hundred dollars a year for clothes—twenty-five dollars more a month. Altogether," she said very soberly, emphatically, "one hundred and forty-seven dollars a month. And that doesn't count going to theater, and presents to our relatives, and vacation money, and dentist bills, and things for your office, and books, and a hundred other things. We really use about one hundred and eighty dollars a month."

He took out his pipe, filled it and lit it.

“One hundred and eighty dollars, little manager!” he cried. “Well, you’re a trump!”

“Now listen,” she said, glowing with pride at his words. “Here’s what my doctor-man earns.” She picked up a bunch of carefully compiled index cards. They were in her handwriting. “Three months back, one hundred and thirty-two dollars and fifty cents; two months back, one hundred and ninety-eight dollars; last month, one hundred and seventeen dollars and fifty cents; this month, one hundred and eighty dollars.”

“Pretty good, isn’t it?” he smiled cheerfully.

“Wait,” she warned him. “That’s what you earned—but you didn’t get that. Three months back ninety-five dollars were paid in; two months back, exactly one hundred; last month, exactly eighty; this month—so far—twenty-five dollars. But you’ll get more, of course.”

He puffed silently.

“Well, what have you to say?” she demanded. She seemed greatly troubled.

“H’m! That’s pretty bad! How much have we drawn from the bank?”

“Three hundred and sixty-five dollars. In other words, we’re running eighty dollars behind each month.”

She sat back. They were silent for a full minute.

The world outside and above them—the night and the human beings asleep in it—was intensely silent. Their nicked alarm-clock throbbed as if it had palpitation of the heart. The white light fell sideways on their faces, making them stand out in vivid relief—they were two very fine faces, the woman’s oval-shaped and olive-tinted, with large, dark eyes and soft-rolling hair; the man’s strong and dark and determined, his firm lips without moustache, his hair bushy and black.

In the silence, the light seemed to sleep upon them, pervading the room with a weird atmosphere—thick and full of the feel of home. Every motion then was full of meaning—the slight puff of the pipe, the quiver of the hands, the vibration of their breathing. So thickly charged was the air that Morris almost hesitated to whisper.

“Oh, Nell,” he said at length, “it is blessed to be with you. I love you so tremendously.”

“It’s wonderful,” she breathed quickly. They caught the meaning in each other’s eyes and became steeped in happiness. It was good for

them to sit there, in their home, late at night, and know each other's presence.

"But, Morris," she said at length, smiling, "won't you worry a little? We must—we must! Don't you see it's impossible?"

He tried hard to see.

"Is anything impossible to my little manager?"

She forced a frown.

"Now, no more of that," she said sternly. "Listen, dear. Please listen sensibly. Here's the whole secret of it—you have a perverted sense of duty. What could you ever have done if your father hadn't left you four thousand dollars after he saw you through college and the hospital? Morris, if you quit charity, and set yourself to it, you could earn a decent living."

"Charity?" His eyebrows went up.

"Yes, charity!" she continued with great emphasis. "You had me come down here with you—why? To make money? You know you didn't, dear! You thought you owed a service to your own people, and—and"—she made a grimace—"they seem to think so too. Why, they've been sponging on you."

"Sponging?" He knit his forehead.

"Yes—sponging. Haven't I seen it a thousand times?" She was fully aroused now. "You only charge fifty cents apiece for the office patients, and time and again I've heard some old *schnorrer* (sponger) say, 'Ach, gentlemen, dear gentlemen, Doktor, you would to please wait. *Ich habe kein geld* (I have no money).'"

Her imitation was so lively, with such life-like grimaces and gestures, that he laughed uproariously.

"Do that again!" he commanded.

She seemed a little angry.

"And what do you do?" she continued, ignoring his amusement. "Why, you pat him on the shoulder and say, 'Never mind—I understand!'"

He laughed uncontrolledly.

"You actress!" he mocked.

"Now, Morris, that won't do! The whole neighborhood is fleeing you. And, worst of all, it is wearing us both out—these incessant calls, these bad hours, these money troubles, this overwork—and these vile people."

He stopped smoking; he suddenly felt how tired and worn he was.

"It's true, Nell," he said bitterly. "I'm tired to death—work, work, work—all work and no life."

"That's it!" she exclaimed. "All work and no life! This isn't life, to be on a never-stopping treadmill! It's a deadly grind—it's killing all the good there is in us! What will we be in five years? And is it doing any good? Do you think that you, single-handed, can accomplish anything in this square-mile sore-spot? Why, you don't do anything! A lifetime of work won't do anything! You can't change conditions—or human nature."

His face looked white and dejected.

"I've felt that lately, too," he said slowly. "I've been going through a reaction. Oh, I'm sick—sick—sick of it—the nauseous crowds, the dirty streets, the stinking tenements, the grind. I guess, after all," he added, weighing each word, "if a fellow looks out for his wife, and brings up a family decently, and does his duty toward relatives and friends, and does his work thoroughly, and votes with a clean conscience, he's doing the State a better service than to neglect these and potter away at the infinite, eternal disease."

"Oh, you're right! Thank God you say that!" she said fervently.

"Oh, Nell," he burst out suddenly, "if we could only get away from it all—get out to clear skies and clean meadows—and home—and find peace! Peace! That's what we need! Peace! This clamor and rush and excitement drain a man of his very soul. It is—it is killing us!"

She suddenly looked radiantly happy.

"I wanted you to say that ever since you came home! I knew you felt that way. Now, listen," she went on excitedly. "Just as you left this evening a letter came from Minnie—Minnie Shansky—you know her—she moved up to Hartley, Connecticut, a couple of years ago, and I've written her often. Listen—oh, this is great news!"

She pulled out a letter, and he sat forward as she read it.

"DEAR LITTLE NELL:

"Here's some good news—our old Doctor's dead! Now don't be shocked, little Nell—I mean good news for you! You see he was the only Doctor for miles around, and he made a fortune—or rather a fortune fell into his lap—for all he had to do was to sit at home and wait till people got sick. Then he hitched up his horse and buggy—and later his automobile—and took a pleasant drive. It didn't matter whether he killed people or cured them—he was a Trust. Now

here's a proposition. I guarantee that if you and your handsome husband come out here now—right now—the fields will be yours. Your husband can't help making money. Of course, even if there were competition, he's so darkly handsome that we would all prefer him. But there isn't competition, and there won't be—I'll see to that. So he can step into a fortune. Make him come; do make him come. You are simply stuck in the mud where you are; you can't even imagine what country life means—how glorious, sane, sweet, complete it is! You're bound to be happy here—think of it—ten acres of ground, a dear little cottage, fresh vegetables, delightful woods and brooks, beautiful days, stormy or clear, plenty of books, and lovely neighbors who are never in a hurry and are peaceful and happy. Besides, the Doctor is so highly respected. He's the first man in the county; his word is law.

"Now think the minute you get this—and act quickly. The least delay may spoil all. You must come.

"YOUR LOVING MINNIE."

Morris glowed with a new excitement.

"Oh, that's a tremendous opportunity! That's great! That's my outlet!"

Nell stood up, triumphant.

"And that's why I made my poor tired husband stay up with me until"—she glanced at the alarm clock—"one o'clock! I knew you wouldn't mind!"

He leaped up, and clutched her in his arms, and kissed her fervently.

"Oh, Nell, you're a trump—a brick! You're a great manager! We'll take it—we'll take it! Write her—sit down and write her—tell her we're coming! Oh, everything will be all right! We'll get something out of life yet! Isn't it glorious?"

"Perfectly glorious!" she cried in her full-hearted delight. "Yes, I shall have my husband now, and we'll be young lovers in the wilderness! Oh, if you knew how happy I am!"

And then came the electric bell—shrill, insistent—and three times. They broke from each other.

"There—there—listen to that!" Nell cried fiercely. A great anger welled up in her.

Morris uttered a groan, and opened the door. A little wide-eyed boy, in loose, ragged clothing, came in.

"Say," he said in a shrill, frightened tone, "Mrs. Iliowisi's gittin' a kid!"

"I'll be right over," Morris said, somewhat too strongly. "Now lis-

ten, boy. Tell her husband that she's to do exactly as I told her—understand?—exactly!”

“I run all the way,” said the boy breathlessly, and was gone.

“Oh—and you're all tired out!” cried Nell angrily. “I can't stand it! There—there's the same old story! And I bet you won't get a cent for it.”

He was packing his instruments in his grip.

“It's tough, kid, isn't it?” he muttered. “Drat it!”

He kissed her.

“But, oh, Morris,” she said, looking at him, “this will all change! We'll be so happy.”

“Yes—yes, indeed! Now go to bed, kid! It's an all-night job! You'll go?”

“To please you, Doctor-man!”

“That's right.” He kissed her and she closed the door after him.

He walked very briskly through the keen air. The streets were empty and absolutely silent. He seemed to move through a Deserted City where the footprints of the extinct people still showed in the thin mud on pavement and gutter. A moon glowed coldly overhead, and the stars were faint and far. Most of the windows were tight shut, and very black and very still.

He buttoned up his coat, turned up his collar, and tried to forget how tired he was. This he soon did by reviewing the case of the Iliowisis. They were a very unfortunate family—the husband a semi-idiot, a sweat-shop wreck, unfit for even trivial labor. He was bleary-eyed and frail and a-tremble, and the Earth and her people glimmered but dimly and in waterly flashes through his brain. But he had a good heart; he never complained. The oldest child—there were two—was also semi-idiotic. She was thirteen, and was still learning the A-B-C rudiments in the Atypical Class in the Public School—a sweet, good-tempered girl, who loved needlework and her teachers—a sore trial to her mother, who sometimes beat her unmercifully. For if her mother sent her on a simple errand that required the returning of change for a purchase, the poor, half-brained, fat, cherub-faced little girl would come back penniless. And this to utter Poverty was a terror, and beyond endurance. The second child, also a girl, was very young and too small to help. Hence all the burden of the family fell on the fat, stout-hearted mother. She did washing—and undoubtedly continued it, despite incessant ag-

ony, up to the last hour. She was a great, noble Soul, fitted out with weak flesh and bad brain, and the world had unconsciously made a bad job worse by over-weighting her with care and labor and pain. She struggled down at the sea bottom through tons of black ocean, and yet through all the years never once struck her head above the waters—never once got the release, the sun and wind, the glory of vista and scenery, the health of the sea. But she was noble and very great—she rarely cried out, she bore her husband patiently, she washed vigorously, she beat the girl only when the last limit had been passed, she was sober, she endured pain. Her only real joy was Dr. Rast. He was the one human being who was human with her—who encouraged her, who held her up, who sometimes put his hand in his pocket to pay the grocer's bill, who was always to be had when the need came. As he walked along, his eyes clouded. He knew every fact in the case, and, not least, just what he meant to the woman.

And finally he said, though immediately afterwards he hated himself for a sentimentalist:

“These are my helpless little ones.”

The tenement was in a dark, blind, miserable street. As he climbed five flights of stairs toward the cries on the top floor, the women on each floor opened doors and bobbed their heads out to watch him.

“Ach, the sweet doctor,” he heard several times, but paid no attention.

The atypical child waited for him at the top. She came forward shyly, smiling sweetly, and put her hand in his, and her arm timidly about him.

“Good Doctor,” she sighed happily.

She didn't seem to notice the piercing screams from the back room. He patted her head.

“And my girl's all right?” he asked softly.

“Good,” she said.

“There!” He leaned and kissed her, his throat thick, and passed in to the Battle.

At five—with the streets gray, the cold, dull Dawn swirling up from the river, with smells of mixed salt—Dr. Rast walked rapidly home. His face was white, his eyes red. He showed the marks of the struggle, for he trembled as he hurried along. It had been a very great fight—the victory shifting to and fro. Time and again he hurled himself in with all

the strength of his soul, and recoiled, dazed, baffled, half conquered. It seemed at times that the child must surely die, or the woman be crippled for life. The first of these he refused to tolerate—he would not shut a Soul out of life; the last was too terrible to think of—for if the woman were crippled the whole family would at once sink as into quicksands and be among the débris of Society. So he got, as it were, his second wind, and with every nerve alive, his head clear, his hands precise and quick, he fought face to face with the enemy. He had to win—so he did win! He came out of it, as from a swing from star to star down Eternity, as from a furnace, but he came victoriously. Hence he trembled, and was white and feverish, when Nell let him in.

“Oh!” she cried, in a wild fright. “You’ve been killing yourself.”

She helped him to his chair, and he dropped into it heavily. She crowded over him as a mother over a sick child—quick, anxious, stricken.

“Shuh!” he said feebly. “No fuss, Nell. I couldn’t stand it! No fuss. Listen,” he smiled faintly; “I won!”

And he made her sit down in the revolving chair while he told her the story of the night. As she listened, she thrilled through and through—the color rushed to her cheeks and as suddenly disappeared—she breathed quickly—she held herself taut and tense.

“It was war,” she cried at length, “but a new kind—glorious! And you are a great general—you’re a great Napoleon! Oh, I’m proud of you, Morris.”

“Yes,” he smiled sadly; “and I didn’t leave a hundred thousand dead on the field—I saved one child’s life.”

They sat in silence.

“Now won’t you take some coffee?” she asked anxiously.

“I suppose I will,” he said very weakly, trying to smile again. But he didn’t smile; he lay back limp.

She got him to bed then, and he drank the coffee, feebly telling her all the time how he hated “fussing.”

Then at last she put her arm under his head.

“So the doctor’s not going to the country,” she said, very sadly, with tears in her eyes. “Oh, you needn’t tell me—I see it all over you. And I know just what you are going to say.”

His smile was a radiant one.

“Nell,” he said huskily, “you’re the wife I want and need. Now

listen. This state of things down here is a great Battle, isn't it? A terrible battle—no battle in history—no Gettysburg or Austerlitz as awful, as fruited with death and mangling and slaughter—no battle ever fought so horrible, just because this is an invisible battle—hidden away—behind walls—in cellars—in garrets—in factories! Isn't that true?"

"Shuh! Don't get so excited," she warned him, kissing him.

"But it's so, little wife—it is so! And I'm a trained soldier—I'm fitted to fight—I know these people—I understand all—and—they love me, they love me!"

"We all love you," she cried fervently, and a tear splashed on him.

"Oh, and I think, Nell, I think"—he paused, and then spoke in a voice of awe—"that maybe God is in this too. Our modern men of God perhaps are the settlement workers, the magazine writers, the doctors. And you see it's so effective—we don't preach to them. We go and do something; take God to them—give them Revelation—by giving them a big let-up—and a let-up means an up-lift—and backing it with love, with service, with—with"—he smiled—"I'm afraid I'm getting churchy—yes, with renunciation."

There was a silence; Nell was crying softly.

"Now listen," he continued. "Here's the Battle—here am I, the trained Fighter—I've been in it, I know it all, I'm needed—now shall I fight, or fly?"

She spoke tremulously through sobs.

"And I—am not I a fighter?"

"Yes, Nell," he said fervently. "I couldn't fight without you. You're the General—you manage things—you do the brain-work—I'm only the fighter."

"Oh, you dear boy!" she cried, flinging her arms about him. "We won't desert."

"That's it," he said at length. "And as for money—well, I'll be stricter after this, for charity's the worst thing on Earth, and only help when it isn't charity. I will, and you'll manage the rest."

"Morris," she cried, with sudden gayety, "weren't we fools last night? Selfish, mean, despicable backwaterers?"

And she kissed him soundly, and they laughed softly.

Chapter X

The East Side

Rarely did Dr. Rast's face look more haggard and white than that noon, when Nell by mere chance found him in the front office. East Broadway outside was in the dusty squalor of the day's glare, and the meanness of man and his streets was laid naked. When Nell in her working apron, her hair toweled up, her arms bare, tripped in, she found the big Doctor doubled up in a chair by the window.

"Morris!" she cried—her voice streaked with alarm—"I didn't hear you come in! What's the matter?"

She rushed to him, knelt on the floor, and seized his hand. They looked like two beautiful children—he, leaning over, his big black head sunlit, his clean-shaven face dark and drawn, his eyes luminous with pain—and she, the wife, glancing up, her whole face trembling.

"Nell—" the man behind that voice was surely struggling—"I'm in hell again."

Her frightened words came in a blurt:

"Morris! Morris! You're not sick? You didn't catch anything? You're not hurt?"

He put an arm about her and drew her up close.

"Nell—forgive me—it's nothing—just my old moods!"

She laughed softly; it was nearly a sob.

"Oh! a mood! Well! A mood! I thought—but never mind, Morris, tell me about your mood!"

"Oh, Nell!" he groaned, "I'm not fit to be a Doctor."

"Tush!" she cried. "You are the only Doctor I ever met—the only real one! The rest are quacks!"

She laughed nervously, and he suddenly raised up his face, and she saw, through tears, that a little sad smile touched the drawn corners of his lips.

"That's the wife talking," he murmured. "The dear wife, the dear, dear little wife!"

"My man!"

He kissed her tenderly; he sat back; he breathed deeply and freely.

"What would I do," he cried, patting her hand, "without my safety-valve!"

"And you won't tell me about the mood?" she asked fondly. "Doctor-man, be there secrets?"

His face went haggard again.

"Nell!" he said fiercely, "a Doctor has no business to have moods. There's that dirty Polinsky goes about sucking the blood from these miserable streets and—it works! No moods, no ideals—he minds his business! And the idiots swarm around his office like hornets. But I—I—"

"Morris! don't!"

"Nell! I'm a damned fool!"

"You are—*now*," she said with a touch of anger. "Morris! stop!"

"Listen!" he cried. "I go around with my fancy faith in men, my rainbow dreams of brotherhood, and how does it hit my job? Does it sharpen my knives or strengthen my medicines? I tell you, if a man comes round with a bankrupt appendix, it's up to me to cut it out, and thunder take his soul, if he has any!"

In spite of herself, she loosened a sharp little laugh. But her voice had anger in it.

"Morris! drop that language!"

"Oh, Nell," he cried miserably, "don't you understand? I go around as if I were soothing syrup for the East Side; I yank people up to my own idiotic pitch. And what's the result?" he cried sharply. "How do I know? It may make things worse than before. And as for me—every other day I get a reaction. Ideals?—bosh!"

She was very angry; her face flushed.

"Morris! I won't hear such language from you! It's an insult to—yourself—yes, and to me! Now you tell me what's the matter!"

He put his head in his hands, and sighed deeply.

"Nell! Nell! Nell! Just look at me. Just see what my work does to me! If my patients could see me now, would they have any more faith in me? A Doctor?" he groaned bitterly. "A weakling! I tell you I fly too high—that's why I fall so hard! Polinsky is right! I ought to be as impersonal as a butcher cutting meat—for it's meat after all!"

Nell suddenly arose.

"You make me tired!" she cried.

She turned and started to leave the room. He leaped up.

"Nell—come here! Come here!"

She faced him, her eyes filled with pity.

“Morris!”

He strode over, and gathered in the aproned body and the toweled head.

“Little wife—forgive me a little bit. I had to pour it out to some one!”

She put her arms about his neck.

“You poor husband!” she cried. “Won’t you tell me now? Even if I sit on your lap?”

“Come!” he said.

He sat down again; and she settled herself upon his knees. She laughed softly.

“I’m not too heavy, am I?”

“Never in the world!” he cried.

“Surely?”

“Surely!”

“Then—’fess up!”

He could not help but speak sadly.

“Nell—this morning I met young Dr. Brahm—you know he’s a Public School Doctor, and they send him around through the neighborhood; they’re taking a report of every family in the district—name, ages, number, hereditary diseases, present health, and so forth. Well—he wanted to know if I wouldn’t run through a few houses for him; he’s behind in his work. And I was fool enough to do it!”

“That was foolish!” she cried fiercely. “That’s the way you always get yourself in trouble! What business had he to ask you, any way? Oh, I suppose you ran yourself to death!”

“Pretty near!” he growled. “I must have climbed miles of stairways—I went through two blocks—two blocks of rats’ nests—cellars, attics, and seven-in-a-room sweat-holes! There’s not a smell in New York I missed. And it was a bad morning, too.”

“Bad? Why, bad?”

“Because the whole East Side is out on an excursion—mothers, babies and girls and boys.”

“What excursion?”

“You know—the big Tammany Hall outfit—thousands went all in that rotten old hull of an excursion boat—what’s her name?”

“Oh!” she cried, “the ‘Old Glory’—the big three-decker.”

“Yes—the ‘Old Glory,’” he went on. “Well, kid, I struck those two

blocks just in the midst of preparations, and somehow the thing turned me sick. Somehow I never saw all this squalor and misery and nastiness so in the mass—the bulk! I wish you could have been there! The noise—the squabbles—Families were fighting families—mothers were screaming at children—girls and boys were tearing at each other! Bah—” he shuddered—“the East Side is overrun with vermin.”

There was a moment’s silence; then she stroked his face sympathetically.

“I know,” she said slowly and sadly. “I always told you that, Morris, and you never believed me!”

They were silent again, and to both at once hateful became the loud jarring noises of the street—the chatter of some near-by women—the nasty clanging of some old clothes man’s bell—the jangling of the horse-car—the rattling of a delivery wagon. The world of noon is the hardest to find good in.

“Oh, Morris,” she went on slowly, “it’s all crass—squalid—choked with dust!”

He became more dejected than ever.

“Do you see, Nell?” he asked. “Like the word or not, these ideals *are* bosh. Where’s the brotherhood of man in *this* world—here—out in that street—in those old tenements—in that Jew-jammed ‘Old Glory’ tooting up the river? Oh, it’s easy enough at night when things are hidden a bit to work up steam and go through it all like a drive of fire; but that’s a spree—a spiritual spree. It’s just not so. It’s a lie! *Here’s* the fact!”

“Yes,” said Nell bitterly, “these people are—well, I’m sick of it!”

“Oh, you should have seen them!” he cried out. “Brotherhood? God? Souls? A mess of vermin! They haven’t a touch of the brother in them—they grub in the mud—they tear each other in the filth, and then I—I—” he mocked himself,—“I—the grand Doctor—go among them with my vision. By heavens, Nell, even if I jammed it down their throats, and they went off into a holy fit, it would only sink them deeper—deep, by God, as I am! I! I!”

The silence that followed, with its harsh outer rind of street and tenement noise, its noonday glare, was as terrible as they had ever endured. Nell felt broken and defeated. She got up wearily and started to trudge to the kitchen. The Doctor arose and went to the window.

The telephone suddenly rang desperately. Nell turned back.

"No, I'll answer it!" cried the Doctor.

He stalked over, and snapped off its endless ringing by picking up the receiver. Nell stood by, watching him listlessly.

"Hello!" he muttered.

"Is this Dr. Rast?"

"Yes."

"This is Downtown Settlement: we need every worker in the District: please take the block east of Grand at Clinton. You have heard of the accident?"

"No! What?"

"Excursion boat burned up on East River: thousand dead. The 'Old Glory.' Good-by."

The Voice in the darkness, the Unseen, was shut off. The Doctor stood as if he were frozen. He felt as if the heart in his breast had exploded. Every blood-drop in his cheek shrank tingling back. He half-turned, choked—

"Nell—the—the 'Old Glory'—"

"What?" she cried in a voice of sudden agony, rushing to him. His face was chalky and knotted.

"Nell—God!—burned up! The 'Old Glory' burned up!"

They stood staring at each other.

"And the people?" she cried shrilly, "the mothers and children—?"

"One thousand dead!"

"Oh, God, it can't be true!" she cried, clutching her heart.

The man in him seemed to faint in horror; but suddenly the Doctor burst through and took hold. His voice rang out passionately.

"Nell! if I send people over, take care of them! Don't worry!"

He snatched hat and grip, and swung back the door.

"Nell, you'll face this?" he cried.

She rushed to him and kissed him.

"Trust me, Morris! Run!"

He bent into the street, turned east and ran. It was Doom's Day. All these trivial facts of human beings and houses and cars, with their painted surfaces, went up into a ghastly dream. He heard the news-boys and newsmen hoarsely shrieking their terrible alarm, as they sowed the city with the Word of Death. Every other syllable was drowned, but the news poured from every corner, each jumbled powerful word falling like a slow crashing sledge hammer.

“Extra — extra! — ‘Old Glory’ — Flames — Thousand — Dead! — Scenes — Horror —”

He dimly saw people clustering in quick crowds; he heard cries and exclamations of terror, and now and then a wail as of some one stricken. He pushed his way through groups; he tore madly across the open Playground Park through hordes of children. The City, which a moment before had been commonplace, bestial, squalid, now seemed to swim through a space of sublime and terrible tragedy. The Doctor was but playing some part in the last act of a Shakespeare play. And yet how real—how living—he himself, truly there, and tearing, alive, over the hard pavement.

At Grand Street he hauled up a newsboy. His voice did not seem to belong to him. His fingers, as he told out the pennies, were cold and trembling. Then he found that he could hardly hold the sheet steadily.

For a moment he caught phrases—“their charred bodies dropped in the water”—“the screams of the women trampling each other”—“children crushed to death”—“As Old Glory went flaming up the river, one could hear the screaming from the Long Island shore”—“Terrible scene on the river bank; men waded in, and towed in bodies by their hair; whole bank piled with dead children and women”—“Heroism of mothers”—“Scene of holiday joy turned into a charnel-house”—

He threw the paper from him, drunk and stupefied. Where was God? Who had smashed a peaceful city so? Who had made these poor children scream and die in fire? Something was wrong at the heart of things.

And then came strength. The battle was on: he was one of the Captains: they were waiting for him. He dashed frantically by the Grand Street push-carts and turned into Clinton Street. He entered a strange dark world. Men were sobbing in the street: women were embracing each other: there was a frantic rushing to and fro. He made quick inquiries, and from souls mad he learned that half of the street was away seeking its dead and half was home in agonies of uncertainty. Even at that moment strange children, strange men, strange women, drifted in from the corners. Eyes were still wide with that gaze into bottomless Realities; clothes were in shreds; flesh was scratched and torn. A little boy tottered along, up the middle of the muddy gutter, with one arm burned to the elbow. How he had gotten home was a

wonder. Evidently he had been left aside by the rescuers who were dealing with more palpable horrors. Dr. Rast turned, burst through a crowd of wailing women, and caught up the crying waif. Up the long red row of tenements—under the wash-loaded fire escapes—a fat woman was gazing up and down. She saw the tall Doctor pick up the child. She gave a scream heard by the whole block and rushed down through the people.

“My baby!” she shrieked, as she smothered him up, and madly bore him through a black hall and up the blind broken stairs, while she kissed him and cried over him. The Doctor humbly followed to a scene of unspeakable torture.

And then the great fight began. It lasted for thirty hours. With some fifty other capable workers, Dr. Rast was hurried hither and yon, shuffled back and forth among a hundred human tragedies. The pathos, the agony, the despair, the desolation were too awful to think through. Dr. Rast could only busily work—work—work. But it was not Doctor-work. The physical suffering was small. Most of the badly burned or exposed were in the hospitals. It was largely priest’s work, done in disguise. He forced people to eat some supper, to take a swallow of whisky, to get out in the fresh air. He sent men on errands. He drafted in recruits to help him in his work. He said what miserable words he could to souls paralyzed and maimed. Whole families had been wiped out. There only remained their empty rooms, full of the articles of daily use.

There were some incidents that Dr. Rast never forgot. Late that night, as he hurried out of a tenement doorway he almost stumbled over a tall man who sat on the steps. In the blue-white light of the electric street-lamp, he got a vivid picture of this human being. The man was a very skeleton—the wrists mere bones, the legs above the shoes mere hard sticks, the neck naked and wried, the face shrunken in—a thin film of flesh over the death’s head—the eyes lifeless and stupid. Dr. Rast noticed curiously the little straggling curling red hairs on his chin, and the yellow egg-spots on the old shreds of clothing hanging scarecrow-wise on the body. The man sat very still.

“Brother,” whispered Dr. Rast in Yiddish, one hand on the man’s thin hard shoulder, “have you lost any one?”

A thin rasping voice cut the air.

“I was in the massacre at Kishineff—but saved my wife and five

children. We came to this free land."

"And now?" Dr. Rast could scarcely speak. "And now?"

"My wife and five children are dead in this free land. They lived this morning: I kissed them goodbye; they were happy to go out and make a holiday. I come home, and they are all dead. I am alone."

"Brother!" cried Dr. Rast, putting an arm about him, "can I do anything?"

"Yes," said the man with a bitterness that seemed to cut to the heart of things, "bring them to life again."

No words, after that, reached this man. The Doctor left him, a living skeleton, staring stupidly into the blue-white radiance of the naked arc-light.

In one little back room he found a young man sobbing on the bed. He pulled him up roughly, and the young man flung his arms about the Doctor's neck.

"Minnie," he sobbed, "my wife—we were married three months—"

And then in the early gray of the morning—up the cold street with its mockeries of lights still lit in the dawn—the carts with their blanket-covered corpses! The return of the dead to the shattered tenements! The battlefield scene! The rush of frantic women and broken men! The shrieks—the howls—the tearing of hair, the ripping down of shirts from the neck to the waist in sign of mourning— Through all this swirl of horror the Doctor toiled on terribly, never once losing his grip on himself. He was all there. Now and then he seemed to be at some Waterloo—in the smoke, the flames, the carnage, the spray of bullets. He was half-suffocated, and had to charge madly against a sea of faces and of bayonets. But he fought on in this modern city-battle in such homely ways as he could.

Several times he took enough thought to step into a drugstore and telephone Nell. Each time she said:

"Come home, as soon as it is right to. Don't forget to eat something."

And then he flung back into the raging fight.

It was not until eight o'clock that evening that Nell heard the key fumbling in the lock. She rushed to the door and swung it open. She caught the Doctor in her arms. He sobbed like a little child.

"Nell," he moaned, "our people are stricken—our East Side is stricken!"

"Oh!" she cried, "Morris! Get to bed!"

He struggled back and leaned against the door. The glow of the Welsbach fell on his face. It was white, the lips blue, the tear-stained eyes starting from their sockets.

"Nell," he groaned, "put on your hat. There are funeral services in the Park."

"Morris," she cried, "you get to bed! You're killing yourself! You've done enough for those people!"

"Those people?" he said softly, his blue lips trembling. "Our brothers, our children, Nell! Come!"

"But Morris—"

"Come!"

Her heart stood still. The thirty hours had been a terror to her, too. A terror of pacing up and down, of listening for steps or bell or turning of key, of reading papers, of talking with neighbors. She felt as if she could not stand another moment of this intensity, this torture. But she saw that her husband was on the verge of utter breakdown. How he kept on his feet she dared not think. She put on the hat; she took his arm.

"All right, Morris," she whispered, "we'll go!"

He bumped against her many times as they walked in silence through deserted streets. The street-car tracks lay the length of East Broadway empty of traffic; the lonesome lights splashed blue on dark and blinded shop windows; the tenements were vacant and hollow. And then they came out on the little park, with its circle of man-crowded tenements gazing down upon it. It was filled with a black crowd of people—a calm ocean washing through its walks and playgrounds and eddying out to every radiating side-street. And such silence! Not a soul spoke, not a whisper breathed up through the clear air; a dead hush held all these human beings. The world was stilled and expectant. But yesterday morning and this had been a chaos of selfish animals, lustily alive, Earth-anchored. Tonight, as the spent Doctor and the worried wife stood together in that throbbing crowd, under the cold glitter of careless stars and beneath the far-spaced electric lights, startlingly vivid were the faces about them—vivid were the calico waists falling full over the fat breathing bodies—vivid the upheld gnarled hands—vivid the straining lamp-starred eyes of children and the hands that held their hands. It was a breathing mass of human-

ity—breathing, living, thinking—the old mothers and fathers, the men and women, the children—the common human stuff suddenly stilled by the Unseen Hand—and waiting!

And then suddenly, like the blasting and ripping open of human hearts, in the distance and through the clear air, came the long dead-roll of the drums! There were the long rolling throbs—silence—then the long rolling throbs again! Dr. Rast seized his wife's hand. They both went hot and cold—hot and cold! Nearer and nearer came the dull rolling of the drums! And then, suddenly, and very near, the wails of anguish from the brass horns tore through the air. It seemed to break the heart of the East Side. The people, as in one family, heard the sobbing of their Mother over her Dead—it rent the air, it cried to the stars. It was Man's cry to Nature, accepting Death, and yet—Forward they came—those pitiless musicians—and then, lo, the rank after rank of silent men in black—rank after rank—silent, white, bowed,—rank after rank—the fathers, the brothers, the sons, the husbands. The vast crowds swayed as one man; the ranks marched as one man; women openly sobbed; and the Doctor leaned heavily on Nell. She put an arm about him. She could not see. Her heart was pumping wildly.

“Nell,” he whispered in a faint, awed voice, “these are all Brothers—this is a hint of Brotherhood.”

And oh—those rolling drums—that anguished music—the noise in human throats—those human faces. Nell turned and sobbed on her husband's breast: Her heart seemed broken in two.

Truly the East Side had risen. All the layer of mean man—the talk, the clash, the greed, the pavement pettiness—had for a moment melted in the flames of the ‘Old Glory’—and there was bared—one could see it with the eyes—the Human Deeps—the power behind faces—the love that breathes through all—the hint, the reminder of the common man to be, the Brotherhood to be. The night laid bare Man's possibilities.

“Morris,” Nell whispered, “we must not lose faith in these people again.”

“It took a thousand lives,” he cried low, “to bring this love into our streets. But, Nell, it's here! Look! The love is in these people—the love, the power, the glory—God!—and now I know the work of this age—”

“What?”

His voice seemed to mix in with the drums and the music.

“To bring God out—to take God down into the dust of things—to get God into the day’s work—the commonplace! He’s here—He’s in each one. We must turn Him on! The race is going out to glory—look—look—”

And then suddenly he seemed to sway limp at her side and she led him off through the crowd. The drums rolled afar; the music sobbed itself away. A wind of glory had blown through the street, and passed.

“It’s too glorious—too keyed up,” the Doctor whispered. “Nell, take me home—let me go to sleep!”

How she ever got him home she did not remember. But she kissed him good-night as a Mother kisses a child who falls to sleep after a week of delirium and fever. She sat in the darkness sobbing, and the husband slept.

POTASH &
PERLMUTTER

THEIR COPARTNERSHIP VENTURES
AND ADVENTURES

BY

MONTAGUE GLASS

ILLUSTRATED

GROSSET & DUNLAP
PUBLISHERS " NEW YORK

Potash and Perlmutter

Montague Glass

Abe Potash is sure that "you can't run a cloak-and-suit business according to the Talmud." And, he might have added, you can't run it without a sense of humor (well, you can, David Levinsky did—but you shouldn't!). Montague Marsden Glass (1877–1934), Abe's creator, had no doubts on this score, nor apparently did the public in those prewar years. Glass's incipient American industrialists won a huge, appreciative following.

English-born Glass was thirteen when he came to America. He practiced law in New York City, but it was a writer's career he craved. Of course he drew on his experience as an attorney in imagining Abe Potash and "Mawruss" Perlmutter. Potash & Perlmutter: Their Co-partnership Ventures and Adventures (1911) was followed by Abe and Mawruss: The Adventures of Potash & Perlmutter (1914). A stage version, made in 1913, enjoyed long runs in the United States and England.

Glass obviously knew the garment industry first-hand—knew its character, its risk, its opportunity. He allowed his readers to experience it for the Jewish world in miniature it was. Sol Liptzin comments on Glass's use of "a picturesque English behind which a Yiddish substratum peered through, even though the only foreign expressions included by the author were German ones introduced by the German restaurateurs of the East Side."¹

1. Liptzin, *The Jew in American Literature* (New York, 1966) p. 117.

Chapter I

"No, siree, sir," Abe Potash exclaimed as he drew a check to the order of his attorney for a hundred and fifty dollars, "I would positively go it alone from now on till I die, Noblestone. I got my stomach full with Pincus Vesell already, and if Andrew Carnegie would come to me and tell me he wants to go with me as partners together in the cloak and suit business, I would say 'No,' so sick and tired of partners I am."

For the twentieth time he examined the dissolution agreement which had ended the firm of Vesell & Potash, and then he sighed heavily and placed the document in his breast pocket.

"Cost me enough, Noblestone, I could assure you," he said.

"A hundred and fifty ain't much, Potash, for a big lawyer like Feldman," Noblestone commented.

Abe flipped his fingers in a gesture of deprecation.

"That is the least, Noblestone," he rejoined. "First and last I bet you I am out five thousand dollars on Vesell. That feller got an idee that there ain't nothing to the cloak and suit business but auction pinochle and taking out-of-town customers to the theayter. Hard work is something which he don't know nothing about at all. He should of been in the brokering business."

"The brokering business ain't such a cinch neither," Noblestone retorted with some show of indignation. "A feller what's in the brokering business has got his troubles, too, Potash. Here I've been trying to find an opening for a bright young feller with five thousand dollars cash, y'understand, and also there ain't a better designer in the business, y'understand, and I couldn't do a thing with the proposition. Always everybody turns me down. Either they got a partner already or they're like yourself, Potash, they just got through with a partner which done 'em up good."

"If you think Pincus Vesell done me up good, Noblestone," Potash said, "you are mistaken. I got better judgment as to let a lowlife like him get into me, Noblestone. I lost money by him, y'understand, but at the same time he didn't make nothing neither. Vesell is one of them fellers what you hear about which is nobody's enemy but his own."

"The way he talks to me, Potash," Noblestone replied, "he ain't such friends to you neither."

"He hates me worser as poison," Abe declared fervently, "but that

ain't neither here nor there, Noblestone. I'm content he should be my enemy. He's the kind of feller what if we would part friends, he would come back every week and touch me for five dollars yet. The feller ain't got no money and he ain't got no judgment neither."

"But here is a young feller which he got lots of common sense and five thousand dollars cash," Noblestone went on. "Only one thing which he ain't got."

Abe nodded.

"I seen lots of them fellers in my time, Noblestone," he said. "Everything about 'em is all right excepting one thing and that's always a killer."

"Well, this one thing ain't a killer at all," Noblestone rejoined, "he knows the cloak and suit business from A to Z, and he's a first-class A number one feller for the inside, Potash, but he ain't no salesman."

"So long as he's good on the inside, Noblestone," Abe said, "it don't do no harm if he ain't a salesman, because there's lots of fellers in the cloak and suit business which calls themselves drummers, y'understand. Every week regular they turn in an expense account as big as a doctor's bill already, and not only they ain't salesmen, Noblestone, but they don't know enough about the inside work to get a job as assistant shipping clerk."

"Well, Harry Federmann ain't that kind, Potash," Noblestone went on. "He's been a cutter and a designer and everything you could think of in the cloak and suit business. Also the feller's got good backing. He's married to old man Zudrowsky's daughter and certainly them people would give him a whole lot of help."

"What people do you mean?" Abe asked.

"Zudrowsky & Cohen," Noblestone answered. "Do you know 'em, Potash?"

Abe laughed raucously.

"Do I know 'em?" he said. "A question! Them people got a reputation among the trade which you wouldn't believe at all. Yes, Noblestone, if I would take it another partner, y'understand, I would as lief get a feller what's got the backing of a couple of them cut-throats up in Sing Sing, so much do I think of Zudrowsky & Cohen."

"All I got to say to that, Potash, is that you don't know them people, otherwise you wouldn't talk that way."

"Maybe I don't know 'em as good as some concerns know 'em,

Noblestone, but that's because I was pretty lucky. Leon Sammet tells me he wouldn't trust 'em with the wrapping paper on a C.O.D. shipment of two dollars."

Noblestone rose to his feet and assumed an attitude of what he believed to be injured dignity.

"I hear enough from you, Potash," he said, "and some day you will be sorry you talk that way about a concern like Zudrowsky & Cohen. If you couldn't say nothing good about 'em, you should shut up your mouth."

"I could say one thing good about 'em, Noblestone," Abe retorted, as the business broker opened the store door. "They ain't ashamed of a couple of good old-time names like Zudrowsky & Cohen."

This was an allusion to the circumstance that Philip Noblestone had once been Pesach Edelstein, and the resounding bang with which the broker closed the door behind him, was gratifying evidence to Abe that his parting shot had found its target.

"Well, Noblestone," Zudrowsky cried, as the broker entered the show room of Zudrowsky & Cohen, "what did he say?"

"He says he wouldn't consider it at all," Noblestone answered. "He ain't in no condition to talk about it anyway, because he feels too sore about his old partner, Pincus Vesell. That feller done him up to the tune of ten thousand dollars."

In Noblestone's scheme of ethics, to multiply a fact by two was to speak the truth unadorned.

"S' enough, Noblestone," Zudrowsky cried. "If Potash lost so much money as all that, I wouldn't consider him at all. One thing you got to remember, Noblestone. Me, I am putting up five thousand dollars for Harry Federmann, and what that feller don't know about business, Noblestone, you could take it from me, would make even *you* a millionaire, if you would only got it in your head."

Noblestone felt keenly the doubtfulness of Zudrowsky's compliment, but for a lack of a suitable rejoinder he contented himself by nodding gravely.

"So I wouldn't want him to tie up with a feller like Potash, what gets done up so easy for ten thousand dollars," Zudrowsky went on. "What I would like, Noblestone, is that Harry should go as partners together with some decent, respectable feller which got it good experience in the cloak business and wouldn't be careless with my five thou-

sand dollars. I needn't to tell you, Noblestone, if I would let Harry get his hands on it, I might as well kiss myself goodbye with that five thousand dollars."

Noblestone waggled his head from side to side and made inarticulate expressions of sympathy through his nose.

"How could you marry off your daughter to a *schafskopf* like Federmann?" he asked.

"It was a love match, Noblestone," Zudrowsky explained. "She falls in love with him, and he falls in love with her. So naturally he ain't no business man, y'understand, because you know as well as I do, Noblestone, a business man ain't got no time to fool away on such nonsense."

"Sure, I know," Noblestone agreed. "But what makes Federmann so dumb? He's been in the cloak and suit business all his life, ain't he?"

"What's that got to do with it?" Zudrowsky exclaimed. "Cohen and me got these here fixtures for fifteen years already, and you could more expect them tables and racks they should know the cloak and suit business as Harry Federmann. They ain't neither of 'em got no brains, Noblestone, and that's what I want you to get for Harry,—some young feller with brains, even though he ain't worth much money."

"Believe me, Mr. Zudrowsky," Noblestone replied. "It ain't such an easy matter these times to find a young feller with brains what ain't got no money, Mr. Zudrowsky, and such young fellers don't need no partners neither. And, anyhow, Mr. Zudrowsky, what is five thousand dollars for an inducement to a business man? When I would go around and tell my clients I got a young feller with five thousand dollars what wants to go in the cloak and suit business, they laugh at me. In the cloak and suit business five thousand dollars goes no ways."

"Five thousand ain't much if you are going to open up as a new beginner, Noblestone," Zudrowsky replied, "but if you got a going concern, y'understand, five thousand dollars is always five thousand dollars. There's lots of business men what is short of money all the time, Noblestone. Couldn't you find it maybe a young feller which is already established in business, y'understand, and what needs *doch* a little money?"

Noblestone slapped his thigh.

"I got it!" he said. "I'll go around and see Sam Feder of the Kosciusko Bank."

Half an hour later Noblestone sat in the first vice-president's office at the Kosciusko Bank, and requested that executive officer to favor him with the names of a few good business men, who would appreciate a partner with five thousand dollars.

"I'll tell you the truth, Noblestone," Mr. Feder said, "we turn down so many people here every day, that it's a pretty hard thing for me to remember any particular name. Most of 'em is good for nothing, either for your purpose or for ours, Noblestone. The idee they got about business is that they should sell goods at any price. In figuring the cost of the output, they reckon labor, so much; material, so much; and they don't take no account of rent, light, power, insurance and so forth. The consequence is, they lose money all the time; and they put their competitors in bad too, because they make 'em meet their fool prices. The whole trade is cut up by them fellers and sooner as recommend one for a partner for your client, I'd advise him to take his money and play the ponies with it."

At this juncture a boy entered and handed Mr. Feder a card.

"Tell him to come right in," Feder said, and then he turned to Noblestone. "You got to excuse me for a few minutes, Noblestone, and I'll see you just as soon as I get through."

As Noblestone left the first vice-president's office, he encountered Feder's visitor, who wore an air of furtive apprehension characteristic of a man making his initial visit to a pawn shop. Noblestone waited on the bench outside for perhaps ten minutes, when Mr. Feder's visitor emerged, a trifle red in the face.

"That's my terms, Mr. Perlmutter," Feder said.

"Well, if I would got to accept such a proposition like that, Mr. Feder," the visitor declared, "I would sooner bust up first. That's all I got to say."

He jammed his hat down on his head and made for the door.

"Now, Mr. Noblestone, I am ready for you," Feder cried, but his summons fell on deaf ears, for Noblestone was in quick pursuit of the vanishing Perlmutter. Noblestone overtook him at the corner and touched his elbow.

"How do you do, Mr. Perlmutter?" he exclaimed.

Perlmutter stopped short and wheeled around.

"Huh?" he said.

"This is Mr. Sol Perlmutter, ain't it?" Noblestone asked.

"No, it ain't," Perlmutter replied. "My name is Morris Perlmutter, and the pair of real gold eye-glasses which you just picked up and would let me have as a bargain for fifty cents, ain't no use to me neither."

"I ain't picked up no eye-glasses." Noblestone said.

"No?" Morris Perlmutter rejoined. "Well, I don't want to buy no blue white diamond ring neither, y'understand, so if it's all the same to you I got business to attend to."

"So do I," Noblestone went on, "and this is what it is. Also my name is there too."

He showed Morris a [business] card: . . .

"Don't discount them good accounts, Mr. Perlmutter," he added, "it ain't necessary."

"Who told you I want to discount some accounts?" Morris asked.

"If I see a feller in a dentist's chair," Noblestone answered, "I don't need to be told he's got the toothache already."

After this Morris was easily persuaded to accept Noblestone's invitation to drink a cup of coffee, and they retired immediately to a neighboring bakery and lunch room.

"Yes, Mr. Noblestone," Morris said, consulting the card. "I give you right about Feder. That feller is worsen as a dentist. He's a bloodsucker. Fifteen hundred dollars gilt-edged accounts I offer him as security for twelve hundred, and when I get through with paying DeWitt C. Feinholtz, his son-in-law, what is the bank's lawyer, there wouldn't be enough left from that twelve hundred dollars to pay off my operators."

"That's the way it is when a feller's short of money," Noblestone said. "Now, if you would got it a partner with backing, y'understand, you wouldn't never got to be short again."

With this introductory sentence, Noblestone launched out upon a series of persuasive arguments, which only ended when Morris Perlmutter had promised to lunch with Zudrowsky, Harry Federmann and Noblestone at Wasserbauer's Café and Restaurant the following afternoon at one o'clock.

For the remainder of the day, Philip Noblestone interviewed as much of the cloak and suit trade as he could cover, with respect to Morris Perlmutter's antecedents, and the result was entirely satisfactory. He ascertained that Morris had worked his way up from ship-

ping clerk, through the various grades, until he had reached the comparative eminence of head cutter, and his only failing was that he had embarked in business with less capital than experience. At first he had met with moderate success, but a dull season in the cloak trade had temporarily embarrassed him, and the consensus of opinion among his competitors was that he had a growing business but was over-extended.

Thus when Noblestone repaired to the office of Zudrowsky & Cohen at closing time that afternoon, he fairly outdid himself extolling Morris Perlmutter's merits, and he presented so high colored a picture that Zudrowsky deprecated the business broker's enthusiasm.

"Say, looky here, Noblestone," he said, "enough's enough. All I want is a partner for my son-in-law which would got common sense and a little judgment. That's all. I don't expect no miracles, y'understand, and the way I understand it from you, this feller Morris Perlmutter is got a business head like Andrew Carnegie already and a shape like John Drew."

"I never mentioned his name because I don't know that feller at all," Noblestone protested. "But Perlmutter is a fine business man, Mr. Zudrowsky, and he's a swell dresser, too."

"A feller what goes to a bank looking for accommodation," Zudrowsky replied, "naturally don't put on his oldest clothes, y'understand, but anyhow, Noblestone, if you would be around here at half past twelve to-morrow, I will see that Harry gets here too, and we will go down to Wasserbauer's and meet the feller."

It was precisely one o'clock the following day when Morris Perlmutter seated himself at a table in the rear of Wasserbauer's Café and Restaurant.

"Yes, sir, right away!" Louis, the waiter, cried, as he deposited a plate of dill pickles on the adjoining table, at which sat a stout middle-aged person with a napkin tucked in his neck.

"*Koenigsberger Klops* is good to-day, Mr. Potash," Louis announced.

"Pushing the stickers, Louis, ain't it?" the man at the next table said. "You couldn't get me to eat no chopped meat which customers left on their plates last week already. I never believe in buying seconds, Louis. Give me a piece of roast beef, well done, and a baked potato."

"Right away, Mr. Potash," Louis said, as he passed on to Perlmutter.

ter's table. "Now, sir, what could I do for you?"

"Me, I am waiting here for somebody," Morris replied. "Bring me a glass of water and we will give our order later."

"Right away!" said Louis, and hustled off to fill Abe Potash's order, whereas Abe selected a dill pickle to beguile the tedium of waiting. He grasped it firmly between his thumb and finger, and neatly bisected it with his teeth. Simultaneously the pickle squirted, and about a quarter of a pint of the acid juice struck Morris Perlmutter in the right eye.

"Excuse *me*," Abe cried. "Excuse *me*."

"S'all right," Morris replied. "I seen what you was doing and I should of ordered an umbrella instead of a glass of water already."

Abe laughed uproariously.

"Dill pickles is uncertain like Paris fashions," he commented. "You could never tell what they would do next."

"I bet yer," Morris replied. "Last year people was buying silks like they was crazy, y'understand, and this year you would think silks was poison. A buyer wouldn't touch 'em at all, and that's the way it goes."

Abe rose with the napkin tucked in his neck, and carrying the dish of dill pickles with him, he sat down at Morris' table, to which Louis brought the roast beef a moment later.

"I seen you was in the cloak and suit business as soon as I looked at you," Abe said. "I guess I'll eat here till your friends come."

"Go ahead," Morris replied. "It's already quarter past one, and if them fellers don't come soon, I'm going to eat, too."

"What's the use waiting?" Abe said. "Eat anyhow. This roast beef is fine. Try some of it on me."

"Why should I stick you for my lunch?" Morris rejoined. "I see them suckers ain't going to show up at all, so I guess I'll take a sandwich and a cup of coffee."

He motioned to Louis.

"Right away!" Louis cried. "Yes, sir, we got some nice *Koenigsberger Klops* to-day *mit Kartoffel Kloes*."

"What d'ye take this gentleman for, anyway, Louis?" Abe asked. "A garbage can? Give him a nice slice of roast beef well done and a baked potato. Also bring two cups of coffee and give it the checks to me."

By a quarter to two Abe and Morris had passed from business matters to family affairs, and after they had exchanged cigars and the conversation had reached a stage where Morris had just accepted an

invitation to dine at Abe's house, Noblestone and Zudrowsky entered, with Harry Federmann bringing up in the rear. Harry was evidently in disfavor, and his weak, blond face wore the crestfallen look of a whipped child, for he had been so occupied with his billing and cooing up town, that he had forgotten his business engagement.

"Hallo, Mr. Perlmutter," Noblestone cried, and then he caught sight of Morris' companion and the remains of their generous meal. "I thought you was going to take lunch with us."

"Do I got to starve, Mr. Who's-this—I lost your card—just because I was fool enough to take up your proposition yesterday? I should of known better in the first place."

"But this here young feller, Mr. Federmann, got detained uptown," Zudrowsky explained. "His wife got took suddenly sick."

"Why, she may have to have an operation," Noblestone said in a sudden burst of imaginative enthusiasm.

"You should tell your troubles to a doctor," Abe said, rising from the table. "And besides, Noblestone, Mr. Perlmutter don't want no partner just now."

"But," Perlmutter began, "but, Mr. Potash—"

"That is to say, Abe interrupted, "he don't want a partner with no business experience. Me, I got business experience, as you know, Mr. Noblestone, and so we fixed it up we would go as partners together, provided after we look each other up everything is all right."

He looked inquiringly at Perlmutter, who nodded in reply.

"And if everything *is* all right," Perlmutter said, "we will start up next week."

"Under the firm name," Abe added, "of Potash & Perlmutter."

WITTE ARRIVES

A NOVEL

BY

ELIAS TOBENKIN

WITH A FRONTISPIECE BY J. HENRY

*"Was I not made the man I am
By Omnipotent time?"*

Goethe's *Prometheus*



NEW YORK
FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

Witte Arrives

Elias Tobenkin

It was "quite a respectable effort," said the Menorah Journal's reviewer about Elias Tobenkin's first novel, Witte Arrives (1916). Tobenkin "tells his story with a simplicity and a sincerity that command respect" and even "arouse admiration in the reader's mind."

Tobenkin (1882-1963), Russian-born, had come to America in 1899 and a few years later earned a master's degree at the University of Wisconsin. The journalistic career he subsequently made for himself was one of some distinction. He worked for the Milwaukee Free Press, the Chicago Tribune, the New York Herald, and Metropolitan Magazine, and also was New York Herald-Tribune foreign correspondent in Germany and Poland. In addition to this peripatetic employment, he managed to produce a number of novels.

Rosalind Ach Schwab, who called Witte Arrives to the attention of the Menorah Journal readership, recognized Tobenkin's talent, but professed dissatisfaction with what she took to be his "colorless" style: "there are no vivid images to store away in the reader's memory, no shared emotion for the reader's heart." Especially troubling to Mrs. Schwab was the fact that the protagonist of Witte Arrives found "the climax of success, the apex of Americanization, in marriage with a non-Jew"—though, as she is aware, he turned to a gentile woman only after his Jewish wife had died in childbirth. More to the point, perhaps, is Mrs. Schwab's understanding that, in his first novel, Tobenkin showed himself "hopeful for America." Witte Arrives made it clear that America had been "rather kind to the young immigrant," that for all his socialist theorizing Tobenkin had "no very definite quarrel" with American society.¹ He had not forgotten that his native Russia was a land which "sent transport after transport of prisoners, made up of the best blood and brains of the country, to the remotest Asiatic dungeons."²

1. Menorah Journal, April 1917, pp. 108-109; December 1917, p. 305.

2. Witte Arrives (New York, 1916), p. 53.

Chapter VII

A Reporter

Mr. Rand, the city editor of the *N— Express*, ran his eyes over the letter of introduction handed him by Emil Witte and put it to one side with an air of extreme weariness. Emil, watching the city editor's every move, concluded that he must be at least the tenth man who had come to ask for a job that morning, each of whom had presented just such a letter of introduction as his, and that these letters and their bearers were the bane of Rand's existence.

As a matter of fact a reporter had left the *Express* the preceding week. The vacancy had not been filled, and Rand was glad to see a man drift in and ask for a job.

Still maintaining his air of boredom, however, the city editor said: "There is no opening on the staff right now—"

The ringing of the telephone interrupted him. When Rand had hung up the receiver, he again turned to Emil Witte with a seemingly absent, but in reality searching gaze. He picked up the letter of introduction once more—it was from an influential lawyer who had taken an interest in young Witte—and read it clear through.

"You speak several languages?" Rand asked.

Emil nodded affirmatively.

"As I said," continued the editor, "there is no opening on the staff right now. However, this is a metropolitan city, and a man who speaks a number of languages ought to be useful. Come in again next Thursday. Perhaps something will turn up in the meantime."

Nothing had turned up by Thursday, but Witte was told to come in again at one o'clock the following day. He came and Rand motioned to him to sit down near one of the desks. With this Rand apparently forgot him. At five o'clock the city editor crooked his finger at Witte and the latter came up to his desk at a run.

"Go out and talk with the woman," Rand said, handing him a clipping from an evening paper.

Witte wrote the interview and laid the copy on the city editor's desk. He was again forgotten until nearly midnight. Then Rand in passing told him to go home, adding, "One o'clock tomorrow."

Emil Witte had secured his first job.

Every beginner on the *Express* was started in with the "labor run." N— was a city of a quarter of a million people. It was one of the growing manufacturing centers in the Middle West. There were about two score labor unions in the city. The news of these unions was printed every morning on the tenth or eleventh page of the *Express* under the heading "In the Labor World."

The following Monday Rand gave Witte a slip of paper with half a dozen addresses of the principal unions and briefly explained what was expected of him on the labor run.

"You will pick up the names of the other unions as you go along," Rand said. "To-day be sure to look up the iron molders. Talk to their business agent, Weber. The molders have been threatening to strike. See what you can get on it."

On the way to the headquarters of the molders, Emil studied the third of a column of labor news in the *Express*. Much of it sounded strange. The phrases, "closed shop," "open shop," "boycott," "lock-out" were new to him.

"What became of Cochrane, was he fired?" Weber asked when Witte introduced himself as the new reporter from the *Express*.

Witte did not know Cochrane, did not know who his predecessor was. The good-natured, bantering way in which Weber asked the question reassured him. The agent seemed to be a good sort of fellow. He was kind and genial at any rate. So Witte threw himself at the mercy of the business agent. He told him that he was just beginning his career as a reporter, that he had been on the *Express* only three days and in the city of N— only a week. He would appreciate it, therefore, if Mr. Weber, would give him all the news there was. He would be especially grateful if the business agent would give him the news as plainly as possible so that he could write it down correctly for the paper.

Weber listened to the frank statement of the embryo reporter.

"You want to write labor news correctly?" the business agent said with a wry smile. "All right, my boy, go ahead, try. The Lord help you. You will need His help if you are to get union news into the *Express* correctly. But I am afraid even the Lord cannot protect you from your city editor's blue pencil."

While Witte was pondering over Weber's words, the business agent was studying the reporter curiously. Witte was so different from his predecessor. He was simple and unsophisticated in the city ways.

"Is your father a workman?" the labor man asked.

Witte nodded, and he felt the blood come into his face. Suppose the business agent asked his father's trade. [His father was a peddler.] But Weber did not ask.

Weber supplied the reporter with the names of a number of unions whose headquarters were in the neighborhood and advised him what men were worth while seeing in each of these unions. As for the molders, there was no news that day, he said. As Witte was about to leave, Weber added as an afterthought:

"You might say that the molders are firm in their demands, and if the negotiations now pending with the employers come to no satisfactory conclusion, nothing can avert a strike."

Witte wrote down the statement word for word.

Weber watched the reporter not unkindly. To an experienced newspaper man he would not have said that much. He would have taken for granted that the reporter would have gathered the attitude of the molders' union indirectly. Witte's frank admission of his inexperience had moved him to this indulgence.

When Witte read off to the city editor the brief statement of the business agent, Rand grunted. Witte could not make out whether it meant approval or disapproval.

"Roscoe!" Rand called across the room. A reporter at the farther end laid aside the afternoon paper he was reading and strode up to the city editor's desk.

"Witte, here, got a statement from Weber of the molders," Rand said. "He says there will be a strike unless the present negotiations end favorably for the union. It is the first authentic statement we have had from Weber. Witte will give you the exact wording. Give me about two-thirds of a column on it. It is a first page story."

Addressing Witte, the city editor told him to write out the other items he had picked up during the afternoon.

"Give them about half a dozen lines each," he added, when Emil was seated at his desk.

The "Labor World" corner, occupying frequently less than a third of a column, immediately came to be the most interesting part of the paper to Witte—it was the part he had written.

Included in the labor run was the Socialist party headquarters.

When Witte introduced himself to a rotund, smiling German, who

was the secretary of the party and from whom all news concerning the Socialists of N— emanated, the latter extended his hand to him with profuse cordiality.

“So you are from the *Express*,” the secretary—Gus Miller was his name—said. “And what became of the other fellow, Cochrane? Was he fired, or did he get married?”

Miller and his colleague at the next desk laughed volubly at this joke about Cochrane. As Witte seemed to remain somewhat unappreciative of it, Miller explained that the *Express* had changed at least half a dozen labor reporters within as many months.

“Most of the fellows were no good,” Miller said. “One good reporter they had got married and went into the State to become the editor of a country newspaper.”

When Witte called the next day he found Miller in an argumentative mood. The secretary launched out on the iniquity of the present system and what fools these mortals were for not seeing it and for having to be coaxed into the Socialist fold.

The German’s eyes twinkled good-humoredly at the young reporter.

“We have been fairly successful with some of the reporters in the past,” Miller said. “Many of the newspaper men in town are Socialists. We have converted them. And now for you, my boy, we shall have to start in making a Socialist of you.”

Witte could not make out whether Miller was speaking in jest or in earnest. The secretary continued in the same vein.

“Hoffman,” he said, addressing his companion at the neighboring desk, “I commission you with the job of converting this young man. Show your skill as an agitator now.”

“It will be no easy task, I dare say,” Hoffman replied. “This young man must be fresh from the University, where they drill them carefully into the belief that private property is sacred. However, we shall try.”

Hoffman, smiling, searched the reporter’s eyes as if in confirmation of his diagnosis.

“You might spare yourself the trouble of trying to convert me,” Witte said simply. “I *am* a Socialist.”

Miller and Hoffman at once dropped their bantering tone and became alive with interest in the boy before them. The secretary began plying him with questions. What local did he belong to? Oh, he did not belong to the party. Why not? Was there no Socialist branch in his

town? He saw that Witte was not a native of N—.

So far as Witte knew there was no Socialist party branch in Spring Water. Miller fished out a card catalogue from one of the drawers in his desk and looked it through. Witte was right; there was no branch in Spring Water. He began talking excitedly to Hoffman. They were not doing things right. They should have another organizer in the State. It was a rank shame. Here was a city like Spring Water, a city of fifteen thousand people, and no Socialist branch in it. He would take the matter up at the next meeting of the state executive board. They must have another organizer in the field forthwith!

“Are there any other Socialists in Spring Water?” Miller wanted to know. Witte could not enlighten him.

“How did you happen to become a Socialist?” the secretary asked.

“An uncle of mine,” Witte spoke slowly, “an uncle from Russia, was visiting us—he left me some books and pamphlets.”

Miller was talking excitedly once more, this time about Russia. Ah, that was a country for you! What splendid work the revolutionists were doing there. What heroic self-sacrifice! Next to Germany, Russia would soon have the strongest Socialist movement in the world. All this while in the United States the Socialist movement was lagging behind. Yes, lagging behind, in spite of the fact that every one could read here. . . . They must put another organizer in the State at once. A city like Spring Water without a Socialist branch! Such splendid material as this young man having to wait for an uncle from Russia to bring him Socialist books and pamphlets. It was a shame, a rank shame! He would take it up at the next meeting of the executive board; they must economize elsewhere. But they must put another organizer in the field—

When Witte had written out his Socialist items—there was almost double the usual number of items that afternoon—Rand said to him as he was running his pencil over a line in the copy:

“The old windbag was talkative to-day.”

Witte guessed that he meant Miller, the secretary of the Socialist party.

“It is all right though,” Rand added. “Always pick up as many of these little items as you can—Go to dinner.”

Witte laid aside the magazine and walked up to the window. It was a

sultry August afternoon and the heat in the attic room he occupied was insufferable. But the heat made him far less uncomfortable than the story he had just finished. . . .

It was a fine story, the kind he would himself like to have written. He wondered what sort of man the author was. A man who could write a story with so much feeling in it, with so much tenderness, could not be happy. Yet the successful putting of such a story on paper in itself ought to be sufficient to bring happiness to any man. He gazed at his own half column of cut and dried notices in the *Express*. What a vast expanse of life and experience lay between his half column of labor items and the story he had just read! Would he traverse that distance? And if not, what was he doing there? Was he undergoing this struggle merely for a fate like Jim Bayley's?

In the three months Emil had been on the staff of the *Express* he had learned much about newspaper life, although he never took part in the conversation of the older reporters—merely listened. The fame and glory of the business was on the wane, he heard constantly repeated. It was becoming less and less of a profession. Chances for getting up were fewer, chances for losing out increasing. One of the things that always depressed him was a visit to the office from Jim Bayley.

James Hawthorne Bayley was a man of sixty. He was married and had grandchildren. Though he made an effort to keep himself erect, his shoulders were stooped. When he walked he shuffled his feet in a way that showed he had done a great deal of walking in his life. But his face was boyish. From the editor, Mr. Hamlin, to the youngest office boy, every one on the *Express* called him "Jim." Bayley would joke with the reporters, look roguishly when one of the boys told a piquant story. He always had a knowing, indulgent smile on his lips. The reporters always remarked how well he kept up.

In his day Jim Bayley was a power. He was in turn star reporter, city editor, managing editor on the N— papers. Now he was an all-round man on the *Blade*, a struggling afternoon newspaper. He was working under a man he had brought up. Two or three times a week the city editor of the *Express* would call him on the telephone. There were certain stories no one could handle so well as Jim Bayley. The city editor would whisper a few words to him, Jim would nod knowingly, and disappear.

His stories always ran long. Occasionally Rand would remark this

to Bill Francis, the political reporter. The two would smile, but the city editor would turn in the copy just as it was written. Jim was paid space rates and he needed the extra money.

Yes, Witte thought, it was a case either of writing stories like the one in the magazine and getting fame and a competence, or else of labor news, court news, city hall news, with a wind-up like that of Jim Bayley.

He went down into the street thinking how he was going to spend the afternoon and evening. It was his day off. Rand had given him tickets to an amusement park. But he had been to the park before and was bored. An idea came to him. He would go down to see his people. . . .

The Jews of N— were huddled together in a few blocks in one part of the city. Emil had been through the district before. But those were hurried business trips. This time he walked leisurely.

The streets here were teeming with humanity. The heat had driven the people from their stuffy quarters into the open. Women were sitting in the hallways or on benches near their houses. They chatted volubly in Yiddish.

Evening was approaching, and the men and girls came straggling from the shops and factories, each met by the anxious look of a wife or mother, each questioned and talking about the weather, the heat, and how it was becoming unbearable around four o'clock, toward the close of the day. He sought out a Jewish restaurant and took his dinner there. The place was small and there were only three people about the half a dozen tables. The meal reminded Witte of home. His mother cooked just such meals.

The proprietress of the restaurant came up to where he sat and talked to him. She was a middle-aged, motherly-looking woman, who had come to N— recently from New York. She had never before seen Emil Witte at her place, and she wondered whether he was a recent arrival from New York.

She had taken Emil for a tailor, first, because all the Jewish young men who came to eat at her place were tailors, and secondly, because Emil's shoulders were stooped exactly like the shoulders of a machine operator.

Her questions, frank and penetrating, did not offend Emil. On the contrary, he liked to be talked to by the motherly-looking woman.

Nobody had talked to him so kindly and with such whole-souled simplicity since he had been in N—, since he had left home.

When he emerged into the street again night lay over the N— ghetto. The girls and boys had on their best clothes, and in pairs, or in couples, were going down-town, or to parks. The older people remained sitting in their hallways or on chairs and benches near their homes, drinking in the slight breeze.

He came upon a small bookstore. In the window were the works of Yiddish authors whose names his father frequently mentioned. He bought several of the small, paper-covered volumes and started for his room.

His explorations of the N— ghetto left him with a heavy heart. They revived memories of his own coming to the new world and of the four years of separation from his father, those tender years passed in loneliness and unutterable longing for his sire, a longing only partly quenched with the letter the postman handed them once a week.

He began reading one of the Yiddish books he had bought. The little volume dealt with the very things he had been thinking of, the pathos of parting and the joy of the reunion in the new world of an immigrant family. It was midnight when he laid aside the book after reading it from cover to cover. Just before he fell asleep an idea came to him. Why not write up the N— ghetto? He would try it in the morning. He set his alarm clock at seven.

He wrote the story the following morning, and the morning after and the third morning. Then he found that he had begun telling his story at its weakest point and rewrote it anew. Stealthily he laid down the manuscript on the city editor's desk, after receiving his assignments for the day, and made a rush for the elevator. He did not wish to meet Rand's gaze, nor see what disposition the city editor would make of his uncalled-for contribution.

When Witte returned to the office at five o'clock and sat down to write his labor items, Rand called him. The city editor introduced him to the Sunday editor. Rand had turned over Witte's story to the latter.

The Sunday editor—Witte did not get his name and was too timid to ask—explained what he wished. Could not Witte elaborate the story in one or two places—he pointed out the places—and return it in the morning?

Nothing further was said about the story till midnight Saturday. At

that hour the city editor tore off a page from the Sunday supplement and handing it to Witte said:

“Here is your story.”

Across the seven columns of the page was the headline, “An Evening in the N— Ghetto.” The story and illustrations covered the entire page. Some of the more striking sentences in the story were boxed near the top of the page. Above the body of the story in big letters came the legend—“By Emil Witte—”

Monday noon Witte found on his desk a letter from Lena Rosen. There were congratulations on the success he had made in journalism and much praise of his story. . . . Then there came some gossipy news about Spring Water’s young set—the Jewish set. As he read the letter Emil became conscious of how far he had drifted from this set, which consisted of boys and girls of his own age, his former schoolfellows, in the years he had been at the University.

The letter wound up with a plaintive note. Life in Spring Water was dull. Lena would be happy if she too could go to a city and strike out for herself. But her parents would not hear of it.

“They are keeping me here ‘like a goose in a cage,’” Lena wrote, Englishing a Yiddish phrase of her mother’s.

Before Emil’s eyes rose the face of Lena, so reminiscent of the fat Mrs. Rosen and yet so wonderfully different. For Lena was slender and stately and had refined manners and an aristocratic bearing.

He thought of the girl all afternoon. In his mind he talked to her. Oh, how he talked! He never knew he could be so eloquent. He talked of his future. It was to be a big future. No, not money. He would do things—big things. He would write. He would write about the poor and disinherited, the people he was meeting on his rounds as a labor reporter, the misunderstood, submerged people of the slums. . . . And in his mind’s eye he saw Lena agreeing with him—understanding him—ready to follow him to the ends of the earth—

There were the usual number of clippings on his desk, obituaries from the evening papers, to rewrite. He wrote the items rapidly one after the other. He felt equal to tasks ten times as great. He welcomed work.

A soreness against the city editor arose in his heart. What was he keeping him on this drab stuff for, instead of giving him real work to do, instead of giving him assignments that would offer an opportunity

to show his skill as a writer? But the soreness soon gave way to the pleasant recollection of Lena's letter. What a fine judge of writing she was! How enthusiastic she was about his story, how she understood him—

“Witte,” Rand bellowed across the room, “this is a metropolitan city. You left out the street number in the Winkelmann obit. What is it?”

Emil fumbled among his papers, found the clipping and read off the number, under the city editor's blazing look. He felt as if he had received a ducking in ice water. The picture of Lena and all the bold and pleasant thoughts with which it had been associated that afternoon faded from his brain. He was gloomy the rest of the evening. . . .

THE CHOSEN PEOPLE

BY

SIDNEY L. NYBURG

AUTHOR OF "THE FINAL VERDICT," "THE CONQUEST," ETC.

"And ye shall be unto Me a kingdom
of priests and a holy nation."

—EXODUS 19-6



PHILADELPHIA AND LONDON

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY

1917

The Chosen People

Sidney L. Nyburg

Rabbi Philip Graetz, the hero of The Chosen People, is no social butterfly: "He possessed none of the small change of conversation,"¹ and: "It was Philip's misfortune to be cursed with a craving to live his sermons—and to make others live them, too."² The Chosen People is probably the first American novel to feature a Reform rabbi as its protagonist. It is also among the first American novels, if not the first, to depict a champion of Zionism—David Gordon, he is called here—and to depict him in sympathetic terms.³

Sidney Lauer Nyburg (1880–1957), a native Baltimorean, earned a law degree from the University of Maryland in 1901. Practicing law in Baltimore, he found the time and energy to publish five novels. The Chosen People, published in 1917, is set in Baltimore; its rabbinical protagonist may have been modeled on the young Savannah-born Morris Samuel Lazaron (1888–1979), who in 1915, a year after his ordination at the Hebrew Union College in Cincinnati, became rabbi of the Baltimore Hebrew Congregation.

The novel is something of a Bildungsroman. Nyburg imagines a situation in which an idealistic boy-rabbi is transformed painfully into a realistic man-rabbi. Nyburg's vision of the rabbi approaches melodrama, yet Isaac Fein is right to term the novel "realistic"⁴—that it surely is in its awareness of the distance, and the antagonism, between uptown and downtown, between "German" and "Russian" in turn-of-the-century Baltimore.

1. Nyburg, *The Chosen People*, p. 27.

2. *Ibid.*, p. 199.

3. *Ibid.*, pp. 108 ff.

4. Isaac M. Fein, *The Making of an American Jewish Community: The History of Baltimore Jewry from 1773 to 1920* (Philadelphia, 1971), p. 168.

Chapter III

The Feeding of Lions

In many ways Philip Graetz was younger than his actual age would have indicated. From his early youth he had felt himself destined for the ministry, and the years he might otherwise have spent in careless contact with chance companions had been devoted to diligent study and preparation. At college and later, at the theological seminary, his absorption in fitting himself for his mission had left him little time, and still less inclination, for frivolity. His intimates were few, and principally students who shared his own unearthly enthusiasms. His parents had died during his childhood, leaving him a legacy which would have seemed small to most men, but which was ample for his purposes. Such few relations as he had, looked askance upon his ambitions, and his choice of a career. Indeed, one of the few quarrels he could remember had occurred between himself and his paternal uncle, when he had insisted upon refusing that gentleman's benevolently meant offer of an interest in a flourishing department store in a Western City.

It followed then, that his knowledge of men and women—the actual clay out of which he was to mold into tangible form the visions of his religious ecstasy—was based altogether upon his own imagination, and the books he had read. He really loved his fellow creatures ardently, meant to live for them, and had necessity arisen, would not have shirked dying to serve their needs. None the less, in the commonplaces of every-day life, he felt inexpressibly shy and ill at ease. To enter a drawing-room full of people was to him an actual ordeal, to be avoided, if possible, and to be dreaded if no escape were to be found.

One cannot remain unconscious of such a malady as this, and Philip, realizing what a handicap his self consciousness might become, had determined to accept the advice given him by a well-loved teacher in his divinity school who had recognized his youthful talent as a thing too precious to be wasted. He had, therefore, urged young Graetz, after his graduation, to devote an entire year to aimless travel, learning to meet and to mingle with chance acquaintances. Events had moved too swiftly to permit this plan to be put into practice. A committee from the Baltimore congregation, seeking an incumbent,—and preferably a young and enthusiastic one—for Beth El's vacant pulpit, had

heard the youth preach his farewell sermon at the college chapel. Philip was never self-conscious in the pulpit, and the committee, to a man, had succumbed instantly to his eloquence and winning sincerity. He wanted, above all things, to be put to work. In Baltimore, the representatives of the Temple told him, was a field where his talents would be appreciated as they deserved. It was the opportunity of a life time. His results were to be limited only by his own qualities. Here was a congregation, wealthy, old and comprising among its members some of the most influential men in an important, interesting city.

He forgot all else in his joy in a task which was to prove his prowess, and with never a doubt of success in his ministry, he had flung himself upon his duties.

Tonight, however, as he sat in the place of honor at this his first dinner party in Baltimore, the idea was borne in upon him with overpowering weight that a minister's activities were social as well as religious. He was among the men and women who were to be his friends and associates in his all-absorbing work. He was here this evening because they wanted to make him welcome,—to be kind and hospitable; yet as he realized how absurd he would appear, had he begun to talk of any of the things which seemed to him worth discussing, he wished with all his might he had found some excuse for remaining in his own study. He possessed none of the small change of conversation, and apparently, to tender bills of larger denominations would be to make himself a bit ridiculous.

Nevertheless, no matter what he may have felt, he emerged rather well from the awkward instant preceding the dinner, when introductions and formal greetings were exchanged. His well-bred manner, his grave courtesy, his good looks and youth were eloquent in his favor—all the more because he had not yet learned to reckon upon them as assets.

Even gaunt, forbidding-looking David Gordon, with his occasional smile—terrifying and cynical—had turned toward the new Rabbi a glance of unconscious approval. And now, seated at Mrs. Frank's beautifully appointed table, with pretty Ruth Hartman at his right, and Mrs. Frank, herself, at the head of the table just next to him, he was aware that, so far, all had gone fairly well.

There had been a minute of suspense during which Philip wondered whether he would be called upon to ask a blessing, before the meal was

served.

The young minister was an advocate of this ceremony,—true to his belief in linking together his religious faith with each and every happening of the daily round of life—but he was selfishly pleased to find it was not the custom in the Frank household, and he breathed a sigh of relief, because for the moment, at least, he need do nothing conspicuous.

Dr. Frank, seated at the foot of the table, smiled his tolerant smile of good-natured amusement as he noticed the first course provided by his wife. She had ordered oysters to be served,—perhaps, as thoroughly characteristic of Baltimore's good cheer. The surgeon obtained a secret whimsical joy in observing these dainties—anathema to the orthodox Jew—being consumed contentedly by every one of the guests, including the new Rabbi,—with the single exception of David Gordon, who flatly proclaimed his agnosticism, but would not, or could not, conquer his aversion to the forbidden food.

Meanwhile, Ruth, with half unconscious art, was speedily putting the bashful Philip at ease, by talking to him in low tones of the happiness and inspiration she had found in his Atonement Day service. His diffidence fell from him as he answered eagerly her intelligent questions about his studies of the past, and his plans for the future.

Just opposite Philip sat David Gordon. He eyed the younger man for the first few minutes with that searching, intent manner which had often preceded his famous cross examinations. He gave the impression of being able and anxious to read through the very hearts and souls of men and gloatingly to pluck out their guilty secrets. Philip engrossed with Ruth, was, as yet, unaware of this scrutiny, and Elizabeth Frank was a sufficiently experienced hostess to attempt without delay, a diversion of her uncomfortable guest's interest.

"Well, Mr. Gordon," she began, "I ought to count myself particularly lucky to have you here tonight. It isn't often one can capture two lions in the same evening."

The supposed lion should, by all the rules, have purred gracefully, but his answer partook much more of the nature of a polite roar.

His tones were suave enough, and his manner betrayed nothing to which a lady might take definite exception, but he retorted quickly:

"You are too flattering, Mrs. Frank. I am an ordinary barn-yard animal. I'm no lion. Certainly not, if Dr. Graetz is an example of the

king of beasts.”

“I’m sure you’re a lion,” she answered, mildly displeased, but determined to punish him without betraying any consciousness of her intention. “Everyone tells me you are. It must be Dr. Graetz who is not the authentic animal. Would you mind informing me just what characteristic makes you the sole representative of lionship at my poor board?”

He saw at once how ridiculous her question tended to make him appear, and he extricated himself as best he could by another remark of almost definite rudeness.

“If I’ve any claims to lionhood among this group,” he rapped out, “it’s because I seem to be the only specimen here who has hunted and brought down all his own prey since he was a cub.”

Elizabeth was silenced for an instant. He had balked her, somehow, in her design of making him absurd, but he had done it at the expense of what seemed to her, good breeding. It was not “nice” for a man to gloat over his past poverty, or his present riches, and she secretly scored another black mark against the man whom she had liked not too well at the beginning.

He smiled at her suddenly, and seemed anxious to relieve her embarrassment.

“That was a silly thing I said,” he told her with such apparent sincerity as to force a smile from her in return. “It’s as stupid to feel proud of having been born poor as having been born rich. It’s absurd to be proud of being born at all, isn’t it? So many people seem to get born.”

“Still,” she resumed, not to be outdone in generosity, “there must be something in having done things for one’s self.”

“It depends altogether how well they manage to get done, I guess,” the lawyer answered. “Sometimes, a self-made man is really lucky in having had only one bad teacher, instead of two dozen. He has less to forget.”

They were silent an instant. Then David Gordon said: “I suppose I snapped at you because all this talk of lions seems to me particularly harmful. You charming women make men do things so that afterward they may come to you and be admired, instead of doing them just because they feel an impulse of their own. Now, there’s that pleasant boy of a Rabbi,—he thinks he came here to serve what he calls God. He would, too, if he could be sentenced to life imprisonment in his

own Temple. But in ten weeks he'll be serving three hundred goddesses instead of one God. The change will do you ladies no good, and will do him a lot of harm."

Elizabeth was once more antagonistic, but in spite of herself, interested.

"Why do you say that?" she asked. "None of us wants to do anything which may injure his usefulness and if we did, how could we?"

"How can you help it? would be a fairer question," David replied. "You women have become too intelligent and too attractive to be ignored. You're the only articulate people in any congregation. The men don't care a rap about the Rabbi just so long as he does nothing to make them uncomfortable. How often, in a year, does your husband go to Temple?"

"Most years, once; some years, not at all," Elizabeth admitted. "But Robert is an unusually busy man and—"

"We all are," the lawyer interrupted. "Our tasks aren't all as important as Dr. Frank's, or as well done, perhaps; but we're all busy. Meanwhile, you ladies aren't busy at all. You are thirsting for something to do which will keep you interested. So lots of you will try Religion,—particularly now, when you have a charming young man for a stimulus. He'll pose to please you. He'll become feminized. No man can stand that process. He'll lose whatever fighting instinct he has, and then he'll be just an agreeable manikin, to be played with by grown-up girl-children."

Elizabeth gave vent to an indignant exclamation of protest; but David Gordon raised one hand in deprecation.

"Don't get angry," he commanded, good-humoredly. "I hope I'm wrong. It will do you no harm to be warned of his danger even if it turns out to have been exaggerated. But you'll see! If you cast your eye down the table at this very instant, you'll see Miss Behrend, whom I've been neglecting, waiting, on conversational tip-toes, for an opportunity to ask Dr. Graetz what he thinks of Baltimore. If he were a brute like me, he'd ask in return, what in the name of all the devils he could know of this City after living here two weeks. But he'll tell her it's perfectly lovely, and his damnation will have begun."

Sure enough, at the next pause in the flow of words between Ruth and Philip, Rose Behrend asked the unlucky question, though in a slightly less hackneyed form than the lawyer had predicted. David

smiled maliciously at his hostess, as Philip began his reply.

"So far, everyone has been amazingly kind to me," he answered. "I'm sure I shall be very happy here."

It was Elizabeth's turn to smile triumphantly at David. Certainly, the Rabbi's answer had not been as puerile as the lawyer had prophesied.

It was part of David's equipment as a lawyer, and a good one, to lose a point, now and then, with grace. In his gesture and smile, he rather magnified whatever right Elizabeth might have to believe her young companion had falsified his own prediction. He struck into the general conversation by saying pointedly:

"Bravo, Dr. Graetz! I'm glad you're too wise to be betrayed into generalizing from your first impressions of this City. On the surface, it seems like almost any other city—except perhaps, a bit less excitable,—but it has surprises in store for you. Baltimore has an atmosphere of its own."

"What do you mean by atmosphere?" demanded Mr. Kaufman's deep, harsh voice. "I think this town is just like others except, as you say, it's deceptively quiet. We're curing that, though. The activity is really here, only, up to this time, we haven't had sense enough to talk about it, while other cities have. Our business has suffered."

David looked at the prosperous merchant with a glimpse of contemptuous pity which he took no trouble to conceal.

"I wasn't thinking of the clearing house statistics," he announced in the curt tone which left Mr. Kaufman, and his wife too, vaguely conscious of a stinging rebuke, without knowing just why it was merited.

Dr. Frank, in spite of a secret satisfaction at the conversational mishap of his wife's uncle, felt constrained, as a good host, to come to his rescue.

"I suppose," he remarked genially, "Clarence means the business situation here, to be taken as typical of other things. Our activities in science, in political betterment, and in the art of living are perhaps more intensive, and less openly displayed than in other cities. What do you think, Arthur?"

Arthur Kahn, who prided himself on being at one and the same time a thorough man of business and a fastidious patron of all the cultured arts, replied leisurely:

"We're a manufacturing City and a University City at the same time.

Our lives are busy ones but we live them under the shadow of the Johns Hopkins. I think that is the distinguishing characteristic of our City."

The Rabbi looked puzzled. David Gordon smiled sarcastically.

"Don't," he urged with exaggerated caution, "accept any of their tabloid explanations. After you've really sensed the intangible atmosphere of this town, you will know better than to attempt to define it. Baltimore is like a well-loved woman. You will find yourself most fascinated by the qualities which exasperate you most."

"Oh," called Frieda Stern, from her end of the table, "such a knowing thought from a bachelor! You must have revelations to make, Mr. Gordon, about well-loved women!"

"The more reason, then, for not making them, Miss Stern," he replied, "but I will assure you of one fact—every bachelor knows more about the subject than any married man. He can afford to allow his imagination more play."

Philip seemed to feel some duty to bring back the subject to its starting point.

"You seem, Mr. Gordon, to have very definite ideas about the City," he ventured. "I need these more, just now, than theories about lovely ladies, but you say I can't get them second-hand. How long must one live here to sense its meaning? You've lived here all your life, haven't you?"

"No!" David answered bluntly, and as though he meant nothing less than a deliberate challenge, "I was born in Russia."

Mrs. Frank hastened a bit too patently to the rescue of what she feared might become an awkward situation.

"But you are virtually a native of Baltimore," she insisted promptly, with an insinuating smile, "you came here as a mere child. You're not able to remember your birthplace, are you?"

"I wouldn't be able to remember it were it not for the kind jogs given to my memory by my friends of German descent," David announced, seeming to take a perverse pleasure in the embarrassment he was causing. "As it is, I sometimes find it difficult to remember anything else!"

For a full minute there was a dead silence. Then the offended Elizabeth turned deliberately to Dr. Graetz and began talking to him in a low tone about some totally unrelated subject. The conversation broke up into little eddies and scraps of talk, among pairs and trios,

and it was not until the dinner was almost finished that another remark was tossed across the table. It was the irrepressible lawyer, who, once more, returned to the charge.

"Dr. Graetz," he said, "I've been letting my thoughts play with the idea you expressed a few minutes ago about feeling sure you'll be happy here. I rather hope you'll think better of that wish, because if you're going to do good work in Baltimore, you are going to be made miserably unhappy. I'm serious in wondering which of the two paths you'll choose."

The two men faced each other earnestly, while Elizabeth nervously waited for the coming of another storm.

The Rabbi responded gallantly to the lawyer's challenge.

"If I must decide between duty and happiness, I hope you will have no doubts as to my decision. When I said 'happiness' I wasn't thinking of mere pleasure. Why do you believe I can't have both?"

"It depends on your idea of work," David answered. "What do you want to do here?"

"Dr. Graetz told us that very beautifully on Atonement Day," Mrs. Frank said, foreseeing the outbreak of an uncomfortable religious discussion, and determined to avert it at every possible hazard.

But Philip was definitely interested, and had no wish to take refuge behind any woman's petticoat.

I want," he stated, "to translate our ideals of ethics and spirituality into the conduct of daily life."

"Of men as well as women?" asked David crisply, and irritatingly.

"Of men as well as women," Philip repeated, firmly.

"Well, that's a dangerous programme," was the lawyer's comment, "unless you are going to emasculate it. If you mean to urge husbands and wives to be reasonably kind to each other and to the children, and neither to steal, nor kill,—you'll be safe enough. Most of us live up to those ideals now. If you mean justice between man and man—down town, as well as up town—in less than a year, you'll wish yourself dead."

"I mean just that," affirmed Philip, his exaltation seizing him in its grasp. "I shall mean nothing less no matter what happens."

"Then you have my intense admiration—and condolences," announced David. "You belong to the race of martyrs."

"So does every Jew," replied the Rabbi, with quiet dignity. "I won't

shirk my share.”

“You won’t be allowed to,” asserted David with cheerful confidence. “Your own congregation will arrange your torments.”

By this time, Mr. Kaufman, still smarting under the wound sustained by him during the earlier minutes of the dinner, felt called upon as President of Beth El, to repel the attack made by this presumptuous alien.

“My dear Dr. Graetz,” he announced patronizingly, “you must not permit yourself to be alarmed by Mr. Gordon—who has never, I believe, been a member of our congregation, or of any other, for that matter. You shall have our earnest support. We are not in the habit of making martyrs of our Rabbis.”

“You have never had one who made you take him with enough seriousness,” was David’s manner of tossing Kaufman aside. “When he begins to interfere with your business, you’ll cultivate the habit.”

Arthur Kahn, at this point, apparently convinced that Respectability needed a younger and more virile champion, took up the gage.

“I presume, Mr. Gordon,” he said superciliously, “it is hardly Dr. Graetz’s intention to drag his religion through the mire of business and politics.”

“You do find them pretty dirty, then, I take it?” asked the lawyer blandly.

The young Rabbi felt that should the discussion become dissipated in trivialities or personalities, his silence might appear to have committed him to a course of inaction foreign to his beliefs. He therefore gently interposed his own idea.

“If you will pardon me for interrupting,” he said, “my position seems to me very simple. I have no desire to intrude my own views regarding business or politics upon my congregation, except where I find a clean-cut question of moral right and wrong. On such issues, I shall certainly expect to take a definite stand—and a vigorous one.”

The ladies beamed upon their courageous young minister, but David Gordon still frowned dangerously.

“Questions of right and wrong are subtle,” he argued. “My right is your wrong. When you try to force your own theories on others, your ordeal will begin.”

“You forget,” was Arthur Kahn’s comment, “the factor of personality. Dr. Graetz,” he continued, with pointed emphasis, “fortunately is

not altogether devoid of tact. He will be able to say and do things which certain other people could venture only at the risk of riot.”

The lawyer who should have been completely overwhelmed, merely laughed.

“Tact,” he repeated, “we do find it a great help sometimes, don’t we, Mr. Kahn? Now, let’s see. You stand, Dr. Graetz, for spiritual values—particularly Jewish ones—even in business, but like Mr. Kahn, you will cultivate a tender regard for tact. Let’s see how it works out. Mr. Kaufman is engaged, on a huge scale, in making garments. He’s a Jew and a member of your congregation. The bulk of his laborers are likewise Jews, although they have not the inestimable advantage of being members of Beth El Temple. Still, the relation between employing Jews and laboring Jews is a field where one might expect to bring Jewish idealism to bear, isn’t it?”

Everyone at the table except the Rabbi seemed to feel a sense of tension. But Dr. Graetz answered without an instant’s uneasiness:

“Undoubtedly.”

“Well then,” the lawyer resumed, “let us suppose a struggle to arise between these two classes of your fellow Jews. Suppose the usual pleasant details—sullen men on the verge of violence, starved women, dying babies. And suppose, in addition, the almost impossible: Imagine Mr. Kaufman and his partners to be in the wrong—a thing, I take it, which has never occurred in the past, and is extremely unlikely to occur in the future. Still, it’s possible. How will your tact help you?”

Even Dr. Frank, who delighted in seeing his wife’s smug family made vaguely uncomfortable, felt things had gone too far, particularly now, since this innocent young man had become involved, but before he could come to the rescue, Ruth anticipated him.

“Now, Mr. Gordon,” the young girl exclaimed, with a hint of generous indignation in her voice, “you must realize what an unfair thing it is to expect a stranger in our City to say, off-hand, just what he would do under such trying conditions!”

“Ruth’s right,” Dr. Frank added, more smoothly. “You’re asking what I think you lawyers would call a hypothetical question, of a man who hasn’t had time to make himself an expert.”

Dr. Graetz, once more, refused to be extricated from his dilemma.

“I do not wish,” he began with an appealing sincerity, “to evade Mr. Gordon’s question. It’s true I don’t know the local conditions, but I do

know what I conceive to be my own duty. If I believed Mr. Kaufman's position to be unethical, I should go to him frankly and explain just where I thought he was in error. I should be perfectly sure he would be as anxious to do what is right as I would be to have him do it. If I were misinformed, he would convince me. If he were in the wrong, I should be able to make him understand why he ought to change his course, because he'd know I wanted absolutely nothing but simple justice."

There was a moment's silence. David was about to retort with some sarcasm, but looking into Philip's flushed, earnest face, he seemed to think better of it, and said nothing. Finally, Mr. Kaufman, touched by the young Rabbi's boyish faith in all human goodness, said heartily:

"You would be quite right, Dr. Graetz. If you came to me, I'd meet you in just your own spirit. We all want to be fair. To be anything else would not only be doing wrong—it would be bad business policy, besides."

The Rabbi smiled at him confidently. But the lawyer and the surgeon exchanged a smile of a somewhat less innocent quality.

Just then, Elizabeth, breathing a sigh of relief because this uncomfortable dinner was, at last, ended, rose and led the way to the living-room. Often she had indulged vague intentions of inaugurating in her home the custom of leaving the men at the table, to follow the women after a discreet interval. She had never done so because she knew and feared the opinion of those of her dear friends who would view her innovation as an evidence of sheer affectation. Tonight she congratulated herself on her informality. What would have become of these men, without the restraining influence of gentle woman, was a problem upon which she could not dwell without horror.

Chapter V

The Fashion in Prophets

One of the most mysterious causes for speculation in a world not too intelligible at the best, lies in wondering how a fashion suddenly arises in a community, and like the Pied Piper, leads an entire population of grown-up children joyously dancing in its train.

The Pied Piper himself (if he had been truthful enough to admit it) was no doubt somewhat puzzled by his spectacular popularity, and maybe indulged more than one secret misgiving regarding the next tune he would choose to pipe when his youthful audience should at last find itself slightly bored by his unconventional quickstep.

During the few months following Mrs. Frank's dinner, Philip Graetz without knowing just why or how, became something of a fashion. He was overwhelmed with invitations to dinners, luncheons and teas. He was feted whenever he could produce no legitimate excuse, and upon every conceivable occasion, he was forced to deliver an address. He found himself talking almost without cessation. Women's Clubs, Amateur Societies for the cure of all Social ills, Students' Leagues, Bible Study Classes—all these and many more claimed the privilege of listening to this tall, dark youth with the flashing eyes and rich vibrant voice, who had a trick of making all women and many men suspect the existence in themselves of some vague thing which he called spirituality.

Nor was this enthusiasm confined altogether to members of Philip's own race. He was constantly receiving and accepting invitations to talk before groups composed partly or completely of non-Jews, and his reception at such times was no less hearty and inspiring than among his brothers in the faith. For all that, the young Rabbi did not fail to perceive, without much effort, how rigidly his intercourse with Gentiles was restricted to activities occurring elsewhere than in their own homes. When he lunched down town, he was deluged with the cordiality and good fellowship of Protestants and Catholics, as well as Jews. A few non-Jews of a more skeptical tendency than his own mind approved, found him well worth while, and sought permission to visit the modest bachelor quarters he had established in a quiet hotel near his Temple; but neither Protestant, Catholic nor Agnostic asked him to dine with his wife and daughters. He received invitations to exchange pulpits with Christian ministers but not to exchange visits among their families. They found it necessary, apparently, to maintain an exclusiveness in their own homes which could safely be dispensed with, in the House of God. Philip was not hurt at these mild manifestations of a social exclusion. He accepted them as a matter of course, and like many another man who has had much less encouragement went steadily on talking. He did it exceedingly well, and had he not had a

fair appreciation of that agreeable fact to begin with, he must have come to discover it, without delay. Everyone, Jew and Gentile, told him how inspiring he was; how eloquent; how purposeful he made life seem. The ladies told him this with much more wealth of detail than the men, which was an economic waste, because at twenty-four (and for an indefinite period thereafter) a man invariably finds one word of feminine praise worth a score of compliments of prosaic masculine origin. Philip, however, was lucky or unlucky enough to have both varieties from which to choose.

Altogether he kept his poise surprisingly well—all the better perhaps because, now and then, he was troubled by some dim suspicion that he was being acclaimed much, but followed little, if at all. At most times he succeeded in pushing these doubts aside by reminding himself that he stood at the very threshold of his ministry and that the task he had set himself was one which would certainly demand a life time of endeavor. Meanwhile, he went on drifting comfortably with the rapid current of petty events, tending without knowing it to become just a little more disposed to accept his parishioners' flattering views of himself; just a trifle more complacent, and ready to fit himself into the niche which was waiting expectantly for him.

His congregation had never a doubt regarding his well-regulated and respectable future. In the natural course of events he would cease to be a novel figure in the life of Baltimore's Jewish community, but he would lose none of his prominence. He would be asked to talk less often, but his influence would be stronger because of his ever-widening circle of personal friendships. He would find time for some leisurely seminary work in the Semitic department of the Johns Hopkins University, and would ultimately be awarded the degree of Doctor of Philosophy without having neglected in its pursuit any of his ministerial duties. He would affiliate himself, as a matter of course, with the proper number of organizations for Social and Civic Betterment. He had already accepted membership upon the Board of Directors of the Jewish Charity Organization Society. He would lead a useful, untroubled life of pleasant routine—and above all things he must, of necessity, and without undue delay, marry and establish a hearth and home of his own.

Perhaps many of the fair communicants of Beth El gave to this phase of their Rabbi's career far more earnest thought than they were able to

bestow upon his plans for spiritualizing the City's commerce and social life. The religious cravings of more than one devout maiden might have been translated by a brutal masculine spectator into terms of indefinite dreams regarding a handsome, thoughtful youth, with graceful manners and a startling gift for sympathizing with all one's woes and hopes. True, this sympathy was secretly voted to be a shade too indiscriminate. Judith would have appreciated it far more had not Miriam, Eve and Jessica—to say nothing, alas, of Max and Joseph—tasted also of its soothing qualities. It was commendable enough to love all mankind, but applied to womankind as well, too much of virtue seemed little less exasperating than a vice; all the more of a vice, because it was a thing to which one was forced in mere decency, to give, in public, an apparent approval. There was no end of conjecture expended upon this seemingly inevitable event in Philip's life. Not a few of the fair prophetesses who purported to speak with authority found their calm, judicial judgment somewhat warped by an uncontrollable desire to shape, as well as to foretell, the course of coming events, and in more than one case there was a definite belief in the utter futility of faith without works; but in the opinion of most observers who had no personal hopes or fears to color their decision, it was agreed that Ruth Hartman would sooner or later become the minister's wife. It would be such a suitable union! She was pretty; she was young and her income was amazingly huge. There were few girls who worshipped at Beth El who were not fairly wealthy, but Ruth was unique in being, at the same time, unusually rich and without any living parent to exercise uncomfortable veto powers upon a girl's freedom of action. It was easy to see how much of an impression she had made upon Philip. When he found himself with a rare evening to spend as he chose, he usually drifted to her home, and she, for her part, had no scruples about capriciously breaking whatever engagement she might have accepted, to fit Philip's unpremeditated plans.

She had found Arthur Kahn much more than endurable, because, supercilious and impressed as he was with his own supreme importance, he was pliant in her hands; she had been keenly interested in Gordon,—partly because he seemed resolutely determined to be betrayed into no entangling alliance with a girl of another and a hostile class, and partly because she knew he was for her a forbidden creature, who might with much art be forced, against his will, to play a sour,

cynical, yet intellectual, Romeo to her highly decorative Juliet. There were many other men, besides, who had hovered about this rather spoiled young Ruth and from among whom she had intended, in her own good time, to choose, at last, a fortunate and obedient mate. But Philip, from their first meeting, seemed to her to be made of other stuff than the clay of which the men she knew were molded. He was totally oblivious of all considerations of money, and that she liked tremendously, with the enthusiasm of a girl who has never known the logical consequences of poverty, and who had been too well warned regarding the attractive qualities of her own dowry. He refused to accept with seriousness her little qualities of selfishness and lack of consideration for others. He neither defied her imperiousness as David Gordon had done, nor obeyed her whims as Arthur Kahn still did. He assumed with a smile, her intense desire to do, think and say the sweet and lovable thing which must be characteristic of herself. Sometimes she almost became what she believed he thought her, and whenever this occurred Ruth felt more tenderly toward her spiritual guide. A gracious lady owes no small debt of gratitude to any man who can cause her, without the slightest discomfort to herself, or the sacrifice of a single one of the pleasant things of life, to feel nobler, purer and stronger. Ruth showed no unwillingness to pay her debt.

He was fortunate, also, in being too busy to be ever at her beck and call. She could never be perfectly sure he would appear when he had promised, though he never failed to send some message telling of a claim upon him which he had been forced to obey "knowing she would have been disgusted with him had he shirked his duty, even to be with her." It gave a tinge of uncertainty to whatever hold upon him she possessed; and, again, of necessity, there were scores of other women—attractive ones too—with whom in the very nature of things his relations must be constant and intimate. The much-wooed Ruth was more than once as near the verge of jealousy as a well-bred, college-schooled maid can permit herself to wander, and always and most irritatingly, without the shadow of a plausible excuse in Philip's conduct.

She found herself thinking about him, more often than she cared to admit. She could not but notice how well the two of them looked together; she found a real pleasure in observing how much more interestingly he talked than most of her other acquaintances; how much

more enthusiasm he possessed; how clean and wholesome were his thoughts,—often impracticable, certainly, but all the more boyishly charming, she told herself, with that mature wisdom upon which very young girls always pride themselves until their years actually justify its possession.

Perhaps he appealed to her most strongly because she knew there was something fine and precious in him which she would never understand. For Ruth, deep below the habits of thought and action which were born of much wealth and little discipline, loved without knowing just why, what seemed to her beauty of character, no less than she loved beauty of line and color.

Had he asked her to marry him during those first months of his ministry she might have pretended to weigh the question gravely, but there would have been no doubt of her favorable reply. Week after week went by, however, and still he did not speak to her of marriage. Each of them seemed to find a genuine pleasure in the other's presence. Each made opportunities for as many meetings as could be arranged by these much-sought young people. Sometimes, on late afternoons they strolled slowly through the Park—forgetting to notice its austere December beauty as they exchanged confidences upon the myriad subjects which lose their importance for us as we become older and wiser, and color-blind to the delicate shades of self-revelation possible only to Youth.

Sometimes she drove him far into the Green Spring Valley, or into the Hills of Howard in the trim little motor car she prided herself upon managing better than any mere man could do. These fragmentary excursions were supposedly to exhibit to Philip something of the charms of Maryland, but the attractions of his dainty guide completely obscured those of the country-side, and Ruth was far too intelligent to have anticipated any other result. When the musical season began, she persuaded him to become her guest at the series of concerts given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra and though her box seated six persons with comfort, she constantly neglected to issue other invitations, or if she did remember, her guests by some strange fatality, always failed her at the last minute.

She was perfectly well aware that she was causing their names to be coupled together in the gossip of the huge whisper gallery of the Jewish community. She did not care. He, being only a man, and one not yet

accustomed to the peculiar qualities of Baltimore's echoes, was less keenly conscious than she of the construction which would, perforce, be placed upon their companionship; nevertheless, his thoughts on the subject were far more troubled than hers. For unlike all heroes of romance (though perhaps the phenomenon is more common in daily life) Philip was not perfectly sure he wanted to marry Ruth. He could not have told why. He found her charming to talk with, a delight to his sensitive love of beauty, and quick to understand and appreciate his enthusiasms and hopes. But while he was always glad to be with her it did not cause him an iota of unhappiness to be separated from her, and this circumstance awoke in him a definite uneasiness. He had never before had much time for girls, and his views regarding love and marriage were mostly borrowed from books. He had read what the Divine Passion ought to do to a man, and as he scanned himself he failed to identify the classical symptoms. It would be pleasant to marry Ruth, certainly, but he felt constrained to admit that should she fling herself into the arms of another, he would not find life the empty, mocking void conventional under the circumstances. He would still remain intensely interested in his own work and his own plans. This was not the fine, all-satisfying rapture of which he frequently spoke when he was called upon to officiate at marriage ceremonies, bringing by his words deep thrills to the imagination of brides, and a sense of bewilderment to less introspective grooms.

Therefore, in his own case, he was willing to let the weeks glide into months while he awaited some stronger urge than he had hitherto experienced. Nor was Ruth sorry because of his delay. She found this stage of something more than friendship, inexpressibly sweet. It must, of course, transform itself, before long, into the definiteness of a betrothal. Meanwhile, its very illusiveness lent it charm.

Ruth's sister, Elizabeth, however, failed to share the girl's contented patience. She desired this marriage keenly, not as her husband pretended to believe from a "sheer weariness of having no other lives to arrange save his own, and the children's," but because she really felt the Rabbi would bring a happiness and a steadiness into Ruth's life. She knew she had indulged and petted the little sister left in her care, far more than was good for her. Since she had ceased to be a child, Ruth had taken quite naturally to indulging and petting herself. Elizabeth, now and then, gave way to a nervous spasm of dread lest the girl

should, some day, marry in the same impetuous way in which she bought the pictures or motor cars which happened to catch her fancy. Mrs. Frank was seeking in Philip someone who should, with the most perfect mildness, correct her own mistakes in dealing with Ruth. This might be a bit inconvenient for Philip, but he would find compensations.

Dr. Frank never listened with seriousness to his wife's forebodings. He was nearly as fond as was Elizabeth of his pretty young sister-in-law, but his greater detachment gave him a fairer estimate of her practicality. His fears for Ruth tended in precisely the opposite direction from those of his wife. Ruth knew values. The pictures she purchased, however impulsively, were usually worth what she paid for them, and the automobile she had bought proved far more reliable than Dr. Frank's own car. The surgeon believed Ruth would always arrange her life to serve her own comfort and what he dreaded for her was a consequent degeneration into a flabby worthlessness of mind and spirit. He wanted her to choose something difficult and fight it through. He would have liked it better had her accomplishments come to her with less facility. He thought he knew just how unwieldy of body and clumsy of brain she would be at forty if she married some eminently suitable person, like Arthur Kahn. He had not scrupled to enlarge upon this idea with much annoying detail to both Ruth and Elizabeth. Regarding Philip, he was more doubtful. Ruth might really throw herself, whole-heartedly, into her enthusiast-lover's dreams, and rise to higher stature fighting his hopeless fights,—provided, always, the man really intended to do anything but talk. If he were merely going to be a fashionable social ornament, he would be the worst possible husband for a girl who was herself all too prone to such a fate. Meanwhile, he stole covert glances at the progress of the idyll, and implored his wife to cease from trying to play Destiny.

Incidentally, he amused himself more than a little by watching Elizabeth's burning impatience.

He came home late one night in December after a day of unusual effort—even for him—and was about to enter the living-room when Elizabeth beckoned him toward the library.

“Dr. Graetz and Ruth are in there,” she whispered.

“Well, suppose—,” he answered laughingly. “Your grandfather would have walked in boldly and insisted on knowing what his inten-

tions happened to be. Life was simpler in those days.”

“Indeed it was,” his wife sighed fervently. “Now-a-days girls do these things for themselves—and badly.”

He lifted her hand to his lips and then pointed significantly to her wedding ring.

“Not always so badly,” he smiled, “not always!”

“Of course, my dear,” she retorted good-humoredly, “when I succeeded in ensnaring you, I was an unusually lucky woman. You thoughtfully remind me of it, now and then. But it doesn’t change the rule. Now Ruth—”

“How far have they got?” Robert interrupted. “Last time I eavesdropped they were talking glibly of plans for advancing the Brotherhood of Man. It struck me as malapropos. The Fatherhood idea should have been in this young man’s mind—.”

“Robert!” his wife exclaimed, “I believe you’re growing positively coarse!”

“Perhaps,” he conceded. “All day long I’ve been tinkering with people’s insides. It makes one elemental. I never once thought about making them noble. I was merely concerned in keeping them alive, if possible. Preachers and women see these things from one angle, ploughmen and surgeons from another. Is Ruth really going to marry him, jilt him, or keep me out of my living-room forever?”

“I don’t know,” Elizabeth admitted. “I can’t get her to talk about him at all.”

“Oh,” the surgeon announced easily, “then we might as well discuss wedding presents. If she won’t talk about him, she really wants him, and if she wants him it doesn’t matter what his views are.”

“I don’t know,” Elizabeth repeated. “Things with them seem about where they were more than a month ago.”

“It doesn’t matter, Bess, if Ruth has really made up her mind!” was Robert’s final comment. “Of course, he would be a bit languid, being a chap who makes a living by mere talk. Anyhow, all men are potterers by trade except physicians and surgeons. Now that I think of it, even physicians potter some.”

Chapter VI

The Brotherhood of Man

The first incident tending to unsettle Philip's faith in himself and his work was so totally irrelevant, so completely unrelated to his own life or to the interests of his congregation, that it might easily have left a man of more phlegmatic temperament absolutely undisturbed.

About eleven o'clock one night in January he was slowly and deliberately making ready for bed. Although weary of body he was more than normally pleased with himself. He had made, this evening, at a public Emergency meeting, held in the vestry rooms of Beth El, a well-conceived and beautifully delivered plea for funds for the Jewish Charities—whose treasury had been strained almost to the point of bankruptcy by demands resulting from the violent economic changes caused by the European war. He had pictured eloquently the unendurable misery existent in the city, although his only knowledge of its actual details had been obtained from the routine reports of the Society's paid workers. The tangible results of his words in Dollars and Cents had been amazingly gratifying—even to the Society's skilful managing director, who had shrewdly decided, as he put it, "to play the new Rabbi as a trump card." Philip had done a good evening's work. Many unfortunate creatures would escape lack of food and shelter, because of the compelling force of his thought and imagination. Incidentally, this virtuous deed had been one which would entail pleasant personal consequences to himself. There are few of us—however contemptuous in theory of the shallow admiration of our fellows—who could have returned home from such a meeting without a comfortable glow of self-satisfaction—and Philip was only twenty-four years of age—and had believed ardently in the lovable qualities of men, even before they had begun to demonstrate these virtues by extravagant praise of himself.

The reaction after his speech left him unusually worn, and he had hurried home from the Temple to enjoy what seemed to him a well-earned night of sleep. Just as he was in that debatable stage where one is neither properly garbed nor disreputably negligee, the telephone bell rang sharply and he sprang to obey its summons.

It was a woman's voice who spoke. "Is this Rabbi Graetz?" she

demanded.

When he assured her of his identity she continued in the measured tones of a competent subordinate, performing a routine duty—not unimportant—but one which demanded no display of undue excitement.

“This is the Johns Hopkins Hospital,” she announced. “The Resident has ordered me to ask some Rabbi if he could come here at once to see a man in the accident ward. The patient’s injuries will probably prove fatal, the doctor thinks. We know nothing of the man except that he keeps asking to see a Rabbi. Will you come?”

“Certainly,” Philip answered, “immediately! I’ll order a taxi. What shall I do when I reach the Hospital?”

“Go to the desk in the entrance hall and ask for Miss Watts,” he was told, after which the voice extinguished itself promptly, with a business-like click of the telephone instrument.

It was certainly characteristic of Philip that he had not indulged in even an instant’s hesitation before accepting his duty. There were many extenuating circumstances he might have urged as excuses for inaction. He was tired, not because of mere frivolity, but because he had been engaged in work for the good of others. It was a night of sudden and penetrating cold after a day of dull rain, and the streets were covered with a thin and treacherous sheet of ice. As a matter of fact, one of his older brothers in the Rabbinate had been given priority by the Hospital nurse in her telephoned request, and had promptly pleaded a convenient indisposition. It was to this worthy man’s thoughtful consideration that Philip owed his present necessity for a hurried trip to the opposite side of the city.

After summoning a taxi-cab, by telephone, he hastily replaced his discarded clothing and descended to the vestibule of the Hotel, there to await the arrival of the automobile. It seemed abnormally long in making its appearance, but when it finally drew up to the curb, its chauffeur explained how impossible it was for any machine, even if it were equipped with chains, to make rapid progress on such a night. Philip peered through the frosty windows of the cab as it threaded its deliberate path through unfamiliar streets. He noticed with a sense of growing depression row after row of small, monotonous homes, each one exactly like its neighbor. Through his mind, in unison with the steady throb of the motor, coursed somber and unconnected fancies.

He thought of his errand, and the next minute found himself wondering into which of these staid, uncharacteristic little structures Death would make his next raid, bringing into the drab lives of its occupants, perhaps, the only touch of dramatic dignity they would ever know; and next his imagination was deciding what words he could find to say by way of consolation to the strange man to whose aid he was hurrying, and who, perchance, by morning would be far wiser than himself and all other living men, with a new-found knowledge of the mysteries of Life and Death.

At last the machine came to a stop before the great pile of Hospital Buildings, and Philip dashed up the steps, and into the vast rotunda of the central building. Breathless, and taken completely by surprise, he found himself face to face with Thorwaldsen's great white statue of the Christ, the arms outstretched, the face filled with Divine Compassion. So significant was this huge mass of eloquent marble that there was scarcely need for the chiselled inscription—"Come unto Me, all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you Rest."

The young Rabbi unconsciously paused, and paid full and heartfelt tribute to the memory of the Great Rabbi of Bethlehem, who has been chosen by millions as the symbol of Infinite Love, yet whose name has been invoked by myriads of false followers in justification of deeds of fiendish cruelty. "He too was a Jew, and a teacher of our faith," was the thought which flashed into Philip's mind, immediately to give place to his own characteristic idea. "After all, it is we, who will not believe Him to be more than He truly was, who understand Him best,—who can best teach the world what He meant it to know." Filled with such emotions, he remembered his own mission of helpful ministry, and making his way to the desk, introduced himself and explained his purpose. The night clerk promptly telephoned to some mysterious personage and very shortly thereafter a trim, tall, young woman, dressed in stiffly-starched blue, came to his side and beckoned him to follow her. It was difficult to believe one could walk so great a distance without passing beyond the confines of the Hospital. Among many corridors, Philip was led by his guide. Each hall, with its dim lights reflected upon the brightly-polished floor, seemed almost deserted, yet somehow pervaded by an uncanny air of being ever watched by tireless attendants. He had never before entered this, or any other great Hospital, and the impression created in his mind was almost one

of awe. Behind each of the doors Science was at grips with disease and death. Every instant was pregnant with Fate for scores who lay in their neat, white beds, unaware whether they should return again to take up their petty, engrossing anxieties and ambitions, or mingle themselves with the dust from which they had sprung. Now and then, a nurse or orderly would glide swiftly and noiselessly into some patient's room. Once they passed a physician garbed in spotless white linen, hurrying quickly upon some duty of apparent urgency. They paused at the turn of a hallway to avoid interference with two orderlies bearing upon a narrow litter the inanimate form of a patient still drugged with ether, on his way from the operating table to some place where he would await the mysterious return of the soul, which had somehow left his body untenanted during its hour of supreme ordeal. Yet all this intense drama was enacted in an atmosphere of abnormal quiet, like the death struggle of a mouse imprisoned under the glass vacuum bell of an air pump. The Rabbi felt oppressed, impotent, his own importance completely crushed out among these silent creatures who dealt without a shadow of excitement with the issues of health and agony, existence and eternity.

During all this time the young nurse had spoken no word. Philip, as he followed her, gave another swift thought to the possibilities of the interview which lay before him. It was an unusual thing for a Jew on the threshold of Death to seek the aid of a Rabbi. A teacher in Israel is not believed by the most credulous of his followers to possess any greater power than any other poor mortal, to pardon sin or to intercede on behalf of a conscience-stricken penitent, with an offended and outraged God. Some very practical errand, or last message, no doubt, was to be entrusted to him by a forsaken, friendless creature whose desire for a Rabbi was based upon the knowledge that in such a man he could not fail to find a Jew—and therefore, a brother.

Philip's opportunity for conjecture came to a sudden end, for his conductress turned suddenly from the corridor into a small office where at a study desk there sat, apparently awaiting the Rabbi's entrance, a vigorous young doctor dressed in the white Hospital uniform.

"You're Dr. Graetz?" he began, motioning Philip to a seat, and speaking in brisk but not discourteous tones. He did not give Philip opportunity to reply before going on to say:

"I'm Dr. Manning. I'm in charge here till morning. It's not such an appropriate night for being dragged across town, is it? Still, I thought I ought to do something about this chap. He's a Hebrew." The doctor paused slightly before using the word, as though he were anxious to choose a term bearing the least offensive significance.

At another time the minister would have explained tolerantly his preference for the word "Jew," and repelled the idea of anyone of that race being anxious to escape its implications; but now he merely nodded, and the physician continued:

"He's an accident case. Slipped tonight, on a crossing at Baltimore Street, and one wheel of a heavy autotruck passed over his abdomen."

Philip struggled unsuccessfully to restrain a shudder of horror, and the man of medicine noticed it with professional contempt.

"You needn't get squeamish. You won't see anything to shock you. He's covered up all right!"

"It isn't that!" Philip protested feebly, but there was a definite lack of conviction in his tones.

"Well," Dr. Manning said, "they brought him in here and took him into the operating room, but the house surgeons said, at the first glimpse, he hadn't a chance. He's sure to "go out" pretty soon, and meanwhile, all we can make out of him is the word "Rabbi." He says it over and over again. He's still conscious, but we can't learn his name or anything else. If he'd been an Italian or an Irishman and had called for a priest, he'd have got one, so I thought if he wanted a Rabbi I ought to try to find one for him."

"I thank you very much," Philip responded. "I hope I'll be able to make him more comfortable. Does it matter how long I stay?"

"Not a bit," the physician answered coolly. "He's got no chance anyhow. I took him off the ward and into a private room because I didn't want him to disturb the other patients too much. So make yourself as comfortable as you can, and if you want anything, ask Miss Watts to send for me. She'll take you to him at once."

The nurse, who had remained silently standing in the presence of her superior, and who would have been shocked rather than gratified had the doctor suggested her being seated during the interview, now betrayed prompt signs of returning animation.

She opened the office door significantly so that Philip would have had no reasonable opportunity for further questions even had he me-

ditated them, and without delay, led him once more upon his quest.

A minute later she ushered him into a small room with one great window through which there was visible, against the cold brilliance of an electric street lamp, a great wind-tossed tree, every twig of which was covered with a beautiful garment of glistening ice. The gray walled room was utterly bare except for a bed, a chair, and a tiny table bearing upon it a glass of water and a nurse's chart.

The form upon the bed was covered to the chin with a white sheet, but a long, nervous, ill-kempt hand lay wearily on either side of the patient's body, and on the pillow was the head of a man whose every feature proclaimed the Jew. Not the Jew one would have expected to meet at Beth El Temple, or in Mrs. Frank's elegant living-room, but one who had known misery and hatred in the Old World, and who had fled from it to experience hardship, privation and grinding poverty in free and boundless America. His long and untrimmed beard was coarse and of the blackness of charred wood. It accentuated to an almost ghost-like whiteness the deathly pallor of his brow; but his eyes, in his hour of mute despair, were fine—great, dark, intelligent eyes—which seemed haunted with a tragedy the man himself could never have expressed or understood, even when he had been vigorous and full of abundant life.

The eloquent eyes rested inquiringly upon the intruders, and the nurse spoke with the slow distinct accents one uses to children, and to men who cannot comprehend the only language one can talk.

"The Rabbi," she announced, pointing to Philip,—“the Rabbi.”

The dying man's eyes lighted up with an expression of eager hope, unspeakably touching to his young visitor. This broken creature was poor, helpless and unlettered. The life he was yielding up had been sordid and unbeautiful, but still this forlorn immigrant shared with himself the wonderful traditions of the Martyr Race, and in his crude way had borne all too heavy a share of its agony. He hurried to the bedside, and grasped the weak, useless hand in his own.

Then the mangled man on the bed began to talk in harsh dry tones spoken almost in a whisper, but with headlong feverish haste. The nurse was about to leave them to their confidences, but Philip stopped her with a gesture of consternation.

He was unable to understand one single phrase the poor creature was racking his soul to utter!

Why had he not thought to ask what tongue this man could speak, or why had not the Hospital authorities made sure before sending for him, of his primary qualifications for the task? Now and then Philip caught the sound of some familiar, though mispronounced, word of Teutonic origin, but the sense of what was being told to him was utterly lost.

The Rabbi spoke German—bookishly, it was true—but nevertheless, fluently. With Hebrew also he was perfectly familiar. Of the Yiddish dialect he knew nothing at all. Had this immigrant's vocabulary been composed almost entirely of words borrowed or corrupted from the Hebrew and German tongues, Philip might have succeeded in piecing together the significance of the torrent of words which issued from the lips of the sufferer. But unfortunately, Yiddish is a varied and fluid mode of speech. In the mouths of wanderers from some sections of Europe, it may easily be mistaken for an ungrammatical and degenerate form of the German language. Other Jews, however, speak the dialect with so many infusions of words and accents appropriated from the Russian, as to make it totally unintelligible to anyone uninitiated in its baffling perplexities.

The patient, who was now staring desperately into the Rabbi's face, had come to the scene of his death from the wrong Russian village!

Frantically, Philip began talking to the man in his own grammatical German and instantaneously, the light of intelligence left the patient's eyes, and a look of dumb, puzzled misunderstanding appeared in its place.

Again and again Philip tried his utmost to find some method of communication with the injured man. He only succeeded in awakening in this mind, to which he had intended to bring peace and comfort, a reflection of his own excitement. The guttural whisper became sullen,—almost angry—and the one word which the Rabbi could understand in the immigrant's outbursts of despairing protest was the contemptuous syllable "goy"—which he knew to be this dying man's pitiless judgment upon himself as one who was in truth no Jew at all—a stranger and an alien.

"It's no use," Philip said helplessly, turning to the nurse. "I can't find out what he wants to say. He speaks nothing but Yiddish. You should have sent for a downtown Rabbi—a Russian."

The nurse, quick to repel any blame which might be imputed to her

in this unexpected dilemma, replied quickly:

"I had to use the telephone directory. Down-town Rabbis can't afford telephones. Besides, I thought any Rabbi would do."

Her voice expressed a polite contempt for a religion so loosely organized to aid its distressed communicants. Had the man been a Roman Catholic the first priest she had summoned would have been fully equipped to cope with the situation, or at least to find prompt assistance, if for some reason he had found himself unprepared for his task!

"We must find him a Rabbi who is a Russian Jew, at once," Philip announced.

"I'll take you back to Dr. Manning," replied Miss Watts, evidently determined to become entangled in no further responsibilities.

The dying immigrant had relapsed once more into his former state of despairing apathy. Philip cast upon him a last glance of mingled compassion and self-reproach and returned to Dr. Manning's office. There new perplexities confronted him. The young doctor apparently considered Philip to be disgustingly ill-equipped for his duties, and had neither comprehension nor tolerance for these delicate distinctions between various kinds of Jews. To Dr. Graetz's demand that a Russian Rabbi be procured at once, the physician responded by giving him *carte blanche* to summon as many as he chose, but this permission merely disclosed another bit of deplorable ignorance on Philip's part. He was compelled to confess he did not know the name of a single minister of his own creed in the city, except those of the few fashionable up-town Temples—no one of whom he had a right to suppose more proficient in Yiddish than himself.

Dr. Manning's smile savored slightly of amused cynicism. Philip, growing more miserably embarrassed every moment, yet feeling he dared not ignore his debt to his dying brother Jew, continued to rack his brain for some available solution.

"It needn't be a Rabbi, then," he urged. "Surely there must be some one in this big Hospital who can understand Yiddish."

"There is no one of your faith on the resident staff at this time," the doctor informed him patiently, "in the day time one of the young women in the Social Service Department could interpret for you, but they're all off duty now, and even if I wanted to drag one from her home at this time of night, I wouldn't know for which one to send."

"There must be plenty of Russian Jewish patients here," Philip in-

sisted.

"There certainly are," Dr. Manning agreed, "but we don't catalogue them by race; I can't send someone through the wards waking up sick people to ask if they can talk Yiddish. I'm afraid I've done all I can."

Philip remembered suddenly that Dr. Frank had told him how often he was called to the Johns Hopkins in the small hours of the night, and it occurred to him to announce his acquaintance with the surgeon and to suggest the possibility of his aid. The young resident thawed slightly at the mention of Robert's name.

"Dr. Frank is a member of the Visiting Surgical Staff," he explained. "He's only here when he's operating or giving after care to his patients. I'm pretty sure he isn't here now, but I'll make certain."

Miss Watts, once more pressed into service, soon reported that Dr. Frank had been in the Hospital earlier in the evening but was not expected again until morning.

The thought of Dr. Frank awoke in Philip's mind some recollection of David Gordon, whom he had not seen since the night of the dinner at the surgeon's home. Here was a man who was himself of Russian birth, who could doubtless speak Yiddish, and who would, in any event, know just what should be done.

He asked permission to use the telephone and after a few anxious minutes succeeded in awakening the lawyer, and telling him excitedly the whole distressing story. Gordon was silent for an instant after Philip had completed his narrative. The young Rabbi, fearing the telephone connection had been interrupted, exclaimed impatiently: "Hello! Hello! Are you still there? Can't you tell me what to do?"

"I'm here," was the reply he heard, "let me alone a minute. I'm only a lawyer, I have to think before I can give advice." Then a minute later he was told:

"Lubowitz would come. He lives on Albemarle Street near Pratt, but he's got no telephone, and his English is so bad you'd never make him understand what you wanted if you went for him yourself. Same thing with all the others. I could give you a dozen of their names. If you think it needn't be a Rabbi, I'll come myself."

Philip's thanks were almost incoherent in their fervid gratitude, but David Gordon cut him short with rude decision.

"All right," he snapped, "you needn't make such a fuss about it. Telephone for a taxi while I get into my clothes. My address is 1086

Madison Avenue. Sure you've got the number? Better write it down. I'll be right over."

The lawyer rang off without more formality, and Philip, after arranging for Gordon's transportation, reported to Dr. Manning the result of his efforts. The doctor had never met Gordon but knew of him as one of the city's most successful lawyers. He secretly wondered at the strange quality of these Jews who were willing to leap eagerly from their comfortable beds at the call of some pauper with no claim upon them except the tie of a common race. "And when they get here," he thought, "they haven't an idea what's to be done! Still it's odd how they stick together!"

If the dying man, less than a hundred yards away, could suddenly have awakened to health and intelligible speech, he might have expressed some doubts as to the accuracy of this Gentile generalization relating to the Solidarity of Israel. Or had the physician remained to chat with the Rabbi while they awaited Gordon's coming, he might somewhat have modified his judgment, but he had hardly motioned Philip to a chair before he was called away to a distant part of the Hospital upon some mission which appeared to permit of no delay.

"Help yourself to a book or a magazine," he suggested. "There are cigarettes on the table if you smoke. I'll be back as soon as I can. I'll tell the ward nurse as I pass, to keep an eye on your man."

Philip, left to himself, found the minutes dragged wearily. He had never learned the solace of tobacco, and the books on the doctor's shelf seemed painfully technical. He ran his eye hurriedly over their titles, only to find text books treating of every disease of which he had vaguely heard, and a few whose acquaintance he hoped never to make. Among all this mass of medical lore he found in a corner a volume written by William Osler, bearing the title "Æquanimitas and Other Essays." It was impossible to have lived in Baltimore even a few months without gaining some hearsay knowledge of the great physician whose name and whose personality had become a tradition, no less potent since his removal to a foreign land than when he had been part and parcel of the city's life. Philip pulled down the book with its title so oddly at variance with his own mood. He tried to read, but the words made no impression whatever upon his confused, jarring thoughts. Equanimity seemed, like many other desirable attributes, a thing one might well exalt when one happened to have it, but which

was not to be procured for the mere desire. Sometimes the dark face of the injured immigrant stared up at him with great accusing eyes from the printed page, as though asking what right he had to pose as a teacher in Israel who had no comprehension of the wants of those who would stand most sorely in need of aid. Sometimes Philip was swept by wholly ignoble emotions of damaged self-esteem. He had been made to appear supremely ridiculous, he felt,—ridiculous to himself, to this businesslike sprig of a doctor, and to David Gordon, who would be none too sorry to confirm his previous scoffing beliefs regarding the inefficiency of preachers in general and himself in particular. It was unfair that he, who had meant so well, should be placed in such an absurd position. He had been fed on praise ever since he had entered this hospitable city, and had unconsciously learned to shrink from the very thought of mockery.

For the minute he forgot the plight of the sufferer he had come to aid, in his boyish resentment against every one and everything connected with his unheroic situation.

He tossed the book upon the table. Equanimity was not for him, he decided, as he began nervously to pace the floor. It certainly did take Gordon a long time to make the trip across town, he thought, until his watch convinced him to the contrary. He began once more to indulge in vain conjecture as to what this man who was about to die could have to impart. Nothing, in all probability, of any real consequence. Still, it would seem vital to a man about to set forth on this last mysterious voyage. To die among men whom one had never seen before and whose every action proclaimed their utter indifference to the personality one was about to lose—it *was* hard, it was worse than hard; it was robbing a man of one of those few emotional consolations which are the birthright of all of us—rich and poor—learned and stolid. Fantastic visions of his own death invaded the young minister's mind. He had always thought of his end as something impressive, dignified, as nearly approaching the sublime as was consistent with standards of restrained good taste. Now he could not repel perverse pictures of himself, stretched on some rude bed in a foreign country, dying as the result of some grotesque mishap, among strangers to whom his last words of profound significance and burning eloquence were merely a confused jumble of uncouth noises. Never before, since his childhood, had Philip feared Death. It was a climax, according to his faith, to a

triumphant purposeful life. Now, however, as he strode from wall to wall, he felt actual terror at the thought. How could one sustain his beliefs in the supreme dignity of human life and death as one remembered the mangled mass of aching flesh in the near-by room, whose career had seemingly been a painful quest across half the world for bread to fill an empty belly, and whose end was the unnoticed and matter-of-fact death of a worn-out animal?

The minutes ticked themselves away. Philip, whose nights had never before been tempestuous, wondered why he had failed to realize what an eternity of time stretched between the hours of sleep and waking. Yet there were nurses here—mere girls—who kept solitary vigil every night! He stole to the door almost as though he were about to attempt some actual crime, and opening it, peered out into the long, silent corridor. If someone would only make a noise, something loud, discordant, human! But no, there was nothing to relieve this overpowering sensation of suppressed, watchful but coldly unsympathetic, activity. It was like an unearthly, hideous pantomime.

The Rabbi turned again into the office and the door swung silently closed. He was once more the solitary prisoner of his sense of duty. In the hope of distracting himself with a new sensation, he seized from the table one of the doctor's cigarettes and with some awkwardness, succeeded in lighting it. He drew into his lungs a few experimental puffs of smoke. The adventure only added to his discomfort. Without feeling actually ill, he was conscious of a slight sensation of uneasy dizziness and confusion. Remembering the necessity of possible action when Gordon should arrive, he tossed the cigarette into the ash tray and resumed his solitary pacing of the room.

It was in this state of mental and physical wretchedness that Gordon found him. The lawyer, seemingly as alert and as fully master of himself as though it were noon-day, instead of two in the morning, came briskly into the office with Miss Watts.

"Hello, Dr. Graetz," he said, "you see I'm here. Where's the patient?" he demanded of the nurse with a hint of sharp aggressiveness.

She seemed more deferential to David Gordon's crisp authority than to Philip's studious courtesy.

"I must see Dr. Manning first," she explained, almost apologetically, "then if he says so, I'll take you in at once."

But when the doctor returned, it was with unexpected news. He

introduced himself to the lawyer, and without the faintest apparent emotion went on to say:

"I'm afraid you've had your night's sleep disturbed for nothing. I've just had a look at your patient. He's gone into coma. You might wait around awhile if you like, but I'm pretty sure he'll never come out."

David shrugged his shoulders without making any comment. He was, in fact, watching Philip narrowly, being perhaps more interested in noting his reaction to these tidings than in the information itself. The Rabbi was horrified, it seemed to David, out of all proportion to the magnitude of the event.

"You mean," Philip stammered, "he's going to die! going to die, without being able to talk again?"

"That's about it," Dr. Manning answered. "He showed more stamina, at that, than the average, else he'd never have rallied after the ether."

The three sat silent for a few minutes. Such an outcome of the night's sordid tragedy seemed incredible to Philip—now that he had succeeded in bringing the capable David to his aid. He had nerved himself to the thought of his apparent absurdity and incapacity. He was no longer able to think boyishly of himself as a being of almost supernatural power, scattering balm and spiritual peace among the poor and hopeless of his brethren—not without some remote resemblance to the compassionate Christ whose sculptured presence dominated the entrance hall below. But that it should all end in complete and final disaster—a disaster which left another to pay for his own ignorance—this was more than he felt himself able to endure.

"Pull yourself together," David ordered in a stern whisper. Then in his normal voice he said: "After all, if he's unconscious the poor devil isn't bothered about what he wanted to tell. Perhaps it's just as well."

Courteously declining the doctor's suggestion of cigarettes, and calmly proffering his own well-filled case of black cigars, he proceeded dexterously to entangle Dr. Manning in a long and intricate argument regarding the value and veracity of medical experts in legal proceedings, and the consideration—or lack of it—accorded them by courts and counsel. So absorbed did the doctor become and the lawyer appear that the Rabbi's silence seemed entirely unnoticed. Philip had only garbled impressions of what they were discussing. He was plunged into a passion of the deepest self-reproach. He knew how

illogical, how morbid, he had become; but he was unable to free himself from the memory of the unhappy man who had weighed Philip and his whole life in a single instant, and condemned them with one burning word of scorn.

He never did know exactly how long the lawyer and the doctor went on talking, but at last a nurse made her way into the room with a whispered message to Dr. Manning, and Philip understood that the man was dead, and that he and David Gordon were expected to go home.

David managed the details of their departure with the same easy authority he had displayed from the minute of his appearance. It was he who expressed the appreciation of both of them, of the doctor's kindness; it was he who procured a taxi for their transit, and who piloted Philip safely through the mazes of his farewell.

When the two men were at last seated in the machine, rumbling away from the Hospital, David lapsed into silence, as he puffed meditatively upon his cigar. Perhaps he thought nothing he could say would be of much help to Philip, and the best service he could render would be to give him time to regain his poise; but when the machine halted for a minute in the bright electric glare of a street crossing, and the lawyer observed how drawn and pale was the Rabbi's face—almost as though he were in physical pain—he turned to the young man impulsively.

“Look here,” he said in his decided manner, “don't let yourself get maudlin about this affair. It was neither you nor I, you know, who ran over the man, and if we'd chosen to spend the night in honest sleep we couldn't have been indicted. It's not your fault the people at your Seminary chose to teach you the Higher Criticism instead of Yiddish—and maybe they knew what they were doing, at that. If your worthy President, Mr. Kaufman, could know what you are thinking, he'd decide he was squandering your salary on a madman.”

The Rabbi perceived the kindness concealed behind the lawyer's brusque words, but he shook his head despairingly.

“I know,” he answered, “you think I've behaved like a child—”

“Not a bit,” David answered. “I think all the better of you because of the things you're ashamed of. Of course, you've no sense of humor, but if you had, you couldn't be a Rabbi at all.”

Philip's eyes widened with distress at the idea of anything humorous

being mingled with the night's grim happenings.

David laughed a curt, dry laugh as he read his companion's thought.

"Never mind," he said, "you'll feel better, remembering what a heathen I am."

Once more Philip shook his head.

"You can't see!" he began, "I didn't come here to talk only to rich men. I wanted to help. It isn't just this one poor fellow. I—"

"Never mind," David repeated, laying his hand on Philip's shoulder, as the machine drew up to the Hotel where the Rabbi was to alight. "I see what you mean, and you're a good sort. But there's more to it all than you thought. It wasn't only the Yiddish! You and this Russian never could have understood one another, anyhow."

Chapter IX

Concerning Jews—Reformed and Incurable

Philip's first effort toward understanding his less fortunate brethren naturally took the form of lessons in Yiddish. He was essentially a student, and when he found himself incompetent for any special task, he instinctively turned for help to a book or a teacher. He discovered among the undergraduates at the University a young, impecunious Russian Jew possessed by a fierce resolve to secure a bachelor's degree, and forced by grim circumstances to earn his bread and tuition while he studied. Philip made arrangements to receive this youth in his study on two afternoons of each week and surprised his boyish tutor—whose name was Israel Rubin—by volunteering to pay him a much larger sum than his services were actually worth. Philip was justly confident of acquiring speedily a proficiency in the dialect he had determined to master. He had a definite feeling for the shadings of language, and he was sure his fluency in the use of German would make his task an easy one.

He hoped, also, to learn from this boy much more than Yiddish, but in this expectation he was promptly disappointed. Rubin was distressingly deferential, and respectfully conscientious in the instruction of his distinguished pupil. But he made absolutely no response to Philip's attempts at more intimate exchange of thought. The lessons took the

form of conversations in which Rubin would ask some simple question and correct whatever blunders Philip's answer might contain. The boy, however, seemed insistent in confining the questions to impersonal matters. He could not but perceive how alert the older man was to grasp whatever he tried to impart, but in spite of this fact, he appeared to consider the Rabbi an odd specimen, whose eccentricities must be tolerated with patience because he was, after all, almost a Christian and, therefore, not to be judged by the same tests as other Jews—and also because he was amply able to afford the indulgence of his curious whims. Rubin never could decide why a man who had a job among English-speaking people—a job, too, commanding a salary considered fabulous by this poor boy—should want to learn Yiddish, when he could already speak with amazing fluency four other languages—real languages—the kind one had to know to win college degrees. The friendliness of the minister's intentions to the boy did not bring them closer together. On the contrary, it probably made their relations more formal. At the end of the first lesson, Philip, supposing vaguely that Rubin's home was not too well provisioned, had ordered a dainty tray to be sent from the Hotel kitchen to his room. Afternoon tea was not one of Dr. Graetz's habits, but with delicate good breeding he allowed it to appear so, in order that he might offer refreshment to his young guest and teacher. He was vastly amazed at the boy's embarrassed refusal and a little chagrined at the prospect of consuming, without aid, the English muffins for which he had no appetite and the tea he loathed. He pressed Rubin for some explanation. It was then the turn of the Rabbi of a heterodox Temple to become embarrassed, for the inexperienced boy, unlearned in finesse, blurted out his unwillingness to partake of food which was not "Kosher"—not prepared according to the dietary laws set forth in the Scriptures. An awkward moment followed. Philip could not take offense at Rubin's position, yet he, the teacher in Israel, was certainly made to feel rebuked at this greater rigidity on the part of a young Jew, with whom one could not and ought not to argue. The situation was all the more uncomfortable because Rubin did not know whether it would be wiser to remain, and manufacture conversation, while Philip was served, or to abandon his host immediately after declining his hospitality. He elected to remain, and they suffered together—their stilted conversation proving as distasteful as the despised tea.

After this experience, Philip's hopes of gaining, through Israel Rubin, any real insight into down-town Jewish conditions grew perceptibly fainter. After equipping himself with a working knowledge of the dialect, he would be able to go out on his own voyages of discovery, but this would involve delay, and painful gropings in the dark. He resolved to appeal to David Gordon for guidance. He did not come to this decision without misgivings. He knew he would find in the lawyer a total absence of the pleasant deference and esteem he had grown accustomed to expect during his short career in Baltimore. Still, Gordon seemed to Philip to be a man of brusque sincerity, given to brutal speech, but not unkind, in spite of his manner. At any rate, he must know the very things Philip desired to learn, and the Rabbi would be committed to nothing as the result of an interview.

He therefore telephoned Gordon late one afternoon and asked if he might call on him at his rooms that night, or any other night convenient to the lawyer.

David Gordon replied with a question of his own:

"Is there anything I can do for you?"

Philip felt slightly rebuffed in spite of the cordiality of the question. Most of the men and women he had met, appeared to feel honored at his desire to cultivate their acquaintance. It was not entirely gratifying to have his advances thus weighed and debated. Still, he stifled his slight annoyance and responded:

"Yes, I want some advice."

"Professional advice?" demanded the lawyer.

"No," the Rabbi replied with audible impatience. "Personal advice. Why do you ask? Do you object to having me visit you?"

He could hear, over the wire, Gordon's indulgent laugh.

"My dear Dr. Graetz," he was told, "so far as I'm concerned, I'll really be glad to spend an evening with you. It was yourself I was thinking of. The sheep you tend won't like it. They would really object less if you were discovered in the home of a disreputable woman. I'm considered a bad influence."

Philip was hurt at David's words and manner and there was real dignity in his answer:

"I think, Mr. Gordon, I must have shown you only my worst qualities. I'm not entirely the coward you seem to suppose. I'm here to try to teach my people what seems true to me, not to be the slave of their

whims,—and I have asked you for the courtesy of an interview.”

“Well, well,” the lawyer answered, in a tone of good-humored railery. “What a gift for misunderstanding you Rabbis have. I never took you for a coward. One doesn’t waste his breath warning cowards of danger. You know I’ll be glad to see you. Come tonight, by all means. But the best advice I can give you is to take no advice of mine.”

After David’s mocking taunt about the possible injury to the minister’s popularity which might follow any companionship between this oddly assorted pair, physical violence could not have prevented Philip from keeping the appointment. He was really a brave man and the greatest of his few fears was the dread of some day betraying a lack of courage. In his adolescent days, his constant anxiety to prove to himself his indifference to danger had led him into queer situations. If David had been animated by a consuming desire for his presence, he could have chosen no better method of bringing him to his door.

The house on Madison Avenue where the lawyer lived had evidently been, many years before, the homestead of a family accustomed to spacious and luxurious living. It was a large and grim brick building, square and uncompromising, set back from the line of the street and boasting a strip of lawn on one side, almost as wide as the house itself. When the tide of fashion had swept from this section of the City the wealthy old residents who had made their homes there, this house had sunk from its former eminence into a crowded and ill-cared-for boarding-house. It was then that it first sheltered David Gordon—when he decided to live up-town instead of in the congested quarter of East Baltimore where he had spent his boyhood and youth. Its location pleased him none the less because it was unfashionable, and threatened to become more unfashionable every year. So loath was he to locate elsewhere that he had several times tided the shiftless proprietress of the house over financial difficulties which threatened to result in her eviction, and consequently, his also. When she had finally demonstrated her complete inability to meet any and all of her duties, Gordon, whose practice had been proving more and more lucrative, and who had nothing but contempt for the customary methods of disposing of one’s surplus income, suddenly bought the house, and building an addition in the rear, transformed the structure into an apartment-house. It looked very much like what it was—neither a home, nor a building originally designed for its present purpose, but

David was totally unconcerned regarding its aesthetic properties. After reserving the entire first floor for his own use, he nevertheless found his investment reasonably satisfactory.

Gordon's rooms, Philip decided, were not uncharacteristic of the man himself. The furnishings seemed selected with an eye solely to utility. They were substantial—evidently of solid workmanlike excellence, not exactly ugly, but with no pretence to beauty, either. A negro boy who had appeared in answer to Philip's ring ushered the Rabbi into the lawyer's study which was at the extreme rear of the building, away from the noises of the street. Three sides of the big room were lined with dark oak sectional book-cases. Philip had a book-lover's affection for the built-in open shelf, but Gordon had apparently desired to preserve his volumes as securely as possible from dust. Philip's books mingled among each other according to some mysterious law of elective affinities of their own choosing. His copy of Browning was next to his edition of Whitman. His Tennyson and his Shelley belonged together, he knew not why; but Gordon's library was trim in its evident obedience to classification. Two of the walls were devoted exclusively to law books; the third side to books of a more general interest, among which Philip noticed with surprise that books of a scientific and philosophical nature, such as those of Huxley, Tyndall, Darwin, Spencer and James, struggled for numerical supremacy with works on purely Jewish subjects.

David Gordon was seated in the center of the room at a huge table, covered with open law books and orderly little piles of documents. As Philip entered the room, he carefully and deliberately closed the volume he was studying, after inserting a blank slip of paper between its leaves,—and motioned the Rabbi to a chair on the opposite side of the table from himself.

He glanced at Philip for an instant, with his searching half-amused smile before saying:

"Well, you're here! I'm afraid you've come to the wrong shop, but I'm glad to see you, anyway. You don't smoke?" he added, indicating the cigars and cigarettes at the end of the table, and selecting a fresh cigar for himself.

"No," Philip answered, with his conciliating smile. "It's one of the things I mean to learn, some day."

"I would," the lawyer said, as he lit his own cigar. "It's a great help

to a man who believes in brotherhood. Nothing draws men together so surely as the possession of a vice in common.”

The lawyer was a trained observer of witnesses, and he found it easy to see Philip’s sensitive, shrinking repugnance for this jibe at his pet ideals. He replied to Philip’s unspoken protest by saying:

“You and I shall never get on together if you’re going to take offense every time I violate your standards of good taste. The conventional forms of amusement,—cards, theatres, athletics—don’t appeal to me. I get my relaxation by saying whatever I happen to please—except, of course, regarding matters of business. I even talk impudently to myself, when there’s no one else to stir up. So take it as a matter of course; let it be understood you think me a malicious boor, and we’ll have a comfortable basis for fellowship.”

Philip did not know whether to smile or to frown. He had met young men at college with an overweening desire for impertinence, but they were adolescents unseasoned by the responsibilities of life and work. But Gordon was a man well over thirty, and a busy and successful lawyer.

“Would it be rude,” Philip inquired, “if I were to ask how, with your peculiar views on sport, you managed to acquire, and hold together your clientele?”

David smiled approvingly.

“Yes, rude, and therefore, interesting. I’m glad you show faint signs of being infected. I treat my clients as they deserve. I do their work as they want it done, and make no pretences of hiding my contempt for them. The theory works out. A business man dearly loves to bully people and he respects only the fellow who can bully him. I’ve made a study of it—I can even make that chap you met at Frank’s—Arthur Kahn—uncomfortable sometimes. The consequence is, they all pester me to do their work for them. When you take medicine you never believe it’s any good unless it’s bitter.”

Philip decided it would be wiser to smile, after all.

“Very well,” he urged, “bully me; though I came to you for advice before I knew your philosophy.”

“Oh, you saw it in practice,” David insisted. “However,” he went on, “my job is law. I don’t know much—and I warn you I don’t care much—about fine theories of sugar-coated life. It seems a pretty crude and cold-blooded proposition to me. With this pleasant introduction,

I'm at your service."

Philip hardly knew, after hearing David's blunt words, how to approach the topic upon which he wanted help. He was an artist in the use of phrases when his auditors were sympathetic and receptive. In the face of the lawyer's criticism—real or assumed—he was embarrassed and tongue-tied.

David promptly came to his assistance with a series of terse, irreverent questions.

"What's the matter? Have your male sheep been hectoring you? Or are the ewes making too many sheep's eyes? Aren't you as happy here as you expected?"

Philip remembered David's words at Dr. Frank's dinner and the recollection gave him his cue.

"I've been much too happy," he burst out, "and too useless, just as you prophesied, if you remember. I want to get down to some real work and I don't seem to find it possible."

David scowled. "Exactly what do you want to do?" he demanded sharply.

Philip settled himself to a lengthy explanation:

"The people of Beth El are all rich, or at least comfortable," he said, "that seems to be the case in all the up-town Reformed temples. But they are only a handful of the Jews in the City. There seems to be a complete barrier between them and the others. My congregation ought to be put to work making things right among the down-town people. They seem to need help badly enough. Everyone says so. We're the powerful ones, yet we do nothing. I don't know what ought to be done, and the East Side doesn't send us any message to tell us."

"Do you mean charity?" David asked impatiently. "You have your Relief Society. You scrape money together. Let that satisfy you."

"It doesn't satisfy me," Philip answered vehemently. "I'm not a child. I know the alms-takers can't be representative of a majority of the Jewish population. I want my people to co-operate with the others. If our culture is superior to theirs, just as our wealth is, we ought to be willing to diffuse it. I want the members of my congregation to make friends of the less fortunate Jews; to work with them in solving their problems—to make their religion an actual thing. I know you are a skeptic and don't share our beliefs—"

David broke in curtly:

"You're right. I certainly don't!"

"I've no quarrel with that," Philip resumed, "but you've got to reckon with the people who do believe. Here's all this force, power and intelligence going to waste because no one familiar with the conditions on the East Side is willing to show me the proper point of attack. I came to you because you do know these conditions."

The lawyer laid down his cigar and looked straight into the eyes of the younger man.

"I don't see why I should bother to save you from the trouble you seem resolved to find. But I can't help it, and I'm going to tell you the ugly truth. You don't know East Side conditions, but you could learn them, with or without help. The trouble with you is, you don't know the conditions on your own side of the town. And you never will learn them till it's too late to save your skin. Anyhow, I'll tell you a few. Your congregation likes to hear you indulge in vague talk about human brotherhood; the merest semblance of the actual thing would horrify the women, and enrage the men. The down-town Jews are Russian. The up-town Jews are American by birth, and German by descent. The one group is above the poverty line—employers mostly. The other group is on the border line or below it, and they're employees. You and your crowd give some sort of an allegiance to a denatured Judaism. I and mine, so far as we have any religion left, are rigidly orthodox. So there you have a whole catalogue of reasons for hates. Your group has had all the best of it so far,—easy lives, easy faith, easy education and an easy superiority. Mine has barely begun to become conscious of itself. Only yesterday it stopped being meek and began to take stock of its own grievances. Your men are beginning to be afraid of us. They notice we no longer accept their Divine right of lording it over us. They think our uncouth, immigrant ways do the Jews in general, and particularly, their comfortable selves, no good among the Christians. And now you come with bland words asking the upper dog to release his grip! If you try to force him, he'll turn and bite you!"

"Let him bite, then!" Philip shot back at him. "I stand for Justice. Are you satisfied with the picture you draw?"

"I state facts as they are, not as they ought to be," the lawyer affirmed. "Will the fight stop after you're bitten? Certainly not. And don't flatter yourself you'll get any help from the other side. To them you're as alien as they are to you, for all your patter about a common

religion. Keep on good terms with your own clan,—talk to them pleasantly, and do gracefully what they pay you to do. There's nothing to be ashamed of in such a life. On the other hand, if you try to meddle with something too big for any man to deal with, you'll do more harm than good, and get torn into shreds, besides."

The lawyer replaced his cigar in his mouth with an air of finality, and relighted it after a gesture of annoyance at finding it had gone out during his harangue.

Philip sat silently thinking a moment before returning stubbornly to the attack.

"Our point of difference," he decided, "lies in your belief that men will be unaffected by the teachings of their Religion. That's natural for you who have no beliefs, but hard for me to imagine. Even if things are as hopeless as you say, what's the value of a faith unless it sets to work to remedy them?"

"No value at all," David replied cheerfully, "you can't quarrel with me on that score."

"If I accepted your conclusions, I'd resign from the Rabbinate tonight," Philip declared.

"That would be a pity," the lawyer responded. "You have a real gift for oratory, and it's become an obsolete art among lawyers and politicians."

Philip, stung to real anger, forgot his habitual dignity and tolerance.

"Fortunately," he blazed, "I have some gift for sincerity, too. That isn't obsolete in any pulpit whatever it may be at the Bar."

David, instead of becoming correspondingly angry, laughed admiringly.

"You're an apt pupil," he said, "now listen. I don't doubt your sincerity. It's your common sense which seems to be lacking. You speak of the force of Religion. I believe that force to be almost extinct. You don't. But you must believe Religion, even in its prime, was weaker than human nature. You've read history. Here's a state of war—an economic struggle, a class consciousness, a race hatred, a fight between aristocracy and democracy, all bundled into one, and you come along telling passionate men—who are in deadly earnest—to forget what they want and what they hate,—in the name of Judaism! Bah! And it isn't even an authentic Judaism you offer them. It's a pale sentimental imitation of Christianity, with the Christ left out."

David silenced sternly Philip's horrified exclamation of dissent at this crowning blasphemy.

"Don't try to debate it with me," he commanded, "I don't want to convince you. What difference does it make which of us is right, if I and my people feel as I say,—and we do feel it. We think your soft talk about loving the man you sneer at and underpay, is just part of a bad imitation of that Christianity which has conquered the civilized world by abandoning its own cardinal teachings. We think you, yourselves, are only more or less successful imitations of Christians—in your lives, in your studies and in the culture you're so proud of, though nobody knows why. It never can be as good as the original, and the original doesn't fill us with any thrills of admiration."

"You're talking unutterable nonsense," Philip exclaimed hotly. "Just because you're too blind to see virtue in any religion—Reformed or Orthodox—"

"Don't get excited!" David interrupted. "You're right, though not in just the way you mean. It's silly for me to let this talk degenerate into a barren discussion about dogmas, and superior and inferior cultures. The vital part is this: to every East Side Jew, except the handful who have made enough money to belong in spirit in your own camp—you are the hired man of Clarence Kaufman and his kind. As such, they'll have no more to do with you than if you were a Roman Catholic. On the other hand, if you tear yourself adrift from your well-to-do congregation, and go down alone among these unfortunates who can get along just as well without you—you will have cut yourself off from your base of supplies,—of money, influence and Christianized culture. You have nothing to offer them but the pleasure of associating with your exceedingly well-meaning self. You needn't take my word for this. You have only to make the experiment."

David was talking soberly and impressively now, and Philip pondered for several minutes before replying. Finally, he said:

"I know you are trying to tell me what you think is true; yet I'm sure you must be wrong. You manage to have friends in what you call both camps. Why can't I?"

"Friends?" repeated David grimly. "Clients, you mean. During working hours, the lawyer is a free lance. He fights fairly, and without pretences for the man who employs him; meanwhile, he is really serving himself. Besides, I don't want to be taken with absolute literalness.

You can make a fair sprinkling of East Side friends, if you use tact and meet them on a purely personal basis. What you want is to let loose on them your well-fed, up-town flock. You can't do it. If Savonarola and John Knox could be rolled into one and turned Jew, the combined prophet couldn't do it."

Philip sat silent, his attitude one of dejection, but his lips set in a line of stubborn determination.

"It's no fun killing people's enthusiasms," David remarked, with some effort at consolation, "but I'm not much given to chasing rainbows, and you would know what was in my mind."

Philip's composure had by this time returned and he was able to smile pleasantly.

"I'm afraid you are not altogether a successful murderer," he observed, "the corpse has yet to be convinced of its demise."

"Yes," David replied dryly "enthusiasms are like cats or lies, in the number of deaths they can survive."

Philip laughed.

"You see," he explained, "I came here to ask the question 'how' and you merely answered 'don't!' It isn't responsive. I suppose that's why I can't accept it as final."

"It's final so far as I'm concerned," David answered. "Let's talk about something else."

"In one minute," Philip said eagerly. "I think I owe it to you, and to myself, to tell you why I wouldn't adopt your view-point even if it's true—which I can't believe. It would make me perfectly indifferent to Life. If there's nothing on the earth worth-while, we have to pretend there is. According to you, my congregation are all smug hypocrites—consciously or unconsciously—and the Down-town Jews are merely different instead of better. The world is all made up of hatreds. Religion is a silly superstition, and my own place in it is to be a sort of intellectual vaudeville artist. I couldn't go on with existence on such terms. If everything were just as you say, I'd want—as I do now—to fashion my own vision, and work to make the dream come true,—even if I killed myself in the effort. Hasn't everything worth-while in history happened because some man had a vision more beautiful than the sordid odds and ends of facts, which practical men mistook for the whole of life?"

"You poor 'kid,' " David exclaimed. "You're incorrigible! Well, go

earn your martyr's crown, if you will, and never have it assayed to make sure it isn't brass. Perhaps you're lucky, after all!"

"I am," Philip affirmed exultingly. "As for you, you must be miserably unhappy. Don't you see any hope for the Jew at all?"

"Yes," David said with decision, "Zionism!"

Philip broke into a peal of hearty laughter.

"I suppose there must be a joke, if *you* can see it," David observed coldly.

"Pardon me," the Rabbi said, "I'm not laughing at Zionism, though I don't believe in it. But you are surely an amazing man! You are too sophisticated for any Religion. You think the various classes of Jews can't be kept from each other's throats, even in a well-governed, established, old community like Baltimore. Yet you want to pour them into an unsettled land of dangers like Palestine. You would urge these bitter enemies to join forces in the building of a new state, to conserve the Judaism which you say is obsolete."

"Not to conserve the Religion!" David replied promptly, "the race! There's something distinctive,—something worth saving, in the race. It has lasted all these centuries because persecution kept us sheltered from outside influences. Then came freedom, and the only difference between Jews who have lived two generations in America and England, and the Christians, is based on the blessed fact that the Christians won't accept you as part and parcel of themselves, no matter how hard you pretend to be. We Zionists want to have a land where the race can develop its own possibilities, before all the Jews get to be as worthless as the Congregation Beth El."

The long discussion had at last taught Philip not to blaze up at David's taunts. He was secretly glad it was his turn to be superior, and therefore, he could afford to be good-humored.

"You laugh at my visions," he said, "your's seem to be a thousand times less practical. While you're still telling me I'm a young fool, for daring to believe people can learn common kindness, you calmly propose that these very people attempt the impossible. And for no sane reason that I can see. America's good enough for me!"

"The difference between us is clear," David replied. "I believe men can't be made to do anything which is against their real interest. For the tribe of Kaufman and his wage slaves to slobber over each other is not only puerile, it's a direct handicap in their eternal game of cutting

throats. But Zionism is for the real advantage of every Jew. Men can do the impossible if they are forced to choose between a great gain on the one side, and Death on the other. The Jew can't keep alive without Zionism, and no race wants to become extinct."

"Of course," Philip interjected. "Anyone can argue, if he begins by assuming the very thing he wants to prove. We non-Zionists are American in all our hopes for ourselves and our children. We don't want a Jewish country, any more than we'd expect to see the Baptists or the Presbyterians go off and establish a country of their own. And we don't think we're dying, either."

"The most hopeless consumptive always thinks he's getting better," David replied. "As a matter of fact, all the Jews except the Zionists are Christian in everything but race. You will talk Religion when you ought to be talking Race. Religion won't help you. The only difference between you and a Unitarian lies in the fact that he can join the Maryland Club, and be a guest at a good summer hotel, and you can't. That's what you rely on to save Judaism. No, sir!" he concluded, "you have your choice of two roads and only two; complete assimilation of the Jew among the other races of the world,—and Zionism."

Philip anticipated with keen pleasure a contest on terms of something like equality with this older man who had been calmly taunting him, all evening, with his youth and experience.

"You completely ignore—" he began, loftily.

David interrupted him:

"I intend to keep on ignoring it, whatever 'it' happens to be. I've passed the debating society stage. I can tell when a man isn't to be convinced, if you can't; I'll help you by telling you that your eloquence, applied to me, is as hopeless as mine with you. Each of us may safely assume the other to know the stock arguments, and as for making any sort of an impression, unfortunately, we lack an audience. Why squander perfectly good words?"

Philip, still good-humored, though not completely free from a trace of chagrin at the conduct of this unceremonious and arbitrary host, arose to go.

"I didn't mean you to get out," David assured him, in the tone of one who is teaching a child rather than apologizing, "there are plenty of other things to talk about."

"No," Philip said; "it's late, and as it is, I've kept you a long time

from your work. It was kind of you to see me at all. I'm coming again, even if you don't want me."

"I do want you," David replied. "I've always wished I could spend the last night with one of the Christian martyrs,—his last, I mean—not mine. That's the way I feel about you,—Christianity and all. Come soon, before the lion gets you."

"I will," Philip promised, realizing perfectly that behind David's words lay a subtle, and kindly-meant repetition of the warnings he had given earlier in the evening. "But don't be too sure," he added, "maybe I shall eat the lion."

David sighed with an exaggerated assumption of despair.

"After all the natural history I've tried to teach you! Well, well, a man should never be betrayed into an argument except in Court—where he gets paid for being misunderstood."

Book Reviews

Grose, Peter. *Israel in the Mind of America*. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1983. xiv, 361 pp. \$17.95

There are two countries in our time where a specific spiritual background with regard to Jews and to Jewish restoration in Palestine has influenced in some way political attitudes about Zionism and the establishment of Israel: Great Britain and the United States. The description of that background and its complex historical roots, the explanation of its role in the formulation of modern policies, and the analysis of the combination of interests and sentiments which in each case produced a certain political line and influenced a certain political outcome—these are among the most complex tasks that the historian or political scientist may undertake.

With regard to Great Britain, there is an impressive body of historical research that deals with the sources of British interest in the Jews, in the Holy Land, and in the connections between both. Important contributions have been made by Nahum Sokolow, Franz Kobler, Barbara Tuchman, Me'ir Verete, and others. Historical research about the United States has advanced less, perhaps because the special relationship between both sides, Israel and America, has only lately become clear-cut. There is also the added factor that it is not a closed historical issue, as it is in the case of Zionism and Great Britain, but a continuing and still developing situation.

Peter Grose's book contains, therefore, the first attribute of a good historical work—an excellent theme. As Grose states in his concluding chapter: "Even as they go their own way, in pursuit of their own national interests, Americans and Israelis are bonded together like no two other sovereign peoples." He might have added that among Israelis there is a highly developed consciousness about that special relationship. It is difficult to suggest another country today where Americans are as naturally accepted and understood as in Israel.

Nevertheless, Grose has hardly proven such a conclusion in his

work. In spite of this, however, he has written a book that is important, highly interesting, extremely informative, and certainly worth reading.

One man's delight being another man's despair, it is difficult to decide how one should judge the fact that Grose loves to tell a good story—more perhaps than to analyze coldly and methodically the components of a given historical situation. The fact is that Grose has an unusual talent as a *raconteur*, and some of his stories, although true, verge—as a good tale should—on the border of the unbelievable.

Such a tale is told about Benjamin V. Cohen. "Ben" Cohen was one of the most interesting figures in the American political establishment during the Roosevelt and Truman years, a trusted adviser of both presidents, who remained active through the presidency of John F. Kennedy. Incidentally, the Zionists owed Ben Cohen a huge debt: living in London back in 1919–1920, he had been the main formulator, on the Zionist side, of the text of the British mandate for Palestine. Grose tells how on May 14, 1948, when the State of Israel was being proclaimed in Tel Aviv, Ben Cohen was asked by the Israeli representative in Washington, Eliahu Epstein (later Eilat), to help in the formulation of his request for American recognition for the Jewish state. He complied and the letter was sent to the White House. Shortly afterwards Ben Cohen was asked by David Niles and Clark Clifford to examine the positive response of the White House. Ben Cohen found himself in the unique situation of consulting for both sides.

There is a quality of deceptiveness in Grose's writing: one is lulled into too easy a frame of mind by his vivid descriptions of events and people. Some of his analyses of political situations and public leaders are among the sharpest to be found in the literature on the theme. Grose's descriptions are usually based on solid research, a scholarly undertaking that serves but never dominates Grose's fine-tuned instinct for people and human situations. His descriptions of Roosevelt and even more so of Truman, as well as of many others, are among the best available. From the easy flow of his narrative an evaluation of a man suddenly appears, along with his motivations, strengths, and weaknesses. One is surprised how detached, wise, and highly convincing these evaluations appear.

Grose is well served by his personal experience and knowledge about the inner workings of the American foreign service, especially

those sections of the State Department that dealt with the Middle East from the 1920's to the 1940's. He possesses a fine understanding of the very peculiar American brand of anti-Semitism, especially of the kind found in the American Protestant upper class, in his words, "the genteel anti-Semitism of Wall Street and the New York and Washington clubland." Grose believes that anti-Semitism, more than a sober understanding of Middle East realities, influenced many of the second- and third-echelon American policy-makers when dealing with issues involving Jews, Zionism, and Palestine. Without overstating it, he presents his case in a highly convincing way.

One of the results of Grose's book is that one ends up doubting if there were any similarities between British and American policies regarding Zionism and Palestine.

British interest in the Jews and in the Holy Land was firmly anchored in a certain stratum of the leading British political establishment, with representatives in the Cabinet, Parliament, and the press. Lloyd George, Balfour, Churchill, Sykes, Smuts, Milner, and many others were interested in or committed, each in his own way, to the dream of Jewish renaissance in Palestine.

In the United States, on the other hand, no one single leading public figure was really interested in the Jewish hopes for Palestine. From Wilson to Roosevelt to Truman, American presidents were basically indifferent. From Lansing to Marshall, the secretaries of state were basically hostile or doubtful about a Jewish national home or state in Palestine. The heads of the sections at the State Department did their very best to thwart the Zionists' intentions. And in the late 1940's the Department of Defense and the newly created CIA participated in a choir of negative opinions and tried to prove that support for Jewish statehood was against the best interests of the United States.

In its details, the historical picture presented by Grose is worthwhile knowing. But the final impression that one gets after reading his book is really the opposite of what seems to have been Grose's original intention in writing the book. The reader ends up wondering, given Grose's absorbing picture to the contrary, how it came to be that the United States supported the establishment of Israel and how the ties between the two countries actually grew stronger and more "special."

—Evyatar Friesel

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Umansky, Ellen M. *Lily Montagu and the Advancement of Liberal Judaism: From Vision to Vocation*. New York and Toronto: Edwin Mellen Press, 1983. xvii, 283 pp. \$39.95

The frontispiece of this book is a photograph of Lily Montagu, dressed to conduct services for the Jewish Religious Union. Without the make-up revealing her gender, the picture would be in no way extraordinary; merely a Reform or Liberal rabbi posing in customary professional attire. Jewish women, however, have only very recently been eligible for the rabbinate; during Montagu's lifetime (1873–1963) such options did not exist. The photograph, then, depicts her playing a unique and unaccustomed role for her sex—that of spiritual leader.

Ellen Umansky's study describes and analyzes Lily Montagu's religious leadership, stressing the origins and nature of her theology, with some attention as well to her social work, organizational activities, and impact on Liberal Judaism.

Lily Montagu's case demonstrates that even social and professional prominence are not enough to guarantee women a place in history. She came from a wealthy, politically important, and socially prominent Anglo-Jewish family. Her father, Samuel Montagu, First Lord Swaythling, was a self-made millionaire and banker, who served in Parliament for fifteen years, and was an early, though not a constant supporter of Theodor Herzl. Her own achievements were impressive. After a career as a social worker, when she founded the West Central Girls' Club (1893), she and Claude Montefiore established the Jewish Religious Union (1902), which became the key organization for disseminating Liberal Judaism in England. In 1926 she started the World Union for Progressive Judaism, sponsor of Liberal Jewish congregations in Europe, South America, Israel, South Africa, and Australia. Through the World Union she organized conferences and was in touch with Jews all over the world. As a lay minister, she conducted services, wrote frequently on spirituality and theology, and published eleven books, including two novels and a biography of her father.

And yet when Umansky decided to make Lily Montagu the subject

of her dissertation, historians and scholars of religion discouraged her, questioning Montagu's significance. Moreover, the sources had apparently disappeared. In the preface, Umansky tells the story of her search for Montagu's papers. Unfortunately, Eric Conrad, Lily Montagu's nephew, gave away many of her letters after composing a short memorial to his aunt. Umansky finally located Montagu's sermons in a box in a closet at the Liberal Jewish Synagogue, her open letters to members of her girls' club in the possession of that institution, and some documents remaining with Eric Conrad. From these sources she put together a dissertation, now this book. It is difficult to imagine that she would have had the same problems writing this religious and intellectual biography if a man had founded the Liberal Jewish movement in England, or that other scholars would not immediately have recognized the importance of studying such a person.

In her opening chapter Umansky discusses the Anglo-Jewish community in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, pointing out that British Jews were secularized and acculturated to a much greater degree than continental Jews. Because of this, she argues, community leaders were more open to the influences of British feminism and the movement for women's higher education, and thus were more accepting of female religious leadership than Jews in the rest of Europe. Jewish women in England, too, were in touch with these developments in the secular and Christian communities and thus more likely to seek leadership in their own.

Lily Montagu had little formal education in any tradition, but was very well read in Victorian literature, poetry, politics, and philosophy. She found nothing interesting or spiritually exciting in the observances of the Orthodox ritual she performed as a member of her parents' strictly traditional household. Instead, her major sources of inspiration were Matthew Arnold, Robert Browning, Thomas Carlyle, George Eliot, and Giuseppe Mazzini. From her reading of these Victorian authors, Lily Montagu developed a theology which can only be described as Social Gospel Judaism.

From Arnold she took the idea of righteousness or moral action as the foundation of religion; God was "the power not ourselves that makes for righteousness." Carlyle's gospel of work and duty, and his individualism appealed to her, as did Eliot's emphasis on duty and service through personal development and self-affirmation. She

quoted Browning most frequently, impressed with his optimism and his universalism. The work of Mazzini, the Italian patriot, also informed her theology, with his ideas of association and unity.

Lily Montagu's theology was so universalistic, so imbued with Victorian ideas of individualism, striving, and duty, that one may well ask what if anything made it Jewish. Although she read no traditional Jewish writers, she was imbued with Reform Jewish ideology through the work of Claude Montefiore. Montefiore, like Reform Jews elsewhere, believed that Judaism was an historic religion, and should change with the times instead of committing its practitioners to observing static and meaningless rituals. He said that the Jews were indeed "chosen," but only to spread God's word, ethical monotheism, to the rest of the world. Presumably they would, at some point, accomplish this mission; Judaism would then become a kind of universal theism, best represented by the writings of the prophets.

Despite her Liberal theology, Lily Montagu's original intent in founding the Jewish Religious Union was to hold together the Orthodox, Liberal, and indifferent British Jews through special and interesting services and other programs. After six years, however, she, Montefiore, and the other activists in the JRU conceded defeat. In 1909 they renamed the JRU, adding to its original title the words "For the Advancement of Liberal Judaism." Montague became lay minister to the West Central Section, a congregation which developed from her worship services at the Girls' Club.

Clearly Lily Montagu was not an original religious thinker, and Umansky does not inflate her subject's intellectual importance in order to justify the book. In fact she points out Lily Montagu's heavy and not always accurate reliance on the work of others, and stresses her lack of development. In the latter years of her life she still quoted Montefiore (who died in 1938), Browning, et al., despite her insistence that Judaism was an ever-changing religion. Her ideas were so secular that they seemed hardly to be Jewish at all. She was an anti-Zionist, and consistently underrated, even in the face of overwhelming evidence, the threat Adolf Hitler represented to European Jewry.

Instead Umansky tells us that the significance of her study lies first in helping us understand the Liberal Jewish movement in England, and beyond that in formulating hypotheses about the response of Jewish women to emancipation and modernization. Considerable literature

exists on the decisions made by male Jews to remain Orthodox, become Liberal Jews, Zionists, socialists, or even converts, but we do not know much about the choices of Jewish women, particularly of the educated middle and upper-middle classes.

Umansky, who has written elsewhere on Jewish feminism, points out the difference in the available options for men and women in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. Orthodoxy had no role for the educated woman. Some scholars have noted a higher conversion rate among upper-class Jewish women, due to the fact that the secular or the Christian world offered them more opportunities to use their talents. And yet, for women like Lily Montagu, craving spiritual fulfillment, a secular or Christian life was impossible. Devoted to her family, particularly to her father, and proud of her heritage, she needed to find a way to be Jewish and modern and religious.

Many Jewish men faced the same conflicts and family disapproval that Lily Montagu experienced. Yet their opportunities for education, leadership roles, and the development of public and private self-confidence were greater, whether they chose to remain in Orthodox Jewry, join the Liberal movement, or the secular world. Certainly, Liberal Judaism allowed women more ritual participation than Orthodoxy. Yet rituals mattered little to most Liberal Jews. The Liberal and Reform spiritual leadership was as male-dominated as Orthodoxy until the 1970's. Thus, Lily Montagu's creativity in defining a role for herself as a religious leader is unusual and important. Unfortunately Montagu was too male-identified to think about women's position in Judaism in any but the most conventional terms. She regarded her own work as "second best" to the career of Jewish wife and mother, a status she never attained.

Ultimately Montagu's private choices and public achievements rather than her theology appealed to Umansky, and caused her to write this book. This provocative and carefully researched study, with its assessment of the plight of modern Jewish women in the years before the feminist movement and the ordination of women rabbis, will appeal to readers as well.

—Lynn D. Gordon

Professor Lynn D. Gordon teaches in the Graduate School of Education and Human Development at the University of Rochester. She is

currently working on a biography of Annie Nathan Meyer, whose efforts were instrumental in the founding of Barnard College.

Francis, Doris. *Will You Still Need Me, Will You Still Feed Me, When I'm 84?* Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1984. 252 pp. \$18.50.

Punning a lyric from an old sixties Beatle tune, Doris Francis has combined her background and experience in cultural anthropology and social gerontology in writing this marvelous book entitled *Will You Still Need Me, Will You Still Feed Me, When I'm 84?* Careful not to prepare a purposive document, the author methodically studied two similar elderly Jewish communities: one in Cleveland, Ohio; one in Leeds, England. An aging planner for the City of Cleveland and a professor of anthropology at its Institute of Art, Francis brings to light various attitudes toward aging which are pervasive in Western culture. Though the text lacks some luster in language, it is scientific in that the author employed proper methodology in her research and is, therefore, a welcome addition to a growing number of multidisciplinary aging studies. Especially informative are the summaries following each chapter, as well as chapters 6 and 7 *in toto*, which provide the reader with analyses of field notes and programmatic suggestions for both communities under scrutiny. As such, this volume can serve a student well in any undergraduate course on social research and ethnicity in aging.

In an attempt to explain different reactions to old age, Professor Francis explored the economic, social, and kinship experiences of these two groups of elderly Jews. The inhabitants of both communities began their lives in Eastern Europe around the year 1900. They, therefore, came to their present environs as immigrants, though the society in Leeds is small and stable, compared to the more upwardly mobile and dispersed Jewish community of Cleveland. Thus, the elderly residents of Cornell (the fictitious name of the Cleveland neighborhood) came to the specific area, already over sixty-five, having moved several times in their lives, and with their offspring living in the suburbs. These residents live in an age-segregated high-rise apartment building built in the midst of a decaying neighborhood; the ethnic flavor, once evident, long since gone.

In Leeds, an industrial city comparable to Cleveland, a housing development was built for the elderly in the mid-1950's to prevent an anticipated breakdown of the neighborhood. Leeds was a community of continuity whose elderly citizens had already lived there over twenty years. As such, the community retained its ambiance with its synagogues, schools, and social clubs as part of the very framework of the community. The supportive environment of familiarity remains an important ingredient for successful aging, to be sure.

Any reader of *Will You Still Need Me?* can readily determine the countless hours of field work and research emanating from these 252 pages. Unfortunately, all of the apparent research has not been fully digested in the text. And gross generalizations about Judaism and individual Jewish communities really do cloud the author's treatment of her own field notes. The dialogue inserts that record Francis's interaction with these elderly inhabitants, found more prominently toward the end of the book, express in their own unique way the soul and soaring spirit of the elderly. More would have been welcome. Nonetheless, Doris Francis has tested her hypotheses by returning to both communities some time after her initial study in order to determine the "truth" of her predictions, a sound technique which was borne out.

As predicted, the Leeds elderly fared far better than did their American cohorts, due to a combination of factors. First, the supportive kinship factor which overwhelmingly exists in Leeds is not quite as apparent in Cleveland. Relatives, especially adult children and grandchildren, are helpful, particularly during brief periods of convalescence. And, of course, the system of socialized medicine in place in Great Britain eases the individual through the process of aging as he/she faces chronic illness. Second, the traditional Jewish ethic, again more obvious in Leeds than in "Cornell," provides a firmer foundation on which the person can grow old. Third, the upward mobility among Cleveland Jewry (and American Jewry) appears to undermine the process of aging as it drives a stake deeper, further separating the generations. This is not the case in Leeds, where affluence has not taken hold of the second and third generations. We know from this study and other research that just as the genetic factor of heredity affects individual life expectation, the interaction the present elderly had with their own parents directly influences that which they now have with their adult children.

The elderly in England and in the United States in general, and in these communities in particular, face one major compound problem, a problem which Professor Francis astutely identifies as the lack of role models and behavioral expectations for the elderly. As an anthropologist, she correctly notes the need for both—needs which this generation is defining for itself in the hope that the next generation of elderly will not be forced to do so.

This fine book can be heartily recommended to various groups of people. For the historian, it offers insight into the lives of people who actually lived through major episodes of the modern period—the veritable stuff of history. For the social gerontologist, the text provides an excellent cross-sectional study comparing two communities of people facing the pains and pleasures of growing older. And for the person simply interested in Judaica, *Will You Still Need Me?* offers a taste of two very significant Jewish communities, testimony in part to the truly global nature of Jewish life. More than all of these factors, this study by Doris Francis gives us all pause to reflect on the universal process of our own aging and the need for gaining purpose and direction from Jewish tradition. We can all profit from the insight of the elders who speak to us from these pages.

—Kerry M. Olitzky

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Brief Notices

Alpert, Carl. *Technion: The Story of Israel's Institute of Technology*. New York and Haifa: American Technion Society, Technion-Israel Institute of Technology, 1982. ix, 439 pp.

David Ben-Gurion once referred to the Technion—Israel's oldest institution of higher learning—as “the cornerstone of the State of Israel.” It is difficult to conceive of any academy of higher learning in any other Western nation which could truly merit such a description. From its ranks have emerged Israel's engineering, scientific, and medical elites whose research has had international implications.

Carl Alpert's history has very correctly blended the institutional history of the Technion with the larger history of the Israeli state. It is astonishing to see how the Technion's history mirrors the growth of Israel from its Palestinian to its contemporary status. The volume reflects the social, economic, military, and human factors which mark the complex development of the Jewish homeland. One thing becomes very clear from Alpert's analysis: just as Israel belongs to the entire Jewish people, the Technion is truly the “Engineering University of the [entire] Jewish People.”

Bush, George S. *An American Harvest. The Story of the Weil Brothers—Cotton*. Englewood Cliffs, N.J.: Prentice-Hall, 1982. xiii, 495 pp. \$25.00

Cotton is no longer king, neither in the South nor in the United States. At one time the United States not only “grew more cotton than any other nation, but spun most of it.” This was true in 1878 when Isidor and Herman Weil (pronounced in the South as “Wheel”), Jewish immigrants from Bavaria, founded Weil Brothers in Opelika, Alabama.

This is no longer true, as the cotton business succumbed, as have so many others, to the lure of cheap foreign labor. Indeed, most American cotton houses have not survived, but Weil Brothers—Cotton in Montgomery has, in part because they have understood the nature of change in their industry and because of the thrifty, low-profile nature passed on from generation to generation of Weils. This is a most readable business history, and an important contribution to our understanding of the Jewish role in southern economic life.

Davis, Lenwood G., Compiled by. *Black-Jewish Relations in the United States, 1752-1984: A Selected Bibliography*. Westport, Conn.: Greenwood Press, 1984. xv, 130 pp. \$29.95

The question of black-Jewish relations has taken on major significance since the presidential campaign of the Reverend Jesse Jackson. But the question had even greater significance in the late 1960's when the issue of community control of education in parts of New York brought fear, anger, and charges of black anti-Semitism to the attention of blacks and Jews.

The relationship between blacks and Jews has never been a simple one. Professor Davis's bibliography makes this clear. Although both groups have carried minority status within American society, American Jews enjoy a sense of upward mobility and economic success never granted to blacks.

Although this is not a comprehensive bibliography by any means, and was not meant by the author to be such, it is an important contribution to an issue which needs and deserves the

broad historical perspective provided by Professor Davis's 230-year bibliographic review of black-Jewish relations in the United States.

Goldman, Eric A. *Visions, Images, and Dreams: Yiddish Film Past and Present*. Ann Arbor, Mich.: UMI Research Press, 1983. xiv, 224 pp. \$39.95

The revival of interest in the Yiddish language has now completed its first decade in American Jewish life. While the revival is not in itself a grounds well, the number of Yiddish courses and courses on East European Jewish life coupled with the presence in one location of literally hundreds of thousands of widely scattered and nearly forgotten Yiddish books, has caused a certain interest in things Yiddish.

Eric A. Goldman's revised doctoral dissertation is a further indication of this interest. The volume is a worthy complement to Judith N. Goldberg's *Laughter Through Tears: The Yiddish Cinema*, which also appeared in 1983 (reviewed in Brief Notices in November 1983). Goldman devotes three full chapters to the American Yiddish film.

Jewish Book Annual (Volume 42). New York: JWB Jewish Book Council, 1984. 321 pp. \$18.00

The 1984-85 edition of the *Jewish Book Annual* includes articles by Alvin S. Rosenfeld on American Jewish literature, Emanuel S. Goldsmith on Yiddish poetry and American Jewish identity, Judaica from American university presses by Amnon Zipin, the new Jewish Theological Seminary library by Menahem Schmelzer, and the literary contributions of Mordecai M. Noah by Jonathan D. Sarna.

Libo, Kenneth, and Irving Howe. *We Lived There Too*. New York: St. Martin's/Marek, 1984. 347 pp. \$24.95.

American Jewish history has perhaps not yet undergone the polarizing and often paralyzing debate over the writing of American history that has so affected the major discipline. The struggle is between the narrative historians, those whose phrases are often literary and whose insights dwell on political figures and cultural elites, and the social historians, those who view American history "from the bottom up" and who rely on the gritty, gutsy tales of prostitutes and criminals, miners and factory workers, among others, to determine the nature of the American experience.

But, perhaps imperceptibly, this debate is a constant source of tension, even among those historians of the American Jewish experience who find little apparent contradiction between the two major historical approaches.

Yet Kenneth Libo and Irving Howe in their two important documentaries, *How We Lived*, and the present volume, have brought into relief the essence of the entire debate. What constitutes the real history of the Jewish experience in America? Is it Howe's elegance in interpreting New York Jewish life in the impressionistic and analytical style he so superbly crafted in *World of Our Fathers*, or the hardly elegant (for the most part) but "real" words of the characters themselves as they looked at the Jewish and non-Jewish worlds around them? Can we better understand the experience of Jews in the urban environment of New York or in their westward migration over three centuries as documented in *We Lived There Too* through the high political analysis of the narrative historian or through the often misspelled and ungrammatical letters and faded photographs which form the basis of social history and this documentary? The debate, should it ever catch on, might prove to be fascinating.

Pinsker, Sanford, and Jack Fischell, Edited by. *Holocaust Studies Annual* (Volume 1: *America and the Holocaust*). Greenwood, Fla.: Penkevill Publishing Co., 1984. 181 pp. \$15.00

Holocaust Studies Annual can claim to be the first American annual devoted to Holocaust studies. But it is by no means the only one. The *Simon Wiesenthal Center Annual* (reviewed elsewhere in Brief Notices) and a new publication sponsored by the United States Holocaust Memorial Council have joined or will join this volume as annual or quarterly publications on the Holocaust.

This first volume of *Holocaust Studies Annual* offers a number of interesting articles on, among others, American authors and the Holocaust, the question of rescue in the American Jewish Conference, the New York intellectual, Dwight Macdonald and the Holocaust, and the case of Panama, the Canal Zone, and Jewish rescue efforts between 1939 and 1941.

Simon Wiesenthal Center Annual (Volume I). Chappaqua, N.Y.: Simon Wiesenthal Center in cooperation with Rossel Books, 1984. 250 pp. \$17.95

A number of important scholars have contributed to this first volume published by the Simon Wiesenthal Center in Los Angeles and edited by Alex Grobman. Among them are Henry Friedlander, Sybil Milton, Christopher R. Browning, John S. Conway, and Yisrael Gutman. Of special interest to the American Jewish experience is the article by Alex Grobman on American Jewish chaplains and the survivors of the Holocaust, April–June 1945.

Simons, Leonard N. *Simon Says: Selections From His Writings and Talks*. Birmingham, Mich.: Leo M. Franklin Archives of Temple Beth El, 1984, 334 pp.

Leonard Simons celebrated his eightieth birthday in 1984. This volume is his *Festschrift* with a twist. Instead of having others write about Leonard Simons's accomplishments—and they are many in the city of Detroit and elsewhere—it was thought best to let Leonard Simons speak for himself. We are grateful for such wisdom. Grateful because Leonard Simons's first rule in speaking and writing has been to "never bore your audience." Those who read this volume will see just how faithfully Simons has followed his own best advice.

There are others all across America like Leonard Simons. They are Jews who have taken the essence of Judaism to heart and have given of themselves freely—both as benefactors and as volunteers—to causes within the Jewish community, their local community, and the nation.

Most of them, however, would rather remain anonymous or silent, giving because of some vague ethical and religious imperative which clings to a part of their being. Not so Leonard Simons. Where he can, when he can, he tells the world why it is important to reach out to others, to give without question when the cause is correct. That imperative permeates his entire being.

There is at the end of this volume a page which contains one of Leonard Simons's many sayings: "There is a big difference between sticking your nose in other people's business and putting your heart in other people's problems." All the rest is indeed commentary.

Whitfield, Stephen J. *Voices of Jacob, Hands of Esau: Jews in American Life and Thought*. Hamden, Conn.: Archon Books, 1984. 322 pp. \$25.00

The fourteen essays published in this volume represent Stephen J. Whitfield at his literary and perceptive best. That is not unusual, because Whitfield rarely appears in any other condi-

tion. For several years he has quite literally been the most refreshing, clever, and prolific voice on the subject of American Jewish culture.

The essays in this volume have appeared elsewhere, in journals ranging from *Judaism to Midstream* to *American Jewish History*. Now that they can appear together, it becomes obvious just how important have been Whitfield's pronouncements on American Jewish intellectuals and the question of totalitarianism, on Jews as American radicals, on Jews and the performing arts (especially comedy), or on Jews and the southern experience.

It is fair to state that the range of his knowledge is impressive, the fluidity of his literary expression truly remarkable. Comparisons are far more difficult and dangerous—but let us try: radical chic may have its Tom Wolfe but American Jewish culture has its Stephen Whitfield.

1984 SELECTED ACQUISITIONS

- Congregational and Community Records and Histories
Bloomington, Ind., Beth Shalom Bloomington Jewish Community. Minutes, 1969–1984; Newsletters, 1969–1974, 1979–1983; correspondence, 1970–1975; constitution, 1975; and membership lists, 1969–1981; *Manuscript* and *Typescript*; *Microfilm*
(Received from Beth Shalom Bloomington Jewish Community Center.)
- Canadian Jewry. “On the Jews of Lower Canada and 1837–38,” compiled by David Rome, 1983; *Printed*
(Received from Canadian Jewish Congress, Montreal, Canada.)
- Carbondale, Pa., Congregation Agudath Sholom. Congregational history, 1907–1983; *Typescript*; *Xerox copy*
(Received from Earl S. Stone, Denver, Colo.)
- Jefferson City, Mo., Temple Beth El. Historical data, 1873–1963; correspondence and deeds pertaining to the Jefferson City Cemetery Association; newspaper clippings; materials from the State of Missouri’s celebration of the American Jewish Tercentenary, 1954; 75th and 100th Anniversary of Temple Beth El, 1957 and 1983; and congregational minutes, 1937–1983; *Typescript* and *Manuscript*; *Xerox copy*
(Received from Julius Meyerhardt, Jefferson City.)
- Laguna Hills, Cal., Temple Judea. Constitution, administrative rules, and statements of policy for the congregation, 1980, and house rules, 1982; *Typescript*; *Xerox copy*
(Received from Martin M. Weitz, Laguna Hills.)
- Massachusetts. WPA Historical Records Survey of Jewish Congregations in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts; *Typescript* and *Manuscript*; *Microfilm*
(Received from Office of the Secretary of State, Boston.)
- Newport, Ky., United Hebrew Congregation Sisterhood. Minutes, 1947–1956; *Manuscript*
(Received from Mrs. Martin Ruben, Cincinnati.)
- Norfolk, Va. “The East European Jewish Immigrant in America: A Compilation of the 1900 Norfolk Census,” compiled by Irwin M. Berent, 1982; *Printed*
(Purchased from Irwin M. Berent, Norfolk.)
- Pennsylvania. WPA Historical Survey of Jewish Congregations in the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania and WPA Ethnic Survey of Jews in Philadelphia; *Manuscript* and *Typescript*; *Microfilm*
(Received from the Pennsylvania Historical and Museum Commission, Harrisburg.)
- Rapides Parish, La. “Fourscore and Eleven—A History of the Jews of Rapides Parish—1828–1919,” by Rabbi Martin I. Hinchin, 1984; *Typescript*
(Received from Martin I. Hinchin, Alexandria, La.)
- Tampa, Fla., Congregation Schaarai Zedek. Testimony from a court suit brought by the Orthodox faction of the congregation regarding “dirty tricks” used by the Reformers to take control of the congregation, 1902; *Typescript*; *Xerox copy*
(Received from Frank N. Sundheim, Tampa.)

Titusville, Pa., B'nai Zion Congregation. Cash books, 1881-1920, and minute books, 1881-1915; *Manuscript*

(Received from T. H. Welch, Oil City, Pa.)

Waco, Tex. Temple Rodef Sholom Sisterhood minutes, 1923-1931; 1960-1982; Hebrew Rest Association and B'nai B'rith Irving Ginsbergh Lodge 198, Records, 1930-1961, 1965-1981; *Manuscript* and *Typescript*; *Microfilm*

(Received from the Texas Collection, Baylor University, Waco.)

Records and Papers of Societies and Institutions

Hartford, Conn. Ladies Deborah Society. Constitution and by-laws, 1854; correspondence, 1858-1909, 1911-1954; minutes, 1906-1966; Cash books, 1921-1971; Scrapbooks, 1954, 1960-1976; and Dues Book, 1889-1947. *Manuscript*, *Typescript*, and *Printed*; *English* and *German*; *Microfilm*

(Received from Mrs. Sidney L. Rafal, West Hartford, Conn.)

Detroit, Mich. Jewish Welfare Federation. Minutes and correspondence of the Jewish Welfare Federation Committees, 1928-1936; the Detroit Service Group-Board of Directors and Committees, 1929-1959; the United Jewish Charities of Detroit, 1899-1963; the Executive Committee, 1928-1961; the Board of Governors, 1937-1940; the Board of Directors, 1931-1937, 1941-1945, 1948-1965; a General Summary of the Detroit Jewish Community, 1923; and "The History of the United Jewish Charities of Detroit, 1899-1949," and "The Story of the Jewish Welfare Federation of Detroit, 1926-1949;" *Manuscript*, *Typescript*, and *Printed*; *Microfilm*

(Received from the Burton Historical Collection, Detroit Public Library, Detroit.)

Lazarus, Emma. Federation of Jewish Women's Clubs. Articles, bulletins, clippings, souvenir journals, and other materials concerning Emma Lazarus and the activities and history of the Federation of Jewish Women's Clubs, 1849, 1863, and 1909-1979; *Typescript*; *English* and *Hebrew*; *Microfilm*

(Received from Emma Lazarus Federation of Jewish Women's Clubs, New York, N.Y.)

New York, N.Y. Henry Street Settlement. Inventory of the Henry Street Settlement records, 1933-1967, housed at the University of Minnesota Social Welfare History Archives Center, Minneapolis; 1983; *Typescript*; *Microfilm*

(Received from University of Minnesota Social Welfare History Archives Center.)

New York, N.Y. First Yezierzaner Sick Benevolent Society. Constitution of the Society, 1897; *Typescript*; *Xerox copy*

(Received from Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Goldsmith, New York.)

Northern Federation of Temple Youth. Booklets, brochures, and pamphlets concerning the activities of this branch of the National Federation of Temple Youth, 1962-1974; *Typescript*

(Received from Robert Tabak, Henrietta, N.Y.)

Cincinnati, Ohio. Orthodox Jewish Home for the Aged. First, second, and third annual reports of the Home, 1918-1920; history of the Home by M. Englander, 1906-1920; cornerstone-laying ceremonies, 1920; cash book for building fund, 1931-1959; scrapbook containing newspaper clippings and programs pertaining to the activities of the Home, 1961-1962; and a "Golden Book" listing donations, 1917-1926; *Manuscript*, *Typescript*, and *Printed*

(Received from the Orthodox Jewish Home for the Aged.)

Cincinnati, Ohio. Workmen Circle Branch. Speech and documents detailing history of the Cincinnati chapter of the Workmen Circle Branch, including the constitution of a Russian Circle formed in 1905; *Manuscript*; *Russian* and *Yiddish*

(Received from Louis Ginberg, Cincinnati.)

- National Federation of Temple Brotherhoods. Convention proceedings and executive board minutes, 1931–1946; *Typescript; Microfilm*
(Received from National Federation of Temple Brotherhoods, New York.)
- National Association of Temple Secretaries. Archives of the Association, including convention proceedings, 1941–1956; reports and minutes, 1943–1956; miscellaneous records pertaining to the Association's activities as an affiliate of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations, 1941–1956; and copies of the *NATS Quarterly*, 1950–1957; *Typescript; Xerox copies*
(Received from Howard B. Lazar, Hollywood, Cal.)
- National Association of Temple Administrators. Constitution of the Association as amended and adopted by the 36th Annual Workshop Conference and the 41st Annual Workshop Conference, 1977 and 1982; plus minutes of the Plenary Session of the 37th Annual Workshop Conference, 1978; *Typescript; Xerox copy*
(Received from the National Association of Temple Administrators, New York.)

Letters and Papers

- Beckman, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph; San Diego, Cal. Letter to the Beckmans from the Historical and Philosophical Society of Ohio thanking them for preserving correspondence between Abraham Lincoln and Salmon P. Chase, 1958; and a copy of one of the letters, 1861; *Typescript; Xerox copy*
(Received from Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Beckman.)
- Belmont, August; New York, N.Y. Letter to Rabbi Malcolm H. Stern from Mr. Frank J. Adler concerning Belmont's genealogy, 1983; *Typescript; Xerox copy*
(Received from Malcolm H. Stern, New York, N.Y.)
- Benjamin, Judah P.; Washington, D.C. Excerpt from the *Congressional Globe* in which Senator Benjamin Franklin Wade of Ohio directs an anti-Semitic slur against Benjamin, 1858; *Typescript; Xerox copy*
(Received from Dan A. Oren, New Haven, Conn.)
- Derektor, Samuel; New York. Letters and documents pertaining to the voyage of *Exodus 1947*, a ship owned by Derektor and used in an attempt to transport European Jews from post-World War II Europe to Palestine, 1946–1960; an oral interview with Derektor, 1981–1982; *Typescript and Manuscript; Original, Xerox copies, and Tape Recording*
(Received from Mrs. Samuel Derektor, Scarsdale, N.Y.)
- Ettelson, Harry W.; Memphis, Tenn. Correspondence, primarily with Rabbi James A. Wax, plus miscellaneous writings, 1954–1975; *Manuscript and Typescript*
(Received from James A. Wax, Memphis.)
- Gottschalk, Alfred; Cincinnati. Newspaper clippings and correspondence pertaining to President Gottschalk's activities, both in the Jewish and secular communities, including correspondence regarding his prayer at the inauguration of President Ronald Reagan, the National Workshop on Christian-Jewish Relations, his membership on the Advisory Board of "Civilization and the Jews," the WNET/Thirteen television series, the silver anniversary of his association with HUC-JIR, Reform Judaism in Israel; and correspondence with international political and academic personages, 1984; *Typescript; Xerox copies*
(Received from Alfred Gottschalk.)
- Gries, Moses J.; Cleveland, Ohio. Correspondence and documents of Gries's parents, 1850–1870; *Manuscript and Typescript; English, German, and Yiddish; Original and Xerox copies*
Hebrew Union College. Letter from Simon Wolf to Isaac Mayer Wise offering congratulations on the opening of the college, 1875; *Manuscript; Xerox copy*
(Received from Alfred Gottschalk.)

- Hyde, Ida H.; Kansas City, Kan. Personal papers, 1867-1942; letter from Dr. Gail S. Tucker to Dr. Jacob R. Marcus containing biographical information concerning Hyde, 1983; and articles written by and about her, 1928-1981; *Manuscript* and *Typescript*; *Original*, *Xerox copies*, and *Microfilm*
(Received from University Microfilms, Ann Arbor, Mich., Gail S. Tucker, Miami, Fla., and Mary K. Jordan, Washington, D.C.)
- Judah, Samuel; New York. Document listing Judah as a provider of cannons to the Continental Army during the American Revolution, compiled from the New York State Controller's office, 1904; *Typescript*; *Xerox copy*
(Received from Malcolm H. Stern.)
- Landman Family; Cincinnati. Correspondence, newspaper clippings, and photographs, 1920-1921; *Typescript* and *Manuscript*, *Xerox copies*
(Received from Nathan Landman, Larchmont, N.Y.)
- Lankershim, Isaac; California. Letter from Dr. Norton B. Stern to Dr. Jacob R. Marcus detailing the Jewish origin of Lankershim, 1983; *Typescript*
(Received from Norton B. Stern, Santa Monica.)
- Marshall, James; New York. Correspondence, writings, and reports concerning Marshall's involvement with Jewish affairs, especially the American Jewish Committee, education, and his legal activities, 1918-1981; *Manuscript*, *Typescript*, and *Printed*; *Restricted*
(Received from James Marshall)
- Meir, Golda; Nashville, Tenn. Letter to Mrs. Chiyah Lifshitz, leader of the Pioneer Women's Organization, 1922; *Manuscript*; *Yiddish*; *Xerox copy*
(Received from Canadian Jewish Congress, Montreal, Canada.)
- Monsky, Henry; Omaha, Neb. Speeches, 1938-1945; correspondence concerning Monsky's role as a consultant to the United States Delegation to the United Nations Conference in San Francisco, 1945; and newspaper clippings; *Typescript*
(Received from Babette Maller, Los Angeles.)
- Neches, Solomon M.; Los Angeles, Cal. Congregation Agudath Achim, Columbus, Ohio, bulletins, 1918; sermons and writings, 1930-1947; notes re: the organization of the "Orthodox Rabbinate of Los Angeles," 1935; children's service, 1927; divorce records, 1918-1931; clippings, 1918-1930; and records of Congregation Talmud Torah, Los Angeles, Cal., 1923-1939; and records of birth, 1937-1948, Bar Mitzvah, 1928-1947, marriages, 1922-1953, divorces, 1931-1953, and death records, 1926-1949; *Manuscript* and *Typescript*; *Microfilm*
(Received from the Jewish Community Library, Los Angeles.)
- Noah, Mordecai Manuel; Paris, France. Correspondence with David B. Warden concerning Noah's dismissal from his consular position and other matters, 1814-1816, and 1823; *Manuscript*; *Xerox copies*
(Received from Maryland Historical Society, Baltimore, Md.)
- Scheuer, Simon H.; New York. Correspondence and documents detailing Scheuer's efforts to aid the immigration of Kurt Reiner and his family to the United States from Nazi-occupied Austria, 1939 and 1984; *Manuscript* and *Typescript*; *Xerox copy*
(Received from Richard J. Scheuer, New York.)
- Wise, Isaac Mayer; Cincinnati. Letters to Gotthard Deutsch, 1891, and 1897; *Manuscript*; *English* and *German*
(Taken from the Gotthard Deutsch Papers housed at the American Jewish Archives.)
- Wyzanski, Charles E., Jr.; Boston, Mass. Letters to Dr. Jacob R. Marcus detailing family history, plus biographical information concerning Wyzanski and his wife, Gisela, 1977, 1982, and

1983; *Typescript*; Original and Xerox copies

(Received from Charles E. Wyzanski, Jr.)

Autobiographies, Biographies, Diaries, and Memoirs

Abramowitz, Bernard; St. Louis. "Torah Is the Answer," biography of Rabbi Abramowitz, written by his daughter, Mrs. Joseph Kaye, n.d.; *Typescript*; Xerox copy

(Received from Abram L. Sachar, Waltham, Mass.)

Baskind, Moe; Cleveland, Ohio. Memoirs of his childhood in Russia, and later in Cleveland, 1861-1919; *Typescript*; Xerox copy

(Received from Bruce L. Gottlieb, St. Louis, Mo.)

Ben-Gurion, David; Palestine. "Ben-Gurion in America (1915-1918)," by Shabtai Teveth, n.d.; *Typescript*; Xerox copy

Cohn, Frederick; Omaha, Neb. Autobiographical account of Cohn's life and achievements; also, an account of the public service activities and achievements of his daughter, Mrs. Madeleine Cohn Silver, including a copy of Mrs. Silver's nomination for the 1969 Citation by the Awards Committee of the University of Chicago, 1968. *Manuscript and Typescript*; Xerox copies

(Received from Ralph F. Colton, Chicago, Ill.)

Davis, Mrs. Barnett; Pittsburgh, Pa. Memoir of her life, n.d.; *Typescript*; Xerox copy

(Received from Mrs. Theodore Abrams, Pittsburgh.)

Ellenbogen, Edward; Mercer Island, Wash. "The First Five Years," a biography of Ellenbogen's early years in the rabbinate, 1984; *Typescript*; Xerox copy

(Received from Edward Ellenbogen.)

Freudenthal, Carmen K.; Las Cruces, N.M. Memoir, "The First 82 Years of My Life," 1980; *Typescript*; Xerox copy

(Received from Carmen K. Freudenthal.)

Kauderer, Bernard M.; Norfolk, Va. American Jewish Archives autobiographical questionnaire, 1983; *Manuscript*

(Received from Bernard M. Kauderer.)

Kurzman, Ferdinand; New York. Diary concerning his emigration to New York, 1857, translated by his son, Seymour P. Kurzman, 1918; *Typescript*; Xerox copy

(Received from Douglas E. Krantz, Armonk, N.Y.)

Levine, Joseph; Fort Wayne, Ind. "History of the Levine Family," written by Levine, 1982; *Typescript*; Xerox copy

(Received from Joseph Levine.)

Marache, Solomon; New York. Biographical data derived from the manuscript minutes of the Court of General Sessions of the Peace of New York City in the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court of New York; *Typescript*; Xerox copy

(Received from Malcolm H. Stern.)

Marcus, David Alexander; Stamford, Conn. "Chronicles of Our Family from Romania to America," 1983; *Typescript*

(Received from Ronald Marcus, Stamford.)

Osserman, Simon E.; New York. Autobiography, "Memoirs of a Life Time of Interest Only to My Loved Ones," 1955; *Typescript*; Xerox copy

(Received from Lester J. Waldman, New York.)

Stein, Philip; Chicago. Biography of Stein, "This Was My Grandfather, 1844-1922," by Babette S. Brody; *Typescript*; Xerox copy

(Received from Charles Wise, Cincinnati.)

Vital Statistics

Jaffa Family; Trinidad, Colo. Listing, in Hebrew and German, of the births of seven Jaffa family children, 1867–1882, with a translation by Dr. Herbert H. Paper; *Manuscript and Typescript; Xerox copy*

(Received from Lou R. Strauss, Jr., Scarsdale, N.Y.)

Macon, Georgia. List of burials in William Wolff Cemetery and the Hebrew Burial Ground, 1844–1983, compiled by Gus B. Kaufman and Marian Waxelbaum Kaufman, D, 1983; *Typescript*

(Received from Temple Beth Israel, Macon.)

Marcus Family; San Francisco, Cal. Life-cycle certificates and biographical data, 1836–1870; *Manuscript and Typescript; Xerox copy*

(Received from Mrs. Donald C. Marcus, San Francisco.)

Mobile, Alabama. Birth records, 1860–1947, transcribed by Robert J. Zietz, 1983; *Printed*

(Received from Robert J. Zietz, Mobile.)

Genealogies

Shapinsky Family; New York. Genealogical materials compiled by David L. Hurwitz, including family trees, articles, newspaper clippings, and a report from the Federation of American Jews of Lithuanian Descent, 1928, 1983, and n.d.; *Typescript; Xerox copy*

(Received from David L. Hurwitz, New York.)

Oral History

Sobeloff, Simon; Baltimore, Md. Oral history interview and supporting articles, n.d.; *Typescript; Xerox copy*

(Received from the Maryland Historical Society, Baltimore.)

Weiss-Rosemarin, Trude; Santa Monica, Cal. Tape recording of an interview of Dr. Weiss-Rosemarin conducted by Dr. Abraham J. Peck and Rosalind Chaiken, 1983; *Cassette Tape*

Theses

Feldman, John Taichert. "Morris Raphael Cohen, American Jew and Philosopher," Ordination thesis, Hebrew Union College–Jewish Institute of Religion, Cincinnati, 1983; *Typescript; Xerox copy*

Greenberg, Donald W. "Effect of Ethnicity on Political Attitudes and Behavior: A Study of Jews in Fairfield, Connecticut," Ph.D., City University of New York, 1978; *Typescript; Xerox copy*

Haron, Miriam Joyce. "Anglo-American Relations and the Question of Palestine, 1945–1947," Ph.D., Fordham University, 1979; *Typescript; Xerox copy*

Mostov, Stephen G. "A 'Jerusalem' on the Ohio: The Social and Economic History of Cincinnati's Jewish Community, 1840–1875," Ph.D., Brandeis University, 1981; *Typescript; Xerox copy*

Schulman, Avi M. "Visionary and Activist: A Biography of Maurice N. Eisendrath," Ordination thesis, Hebrew Union College–Jewish Institute of Religion, Cincinnati, 1984; *Typescript; Xerox copy; Restricted*

Shpeen, Scott L. "A Man Against the Wind: A Biographical Study of Rabbi Morris S. Lazaron," Ordination thesis, Hebrew Union College–Jewish Institute of Religion, Cincinnati, 1984; *Typescript; Xerox copy*

Trevathan, Bradford W. "The Hebrew Orphans' Home of Atlanta, 1889–1930," Bachelor of Arts thesis, Emory University, 1984; *Typescript; Xerox copy*

Miscellaneous

- American Jewish Experience Curriculum Project. Recordings of three meetings of the committee, 1982 and 1984; *Tape Recording*
(Received from Jonathan D. Sarna, Cincinnati.)
- Anti-Semitism [1640–1840]. “Sketch of proceedings in the legislature of Maryland, December session, 1818, on what is commonly called ‘The Jew Bill’: containing the report of the committee appointed by the House of Delegates to consider the justice and expediency of extending to those persons professing the Jewish Religion, the same privileges that are enjoyed by Christians, —” 1819; *Typescript; Original and Xerox copy*
- Ashkenazi, Elliott; Washington, D.C. “Birds of Passage: Jewish Businessmen in Louisiana, 1840–1870,” written by Ashkenazi, n.d. *Typescript; Xerox copy*
(Received from Elliott Ashkenazi.)
- Baskin, Eliot J.; Cincinnati. “The Image of Women in the *Sabbath Visitor*,” term paper, Hebrew Union College–Jewish Institute of Religion, Cincinnati, 1983; *Typescript; Xerox copy*
- Ben-Ora, Eve; Cincinnati. “A Survey of Early American Jewish Text-Books,” term paper, Hebrew Union College–Jewish Institute of Religion, Cincinnati, 1984; *Typescript; Xerox copy*
- Eisendrath, Maurice N.; New York. Tape recordings of lectures delivered in Tokyo, Japan, 1958; and “Message of Israel” broadcast, commemorating the 100th anniversary of the founding of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations, 1973; *Tape Recording*
- Elwell, Ellen Sue Levi; Cincinnati. “A Critical Evaluation of *Young Israel: A Monthly Magazine For Young People*, 1871–1877,” term paper, Hebrew Union College–Jewish Institute of Religion, Cincinnati, 1984; *Typescript; Xerox copy*
- Evans, Eli N.; New York. “The Electronic Village: Its Implications for Jewish Life,” an article by Evans on unaffiliated Jews and how modern technology can be used to reach these people, 1983. *Typescript; Xerox copy*
(Received from Malcolm H. Stern.)
- Franks, David; Philadelphia. Account with Franks for merchandise sold Rumsey and Murray in the Illinois Territory, 1771; *Manuscript; Photostat*
(Received from the Division of Archives and Manuscripts, Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, Harrisburg, Pa.)
- Goldstein, Israel; New York. Inventory to the papers of Rabbi Goldstein, n.d.; *Typescript; Xerox copy*
(Received from the Central Zionist Archives, Jerusalem, Israel.)
- Good, Philip Mayer; Wheeling, W. Va. Memorial book, 1981. *Typescript*.
(Received from Laurance E. Good, Wheeling.)
- Hertz, Richard C.; Birmingham, Mich. Tape Recording of a series of sermons delivered by Rabbi Hertz on the “Message of Israel” program, 1983; *Tape Recording*
(Received from Richard C. Hertz.)
- Hirschmann, Ira; Washington, D.C. A Guide to the “Ira Hirschmann papers relating to the War Refugee Board, 1941–1944” housed in the Franklin D. Roosevelt Library, n.d.; *Typescript; Xerox copy*
(Received from the Franklin D. Roosevelt Library, Hyde Park, N.Y.)
- Immigrants and Immigration. Two bibliographies from the Library of Congress, “List of References on the Immigrant in Literature,” and “List of References on Immigrant Literature in the United States (German–Yiddish),” *Typescript, Xerox copy*
(Received from the Library of Congress.)
- Kampelman, Max M.; Washington, D.C. Remarks made by Kampelman at the commencement exercises of Hebrew Union College–Jewish Institute of Religion, Cincinnati, 1984; *Type-*

script; Xerox copy

(Received from Max M. Kampelman.)

Margulies, Sergio Roberto; Brazil. Term paper on the history of the Jewish press in Brazil, 1984;

Typescript; Spanish; Xerox copy

(Received from Clifford M. Kulwin, Rio de Janeiro.)

Mueller, Ignatz; Kalamazoo, Mich. Sermon delivered by Rabbi Mueller at Congregation B'ne Israel, Kalamazoo, 1887; *Printed; German; Original and Xerox copy*

New York, N.Y.; *New York Daily Tribune*. Index to items of Jewish interest in the *Daily Tribune*, 1875-1906; *Typescript; Xerox copy*

Sarasohn, Kasriel H.; New York. "Sarasohn and Son—A Scrapbook," Volumes I and II, 1984;

Typescript

(Received from L. Kenneth Rosett, White Plains, N.Y.)

Schiff, Jacob H.; New York. Transcripts of meetings and correspondence between Schiff, Louis Marshall, and Elisha M. Friedman concerning Zionism, Palestine, and the Balfour Declaration, taken from Eugene Meyer Papers housed at the Library of Congress, 1917; *Typescript; Xerox copy*

Xerox copy

(Received from Priscilla Roberts, Cincinnati.)

Smith, Gerald L. K.; Eureka Springs, Ark. Guide to the papers of Smith, 1922-1976, housed in the Bentley Historical Library, University of Michigan, 1982; *Typescript; Xerox copy*

(Received from University of Michigan, Ann Arbor.)

Union of American Hebrew Congregations; Cincinnati. Menu of the "Trefa Banquet," 1883;

Printed; Original

Worcester, Mass. A collection of newspaper articles about Jews appearing in the Worcester newspaper from 1790-1915; *Manuscript and Typescript*

(Received from Rose S. Klein, Las Cruces, N.M.)

Yiddish Theater, New York. Booklet of Yiddish theater songs, 1897; *Printed; Yiddish*

(Received from Samuel M. Stahl, San Antonio, Tex.)

The Rocky Mountain Jewish Historical Society, in conjunction with the American Jewish Historical Society and the Western Jewish History Center, has issued a call for papers for a national conference, to be held in Denver, Colorado, in May of 1986 on "The Jewish Experience in America: A View from the West." Topics of particular interest include comparisons and contrasts between the experience of Jews in the western United States and in other areas of the country in the field of politics, social mobility, Jewish-Christian relations, economics, demography, and social welfare. Please submit proposals demonstrating the full scope and significance of your topic by June 30, 1985. For more information, please contact the director, Rocky Mountain Jewish Historical Society, Denver, CO 80208.



