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*The*  
**VANGUARD**

*A Monthly Magazine of Progressive Jewish Life*



*In This Issue:*

**Issues and Problems**

By Norman Thomas

**A New Zionist Program**

By Jacob De Haas

**The Conservative Rabbi's Point of View**

(MA TOVU RABBANECHA YA'AKOB)

By Rabbi Norman Salit

**The Anglo-Jewish Press**

By Harold Berman

*(See inside for complete Table of Contents)*

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## CONTENTS FOR APRIL, 1928

EDITORIALS .....	3
ENTRE NOUS .....	7
ISSUES AND PROBLEMS .....	9
<i>By Norman Thomas</i>	
PEOPLE RIDING (Poem).....	11
<i>By B. A. Botkin</i>	
A NEW ZIONIST PROGRAM.....	12
<i>By Jacob De Haas</i>	
PUBLIC OPINION IN JEWISH LIFE.....	15
<i>By Leo Wolfson</i>	
SUPPLICATION (Poem) .....	18
<i>By Simon Glass</i>	
WITH THE PIONEERS (Narrative)	
<i>By Rebecca Schmuckler</i>	19
MA TOVU RABBANECHA YA'AKOB	
<i>(A Rabbi's Point of View)</i>	
<i>By Rabbi Norman Salit</i>	22
THE BELLY-PUNCHER .....	29
<i>By Erwin Muscovich</i>	
IN A MADHOUSE (Narrative) .....	32
<i>By Talush</i>	
THE ANGLO-JEWISH PRESS .....	39
<i>By Harold Berman</i>	
THE ART OF MAN (Poem) .....	43
<i>By Albert Herschal</i>	
GLEANINGS AND COMMENTS .....	44
THE RABBINICAL PROFESSION .....	51
<i>Grad Young</i>	
WITH OUR FRIENDS .....	54
<i>By The Editor</i>	
ABOUT THE THEATRE .....	57
<i>By Milton Danley</i>	
BOOK REVIEWS .....	62
<i>By H. Silver, Zmira Carmel, I. Z.</i>	
BRIEF NEWS FROM THE HOMELAND	
<i>Compiled by M. Rivlin</i>	61

### New Contributors To This Issue:

NORMAN THOMAS—Outstanding Socialist, associate editor *The Nation*.

NORMAN SALIT—Rabbi, Congregation Shaaray Tefla Jewish Center, Far Rockaway, L. I., N. Y.

ERWIN MUSCOVICH—Graduate N. Y. U. and Theological Seminary.

GRAD YOUNG—Pen-name, graduate Eastern university, studied in a Rabbinical College.

SIMON GLASS—Studied poetry at Columbia, contributor of humorous verse to *Life*.

MILTON DANLEY—Dramatic critic, on *The Daily Forward*, is now in complete charge of the Dramatic Section of *THE VANGUARD*.

H. SILVER—Phi Beta Kappa, Ph. B. of University of Chicago, graduate Training School for Jewish Social Work, on the staff of Jewish Welfare Society of Phila., Pa.

The rest, having contributed before, are presumed to be known to our readers.

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Mr. Cretziano had the impudence to write on December 19, 1927, in reply to an open letter by Mr. Leo Wolfson, then president of the United Rumanian Jews of America:

"RUMANIAN LEGATION  
Washington, D. C.

December 19, 1926.

Mr. Leo Wolfson  
399 Broadway New York.

Sir:

"I return your letter of December 12th, the terms of which I cannot accept, as between the affirmations of the Rumanian Government and the allegations of an irresponsible press under Bolshevik influence, you chose the latter.

"I hardly can believe that the majority of Rumanian Jews of New York can approve your attitude and if they do, I should consider them as having lost every Rumanian feeling. The Rumanian Government, which I represent, is composed of men who are neither insane nor stupid, and they would be both if they started or tolerated persecution of Jews, knowing the solidarity of your people all over the world, and the wrong they would do to the Rumanian cause, in raising public opinion in foreign countries against it.

"I should rather consider the actual press-campaign, to which you seem to associate yourself, as a real persecution of Rumania by Jews,—certainly not all Jews, but some of them who consent to be conscient or inconscient agents of Soviet Propaganda. The unfriendly feelings of Soviet Russia towards Rumania are well known, as is known the great number of Jews who are predominant in its organization, the influence they exercise over some of their brethren in foreign countries and their powerful means of propaganda.

"It is evident that they profit of every opportunity to do harm in Rumania and they could not neglect the regrettable events of Cernauti for crying: persecution, antisemitism, pogroms, etc.,

especially after the brilliant reception with which the Queen of Rumania was welcomed in the United States. They are certainly afraid of seeing American sympathy towards Rumania increasing and look after a way to stop it.

"I think it is useless for us to discuss the question, as we start from different points of view, you considering the statement of the Rumanian Government untrue and I looking upon the news spread by the bolsheviks news agents of Vienna, Budapest and Berlin as base calumny.

Yours truly,

G. CRETZIANO."

This brazen affront to American Jews came after the horrifying violences in many points of Rumania, and on the heels of the Sirovich resolution in Congress. The American representative of the Rumanian Government must have felt strong at the time. . . .

Meanwhile something happened. The rulers of that unfortunate land suddenly became aware of heavy clouds gathering overhead, and the right hint was flashed to their agents abroad. The situation changed, and the Rumanian Legation in Washington set out on the peace-path. Rumania needs a loan. She wants American dollars, and bankers like to do business in perfect quietude.

Here is where Congressman Celler comes in—to check the machinations of Rumania. In his letter to the State Department he calls upon the United States to disapprove of the projected loan of 60 million dollars. The American Government has on several occasions succeeded in frowning down similar attempts by other nations, some of them by far bigger and more en-

lightened than Rumania can ever hope to be.

In his communication to Mr. Kellogg, the congressman makes his position very clear:

"Nearly three years ago, the State Department closed American money markets to France, Italy and Belgium until those countries agreed to a settlement of their war time debts to us. The ban has since been lifted as against Italy and Belgium but the ban remains against France, although the State Department has agreed to the flotation of a French refunding loan, which would simply be a matter of a re-financing at a lower interest rate.

"If you placed embargoes against countries that failed to settle their debts with us, how much weightier is the reason for the similar ban against a country like Roumania which has so sinned against morality and decency.

"You stated that the policy of the State Department in this regard was as follows:—

'It has objected to loans to countries which had not settled their debts to the United States as it believed that it was not in the public interest to continue to make such loans, and it has objected to certain loans for armament and the monopolization of products consumed in the United States.'

"I, therefore, petition that you interdict any loan to Roumania by disapproving in general public interest and upon grounds of high morality, any application presented to you for that purpose."

The Congressman is on the right track. He must be supported by a united public opinion. Rumania must not be allowed to get away with her usual tricks. No American money shall strengthen the hand of tyranny and oppression.

## The Duty of the Joint

THE Soviet Government has banned the "Halutz" in Russia—the organization of young Jews who train themselves in agriculture and the mechanical arts for an eventual useful life in Palestine. A cable from Moscow, on March the 22nd, informs us that a decree had been issued depriving the "Halutz" of legal status and declaring all its colonies and work shops mere private enterprises—with all that that means in present day Russia.

It is agreed on all hands that the colonies of the Halutz organization are the best, that their cooperative factories are the stablest and the most productive. But the mania for destruction still sways the passions of the Communist rulers, and the finest fruits of Jewish constructive endeavor have been placed under the iron heel of red autocracy.

Political and cultural Zionism has long been under the official ban. The prisons are filled with Zionists, and the wildernesses of Siberia are soaked with their tears and their precious blood. And now the "Halutz", the practical Zionists, are feeling the heavy hand of tyranny.

The Conference for Jewish Rights in Zurich and the fifteenth Zionist Congress at Basle have both adopted resolutions of protest against the persecution of Zionism and Jewish culture in the land of red Czarism. They did not avail. How could they in face of the studied indifference on the part of the Joint people, who thus added moral encouragement to

the large material and, indirectly, political aid they brought to Communist Russia? The plausible claim was that they could not mix in the "politics" of that country, that they were out to help the Jew agriculturally and industrially, and nothing more.

Now, however, the Halutz colonies and factories are on the brink of deliberate, malicious destruction. Will the Joint continue in its stubborn neutrality?

If Zionist aspirations and ideals can spell the ruin of model Jewish colonies and industry today, might not another official pretext destroy the labors of the Joint tomorrow? Wherein lies the safety of all colonization work if forbidden thoughts can drive our hard-working men and women from their fields and shops?

The Joint must intervene now. Its whole work is in danger of being swept into ruin. The Halutz must be left in undisturbed possession of its hard-won achievements and must be allowed to continue in its useful labors.

## Rabbi Wise Resigns

**W**ITHIN the last few days three active members have withdrawn from the Zionist Administration because of disagreement on policy and management.

Two, Messrs. Berenson and Ronsenson, are not so known to the Zionists or the public at large, and their resignation would, perhaps, have passed unnoticed,—particularly when

the Administration is so intent on keeping from the people any act or event calculated to weaken its hold on the machinery. But among those who have found it impossible longer to continue under the same roof with their nominal colleagues, is no less a personage than Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, the most outstanding active Zionist in America; the man who has done so much for Zionism in recent years. Obviously, he has despaired of being able to bring about some salutary change by "boring from within", and he has determined to effect the desired end by dissociating his name from those in command.

We applaud the wise and timely step taken by the Rabbi. We hope the few others who still grace the roster of officialdom with their good names will follow the example. That will bring the situation home to the Zionists all over the country, and the right and proper measures will be taken by them to inaugurate a new era, here and in Palestine.

Here is the letter of resignation:

March 22, 1928.

Louis Lipsky, Esq.  
President Zionist Organization of America,  
111 Fifth Avenue,  
New York City.  
My dear Mr. Lipsky:

It is with the deepest regret that I find myself under the necessity of withdrawing from membership in the Executive and Administrative Committees of the Zionist Organization of America. I need hardly add that I take this step after the fullest consideration of its meaning and consequences.

The responsibility for the conduct of



Zionist affairs ought to rest altogether in the hands of those in London and New York who have insisted that such responsibility must be borne as they see fit to bear it, and that it cannot be shared on any other terms. I continue to remain ready to cooperate in every way with the United Palestine Appeal.

I am, my dear Mr. Lipsky,  
Faithfully yours,  
(Signed) STEPHEN S. WISE.

In a supplementary statement to the press Dr. Wise makes it clear that his resignation "is designed to be an unequivocal protest against the present regime in Zionist affairs," which he holds "to be menacing to the Zionist cause—the rebuilding of Palestine as the National Jewish Homeland—and gravely hurtful to the Jewish morale."

Zionism is steadily losing its very soul, petering out in charity to "poor brethren." The prestige of the movement—and of the Jewish people—has reached bottom. We are no longer taken seriously by friend or foe. Immigration into Palestine has stopped, by fiat of the British and the ineptitude of the Zionist administration. Unemployment still holds thousands in its grip. The Zionist treasury is at the same time being drained of its meagre resources by unheard of administrative expense in America and the scandalous—and vain—attempts to bolster up with public funds a private land venture.

When the smoke of the impending battle royal shall have cleared away, Dr. Wise will have been found to have done once more a great service to our high and noble cause.

## ENTRE NOUS

WE HAVE RECEIVED the following letter, in response to our editorial query in the March VANGUARD:

March 16th, 1928

Editor of The Vanguard,  
32 Union Square,  
New York City, N. Y.  
Sir:

In the March Issue of your review appeared a rather violent attack against the undersigned.

I do not intend to reply to this personal attack against me, but as one of the representatives of the Bnei Binyamin in this country, I want to remark that everyone who follows the events of Palestine knows that the platform of the Bnei Binyamin solemnly declares for *Jewish Labor* in Jewish Colonies, although they keep up ties of sympathy with our Arab Neighbors.

I am sure that you will print this little note in the column in which appeared your unjustified comments against the Bnei Binyamin.

Thanking you in advance,  
Very truly yours,  
Bnai Binyamin Delegation,  
Ittamar Ben-Avi.

It is curious how certain individuals have come to look upon their public activities as their own purely private concern and resent a demand for an explanation, or criticism of their attitude, as "violent attack" or even "personal attack." We doubt whether it is good policy to dodge an issue by assuming the air of offended innocence.

As to the Bnai-Binyamin, we are glad to learn that this organization of native Palestinian Jews seeking to settle on land has "solemnly declared for Jewish labor." We should be delighted to print that plank in its platform—if we had it. We have no

quarrel with the Bnai-Binyamin, or any other group in or out of Palestine that does constructive work for the upbuilding of the Homeland. We merely contend that Jewish labor shall be given a fair chance, that immigration may continue and that a Jewish majority may eventually be formed.

---

MR. JULIUS ROSENWALD has subscribed five million dollars to the American Jewish Joint Agricultural Corporation, known as Agro-Joint, for Jewish colonization in Russia. This remarkable gift is contingent on the raising of a like sum elsewhere, and that means that the Chicago multimillionaire has brought to the aid of the good work an additional ten million dollars, for there can be no doubt that with such munificence to stimulate them, many others will come forward with their contributions.

In the face of such generosity, we cannot help wondering why it is that Mr. Rosenwald, to all appearances, so studiously eschews Palestine. Shall we say that he believes Palestinian colonization less feasible than Russian, or is it because Zionists have failed to win his confidence?

Such extraordinary largess cannot be dictated by mathematical calculations of possible results alone; it must have behind it a strong desire to do something lasting for his people. If that be the case, Palestine ought to figure in his plans for public aid—unless he does not know what is doing in the Homeland—a hazardous assumption—or he has been repulsed by clumsy Zionist diplomacy.

SHOLOM SCHWARTZBARD was turned back from the shores of Palestine. The great avenger was not permitted to come home, to settle in the Jewish land. The man who risked his life for the sake of his people, in his own way, and gained the rank of moral hero in the judgment of twelve Frenchmen good and true, was driven away from the country of his dreams, his, yours, and ours. He had a visa, but the British administration in Palestine refused to honor the seal of its own agents abroad.

We are moved to wonder, what is left of the Balfour Declaration, of the Mandate, of our recognized historic right to Palestine, if a man of Schwartzbard's moral height is unable to enter the Homeland?

What is the value of a British seal if the holder of a visa may peremptorily be driven from the very shores of his destination?—This is not the first case on record. Some of them resulted in suicide.

What is left of Zionist influence if the doors of Palestine may be slammed in the face of a Schwartzbard?

But what is galling in this outrageous case is the stupidity of Zionist leadership. Could it not have been ascertained in advance whether or not Schwartzbard would prove welcome to the British in Palestine? Well may the German anti-Semites and their confreres elsewhere deride the Jews in unmeasured terms and call the Jewish avenger a common murderer. A little common sense judiciously applied would have spared us the shame of such signal discomfiture.

## ISSUES AND PROBLEMS

By NORMAN THOMAS

We have invited outstanding leaders in the Socialist and Labor movement to state their views on the issues of the political campaign and the chances for progressive labor. Mr. Norman Thomas, candidate for Governor of the state of New York in 1924, and executive director of the League for Industrial Democracy, was the first to give us the benefit of his mature judgment.—Ed.

**WE** Americans have the bandwagon habit. We are more concerned with success than with what succeeds. It is better to put up a good fight for the right side than to act as if life were a horse race and our only business were to bet on the winner. Progressive labor would be farther along now than it is if it had spent more time on the questions: what is worth fighting for and how shall we fight for it? and less on the question: how soon shall we win?

If plain ordinary American farmers and workers took politics as seriously as the Falls, Dohenys, Sinclairs and others who manipulate them they would find issues vastly more important than what I have called the three R's of modern American politics: Rum, Race and Religion. Every newspaper is full of these illustrations.

There are four million unemployed. At least, that's the best estimate I have seen. So callous are we that we do not even have accurate figures of unemployment. We have no honest and efficient public employment exchanges, no unemployment or old age

insurance, no adequate program of public works—city, state and national—at which to put men when times grow bad. The advances in machinery which ought to lighten human toil and give us all more leisure at present simply increases the mass of unemployment. And nobody cares. The Republicans in the nation, the Democrats in New York City and state, have not even advanced a comprehensive program for this tragic evil.

Or consider the coal situation. Another investigation makes us aware of the sufferings of women and children in Pennsylvania coal camps. But that is an old story. None of the politicians has proposed a remedy. There is no remedy so long as we have coal, which is the rightful heritage of all the people, in the hands of competing private owners who have opened twice too many mines and waste by their methods of mining more than one hundred million tons of coal annually. The remedy is to nationalize the mines, to recognize the union, and set up democratic machinery of administration. Does any old party ask that?

Or look at political corruption. The Republicans are tainted with oil, the Democrats of New York City with sewer gas, to say nothing of Tammany's chronic election frauds. Between the old line party politicians it's a case of the Republican pot and the Democratic kettle. What's the game

of old party politics for except to protect the privileged in their privileges and the politicians in their graft? Until we can get more principle in our politics—and that means the organization of a labor party to fight real issues openly—we may well congratulate ourselves that our politics is not more corrupt.

While we discuss the oil scandals of the past, the super power trust fastens its hold upon us. The average rate domestic consumers are paying for electricity in the United States is about 7.4 cents per kilowatt hour. In Buffalo, next door to Niagara Falls, it is a little less than 6 cents. In the entire province of Ontario under public ownership it averages a little less than 2 cents. But the \$17,500,000,000 power lobby is out to block public ownership in the United States. By a bi-partisan vote it prevented Senator Thomas Walsh's investigation.

Now let us take a look at foreign affairs. Uncle Sam is talking peace and the outlawry of war. But he is sending another 1,000 marines to Wall Street's despicable Nicaraguan war which was never authorized by the people of the United States, and the admirals are trying to put over on him a naval program which is nothing in the world but an invitation to the kind of race in armament which leads to war. The United States is already the world's strongest empire. But no empire was ever strong enough to endure forever against the jealousy of its rivals and the hate of those whom it exploits. Imperialism is an issue utterly neglected by the old par-

ties and their candidates on which the very life of our children depends. For the inevitable end of the road to empire is the abyss of war.

Elsewhere I have summed up certain outstanding issues and the need of an ultimate philosophy in language which I shall use again. We must have a new party as our tool of progress. These are its immediate tasks:

1. It will stand resolutely against imperialism and for international co-operation. It will oppose the collection of private debts in weaker nations by public force. It will consciously seek peace.

2. It will stand for a wider and fuller measure of liberty, for the right to organize, for reform of our judicial procedure and especially for the abolition of injunctions in labor disputes.

3. It will stand for using our system of taxation to promote social justice. It will increase, not diminish, inheritance taxes and super taxes on income. It will, I trust, advocate lower tariffs for international as well as national reasons. Meanwhile, it will doubtless advocate that so long as our tariff system lasts some way be found to admit farmers to a seat at the tariff table or, in other words, to afford them equivalent protection.

4. Such a party must advocate a progressive system for the acquisition and democratic control of natural monopolies beginning, I should think, with coal and super power.

5. It will urge social insurance not only for humanitarian reasons but as a condition of effective labor organization.

I have not attempted to work out these general propositions into a political platform. To my mind any party will fail that does not develop a philosophy as well as an immediate program. It is not true that opportunism is enough. We need to oppose the religion of Babbitt and the Rotary Clubs with a higher re-

ligion of ordered and intelligent cooperation of the world's stores of natural resources and machinery for the abolition of poverty and war and the realization of freedom and brotherhood. So great a task outruns the life of one generation or the functions of any political party. But in so far as political action may be effective at all—and that, in my judgment, is a long ways—I am sure that we shall be saved not by a Messiah, not by the guerrilla warfare of the progressives, but by the organization of a loyal party of those who toll by hand and brain to keep our complex life going on this little planet which is our home. To preach this belief is the great political opportunity of 1928.

I wish I could say that I thought it likely that labor generally would rise to the formation of a strong labor party. I am afraid that that will not

happen in 1928. I am afraid that labor's forces will be divided by whispering campaigns on race and religion, that they will be fooled by politicians with promises of legalized liquor or that they will run after some political Messiah instead of building their own party. Nevertheless the day of a strong labor party will come, and when it comes it will be stronger and more intelligent, if all of us who see the truth will rally to the educational opportunity before us. This is the task of the Socialist Party as it sees it and in this task it invites the cooperation of all those who are working for a decent world. There is joy in the fight and no good fight is ever wholly in vain.

## PEOPLE RIDING

By B. A. BOTKIN

People riding to work in trains,  
 Docile as scholars, row on row,  
 Freshly washed and dressed with pains,  
 Sit like spectators at a show  
 Which they never see, for their eyes are dulled  
 With reading in papers of this and that,  
 In the apathy into which they are lulled  
 By the rumble of wheels and idle chat.

People riding to work in trains  
 Might be riding, for all they know,  
 To their death, to which, in spite of their pains,  
 One by one, they will some day go.  
 Each place will be taken, and none will be missed.  
 Not even those reading their names will know  
 That once these people used to exist  
 Among them, riding to and fro,

## A NEW ZIONIST PROGRAM

By JACOB DE HAAS

**A** CORRESPONDENT writes me, "The local Zionists are willing to do everything provided they are not asked to do anything." The vicarious Zionism preached during the last few years is largely responsible for this obvious demoralization.

The road to Zionist salvation is hard and painful. It requires consistent and persistent action. It requires, too, what I have described as "pattern cutting thinking," which is the exact opposite to the utterance of glittering generalities. The road to restoration has two basic paths.

1. The formulation and acceptance of a program that will meet the specific circumstances which confront us as Zionists.

2. The complete overhauling of the Zionist Organization, the Federations, and the Congress, and all other institutions in order to produce an instrument capable and efficient both in direction and in action.

To deal with the last first, the Zionist Organization was builded to effect one purpose, propaganda and idealism. It has without any serious effort at reorganization been utilized to effect entirely different purposes, practical programs for which it has no equipment either mechanically or in man power. From 1919 on there has been continuous improvisation with the natural result—confusion. Those who have refused to be influenced by resolutions which were adopted without discussion are re-

garded as disloyalists and those who throw these paper pellets have at no time seriously obeyed the injunctions that they themselves set up.

The truth is that congress decisions and convention decisions have at no time been prepared for and in nine cases out of ten are merely the product of the mental sweat of excited men and women anxious to solve, at least temporarily, the difficulties that beset them, not in the organization itself, but in the passing phases of congresses and conventions.

Zionists have attempted to legislate without preparing for legislation. It is, therefore, but natural that some of those who have never studied the problem of the Zionist democracy have sought the solution to this harum-scarum system by relegating all responsibility to a select few. For one, I do not believe in an oligarchy. Instead of agreeing with those who would solve the budget making difficulties by taking the power of budget making away from the congress, I favor a scheme of reorganization by which the business of the congress would be the acceptance, amendment or rejection of all the items in the budget. I follow in this thought methods prevailing in several European Parliaments where the whole policy of the government is supported or rejected by the action on individual items in the budget. I take this position because if the rank and file of the Zionists are deprived of authority for

the budget the decisions of the congress are merely theoretical. My program would take a lot of glitter out of the oratory of the congress, but it would call for something that is far more useful and that is the presentation of documents that, item by item, would support the budgetary demands.

I have before me the reports presented at the last congress by the executive of the Keren Hayesod and the Jewish National Fund. These reports are confusing rather than helpful. They betray whim and propaganda rather than the specific documentation of effort and requirement on the basis of which Zionists should support the policies of the organization. In order to equalize the voting in a budget between those who contribute and those who do not, between those who assume responsibility and those who do not, values must be created that would actually equalize in practice the contribution of all the different groups of Zionists.

The relationship of the shekel payer who has no responsibility but who theoretically controls the whole operation, needs regulation as against the responsibilities which Federations do willingly assume. This, of course, raises the question of the exact position of the Federations within the Zionist constitution. I merely indicate that here alone is a large scope for thought and precise action. The last word on this question was not stated by the constitution as adopted at the first congress or in that accepted at the 15th congress. Many of the arguments usually made on this subject would in actual study prove to be fic-

titious tradition invented for partisan purposes and in no wise written into the constitution.

The program that the times require clearly embraces three ideas:

1. The loyal carrying out of such plans, contracts and agreements as exist.
2. The carrying out of such public welfare work in Palestine as constitutes a minimum necessity, a sort of minimum wage for institutions and efforts during a period of transition and
3. The outlining of an economic syllabus of practical efforts commensurate with the purposes of the movement.

Of course, at the head of the program, and as fundamental to it, there is required an assertion of national purposes and of loyalty to the Basle Program. That goes without saying and without need for discussion, except in so far as in recent periods the tendency has been the other way and there is need for us to retrace our steps. I conceive colonization as an element in the economic program. I would go so much farther and say that I understand colonization as an agricultural element in a purely industrial program. For the day of sheer agrarianism is over and in this, as in so many other matters, we need to change our ideology just as we change our practices.

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I conceive that in any satisfactory reorganization of the organization and its affiliations the following would be accomplished.

1. The concentrating of all Zionist

central authorities in Jerusalem. The reduction of the number of these headquarters and of their activity to actual requirements. I believe, the language argument notwithstanding, that all congresses should be held in Jerusalem.

2. The appointment of a permanent resident political agent in London.

3. The creation of a real mass movement throughout the Jewish World to maintain the national political position of the movement.

4. The abolition of all unnecessary intermediaries between the budget spending body and the contributing bodies.

5. The assumption of definite responsibility by all Federations, whether regular or fractions, for their quotas for whatever they undertake to do for the cause, in money, manpower, or otherwise.

6. The reduction of welfare funds

to a minimum on a plan that will call for a clear annual diminution for old plans and purposes, so as to allow for the consideration of new and necessary public welfare tasks.

7. Finality from congress to congress of budgets and appropriations. The emergency era has passed.

8. The encouragement of the Palestine government to do its full share in public work, and the stimulation of non-Zionist bodies to carry on or participate in such public welfare tasks.

9. Emphasis through propaganda, information, and specific activity, on the development of Palestine along economic lines, treating land purchase and agricultural colonization as part of a strictly economic program.

10. Stress on the development, through Zionist influence and participation in the active development and utilization, of any and all Palestinian natural resources.





## PUBLIC OPINION IN JEWISH LIFE

By LEO WOLFSON

**I**N American Jewish life every one is a law unto himself. Every group or organization is a law unto itself. Unmindful of correlative duties and interests, men and organizations speak and act in our name whenever they choose. Any plan, scheme, activity or institution, can be foisted on us without our consent. Problems of general interest are the concern of the few. Everything is done by the few, for us and in our name. The mass of Jewry as such sits by supinely, does nothing by itself, tamely accepts everything, good, bad or indifferent, which is being done for it and in its name,—and thus Jewish life keeps going on....

It is true that most of the men and organizations who deal for us with the Jewish problems mean well and have the best of intentions, but it seems to me that there is something radically wrong with a situation which permits of such a state of affairs. The fact that they mean well does not imply that the problems are well handled. Many times they are mishandled and manhandled to the detriment of general Jewish interests, but even if they were handled one hundred per cent well, I would still maintain that general Jewish interests should be the concern of all and not the prerogative of the few.

American Jewry faces a large number of complex problems. There are internal problems which affect our daily life, such as our religious activities; the education of our children; the

maintenance of our charitable institutions; the varied activities of our organizations, and questions of political and social nature. There are also the problems of the building of a homeland in Erez Israel, and the economic rebuilding of Eastern European Jewry and the protection and safeguarding of their rights. All of these problems are of general importance and should receive the attention of every Jew,—and should be dealt with and solved by Jewry as a whole.

In our religious life there is chaos. We have, to be sure, many beautiful temples, stately synagogues, luxurious Jewish centers, and numberless houses of worship. There are literally thousands of congregations. All profess Judaism and yet how many brands we have made of it! Excepting the very orthodox congregations which follow the old traditions, there keeps going on in our midst a continual change. There is a continuous discard of this tradition, that custom, and Jewish tenets and precepts go one after another. Experiments are being made daily, innovations are being introduced into almost every service. All of it is being done without sanction, without authority. Somebody's will, be it that of one—the Rabbi, or of the few, the Trustees, or even the Congregation, is sufficient justification. One is bewildered by the variety of forms of services conducted in our synagogues, by the manifold activities carried on by centers, auxiliaries, sis-

terhoods, clubs, etc., as part of our religious life. Often one is offended by the liberties which have been taken with Jewish prayers, customs and traditions, by some Rabbi or his congregation. Jewish religious life is "hefker".

Take the Rabbis. No people paid more deference and respect to their spiritual leaders than the Jews, and the Rabbis deserved all the consideration they received. They were learned, pious, one may say, they were almost saintly men. The Rabbi was the leader, the teacher, the exhorter, the guide who, leading a virtuous life himself, was the example to his flock. Our Rabbis now,—of course there are exceptions, do not measure up to the standard we had. The few men of ability are lost in the great mass of mediocrity.

A healthy public reaction to this state of affairs, expressed in a vigorous public opinion, would never have allowed us to reach these depths.

Let me touch upon two other questions, that of Erez Israel and of East European Jewry.

## II.

The most stupendous event in Jewish life in the Diaspora is undoubtedly the Balfour Declaration. The Jews were given the opportunity of establishing a homeland in Erez Israel. All of Israel should have responded. American Jewry, most fortunate of all Jewries, should have been the leader. Instead, we have the pitiable spectacle of a weak Zionist organization—weak in numbers and in means, and

a large Jewish population, some of whom give little, most almost nothing, and almost all indifferent. Jewish leadership which presumes to lead everything and everywhere, failed miserably to grasp and to understand the material, cultural and spiritual value of Erez Israel. Jews who respond to every call, men who give to every cause, speakers who discourse on every subject, continue to do so to this very day, except in matters relating to Erez Israel. Men in whose word we believed, whose public promises were thought to be sacred engagements, have failed to live up to them when it came to Erez Israel. Deaf ears and hearts of stone have met the Erez Israel appeal, and we have even had ill will and evil tongues who have done everything in their power to hamper the work.

I find consolation in the thought that the ideal of Erez Israel will be realized in spite of the stupidity and narrow-mindedness of American Jewish leadership, and American Jewish indifference. Small forces here and heroic efforts of other Jewries, and particularly the will of the Jews in Palestine, will ultimately attain the ideal. It will take more time, more sacrifices, but Erez Israel will be ours. The pity of it is that we do not have a public opinion strong enough to deal with the situation as it deserves, both in a constructive way to help Erez Israel, and in the way of eliminating from positions of leadership and responsibility those who in times like these have failed to lead and to lead wisely, and who are guilty of actual misleading.

## III.

The East European Jewish question is most intricate. American Jewish leaders have sought to solve it and in accordance with their lights they have dealt with it. Much relief has been given, much good has been done. There was even heart in the relief work. They deserve the praise that has been given them, and they deserve even more the criticism to which they have been subjected, both here and abroad. The criticism I make is that all of the relief work was started and done from above and American Jewry was asked to participate. The masses were asked to give, and to leave it to those who started and continued the work, to manage and plan the relief. Later, of course, when rival organizations sprang up, an effort was made to co-ordinate the work and a joint committee was created.

What should have been originally the task of all American Jewry became the task of three different organizations and countless small organizations, and then came the Joint—almost grudgingly organized, because it had to be done. The responsibility of the whole was usurped by the few, and what should have been done by the whole was done by the few. How much more could have been done, how much more effective it might have been, if American Jewry at large, would have originally taken up and dealt with the relief problem? The very same gentlemen would have no doubt been entrusted with the task, but there would have been an entirely different spirit and, I believe, quite different results.

The criticism abroad is quite justified. The work was done for the stricken Jews and not with them. At the beginning, in their distress, the matter was hardly thought of, but later the East-European Jews felt that their dignity was offended. They were made the recipients of charity instead of what it should have been — an attitude of brotherly aid and assistance. And later when there was a great deal of dissatisfaction with the relief problem. American Jewry did not adequately nor effectively do anything in the matter. Such improvements as were made from time to time, were due to the protests of the few rather than of the masses.

The question of the so-called minority rights of the East-European Jews has been dealt with—and is now being dealt with—in the same way. Numberless organizations, large and small, of more or less importance in standing, any number of men, socially and otherwise important and many of no importance at all, all and every one, singly and individually, whether qualified by knowledge or not, deal with, and express an opinion on, the subject. The opinions and views differ, the methods of action by the men and organizations are at variance, but it seems to make no difference. The work for helping the Jews, each in his own way, goes on merrily, and each with a feeling of satisfaction believes he is helping his "unfortunate brethren".

There is cacophony in this almost feverish activity. Every one tries to outdo or outshout the other. The recent Rumanian Jewish situation,

which called for the most deliberate and delicate handling, poignantly showed how a problem could be mishandled. Group after group acted. Leaders and quasi-leaders, and just prominent men, made statements and comments. Several Congressmen introduced resolutions in Congress. Letters were edited and replies prepared and given publicity. The action of one had no relation to that of the other; the position and attitude of one was exactly contrary to that of another; there was a constant clash of opinions and actions. Instead of a definite policy, and a definite activity which American Jewry as a whole should

have formulated and pursued, we had this nightmare. Can any one doubt that the Rumanian Minister would have been more impressed by the action of American Jewry as a whole, than he was impressed by the protest of some, the diplomatic conferences with others, and the friendly assurances of still others?

Our best efforts, our finest aims, come to naught, simply because we are divided, because we have no compelling public opinion to make us act as a whole, and because we permit and allow men and groups to arrogate to themselves the right and authority to speak and act in our name.



## SUPPLICATION

*By* SIMON GLASS

Give me to eat when I'm famished,  
To drink when I'm parching athirst,  
Let my being with Beauty be ravished,  
But—touch me with sordidness first.

Oh, tender me gold when I'm needy—  
But not 'til I've learned of its worth  
That I may not be heartless, or greedy,  
Only humble, while treading this Earth. . . .

Even let me with weakness be gaited,  
Then—strengthen me if I should call!  
Oh, never with pleasure to be sated  
Is pleasure more pleasing than all!

## WITH THE PIONEERS

By REBECCA SCHMUCKLER

This is the second instalment of the description of the inner life of a Labor Commune (Kvutzah) in Palestine, as seen and lived by the authoress. The first part appeared in the March issue of the Vanguard.—Ed.

IT was as yet only the beginning of the winter when I came to the Kvutzah. Very little rain had fallen so that I was able to gain some conception of what work in the "gan" (garden) would be like. It also afforded me a closer and more intimate knowledge of what the Kvutzah stood for, and brought me into intimate contact with those people who later became my firmest friends.

The delay in the rain served as a boon in more respects than one. It was in that idyllic month—November—that I luxuriated in the newness and beauty of the life which I had uncovered to myself. It was only after a mental stretching—with all the delight of seeing hitherto unused faculties groaning in their use—that I developed new poise, born of the consciousness that my body, though it ached and pained, was being baptised in sweat. With pride I adopted the high ideals of physical labor that were set for me; these ideals became a sort of purification, purging me clear of long-established and deep-rooted prejudices with regard to the debasing qualities of physical labor. It was not long before I, too, began to see "work" (Ha-avodah) as a sort of religion, replacing empty forms I had discarded.

As quick and open as I was to ideas, I was still more so to the beauty of the Emek. In the middle of a half-hoed line of carrots, I would lean over on my hoe and give myself over to a banquet of the senses. On both sides of me the rolling hills, in the distant skies the fantasies of clouds . . . It was with an effort that I would recall myself to the hoeing of carrots, only to yield to another pleasure, that of seeing hard-caked earth become freshly turned soil under the magic of my hoe.

Throughout these days, I felt that to return to my previous existence was like attempting to return to a previous incarnation. I felt the truth in the words of one of the Haverim, "Your place is here in the Kvutzah, your grove must be in these carrots."

One of the reasons that made life flow in on me so easily, pleasantly, and with so little pain of adjustment,—excepting, of course, the first few days—was to be found in the nature of the Kvutzah I was working in. Here little of the hysteria of the young Halutz could be found. There was enthusiasm, to be sure, and a deep sincerity and firm belief in their work, in their mode of life, but little of the fanaticism and extremeness of youth one usually links with Halutz life. The fundamentals of Kvutzah life had been laid at an earlier period and the group was now proceeding to take root—"Bisus"—in a mature and balanced manner.

There were still questions of policy, of theory, even in this group of well-defined ideas. An institution cannot be confined within the bonds of iron-cast rules or constitutions, especially one that is in the process of formation as is the Kvutzah. As in every other commune, one of the moot questions is the relation of the children to the mother, and to the life of the group. Over the hoeing of long lines of vegetables, be it the plebeian onion or the more aristocratic cauliflower, or over the huge basin in which our laundry was washed, I would hear the girls, especially the mothers, discuss the matter of the common nursery. I noticed one thing that, of course, was to be expected. Those who as yet had no children were very fair and theoretical, and extremely objective in their discussion of the common nursery. When they became mothers the situation changed somewhat.

American tourists are unusually foolish when they approach the question of marriage and the common nursery. Always alert to ferret out the dirt, eager to see something salacious in unconventional situations and, of course, all-knowing because they had spent ten minutes in each colony viewing it from the fortifying heights of an automobile, they are very insistent with their questions, "Is woman common property in the Kvutzah?" or, "Do the children recognize their own father and mother?" One of the Haverim in 'Gingar' once silenced an annoyingly knowing tourist with this answer: "Every time I pass my little son, I pat him on the head; by this

time he knows that the person who pats him on the head in that peculiar way is his father."

It is difficult for us to imagine family life other than that which we know. Somehow we imagine that any other form of family life is one step towards the degeneration of society. Of course, such an idea is not born of fact. Certainly, family life in the Kvutzah is constructive rather than destructive. Not only does it combine the best features of our known family life, but it leaves the woman free to do other constructive work. One must bear in mind that the woman in the Kvutzah combines her functions as a mother with those of a worker. While she is in the field, her child must be taken care of; the best way to accomplish this, so as to entirely relieve the mother, and for the advantage of the child, is to make the Kvutzah collectively responsible for the child. Besides receiving better nourishment; and more expert training and care than he would receive under his mother's hand alone, the child is trained in ideals of co-operation and social service that the very living in common nursery gives him. And nothing of the warmth and color and intimacy existing between parent and child is lost.

As difficult as it is for us—average Americans—to visualize or imagine life on a co-operative basis, as in the Kvutzah, so is it difficult for the true advocates and believers in the Kvutzah to return to what we would choose to call a "normal existence."

Not so very long ago, I received a letter from a friend of mine who was

forced to leave the Kvutzah for a while to seek easier employment—he was ill. He writes, “How hard it will be for N . . . and myself to return to “family life,” and for N . . . to be a cook and nothing more.” That sentence brought back a host of recollections—among them a few pictures of the work in the kitchen.

The work in the kitchen is the most unsatisfying, and the hardest, of all the work in the Kvutzah. To concoct eatable dishes, satisfying meals, out of the limited means at one’s disposal, and out of the limited supplies at hand would tax the brain and resources of craft, and wisdom, and ingenuity far beyond the ordinary Haver’s endowment. It is hot, difficult work, wearing on the nerves and playing havoc with one’s health. And yet even that is preferable, for a true Kvuzahite, to a return to supplying meals for husband and child alone.

One of the many arguments that I have heard against the Kvutzah since I came back to the United States, is that in it one’s individualism is entirely suppressed. I cannot concede

that. I did not find, in any phase of my life, that my individuality was being lost. On the contrary, never have I been so individual in my life. Of course, there is a commonness of purpose and ideals that has brought this group together, and the group has been organized along these lines originally laid down by its members. One cannot believe in the exploitation of labor, for example, and remain in the group. That is entirely contrary to its very *raison d’etre*. Of course, one must believe in the value of simple living of a co-operative group. One must be conscious of a larger good than that of the individual. No more is yielded in this community than in any other community in the world in which one wishes to live. Your clothes are your own to fashion (within the limits of the Kvutzah’s pocketbook); no one is your master, your time is entirely your own. With all that, you are living in a warm, intimate, friendly group interested in your welfare, anxious to see each individual happy, as well as the group as a whole successful.



## MAH TOVU RABBANECHA YA'AKOB

(*A Rabbi's Point of View*)

By RABBI NORMAN SALIT

**G**REAT is THE VANGUARD, and highly to be praised, for it has given us an incontrovertible proof of *tehiyat ha-metim*. In its January number it contained an article, "The Ascendancy of the Rabbi," by Mr. Shiffman, wherein a point of view which, one thought, had been duly and decently interred, rises again to life and clamor. And yet, on second thought, this point of view seems not to have been sufficiently buried; similar wailings, one remembers, appeared not long since in the *Menorah Journal*; and the esteemed *Reflex*, with now monotonous regularity, writhes to its repeated variations on the identic theme (how easy is the descent from *ad libitum* to *ad nauseam*.) Three journals, professing seriously to contemplate the passing caravan of Jewish life and to comment seriously thereon with soundness and impartiality—three journals, making their appeal to the man who thinks, and scorning the methods of Babbitt journalism—harbor alike, in one form or another, attacks upon the Rabbinate. In the March number of the *Reflex* alone, for instance, there appeared no less than four such articles, by far the ablest of which came from the pen of a member of the detested calling (truly is this a praising with no faint damns). Well may we ask, in good old-fashioned Talmudic accent, *Hai mai*—how explain?

The point of view expressed in the

article alluded to above is fairly characteristic of the general bias, tho' not expressed as cogently as it has been elsewhere. That point of view briefly is that the Rabbi wields an influence out of all proportion to the actual value of his work and even his position in Jewish life. More particularly, the Rabbinate is subjected to a Caesarean operation, and after it is trisected into its component parts—Reform, Orthodox and Conservative—the author pronounces the result to be not dead, but worse—a monstrosity. Truly is the pen mightier than the scalpel. And truly, with all its seminaries, and *yeshivot*, and synagogues, and centers, and Rabbinical organizations, and congregational associations, has the mountain of American Israel gone to labor, and brought forth—a Frankenstein.

For hearken to the ominous auguries of our author. Reform Rabbis he discounts forthwith, on the basis of their own pronouncements against Jewish nationalism. The Orthodox and Conservative groups are accorded the courtesy of somewhat lengthier execution, but our *kategor* pronounces equally fateful dooms upon them; in the former instance because of mediaevalism of mind, in the latter because "they are less sincere and therefore harder to deal with," and "because of the influence they enjoy." And by way of benediction, this watchman upon the



mountain top warns: "These anti-national and mediaeval forces are now trying to control every phase of Jewish life and they constitute a problem to which all progressive elements in the Jewish nation must attempt to find a solution." . . . One hears in the distance haranguing from the rostrum and the shouting response of crowds swarming in the public square . . . the dire muttering of drums . . . the joining of many throats in the grim determined rhythms of the International . . . One sees the scythe and mallet lifted to the breeze . . . the red cap of Liberty adorning sweaty brows. "*Vstavai proklyat'yem zaklemionnyi ves.*" *Urrah Izrayl!* . . . Down forever with the hated cleric! *Hedad Yisrael;* send the Rabbi to 'Azazel! . . .

Now, we submit, in all good humor, that the case against the Rabbi is not quite so damning. There is a seed of truth in what Israel's self-appointed saviors have to say. Had they tended that seed with sympathy, pruned it with intelligence and watered it with some authentic knowledge of the situation, it might have developed into fruit of genuine value. Instead, they rashly allowed it to rush into incontinent growth, and it is become a *kaneh ratsutz* — a broken reed which pierces the hand that leans upon it for support. But incontinence is so very often characteristic of our "Liberal" journalists, and of youth, and often the twain are one. And so we see these plumed knights, astride their doughty foolscap, rushing in where Rabbis fear to tread . . .

Well, we would begin by inquir-

ing as to this grain of truth possessed by our brethren of the literati. It is this—that organized Judaism constitutes too frequently today a stagnant and therefore toxic element in Jewish life. Jewish causes, Jewish concerns; the promotion of Jewish literature (even sacred; and here a shameful page could be written. Millions go into buildings for seminaries and synagogue centers, while projects of overwhelming literary importance are allowed to anguish and die. We have turned back from Sinai to Egypt; the People of the Book is become the People of the Brick), Jewish art, Jewish music; the taking into account of the Jewish proletariat, whose minds are absorbed by themes utterly foreign to their bourgeois brethren who do not fill their pews on Holy Day and Sabbath; the forwarding with might and main of *Yishub ha-aretz*, made so much of in the Bible these same endowed brethren do not read and in the *Siddur* they do not touch; these and other Jewish causes and concerns, vital in their significance, are given tragically scant support by the duly incorporated congregations of the country. Life — even Jewish life—is dynamic; the synagogue is static . . . Naturally, the Rabbi is made the '*eglah 'arufah* . . .

Now the writer agrees with the writing off of the Reform Rabbinate, for by their expressed principles and equally eloquent inactivity they have stood far removed from that aggressive, self-conscious stream of Jewish affairs which has always sought expression in affirmatively Jewish values and institutions. The Reform

Rabbi who took active part in this ferment stood out immediately; he was a *rara avis*, an outstanding exception, to be wondered at, for the unexpected winds of chance or calculation or inner compulsion that blew him far from the solid ease that is not Zion's; to be curiously examined, for the inexorable conflict between his Reform principles and his national activities; finally, to be welcomed, for the good that he might do (for even *mittoch shelo lishmah ba lishmah*), for the courage that under any circumstances such affiliation meant, and because after all *Yisrael af 'al pi shehata yisrael hu* . . .

These exceptions, it is true, have become lately somewhat more numerous. Zionism has attained an international status and therefore some respectability. The growth of anti-semitism in these United States of America has caused an introversion of spirit and a searching of soul. Hebrew Union College, the Reform seminary, has been receiving a larger proportion of its raw material from orthodox homes. The East European element in American Jewry has made good ground in its inevitable rise to hegemony. But in spite of these familiar factors the Reform Rabbinate has not yet thrown off to any really appreciable extent—at least in consonance with the march of the times—the yokes of its inertia and its Boards of Directors. And to the extent that it has in the main remained apart from the active course of Jewish life, that it has not joined with Kelal Yisrael in the vigorous prosecution of its multifarious concerns, that

it has used its confession of faith somewhat as a tourniquet, barring from flowing to it the full-blooded circulation of vital and affirmative Jewish interests—to this extent has it brought upon itself, and who shall say unmeritedly, the atrophy and withering which its few far-sighted leaders are trying belatedly to avert . . . One of them, in pleading for a reconstruction of Reform Judaism, says: "Reform Judaism . . . must cease to be a matter of expediency and convenience . . . It must become a life . . . a civilization." Would that these words had been uttered, and heeded, decades ago . . .

Nor, when we consider the Orthodox Rabbinate, can the writer disagree with the verdict passed upon them of "Agudath Ishmael." Though with all the good will in the world, our *kategor* has not presented the strongest case against them. A far stronger indictment was forged by Rabbi Solomon Goldman in the March number of the *Reflex* mentioned above. And even there the case was confined to theoretical considerations. A picture not so laughable and much more distressing could be painted if there were to be included the sordid details of trafficking in *hashgahot*, of commerce in other privileges allowed the observant Jew, of shiftings and tradings and the shoddiest of political maneuverings that have in more than a few instances constituted a *hillul ha-shem* on the part of these men who should above all others be expected to uphold in honor and with dignity the title and position of *Rab*. From a

group such as this, how can the living current of Jewish activity expect to gain earnest, disinterested, unselfish cooperation? . . .

Which brings us to the third and last division of the Rabbinate—the Conservative. (Here the writer may be accused of speaking *pro domo*. He is content to bear that stricture, for he can in all conscience view this matter in no other light.) Conservative Rabbis are accused of “sickening” their audiences with the “Israel cult.” Is our *kategor* then a hater of Israel? Is that name *asur* to all loyal Jews? Or does he prefer Professor Wolfson’s famous term “yids”? Or must the alternative term “Jews” be used exclusively as a matter of *halachah lemoshe missinai*? . . . Again, these Rabbis are described as lacking beards and wearing short dress. Shall we understand the *kategor* to base ultimate Jewish value on the wearing of flowing whiskers and no less flowing *kapotas*? . . . Still again, these luckless Divines are accused of substituting “Judaism” for “Yiddishkeit” and of preaching in English. Does our staunch nationalist interpose a brief for Yiddish? Yes, the writer knows and agrees with Zangwill’s famous dictum that a language that has six million adherents needs no defense. But does not Jewish tradition say “*Shema’ bechol lashon she’atah shome’a*”, from which we may reasonably infer that if we are permitted to pray in the vernacular we surely may preach in the vernacular? And is Yiddish any the less removed from Hebrew than English? . . . And still again, because the Conservative

Rabbi, who in most instances does not possess *Hatarat Ho-ra’ah* and therefore is not legally qualified to *pasken sha’alot*, is honest and refers the all-to-rare inquirer to his Orthodox colleague, is he to be hanged in effigy for his straightforwardness and respect for traditional values?

But all these strictures are piddling and puerile, and need only to be mentioned to expose their juvenile quality. If the attack upon the Rabbinate were to be confined to this sort of offensive (in its double meaning), it would be beneath even notice. But the *kategor* does manage in some way or other, *mirabile dictu*, to include one or two issues that are highly relevant, and these ought to be considered.

The first of these is the heinous charge that the Conservative Rabbi gets “busy recently with the bringing up of the young Jewish generation.” What perfidy on the part of the Rabbi. What a *shikkuz meshomem!* What treason to Israel—I mean, to the Jews (for “Israel” is *defendu*). Of course, the fact that Resh Lakish tells us in the name of R. Judah the Prince that ‘*en ha’olam mitkayem ela bishvil hevel tinokot shel bet rabban*’ (*Shabbat* 119 b); and that R. Judah says in the name of Rab, in comment on the verse “*al tigge’u bimshihai*”, “*elu tinokot shel bet rabban*” (ibid); and that *Hinuch Hana’ar* is one of the holiest of Jewish duties (even from a nationalist point of view)—of course, all these sentiments are forgotten by our *kategor*. What colossal impertinence for the Rabbi to busy himself with the consecrated Jewish concern of *Talmud*

*Torah!* What a *hasagat gevul!* Put up the *verboten* sign. Jewish education is too *kodesh* for the Rabbi; for him it is *metameh yadayim*. Leave it, as ye value the sanctity of Israel's continued existence—leave it to Mosinson, to Bialik—to any *epikores*, any *mumar*, either in Palestine or America, equally vicious.

The writer was present at the meeting called by the Z. O. A. and referred to by our *kategor*, the meeting at which our immortal bard distinguished himself by attacking almost ribaldly institutions and men who by their long record of achievement in American Jewish life have deserved well of their people. At that meeting Bialik added to his poetic laurels—for he discussed American Jewish communal problems. At no time did his poetry appear sublimer. The "shaved Rabbis" of whom our doubtless full-bearded *kategor* speaks did not need to stand and warn the delegates to keep their hands off elementary schools (in the interests of absolute truth, and to lay unction to the bleeding soul of the *kategor*, the Conservative Rabbi who bore the brunt of the speaking that day could not really be accused of a "lack of beard"); that little detail (the warning, not the beard) had been attended to in a preliminary conference between the leaders of the Z. O. A. and a committee representing the Rabbinical Assembly (the association of Conservative Rabbis), of which committee the writer was a member. Speaking for myself, we did not know, and we did not care, whether or not the Z. O. A. leaders were intimidated by

us (as a matter of cold fact, one of them had told us he was completely of our mind and in our place would do precisely as we were doing). We acted, according to our best lights, in the interests of American Jewry.

But the noteworthy fact is that the leaders of the Z. O. A. were guided by us. Why? They are not the most malleable or the most sympathetic or the most reasonable people in the world. Why did they accept our counsel? Has not our *kategor* pondered over this fact? Or has he, in keeping with the standard psychological practice (I had almost said orthodox psychological practice, but for him that might be *nevelah*) refused to give cognizance to a fact which would not comport well with his theory? . . . I venture to state the reason. The Z. O. A. administration knew full well what Dr. Alexander Goldstein told the writer some few years ago after his tour through the country, what Nahum Sokolow also told the writer—that *through the length and breadth of America, the main support of all Zionist Organization appeals for Palestine was the Conservative Rabbi*. Not the Orthodox Rabbis, who could, and did frequently, hide behind the *talit* of the *Mizrachi*; not the Reform Rabbis, who could, and did mostly, bury their heads in the soothing sands of super-patriotism; not the radical elements, who insisted on the furthering of their own economic theories—but those very men whom the *kategor* so glibly denounces as "dangerous to our aspirations of a national revival."

Need anything more be said to ex-

pose the utter hollowness of our kind *kategor's* tribute? What shall we say of charges that are so ridiculously flimsy, of thinking that is so patently jaundiced? But let us follow his argument further. He says, in an earlier paragraph, that with this educational organization of the Z. O. A., so unhappily strangled *en ventre sa mere* by the fell machinations of the Conservative Rabbis, it had been hoped to introduce more Zionism into the elementary schools. The implication that can fairly be drawn is that in schools presided over by Conservative Rabbis Zionism is either barred or repressed. Well, let me calm the good *kategor's* agonized spirit by assuring him that in the great majority of Conservative Rabbis' schools, Zionism *has been introduced by the Rabbi*, is fostered, is encouraged by him. Palestinian movies are welcomed; *Hamishah 'Asar Bishevat* celebrations are made much of, and are linked directly with *ge'ulat ha-aretz*; other festal occasions are given nationalist references and interpretations. Palestinian songs, especially those sung by the *halutzim*, are taught the children. Where no or only rudimentary Hebrew schools exist, the Conservative Rabbis institute a Hebrew School or extend its bounds.. The *'Ivrit be'ivrit* system is chiefly used, and one Conservative Rabbi has begun to plan seriously to bring about instruction in his school, and the recital of prayers in the children's Junior Services, in the *mi'vta sefardi*. Mr. Zevi Scharfstein, one of the leading Hebraists and authorities on Hebrew instruction in the country, in the March 16th

number of Hadoär, says in his article "Ha-Rabbi Holech" (p. 307), "*Ha-rabbanim ha-tze'irim*"—and Mr. Scharfstein previously specifies these to be the Conservative Rabbis—"*rubbam hovevim 'ivrit verotzim le-da'attah uleharhib yed'atah*". Does this sound like a throttling of nationalist aspiration in the hearts of our children, does this tend to a diminishing of the Palestinian influence in our schools and congregations, does this give evidence of a defeatist and static, or a really dynamic, broad-gauged, far-sighted vision of Jewish life and present-day Jewish aspiration?

All this, I repeat, is characteristic of the work of the Conservative Rabbi, wherever his Congregation. You will find it true of him in New York City, in Texas, in Oregon. You may be able to point to a handful whose work does not accord with this. If so, they are either not genuinely "conservative" or they are chained by either a so-called "orthodox" or an equally misnamed "liberal" spirit triumphant in the bourgeoisie of their Boards of Directors, and against which, make no mistake about it, they have struggled. It is the Conservative Rabbi who has made the children of his school revere the *Hatikvah*, love Palestine, speak Hebrew, throb with loyalty to their people and their people's dreams and works. He it is who, finding their bodies in the West, has turned their childish hearts, like that of Yehudah Ha-levi, toward the East. And he could not have done this if he spoke out of a spreading beard, or if he paraded solemnly in lissom coats that swept the ground,

or if he addressed these children of America in the language which to them is *pasul* as the language of the Ghetto . . .

Does he insist, finally, upon religious values in his curriculum? By all means. That is why he will not hesitate to use his influence immediately and openly when he considers these values threatened. To him life without some mystic element, life to the Jew and to the Jewish people without some mystic element, is unthinkable. That is how he has read Jewish history and how he regards Jewish life. On that point you may disagree with him—but if you do, the chances are rather in favor of thirty-five hundred years of Jewish history disagreeing with you. And to conserve this mystic element, and to preserve these historic associations, he pleads for substantial compliance with Jewish tradition. If the *kategor* were of fair or understanding disposition, he would realize this, and repeat with Mr. Scharfstein: (*sham*) "*Ha-rav hammevakesh moreh lehanach et hayeladim beruah hadat, harehu sheliah zibur veneeman letafkido.*" For the motto of the Conservative Rabbi, by which he guides his life's work, is this, and no grander phrase ever came to the hearts of Israel's sons: *Kudsha berich hu, oraita, veyisrael, had hu . . .*

This is the man our *kategor* so childishly rebukes; this is he who is so heedlessly, so naively, termed a danger to the aspirations of his people . . . How shall we estimate *kategor*? We may again have recourse to Mr. Scharfstein: (*sham*) "*Ha-moreh ha-ivri hamistamesh 'al ha-nigudim ha-eleh, mevakesh shelo midda'at lehazdik et hashkafato vedarcho hayyav beene 'atzmo ube'ene aherim . . . Kategor's* prejudice is very much alive, but his thinking is really obsolete; it died with the Haskalah. Let us be charitable, and, denying ourselves the pastime of psycho-analyzing him, allow the dead past to bury its dead; *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*. But before again spreading a *bilbul* against the whole class, a class moreover that has enjoyed for the greater part of Jewish history the reverence and affection of the Jewish people, a class that today stands high in their esteem, let him stifle the temptation to indulge in an orgy of denunciation because in one or two instances facts may seem to furnish fuel to the fire of his dislike. *Kategor*, in company with our other self-admittedly literary brethren, might with profit think on the adjuration, *Hahamin hizharu bedivrechem*, and by the act attempt the novel experience of the state.



## THE BELLY-PUNCHER

By ERWIN MUSCOVICH

**T**HE Belly-puncher, the why and wherefore of whom shall be hereinafter duly set forth, is, to borrow a phrase recently coined by the biologists, a specimen of emergent evolution. Just as new environmental conditions bring about changes in the organisms dependent upon them, so has the American environment evolved a new type of Jew.

Like many others of that growing band of students to whom a change of environment is necessary if they are not to be stultified in academic halls of learning, I sought to exchange, for a summer, the freshness of a Western college for my habitual haunts in an Eastern University. Summer, then, found me in the Western metropolis which is graced by the University of Chicago, devoting my mornings to the study of books and my afternoons to their sale. My knowledge of Judaica led me to specialize in that field. I used to take the interurban buses running out of Chicago to such Indiana communities as Gary, Hammond, and Whiting and other outlying villages. Walking down the main business street, I used to pick out some undoubtedly Jewish firm. I usually managed to pick up sufficient information about the merchants of the vicinity to prevent my approaching some Italian in the hopes of selling him Graetz' History of the Jews, in six volumes, at a wonderful bargain. I must confess

that this, too, happened often enough; though I can recall no Italian discourteous enough to laugh because he was offered some Judaica.

In this fashion I met the belly-puncher at his best; stalked him in his lair, as it were, by trying to sell him some Jewish cultural matter in his place of business. Be it recorded that my rather ingenious plan of financing myself succeeded, so that I was able to observe him with amusement rather than with bitterness.

He may be seen any afternoon around three o'clock, during the lull of the business day, standing, or rather, leaning, against the entrance to his store. In the corner of his mouth a cigar, or what was one, pitched at an inclination of some sixty degrees toward the heavens. His eyes follow the passers-by, paying particular attention to the ankles of the fair ones. His hair is thinning, and his forehead is encroaching on regions once luxuriant. One of his arms, stretched above his head, is the stay wherewith his body is supported against the impressive glass of his modern front windows. The other is quite unconsciously, but conspicuously, placed against his already protruding belly, slightly to one side. The fingers, radiating out from the palm, seem to embrace severally and collectively that portion of his anatomy. A thumb, inserted in a conveniently placed vest pocket, offers the support

for that customary position with a minimum expenditure of energy.

The hand rises in a casual wave. An acquaintance has passed. It resumes its place. The fingers play a varying and spasmodic tattoo against the belly. The behaviorist must turn introspectionist. It is after dinner, business is fair, there is the home, the car, and of course, the wife and baby. That little investment made last year has every prospect of yielding a tremendous return. Weren't there rumors to the effect that a car line would be built right past his lot? Up shoots his hand—but this time with energy, with precision. His stomach is momentarily drawn in. One's visual focus is shifted from the vest to the smile which wreathes his face. The eyes are casting benevolent good will in the direction of a passing figure whose sure stride befits the neat blue uniform which clothes it. Police Captain Connor. Fine chap. Friendly. Very useful acquaintance in a pinch. As the object of the salute passes, back goes the hand to its perch, but now with a rapid tattoo, as though to awaken about his equatorial regions some sympathetic response to a weighty stimulus. It is no little honor, surely, to be singled out of the Jewish community, with a few other choice souls, as a prospect for membership in the local Masonic lodge. And he would be admitted. He would not be embarrassingly black-balled as Sid Bernstein had been six years before. The Jews had been undesirable then. Their growing economic importance in the city had rendered them much less so now. At thoughts

of this triumph—the fingers make a positive caress of the stomach as in loving satisfaction.

He is Jewish. Babbitt does not mean him, for while Babbitt's stupidities are his stupidities, he has a few of his own which Babbitt does not share. These arise out of the fact that his very Jewishness presents problems which he neither perceives, comprehends, nor solves. As we picture him, he is from the provinces. There he is confronted, as a result of contacts with Gentiles, with particular problems which the cloak-and-suiter or shoe merchant of New York does not have occasion to face.

Nor may we underestimate the extent of these problems in the individual and communal life of American Jewry, where blind effort takes the place of intelligent dealing. The *belly-puncher* is in the peculiar position of many of his kind who are assimilating American life with all its objectionable superficialities. He is a member of a race temporally and geographically transcendent, in the sense that he has time and space attachments which, if heeded, should effectively broaden his interests and his sphere of activities. The neglect of the mental and historical factors of his origin, development, and social status leads him to over-emphasize ineffective and unimportant aspects of life in a new environment. In his desire to get away from one set of group limitations, he is placing himself directly under the sway of another set of group limitations. If they are not those of the narrow vision of the Ghetto, they are those of the nar-



rower vision of Main Street. To the intellectual such a change, which loses the spiritual qualities of racial traditions, is abhorrent. Only the Belly-puncher could be satisfied—and he is. The ineffectiveness of his adjustments is apparent to everyone, including, one suspects, the Gentile for whose approval they are being made. They are not apparent to himself.

I entered the store of such a one during the course of a visit to some small town. The proprietor was at the moment being solicited by representatives of the United Palestine Appeal. While I waited unobtrusively, he delivered an harangue on the subject of Judaism, Nationalism, Zionism et al.

"Now, listen," he was saying, "what is the use of all this fuss about Zionism? We are contented here. Do you expect me to move my store to Palestine to sell pants to a bunch of old-fashioned fogies with long curls? If I've got to give money, there's the

hospital we're building here. We can use all our money right here in our own town. There's no use talking old-fashioned notions about Judaism, Zionism, and that stuff to me. That's good enough for Europe where they don't know any better. I have my own notions about them. Do you want to see my flag? Here it is!" And taking a dollar bill out of his pocket, he waved it under the noses of his hearers. "That," he continued, "is what counts here, and not a lot of crazy dreams and ideas that are a hundred years behind the times."

Expostulations on the part of the solicitors were cut short by a pronouncement which ended their hopes even as it did mine.

"There's no use talking, gentlemen," he said impatiently, with a sort of rude finality: "You're only wasting your breath. It's getting late, and I've just reminded myself that I have to go to Shul. I've got Yahrzeit."



## IN A MADHOUSE

By TALUSH

**T**HE large, gloomy building with its two high towers and iron grated windows stood on a lonely hill and had the appearance of an ancient fortress.

Inside a large court-yard, fenced in on all sides, lonely and sick individuals wandered, looking like terrified shadows and absorbed in their own fantastic worlds. And on cold autumn nights, when the winds howled furiously, it seemed as if a mingled confusion of voices were let loose in that madhouse and that uproarious noises like the muffled tunes of ancient musical instruments were heard, as if knights of old, together with their ladies, were holding wild orgies in their castles, acclaiming their victories in heroic battles and celebrating with joy their happy and glorious youth.

The head attendant tied a white apron round me, handed me a bunch of keys, and led me through a long corridor into the court-yard. "Keep an eye on them" were his instructions. "They are quiet people. One of them is a Russian like yourself," he pointed at a figure in a distant corner of the yard.

He left me and I remained alone with those unfortunates, and before I had time to look about me I was accosted by a stout young man, slightly stooped, his hair closely cropped, and with wide open eyes in which a frightened look hovered. His gloomy face and bent figure reflected terror and infinite yearning.

"I have the honor," he addressed me in a somewhat shrill, female voice that did not seem at all in accord with his figure. "I am the Prince of India. . . . You know that over there, in a crystal palace, a marvelously beautiful princess is awaiting me. . . . But I am kept a prisoner. Those white-skinned assassins hold me here in captivity. . . ."

Then all of a sudden he burst into a shrill laugh and moved away.

No sooner had the "Prince" gone than a tall, gaunt young man ran up to me. He was blond, with naive blue eyes, and his face bore an extremely troubled expression.

"Please tell me what time it is," he asked very politely of me. "I am in a great hurry. I have to be at the railroad station exactly at two o'clock. My sweetheart is leaving for the mountains. She is very ill."

I smiled.

"Oh, it is still early; the clock has not struck two yet?" he went on again, looking at me with an anxious, troubled expression in his childish blue eyes. "For two years I was out of employment, could not obtain any work, and did not possess a sou, and she, my sweetheart, was coughing all the time and spitting blood. Then one day I was sitting in a cafe writing a letter to a certain society, asking them to give me some employment . . . . So it is not two o'clock yet? I have to be at the railroad station at two, you know. . . . I even went to Paris, but there I did not get

any work either; and my sweetheart continued to be ill . . . so I went to her sister and asked her to loan me some money. She refused. I grew angry and boxed her ears. Then I ran out of the house, picked up a large stone and placed it on the railway tracks . . . Excuse me, I am in a terrible hurry."

And suddenly he clutched his head with both hands and hurriedly ran about the yard asking of everyone what time it was.

Then a third approached me. He was a small dark man, with eyes that did not rest for a minute. He had a pointed nose. He forced everyone to feel his Adam's apple and swore that there were two gold coins in his throat.

"How long have you been here?" I asked the boy.

"About two months," he answered. "I am not insane. They put me in here because of theft. . . . I was a clerk in a store and stole some money from my employer's cash-box——"

"Why did you steal?"

"Because I loved girls. . . . It was for them that I stole from my employer," he answered in a low voice.

I went over to another part of the court, where two epileptic Italians were sitting at a large table playing dominoes. Not far from them, leaning against a wall, stood a fat man, an idiot. He had a big goitre in his neck and in his right hand he held a cane with which he was making signs in the air, signs which no one understood. While engaged in this occupation, he kept following the movements of his own shadow. At the other end of the table a young man

of some twenty-odd years was sitting. His face was pale and he had strong Jewish features. I understood that this must be the "Russian" whom the head attendant mentioned. I went up to him, gave him my hand and addressed him in Russian.

He was overjoyed and asked me how I happened to be there. Then he began to talk all about himself, asking me all the time to be patient and to listen to him till he finished, although I did not evince any signs of impatience.

"I am not a madman. I am merely exhausted and worn out," he said, taking hold of my hands now and then. "They have locked me in here. . . . You know that our lives, the lives of the political refugees, are full of hardships and misery! Not a bit of joy or pleasure. We are crowded together in dark narrow holes, called rooms, where it is impossible to breathe and sleep at night. From the dark corners slowly appear shadows of comrades who have been tortured to death in various prisons or executed on the gallows. Slowly they emerge from the darkness and stare at us with their wide-open eyes, eyes that bulge and stare and in which the terror of death is reflected. We hear their voices, voices so agreeable, so dear and youthful. They lament their young lives cut short by the hangman. My heart becomes contracted, and I join in their weeping and wailing and feel as if I were being cramped between iron bands."

The assistant director, Dr. Weiterman, a tall, well-built man, came up to us. He was blond and a heavy

scar marked his left cheek. The sick man rose to greet him.

"Well, David, how are you?" the doctor asked him. "Are you pleased with our new attendant? Now you will have some one to talk to in your own language."

"Let me out of here!" the sick man began to plead. "You know that I am well and that I am shut in here for no reason at all."

"Calm yourself," the doctor answered, gazing thoughtfully at David's large eyes.

The doctor went away and we were left alone. "How cruel those people are!" David began to talk again. "Everybody is cruel . . . Even she, Rachel, is cruel. . . . And I believed in her so much! But just because I was a workman I was not good enough for her. Not even now can I forget that evening when we first met! A winter night it was and very cold. A thick snow was falling, just as on those winter nights at my old home. It was at an entertainment of political emigrants that I became acquainted with her. Everybody was in good humor and sang; I alone sat in a secluded corner and knew not why my heart was aching. . . . And then when dancing began, she, Rachel, came up to me and dragged me into the whirl. She was attired in a black dress, a red rose pinned to her breast. . . . We danced for a long time, when all of a sudden my head went dizzy and I fell to the floor. Strange fires began to blaze before my eyes. . . . Rachel suddenly became very tall and the red rose took fire on her breast. . . . We became very good friends since that evening, but not for

long. She went about complaining that she devoted much of her time to me, grumbled that on my account she was neglecting her studies. And once when I was walking with her, I was seized with the same weariness and depression of heart. My head began to swim, and I fell down. People gathered about me and they saw me lying on the ground in a fit and endeavoring to pull out the flagstones with my finger nails. . . . And this did not suit her. Now it is nearly three months that I have been languishing here. . . ."

Just at that moment I heard somebody behind my back choking with laughter. I turned and saw a clumsy little fellow with thin legs and a big closely shaven head. It was a patient who suffered from fits such as choking with laughter.

How terribly his laughter sounded! With knees bent he ha-ha'd, his face wrinkled with laughter. Then he lay down on the ground. His laughter became very loud, then louder and louder, writhing convulsively with his whole awkward body. His laughter swept like a gale, catching and infecting the others. All the inmates who happened to be nearby burst forth into loud laughter, and it seemed as if all the windows were rattling and shaking, and that the court-yard which was flooded with sunshine was clutched in the convulsion of the insane man's roarings.

Two weeks passed before I accustomed myself to my surroundings and to be calm while looking after the inmates. At first I found it impossible to remain unmoved, and each time I had to hear their prattle, their wailings, and their fits, I thought

that I, too, would become insane. The nights especially were unbearable. Nightmares tortured me which caused me to think of the world as a large desert over which insane people were dragging themselves — their faces stamped with sorrow and suffering and their eyes burning with longing, pain, and anguish.

Nearly all the inmates with whom one could talk rationally at times believed that they were perfectly sound and sane and that they had been lured into the asylum. Sometimes I would stop one of them and ask: "Have you been ill long?"

"Who, I?" he would answer with astonishment. "I am a perfectly healthy man."

"Then what are you doing here?"

"I do not know. . . . They lured me here. . . ."

Two patients—Jews—from another ward were placed in my charge. One was a very aged man, a native of Switzerland, by the name of Meyer. He was of very small stature, very stout, with restless eyes and with a thin grey beard. He had been confined to the asylum for a number of years for some crime. When he was first placed in this madhouse, he was very wild and several times made attempts to take his life, but finally he got tired of the cold packs which were given him. Now he was assisting the attendants in their work and had more freedom than the others. When he went about the ward he kept talking about his family who had turned from him and abandoned him completely. On visiting days old Meyer would hide himself away. It affected him to tears to hear how tenderly the relatives

and friends of the inmates talked to them. In the evenings he loved to stand at the window, drum on the panes with his finger-nails and stare wistfully into the distance where the lights were kindling in the numerous houses, and a deep sigh would issue from his breast, and he would murmur, "It is lost! . . . Lost! . . ."

The second man was called Mendel Colin, a former University student. He was a tall and sallow young man, with large eyes which looked sullenly from under two thick dark eyebrows. I was told that he became insane quite suddenly. He came to Switzerland with his fiancée, Marusa, and one day, when he was out for a walk with her in a public garden which was thronged with people, he suddenly became struck with terror, and, pressing closely to his fiancée, like a little child, his whole body trembling, he began to cry, "Marusa, spies are following me everywhere, Marusa, I am afraid. . . . Let us run away from here at once, Marusa. . . ."

When walking up and down the garden, he kept aloof from the rest, always imagining that everyone was a spy. Frequently he would challenge Dr. Weiterman to a duel, calling him "spy," "coward." He suspected that Dr. Weiterman was intercepting his letters to Marusa in which he begged her to see that he be enabled to make his escape from the prison in which he was confined by spies.

There were moments when his reason returned, and on such occasions it was very pleasant to listen to him. He would describe things and events very interestingly, and he had much to narrate, for he was a very intelligent man,

much-travelled and with experience in life. We, the attendants, would most willingly and attentively listen to him but suddenly, in the midst of his conversation, he would forget what he was talking about and again begin to stride about the court.

It was a murky morning. Dark mists of rainy clouds wandered in the sky and hung over our heads. The inmates of the fourth ward, where I was in charge, were not permitted to go outdoors. The head attendant told me to keep them on the veranda.

I cleared the table and waited for the sky to clear up so that I could take the patients into the yard. The two epileptic Italians were engaged in playing cards, at a nearby table, and the "Prince of India" seated himself comfortably in a soft chair and smacked his lips. For the tenth time that morning he introduced himself to me in a gallant manner and told me stories about his fair princess and of the magnificent castle she was living in. The idiot retreated to a corner, and symptoms of his horrible convulsive laughter made themselves noticeable on every wrinkle of his face. Another man, a hopeless hypochondriac, supported himself against the wall and fixed his eyes on the ground. His lean, bent figure, and his face covered with dark whiskers, told worlds of sufferings. A silent modest youth, who had violated his own mother, stood at his side and related to him about immoral houses with an air as if he had been there the night before.

And David strode nervously up and down the veranda. It was easy to see that something was wrong with him.

I never noticed before any symp-

toms of insanity in him. He was only constantly melancholy and his face never bore a smile. Not a day would pass without his talking about Rachel and himself; he could never forget his first meeting with her, and grief and anguish gnawed at his heart and kept consuming it.

David went into the half-dark passage which divided the veranda from the ward. I followed him, but he begged me to leave him alone, and then one of the epileptic Italians fell to the floor, so I did not trouble myself about David and ran to help the Italian.

When a few minutes later I entered the dark narrow passage I found David sitting on the floor. He had put the belt of his Russian blouse round his neck and stretching his legs against the door threw his head backwards. He tried to hang himself. Terror-stricken, I ran up to him. On seeing me he broke out into hysterical weeping.

A few days later I was on night duty in the fourth ward where David was confined to bed for a month.

On the little table a small oil lamp burned dimly. The patients were very restless and I was kept busy every minute quieting them. From a bed in a far-off corner the unceasing murmuring, "Cut off my head! Cut off my head!" was heard. It was old, sallow Emil, a former village schoolmaster, who imagined that his head was laden with heavy cold lead which kept weighing it down to the ground.

Another sick man gave me not a moment's peace. He was a Frenchman, a former restaurant waiter. He would come rushing to me, and with the air of a waiter would ask me:

"What do you wish, sir? Two bottles of Madeira? A cigar? You will get it immediately."

Suddenly David called me; I went up to his bed.

"Why don't you sleep?" I asked him.

"I can't," he answered.

And he began to talk about his Rachel, about their long walks on such nights as this, and how he used to tell her how good it felt to be in love. Suddenly his eyes became glued to a corner:

"My God!" he cried in agony, "Here they are again. See, here is Vania! He wears a long white blouse and his eyes glisten. They are flashing fire . . . Vania, dear Vania!" and he began to weep.

Once when the trees raged angrily and exhausting flowers swayed on their stems, the idiot suffered from a hemorrhage caused by his laughter. His fit had lasted much longer than usual. Half asleep I sat at my official table and it seemed to me that strange, pale creatures made their way by force into the asylum. They laughed and with silvery thin ribbons wound round their naked willowing bodies, twisted together and whirled in a mad circle; and around, on winged wild horses black princesses were leaping, catching them up.

When I awoke I went up to the bed where the idiot was lying. He was dead, and on his waxen, wrinkled face a suffering laugh was frozen.

Two guards carried out the dead body. Two days later the idiot was forgotten completely and life in the fourth ward went on as usual.

Sometimes Dr. Weiterman would come in after lunch. During those hours he was well disposed and in good humor and liked to spend a little time with the inmates.

He would first go up to David's bed and the same conversation would be repeated about the Russian revolution and the secret terrorists who were languishing in exile, in cold distant Siberia, and who, though under the load of heavy iron chains, sing monotonous songs.

"Please sing me such a song," the doctor would ask him, and David sang whatever came into his head, and from the other beds frightened faces would stare at them. Then he would go up to Emil's bed. Recognizing the doctor, Emil would murmur pitiously, "Cut off my head! Cut off my head!"

"Presently, my friend," the doctor would answer.

The little sallow Emil would leave his bed and, looking about him, his dry blue lips would mutter some unintelligible words. I would place him close against the wall, and the doctor measuring a few paces backward would take aim at him with his hands, shouting, "Bang!" "Crash!" "Ready!"

Emil would shiver, then he would feel his head with both hands and on finding it was still on his shoulders would again implore pitiously, "Cut off my head!"

Sundays and Thursdays were visiting days, and relatives and friends would come to see the inmates. Meyer, as usual, would hide himself. The first visitor to appear was always Emil's mother, an old woman whose eyes

were forever moist with tears. She always brought fruit for him and for the other patients, for whom she felt a motherly tenderness. She would seat herself beside her son and shed silent tears while listening to his pitiful murmuring. Then she would go to each bed and distribute the fruit.

A pretty young woman with a gentle and pensive face would come up to visit a blacksmith whose loss of reason was caused by a heavy blow on the head. A deep sorrow and sadness marked each movement of hers. Silently she would sit down on the edge of his bed, take his hands into hers and cover them with kisses and fix her eyes on his melancholy face.

The waiter was visited by a distant relative. A lean, sallow peasant woman with a goitre in her neck. She would pour out her heavy and troubled heart to the insane man; complained that her husband drank, was lazy and beat her, and that the fields were neglected. The waiter would roll up his large staring eyes, nod his head and murmur. The head attendant would look and laugh at them, but it did not hinder the peasant woman from continuing to pour out her woes of ill-luck to the sick man.

Every morning David would call me to him and relate stories of the terrible pictures that he saw at night. That he was wandering over a valley which was strewn with the murdered bodies of his comrades. Black crows were pecking at them. The sky was crimson and broken clouds were hanging low over the earth's surface. He wanders in the valley all alone, weeps and kisses the cheeks of the dead, wiping away the blood of their un-

covered wounds. Once he told me that Rachel came to him. She talked amiably to him as she used to in olden days, promising to take him away from here.

The next day a comrade came to see him and informed him that Rachel had left the town. David said nothing, but later he had a terrible fit. He cried and sobbed and tore his shirt off his body and struggled violently with the attendants who put him in a straight-jacket.

Then he was put into another ward where there were three beds. In one of them lay Mendel Colin, who recently had given the doctor a slap in the face. In the second was a deaf and dumb Italian. For days he had been raving like a wounded animal, scratching at the walls, his mouth foaming.

When the tall, strong attendants put David into the third bed and tied his hands, he still cried and sobbed they should let him go to his Rachel.

The flowers in the garden and in the churchyard had long faded. I am leaving the asylum. I went up to David. He was lying on his bed terribly exhausted and worn and murmuring, "I am tired and worn out. I am not insane, not insane!"

Quickly I left this terrible and frightful house, descended the hill, and again it seemed to me that from the madhouse issued mingled voices resembling the smothered tunes of ancient musical instruments, as if knights of old, together with their ladies, were holding a wild and hilarious festival, acclaiming their success in heroic battles and celebrating with joy their glorious and happy youth.



## THE ANGLO-JEWISH PRESS OF AMERICA

By HAROLD BERMAN

The fall of the French Monarchy, together with the old feudal order, towards the end of the eighteenth century, was due as much to the power of the newspaper and the pamphlet as to any other of the many causes that contributed to its overthrow. In the parliamentary meetings that took place immediately preceding the Revolution, as well as in the convention that followed it, the Fourth Estate, so named in order to distinguish it from the three other venerable estates, or orders of Nobility—the Crown, the Church and the Noblesse—was represented and had a voice in the proceedings for the very first time in history. The words uttered by the journalist and the pamphleteer found an echo in the halls of the deliberating assembly, a willing or unwilling ear on the part of the rest of the people, who vaguely surmised that a new force had arisen in the land, and that hereafter it will not be the voice of the Crown, the Church or the Nobility that the people will have to listen to, but the voice of the press—the voice of the newest Estate to be established among men. In due course of time the fourth and youngest Estate came to occupy a place where it overshadowed, and even somewhat completely superseded, all the other Estates. The voice of the Press became more powerful than all other voices in life's orchestra!

In America the Jew, who is a comparative new-comer, has managed to create a double-barreled Fourth Es-

tate; a press that has assumed two distinct forms, or media, of expression. He created a daily and weekly press in the vernacular Yiddish that he brought along with him from the countries of his origin, and one, mostly a weekly press, in the language of the country of his adoption, English. But the difference between the two is so thoroughgoing and fundamental that it would be difficult, indeed, to recognize that it was practically one and the same people that had wrought both. For after all, it was but the sons and daughters of the very same immigrants that had brought forth the Anglo-Jewish press of America, and not the natives or the sons of Colonial or post-Colonial days who, if they went into Journalism at all, embraced the general journalism of the country and not the specifically Jewish kind. The difference was only in the age of one's arrival, postulating that one possessed the talent and the urge to write. If one arrived on American shores at 30, he wrote Yiddish for the rest of his days; if he arrived at thirteen, he wrote English, either for the Jews or for the general public.

But it was far more than mere language in which the two differed. It was also in content and form, even as the newspapers themselves differed radically from one another. The Yiddish newspaper was an organ for the masses. It sprang from the need of the masses and in response to their desires, and, hence, always was the mirror of their daily needs and aspira-

tions. It always reflected their moods, their tastes, their feelings, their interests. It looked out upon the world's stage from the vantage point of the East European Jew, the Jew in the *mass* and not in the *class*, who was a creature apart, with utterly different outlooks, tastes and estimates of things.

This press, being mostly a daily press, and serving the needs of hundreds of thousands of human beings who read no other press, and who at the very same time also had many and sundry economic, social and political problems and interests, naturally had to be alive, and stay alive, each and every day of its existence. The tens of thousands of Jewish shop-workers in the garment trade had strikes, lockouts, slack and busy seasons to face, working conditions, wages, etc. to discuss and argue out; the Americanization problem to ponder over; the position of their relatives and friends abroad to think of; the education of their young to provide for, and so on and so forth. All of that superadded to the fact that this press had behind it the tradition of the long established Jewish press in Eastern and Central Europe, and that the writers themselves had matured as writers in the country of their origin and previous to their arrival, gives you the explanation of the being and the form of the Yiddish press in America.

The Anglo-Jewish press, on the other hand, came into being in response to the needs of the purely religious and social (with a capital S) needs of the Reform Rabbis and their

communities, who were mostly, if not altogether, English-speaking men and women belonging to the upper middle classes; more or less formally educated and neither hand workers nor struggling small merchants, but well provided from the world's store of goods. These people shared none of the problems, tastes or interests of their immigrant, Yiddish-speaking and hard working brothers. They lived in an entirely different atmosphere, spoke a different language and thought different thoughts. And when they created a press it was a press that was to satisfy their congregation and religious needs, or, at most, to record their social doings.

This species of newspaper, so-called, was projected by a Rabbi, edited by a Rabbi and its pages filled in by the contributions of Rabbis who reprinted their sermons or discussions of things congregational or communal, or by amateur laymen writers who frequently did not know how to write at all, and the subject matter of whose writing was far removed from the daily life of the people and its many problems.

As a matter of fact, the *editorial scissors* far overbalanced in importance all the above elements. To be an editor of an Anglo-Jewish newspaper in the earlier days, one needed above everything else to have a good pair of scissors with which to cut out pieces of Jewish news (never mind how stale they were at the time they got to the reader!), from various foreign Jewish newspapers after they arrived here from the other side, to clip entire articles and stories from these

same newspapers and periodicals, send them to the printer and publish them without giving credit either to the source or their author, and similar 'clever' sleight-of-hand acts. The best and handiest source for such clever "scissors exercise" in those earlier days of Anglo-Jewish Journalism was the "Jewish Chronicle", that venerable and industrious English weekly that for many years was the premier news gatherer in the Jewish field, presenting as complete a budget of Jewish news week by week from every part of the world as it was humanly possible to gather from our universally-scattered nation. But woe betide the poor editor if the Jewish Chronicle failed to arrive on any one week! Then, and for that week at least, it was the same sort of a calamity as the drying up of the water-hole is to the traveler in the parched desert, or to the hungry man when he finds that his last crust is gone and there is no copper left in his pocket with which to buy another! Then our hapless editor had to have recourse to his reserves; fall back on some Talmudic tale, or on some old German writer on Jewish life, or even on philosophy or exegesis, with which to fill up the gaping void of his blank pages. And usually, there was ample provision made in advance against just such a misfortune, by providing oneself with a full-dimensioned "morgue", a morgue in which reposed the serried ranks of news items, articles and stories industriously clipped and salted away in order to ward off just such a calamity, God save us and protect us!

Yet even those happy-go-lucky days

of the Anglo-Jewish press were as nothing to the happiness and the glory that were to come later on. In those early days an editor of a paper had to know something of Jewish literature, old and new, and had to know how to write and how to convey his thoughts. This is no longer the case. With the coming into the field of the Jewish Telegraphic Agency, with its daily news bulletin and its ready-made articles that are sent out from time to time to all its subscribers, a truly Messianic era has dawned for the Anglo-Jewish press. The editorial shears, that venerable adjunct of the Sanctum, have been deposed from their place of honor and given to the Junkman or to the Janitor; an editor no longer needs to plough through a heap of newspapers and periodicals in order to find his weekly ration of reading matter; nor, for that matter, does he have to know anything at all of Jewish literature, history or life in order to carry on his trade. All these are no longer needed in order to exercise his function. Indeed, the writer of this article knows of more than one case where a retired clothier, a realtor who has laid by his "pile", a furrier with a couple of prosperous seasons behind him, or any other member of the *petite Bourgeoisie*, provided with a competence and a desire to occupy a place of honor and power in the community, has blossomed out into a "Mr. Editor" over night and has gotten away with it!

It is entirely true that most of these papers look like a "Ford car" and possess all the properties of one. Their parts are "interchangeable". When laid

side by side and the title pages are removed no one can tell one from the other. They all carry the identical 'features', the same news and articles. But that is only for the expert to tell, and not only this, but one must needs see a dozen or more of them at one time in order to realize the mass-production and the "assembling" features of them. To the inexperienced reader, the trick is pretty well covered up and succeeds admirably. And so, that *genre* of newspaper that began in the rabbi's study and was intended to be the mouth-piece of a congregation and the social circle or the charity society has now, by the grace of a certain news agency, become the plaything and the handy tool of an entirely different class of people; the social climber and the ambitious man of means of the smaller community, who finds this an excellent medium through which to advance his social ambitions and to become a power in that community where he has already made his fortune. And if he is fortunate enough to connect with a good advertising man, then his Weekly may even become a good financial venture as well, and yield him a handsome return on an investment that frequently amounts to nothing at all.

There is, of course, no rule without its exceptions; and it is even so in the case of the press under discussion here. While the "Scissors Editor" predominates, and his tribe musters the greatest number of followers in the field of Anglo-Jewish Journalism, it does not completely per-empt it.

There still is a body of journals and journalists numerically small but quali-

tatively very important, who know their trade, take their work seriously and try earnestly to do an honest job and have a platform as well as an intelligent outlook upon life. They have taste, they have ideals, they have culture, they have ambition, the desire to create, to serve. And their product compares well with the better class magazine produced by the non-Jewish editor for the thinking and cultivated general reader, each in its own chosen field and class.

As a publication of this latter sort, we have the *Menorah Journal*, a magazine that comprehensively surveys happenings in the Jewish field—literary, artistic, political and social, and treats of all these in a manner and style befitting the intellectually mature reader.

One would perhaps be tempted to include also the *Reflex* in this category, if its youthful spirit were less ebullient and mercurial, if it were less buoyant and prankish, less inclined to poke fun and more ready to be constructively sedate and well-behaved. However, the attempt is there, and it is an attempt worthy of the man of great ambition and boundless desire to be of service. One need not be ashamed of it by any means, while at the same time feeling certain that when it emerges from the period of babyhood and childhood, when it is through with its teething and the colics and the measles, it will be an ornamental addition to our by-no-means rich press in English. One ought to add perhaps the *Bnai Brith Magazine*, organ of the Order B. B.,

which is also making an earnest attempt, though on a more modest scale, to give its pages content and tone and itself, an outlook and philosophy. One may also include the *Jewish Forum* which, though once again a party, or group, organ, nevertheless publishes from time to time articles that have a value, a 'wherefore?' and a 'whither?' capable of an answer, if and when these questions are posited from that certain, restricted, standpoint. And

whn one has named *The New Palestine*—once again a party organ, but well-edited and containing a variety of excellent material in its field—and has included *The Young Judean* and *Young Israel* — both juvenile publications, and both well handled—then I am sure, that one has fairly exhausted his field; the field untainted by the presence of the "Scissor-sermon-social-gossip-advertising" Jewish Journalism of America.

## THE ART OF MAN

By ALBERT HERSCHAL

I have seen flowers wither in their beauty,  
And green leaves fade to brown;  
The place of love usurped by duty,  
The honest toil exchanged for booty,  
The smile lost in a frown.

For men, and all things, live in borrowed treasure,  
Whose donor they cannot know,  
Who shares a moment without measure  
A lavish spell of godly pleasure,  
Which falls like the sunset glow.

Then withered blossoms droop—and resigned,  
Remember whence they came;  
But man, more noble wrought of mind,  
Clings to the magic of a name,  
Blows the dead embers to a flame  
And gropes—for a fate more kind.

Love's gone. A new spring brings new roses red,  
A new love to the heart;  
But, blind, man sees the rose is dead,  
Yet not his vanished love as fled,  
And beckons it with art.

Will cherish it with dutiful phrase  
And habits staid caress;  
Forbids the new, the true, always  
Calls winter spring, and offers praise  
To that which cannot bless.

## Gleanings and Comments

### *Adventurers of the Pen*

THE TABLET, a Catholic weekly, published in Brooklyn, New York, compels us to take notice of that good magazine so oddly handled, the *Reflex*. It appears that the February *Reflex* carried an article by the man who sails under the name of Adolphe (why not Adolpho, in correct Spanish?) de Castro, "Retributive Justice in Mexico," wherein the author opines that Mexico is ruled by descendants of Sephardim and the Maranos — at least since the Madero revolution, 17 years ago—and that these descendants of Jews now take revenge on the Catholic Church for its Inquisition,—which had only as recently as in 1761 publicly burned the last Jew.

The *Tablet*, it would seem, is really glad of the opportunity the *Reflex* offers it of "showing up the Jews." For it prefaces its remarks on the de Castro's effusions with the following insinuatory paragraph, in its issue of February the 25th, under the heading, Recent Literature in Mexico.

"Last January, when we had the interview with the American business men on Mexico several subjects were brought up which were not published. One of them, our friends stated, to this effect: Quite a bit of talk in Mexico City ascribes the persecution to the order of international Jews who see a fine opportunity to root out Christianity in Latin-America. We did not print that statement because no concrete substantiation was given, and because we did not believe it."

The editor then proceeds to take the *Reflex* seriously, telling his read-

ers all that that journal says of itself and thus making it appear as if all intellectual Jewry of America speaks through it, and, after quoting liberally the de Castro balderdash, he winds up by saying:

"The article is so narrow it can only hurt the Jews not the Catholics. Certainly Henry Ford with all his inventions never invented such calumnies on the Jews as this publication prints. Assuredly the persecutors of Jews in Rumania will enjoy such a contribution. If the slaughter of Christians by persecuting Neroes — a slaughter which should and does arouse the just indignation even of people making no claim to belong to a persecuted race—makes a holiday for Jewry, then the Christians should know it."

We know of other Catholic publications whose editors had the good sense first to inquire as to whom the *Reflex* really represents and then — to ignore it. . . .

As to the *Reflex* article, it is, at best, a headlong attempt at sensationalism, without the least regard for truth, feeling, or good taste. It is preposterous to look for "Jewish blood" in the veins of the Mexican rulers. There is not a particle of evidence in the case of a single one of them. None is known to the people as of Jewish descent,—and could be no ruler if he were. The Mexican, at least up to recent years when some of our wanderers straggled in, knew of no Jew in the flesh and could not conceive of one. We lived in Mexico and know this to be so.

But supposing there were some, what has this got to do with the Jews? We do not want to be responsible for some of our people about whose blood

there is no doubt at all—as the *Reflex* and its contributors, for instance—, let alone individuals whose remote ancestry may have been Jewish and who are not, and do not want to be, Jews.

*The Tablet*, as our readers have observed, already “knows” that “Quite a bit of Talk in Mexico City ascribes the persecution to the order of international Jews” . . . etc. If the *Reflex* had wished to aid such calumniators of Jewry in Mexico, it could have done no better job than it has. And if Adolphe had a mind to help Calles he chose a way that will bring little comfort to the Mexican President.

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### “Agitation and Cogitation”

THE American Jewish Congress has done, and is doing, great service in the cause of bringing Rumania before the bar of enlightened and effective public opinion, the only way left to us of helping our people in that benighted land. A special March-April issue of *The Index*, just out, is devoted almost entirely to presenting the facts and stating the case against Rumania. It is a complete indictment of that country and it ought to carry conviction even to those “cogitating” Jews and Gentiles who are ever glad to run away from the field of battle.

Speaking of the obstacles interposed by Mr. Marshall, the editorial writer of *The Index*, without mentioning the name of that Jewish leader, says:

“But the full story had not yet been told when misguided and stubborn peace-makers began to direct attention to the utterances of the Roumanian Minister in the United States rather than to the cries of the wounded and afflicted in Rumania.”

It is a pity the American Jewish Congress has not yet found sufficient courage to name the man who has done such harm to the cause of Rumanian Jewry by his “counsel of moderation.” This policy of indirectness merely serves to uphold the Marshall legend and its pernicious effect upon well-meaning friends of the Jewish people; though the case against him is stated strongly and lucidly in the following passage on “The relative merits of agitation and cogitation”:

“Really, this question was answered some fifteen years ago, when Russia refused to recognize the passport of an American citizen of the Jewish faith. Cogitation, the most peaceful and serene cogitation of several years, failed miserably. The agitator of several months succeeded triumphantly. There have been a number of similar instances since that time, notably the attempt to organize American Jewry for action at the Peace Conference, at the conclusion of the Great War. The theory of cogitation suffered an ignominious defeat. The idea of agitation, aggressive action, democratic, all-inclusive organization, won the day.”

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### Officialdom Speaks

WE have received a copy of a lengthy statement prepared by the Zionist office, over the signature of Mr. Isadore D. Morrison, in reply to Mr. Jacob De Haas’ article in the February issue of *THE VANGUARD*. It being intended for the Anglo-Jewish press at large, which has reprinted that article in many parts of the country, we are relieved from the necessity of printing the “rebuttal”.

If we, nevertheless, mention its very

existence, it is to characterize it as the mere personal attack that it is. We do not defend Mr. De Haas: he can take good care of himself. And we are not bound to defend him, as THE VANGUARD does not identify itself with the views of its contributors, it being an independent and open-forum journal calculated to evolve through a dignified and serious discussion, some constructive thought which shall release new energies in Jewish life and Zionism. But we are guided solely by the truth, as we see it, and we cannot pass in silence an attempt deliberately to misrepresent facts and befuddle the public.

Mr. De Haas *did not* say, "The Jew has proven a failure in Palestine." He quoted the statement of "a Zionist of the mild-mannered type" who wrote him: "The fact which stands out is that so far the Jew in Palestine has proven to be a failure." He immediately qualifies it by saying:

"That is too sweeping, but as it is based entirely on a consideration of economic factors, it cannot be construed into a compliment to the economic understanding or policy of the Zionist leadership."

And he concludes his article by stating:

"I revise my correspondent's conclusion. It is not the Jew in Palestine that has proven a failure, for he has not had a chance to succeed. The failure is that of the Zionist Organization which in all its operations is "inebriated with the exuberance of its own verbosity."

The Morrison attack is full of glaring inconsistencies. In one place it says:

"It is unfair to Mr. Justice Brandeis, and libelous of the great body of Ameri-

can Zionists, to continue to misinterpret Mr. Justice Brandeis' withdrawal from American Zionism. It was altogether a personal act, based upon personal motives, and had no relation whatsoever to any act on the part of American Zionists."

While in another, the author blurts out:

"Mr. Justice Brandeis sought to establish a dictatorship over the Zionist movement in London in 1920, and when he saw that such a dictatorship was not possible in American Zionist affairs, due to the failure of the American Zionists to accept his proposals, he withdrew to the sanctity of his study, and there he has remained ever since."

And in yet another place:

"Later, in 1921, when the American Zionists refused to accept a version of Zionism which was not in agreement with their principles, Mr. Justice Brandeis stepped out of American Zionism."

That would seem to show that it was not an "altogether personal act," would it not?

Mr. Morrison opens his rejoinder with the following very interesting bit of information:

"If there is one youthful sin for which I reproach myself, it is that I was personally instrumental in bringing Jacob de Haas out of the London fog to take up his permanent residence in this great republic. As I recall, Theodor Herzl had persuaded Professor Gottheil, then President of the Federation of American Zionists, of which I was Honorary Secretary, to make a place for de Haas in the American Zionist Organization. Prof. Gottheil obeyed the instructions given to him by Theodor Herzl. The Boston Convention elected de Haas as Secretary in his absence, taking the assurance of Prof. Gottheil and myself that the choice was a good one."



The degree of his responsibility for Mr. De Haas' coming to this country, on the strength of his own narrative, seems to us too infinitesimal to be taken seriously, but that it was Dr. Herzl who delegated De Haas to America, is something that speaks volumes for De Haas, we submit.

Mr. Morrison, speaking for the Zionist administration, points to Rabbi Wise and Judge Mack to show that the present leaders were able to draw into their ranks great personalities. In view of the Rabbi's resignation, almost on the same day the circular article was being prepared, the reader will judge for himself how strong the official contention is.

We cannot refrain from puncturing another bubble, that of official Zionist influence in "securing" the Dead Sea Concession. Mr. Morrison beats about the bush, dodges and hedges, in an attempt to make it appear that Novomeysky's connection with the concession is a Zionist victory. Well, a London cable to the *Jewish Morning Journal*, on March the 25th, quotes Colonial Secretary Amery as having stated in the House of Commons that the negotiations with Novomeysky about the concession were still on . . .

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#### "Mr. Marshall's Mistake"

UNDER this caption, the editorial writer of the *Newark Jewish Chronicle* has something to say which will be of interest to our readers. We reproduce the article in full, being ourselves in complete accord with Mr. Solomon Foster, the editorial writer:

"The outstanding event in the Jewish world last year was the heroic fight of Aaron Sapiro and his success in forcing the unqualified apology of Henry Ford. It was significant both for the Jewish people and for the courageous defender of the fair name of Israel. History alone will be able to make the final appraisal of the Sapiro victory both to the Jewish people, as it heightened Jewish self-respect and honor, and to the non-Jewish world, as it warned of prejudice and injustice. But even at this time, we feel confident that the name of Aaron Sapiro, who did not hesitate to engage in a critical combat the commercial Goliath of our age to prove the righteousness of Israel's aims and the falsity of the charges made by our detractors, will be written in letters of gold beside those of Mordecai, Judah Maccabee, Mendelssohn and other worthy leaders of the past.

The enthusiastic welcome which Aaron Sapiro has received wherever he has spoken during the past six months gives some indication of the feeling of gratitude which the Jewish people everywhere naturally feel toward him. The high praise which has been accorded him by Jewish teachers, editors and lecturers and by thoughtful non-Jews who love liberty and value fair play is a tribute to their sense of the heroic.

Only the American Jewish Committee, in its review of the past year's Jewish affairs, chose to ignore completely the tremendous triumph and brilliant service of Aaron Sapiro. Mr. Louis Marshall's recent report as president of the American Jewish Com-

mittee did not fail to note the part he (Marshall) played in preliminary negotiations leading up to the Ford apology. Although his own participation in the event was quite accidental, Mr. Marshall studiously avoids mentioning the name of Aaron Sapiro, who was the principal figure in a historic episode of world significance. Mr. Marshall did not add to the glory of his own reputation when he sought—as is generally known—to have Aaron Sapiro eliminated in the discussion that preceded the fixing of the terms of settlement.

The many battles which Mr. Marshall has fought in behalf of justice to the Jewish people should have made him more generous in according to Aaron Sapiro some credit for doing a service to Jewish welfare and human progress that compares with many of the greatest events in our history. The omission is enough to disgust discerning Jewish readers and observers because it was so unfair, so deliberate and so autocratic.

The story of the episode is thus incomplete, one-sided and perfunctory. Surely a group like the American Jewish Committee, claiming to be a representative Jewish organization, should have given some word of appreciation to the one man responsible for the apology.

What can we expect from non-Jewish societies when a body like the American Jewish Committee refuses to do justice to the Jew? Even if Mr. Marshall had ruled that Aaron Sapiro should not be mentioned in his report, the American Jewish Committee could have voted to give him the recognition

he has earned. Unless the American Jewish Committee has become a mutual admiration society, with Mr. Marshall the pivot on whom the whole work turns, it may still rectify this grievous mistake.

Failure to do it will not hurt Aaron Sapiro nearly as much as it will hurt Mr. Marshall and the American Jewish Committee."

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### *Careless Friends*

MR. I. L. DALIDANSKY of the *Jewish Daily News* is, we believe, a good friend of ours, personally and journalistically,—and that is occasionally a disadvantage. For he presumes to know all about us and does not take the trouble of listening to what is being said at the time.

In the issue of that paper for March the 12th, Mr. Dalidansky takes us to task for having asked of the Bnai Binyamin delegation to give us a clear statement on the attitude of those colonist sons towards Jewish labor in Palestine. He ascribes to us things we did not say and builds the case against us on what he assumes to be our motives. Says he:

"The Vanguard, published by the left wing Zionists in New York, finds that the delegation ought not to be assisted because one of the members is our Itamar Ben-Avi, who defended in his newspaper the unfair action of the Petach-Tikvah colonists. . . The pity is that the Vanguard is otherwise a very good monthly journal, written in downright earnestness, outspoken, and without favor. Of such a magazine a fairer attitude towards the Bnai Binyamin was to be expected."

Proceeding then to enlighten us on

other sins of the selfsame Mr. Ittamar Ben-Avi, our friend rightly wonders what it all has to do with the Bnai Binyamin, and avers that:

"It is simply nonsense to demand of the Bnai Binyamin a written guarantee that none but Jewish labor shall be employed. No one can give such contracts, and if Ben-Avi should give such an undertaking, it would not be worth the paper it were written on...."

That is a peculiar attitude to take, for a man who is quite intelligent enough to know that, as he says:

"We need more and more Jews in Palestine, more settlers on the land and care must be taken that the element shall be a healthy one."

All we want of the Bnai Binyamin is that they shall be centers of Jewish settlements, not nests of effendis in a sea of exploited Arabs, and Jewish labor is the guarantee. A nation must have both its capital and its labor, otherwise it is not a nation. That, we are certain, is the wish of our good friend from the *Jewish Daily News* who was this time too careless and has missed our point of view.

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### Quite Interesting

THE editor of *Dos Yiddishe Folk* has seen fit to send out to his readers the following lampoon, in the issue of March the 23rd:

"Within the last few months a small monthly has made its appearance in New York, *The Vanguard*, edited by Mr. Isaac Zaar. Its very first numbers placed us before an inexplicable problem: The publication started a bitter incendiary campaign against the Zionist leadership in America. The campaign appeared to us

remarkable, not because of its critical character. Criticism, even sharp criticism, would not have surprised us. On the contrary, we should have found it in order and would have been sufficiently impartial to recognize the justification of any serious criticism. The editor of the *Vanguard* is, however, to all appearances, a man of sincerity and himself has supplied us the explanation. In the March issue the editor makes a serious charge against the Zionist Organization: he came to the Zionist Organization to demand an advertisement of the United Palestine Appeal, and his request was not fulfilled. Hearing the grievances of *The Vanguard*, we had our eyes literally opened. Now we know at least the source of the rage. The honorable editor is certainly a man of unusual frankness: He deserves because of that full credit."

When the reader recalls that our first issue appeared on the second of November, while the U. P. A. campaign started on the 15th of February, he will agree with us that it is beneath contempt to comment on such vile aspersions. We have only this to say, that when such methods are indulged in against political opponents, the days of the incumbents are numbered.

We are glad to see that the editor of *Dos Yiddishe Folk* has received the condemnation he so richly merits at the hands of one of his own party. We reproduce, in translation, the following letter, sent by a Zionist of good standing and unquestioned probity of character:

Editor *Dos Yiddishe Folk*  
111 Fifth Ave.  
New York City.  
Dear Sir:—

I have read with resentment your editorial "He Deserves Credit," in the issue of March the 23d. You have commit-

ted a wrong against Mr. Zaar in casting suspicion upon his honesty. Mr. Zaar is not a newcomer in the Zionist world, and his views on Zionist problems are well known.

What right have you to say that Mr. Zaar fights the Zionist administration because no advertisement was placed in his magazine? You state yourself that in the very first numbers he opened a campaign against the Zionist leadership in America. The Vanguard commenced publishing in November, while the advertisement was refused within the last months. The dates do not agree as you see.

It does not befit our official organ to stoop to such methods. For if you cast aspersions on somebody's honesty, others in turn will question your honesty.

I am writing this letter because I wish the expression of dissatisfaction to come from Zionists rather than Mr. Zaar's political friends. I do hope you will print this letter even though it is

not altogether pleasant to you. I likewise trust that in the future you will abstain from the method of casting doubt upon the honesty of others. I remain,

With Zion's greetings

(Signed) HARRY J. KAHN.

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## THE RABBINICAL PROFESSION

By GRAD YOUNG

**T**HE young Rabbinical student sees in the Rabbinate a respectable honored, and remunerative profession, one for which he feels qualified. He entertains no illusions about a divine mission, or supernatural calling, or any of the similar anachronisms foisted upon him by well-or ill-meaning critics. He may aver that the profession of his choice offers a nobler and higher field of service than those of the other professions, but only as a matter of pride,—in the same way that the physician may consider his services more valuable than those of the lawyer.

Like his lawyer and doctor brothers, he looks upon the institution of his choice as a professional school, and despite the attitude of some faculties that it is a place of higher academic learning and should be devoted to Jewish scholarship, he insists upon a practical training. This divergence of viewpoint leads too often to subterranean friction between the two, and results in much disappointment. Eventually this pedantry causes the student to desert those schools where the faculties hold sway, and results in the anomaly of men of orthodox inclinations attending schools of reform tenets and graduating as reform rabbis,—for no better reason than that the orthodox institution did not adequately train them for the practical functions of their profession and that they thought the reform institution would.

There are three institutions in New

York that graduate Rabbis with as many different shades of dogma and belief. There is an extremely orthodox institution that finds in the Talmud and Shulchan Aruch the bulwark of Judaism; a radical institution that does not, and a quasi-semi-liberal, or conservative, institution that straddles between the two. The student, however, entering any of these institutions, is little concerned with theological nuances, he believes in a plain, unembellished Judaism, a Judaism with capital letters and his ambition is to become a Rabbi with capital letters. The institution he enters is often decided for him by family circumstances, geographical convenience, and so fortuitous a circumstance as the death of a grandfather. He is not long in the school before his thinking takes on the color of that of his instructor in theology and he becomes an ardent partisan. Simultaneously, the student loses that inherent idealism which is his on entering any new field of endeavor. He becomes practical and his sole articulate demand is adequate training for the practical problems of the ministry—even to the extent of disloyalty to his institution and the denial of his adopted theological theory and inbred religious practice.

I might illustrate with the case of a young man of my acquaintance in the orthodox school. When he attained to riper years he discovered his training was not such as would fit him to meet the problems of a modern Amer-

ican Congregation. He immediately transferred to the in-between institution which, he was vaguely given to understand, was more modern. Here, unfortunately, he found practical pretensions coupled with an impractical curriculum and an 18th century faculty. He is a youth of fervent temperament and firm will. He knew what he wanted and he was out to get it. He had chosen religious service as his province and demanded proper personal equipment. These two institutions failed him, he had the third left to him. From this final step an invalid grandfather deterred him. But only for a while. When the grandfather died he went over to the reformist institution.

Is there so little difference between reform, conservative and orthodox, or is this young man, who is to become a religious leader, so unsettled and fickle in the one field where he is expected to be certain and fixed? No,—we miss the point if we say this. He was not looking for theological instruction, he was looking for practical training. And yet, therein lies the irony and tragedy of the case, the world judges these institutions theologically, a standard different from his. Unwittingly he has become a leader of the reform movement, he will be given a reform pulpit and he will preach reform practices. Actually his heart inclines to the conservative viewpoint, he is accustomed to wear his hat during prayer and usually observes most of the dietary laws. But willy-nilly his ties with his religious kin have been broken. He was unhappy at first with his new friends,

but he is now well on the road of becoming acclimated; and being an able young man, he will, in the course of time, probably become a distinguished reform Rabbi.

This young man is not an extreme example of the flow among the institutions and illustrates the direction of the flow to which I know no exception. Most, indeed, stop their progress at the conservative institution which draws approximately half of its enrollment from the orthodox school, and quite a few omit the conservative school entirely to plunge immediately into the Reform. The last, perhaps, does not receive the complete total of the retrieval from other schools because many disappointed students at the orthodox and conservative schools forsake the Rabbinate altogether for work on a doctor's thesis at Columbia, or, as an alternative, throw themselves, when the opportunity offers, into the business world.

It should be made clear at this point that not only is Judaism suffering from a bad case of maladjustment, but even more so the rabbinical profession. The schools do not train the rabbi properly because they are not clear themselves for what to train them. Half the instructors do not know what present day Judaism is and the other half are wrong. Therefore, if the student, and the rabbi who develops from the student, is somewhat puzzled and puzzling, when he enters his career as a Rabbi, the school that claimed to train him should receive most of the blame; he personally is human. If we had poor medical

schools, we would expect poor doctors, and so with Rabbinical Seminaries. The student, entering an institution with all the idealism of youth, and often really competent, and who later becomes the spiritual leader in his community, certainly deserves a better school than any of those available.

We have many students, like the young man mentioned above, in the Rabbinical schools, but quite a few of an opposite type,—the scholarly type, the darling of the professors. This type has chosen the Rabbinate because of the tradition of scholarship that surrounds it, just as many choose the teaching profession. He loves his books and avoids all possible contact with the practical. Problems to him are theory and he solves them with much rhetorical and rational unctio. He takes all prizes in school, is honored by the faculty and is very lofty in the belief that he will make a good Rabbi. Sometimes he does, more often the world disillusion him. In the latter case, he becomes a teacher in some Hebrew College, or ekeing out a miserable existence as a "melamed", does intensive scholarly work, while decrying the materialism of the American Rabbinate.

This student is usually foreign-born, which fact perhaps explains his high standard of Talmudical training—the only kind that counts in the two conservative schools—as well as his failure as a Rabbi. He often has a foreign accent. A successful Rabbi in America means a fluent tongue plus flourish and polish in speech.

It is a fact generally known but bearing repetition that the American Congregation fights shy of a Rabbi with the slightest trace of foreign origin in his speech or manners. The reason for this does not concern us, but the fact that many men who can never practise the profession of Rabbi crowd the Rabbinical Schools, retard their progress and usurp the attention of their faculties, perhaps contain the germ of an explanation for a certain maladjustment in orthodox and conservative seminaries. They are a sop to the faculty who can point to them as scholarly product of its method and who find in them an excuse to continue an anachronistic Talmudical course of study, to the detriment of the training of the men who actually become Rabbis.

The American born youth entering the Rabbinical School, is either the son of an orthodox Rabbi or has in his immediate family circle a Rabbi or pious uncle steeped in Talmudical lore who has influenced him from his childhood. He naturally falls into one of two distinct classes which are divided by psychological barriers. One is the naive, sincere believer, who has an overfine sense of the sacred, whom some might call superstitious in his rigid observance of the ceremonies. He wears his hat at all times and has a Blessing for every act. He is shocked by a room-mate who doesn't wear "Tsitszis" and occasionally forgets to lay "Tefillin". He sincerely believes that religious preaching will reform the world, is considered a fool by most of his fellow students and is respected

with a sort of fearful awe by the people in the Sunday school where he teaches. But he soon becomes discouraged and disillusioned by the materialism about him and he usually forsakes the Rabbinate.

Diametrically opposed to him, and the source of his heartbreaks, is the "Epikoros", who still believes enough to be hesitant about rejecting everything. He believes in God, almost sardonically laughing at his belief. He keeps the dietary laws more from force of habit and because he believes that their observance helps keep the Jewish people together. That the survival of the Jewish people is worth while, he likewise questions but does not wait for an answer. He abides by the old observance after having lost his old belief in them. He tries to find new reasons for their retention, but his new reasons are usually more assailable than the old. He emphasizes the social side of religion, practically evicts God from the synagogue and makes a successful Rabbi, becoming in truth, a teacher of ethics.

These diverse human elements, as diverse as those that enter any school, the several seminaries assimilate and give back to the world as Rabbis. To the world, these men have all assumed a uniform. Just as the lawyer has his forensic attitude and the doctor his bedside manner, so the Rabbi dons the ministerial cloak and is as one set apart. Some people look up to him while others look down upon him, but he is as human and as varied as when he was a student.

## WITH OUR FRIENDS

By THE EDITOR

This issue of THE VANGUARD, you will have observed, is much larger; sixty-four pages. Which shows progress that ought to gladden the hearts of our true friends.

\* \* \*

We have reached the stage where expansion is imperative. We expect our well-wishers to aid us in making the magazine ever better and ever stronger, in influence and general usefulness.

\* \* \*

We'd like our friends to become real partners to the business, which is one reason why we have incorporated. The shares are all common stock, with full voting power, and only ten dollars each—accessible to everybody.

\* \* \*

We are in receipt of a number of encouraging letters which we may not quote, however,—due to the position of the writers, but which show us that we are on the right track in our fearless ventilation of things Zionist.

\* \* \*

Our hope is that we shall yet stiffen the ranks of the wavering, affirming the weak and determining the strong, and making the wide-spread dissatisfaction more vocal.

\* \* \*

We count among our friends a number of non-Jews. They know what we want—and appreciate frankness, sincerity and independence. Many thanks to them. May their numbers grow.



## About the Theatre

BY  
MILTON DANLEY

IT really would be pathetic, if it were not so ludicrous. I am alluding to the campaign of propaganda that the Actor-Managers had to conduct in order to educate their public in less than overnight to the esthetic appreciation of Simon Gantillon's piece "Maya" that had such a short-lived existence at the Comedy Theatre. Feeble, indeed, must be the morality of the New Yorker if such voluminous precautions had to be taken by the guardians of this praiseworthy theatrical group as to print special leaflets with the statements of the author and translator as well as the Wise Men of the Press of Paris, London, and our own burgh.

"In order to understand the author," pleaded Ernest Boyd, the translator, in his statement, "we must lose some of that perverse respectability of ours which invariably prevents us from making the assumptions that are so natural to a Continental audience. Bella's bed and peignoir should not distract us. Instead of shuddering or snickering at these evidences of her trade, we might rather admire the manner in which Simon Gantillon, by taking apparently the most difficult and sordid embodiment of his theme, lifts it above the streets of Marseilles onto a plane of real beauty. The possibility of a fair hearing for 'Maya' depends essentially upon our ability to see the wood instead of the trees."

Sooner may we expect a profound intellect of an Assistant District Attorney than a New York audience to

admire the manner in which Simon Gantillon . . . lifts his theme onto a plane of real beauty." The supporters of "Abie's Irish Rose," "The Jazz Singer," and, the apex of theatrical art, "Broadway," to cease snickering and admire M. Gantillon's art! Naive, indeed, must Ernest Boyd be, or master of a unique brand of humor.

That any phase of life, no matter how futile or sordid its physical aspect, is proper material for the artist is a platitude unnecessary to repeat. Some of the most valuable literary works, as well as dramatic, treat, as their subject matter, the harlot, the cut-throat, the degenerate. One needs only mention "Crime And Punishment," "Madame Bovary," "God Of Vengeance," and numerous other volumes to still all doubts. The brothel is as much a legitimate locale for the fruition of the artist as the House of Lords or the library of the banker. It is not, therefore, with the theme of "Maya" that one may feel dissatisfied. Criticism, in a civilized community like ours, should be based entirely on the effects achieved, on the quality of the means employed in obtaining those effects.

"Maya" lacks that bigness of scope and that depth of imagination that raise a play to the plane of great art. M. Gantillon was too timid to leave for long the beaten tracks of lucid realism, on the one hand, and, on the other hand, every glimpse he stole into the slumbering woodlands of symbolism seemed to have affected him with

a shyness and diffidence that made him run for life back to the main road. His play, therefore, has just enough of the symbolic seasoning in it to save it from the unpleasant taste of naturalism, but not enough to fire the imagination with revelations of hitherto hidden crevices of the human soul. Take away the unhackneyed idea that the public woman is a symbol of the Eternal Feminine, always the same, yet different to every man who seeks in her realization of his own dream, and you have in a tiny thimble the full symbolism of Bella, the central figure of the play. The rest is all portrayal of the monotony, meaninglessness, if you want, pity of a prostitute's life and trade.

Only in the ninth and last scene does the dramatist succeed in hitting the snowy peaks of lasting beauty, as if it took him full eight scenes plus a prologue to shake off the trifles that held him within the confines of the valley. Once rid of these fetters, Gantillon presents us with several minutes of impressionistic play:

East Indian: (suddenly mysterious) In India they call her Maya.

Jazz Player: Maya—does that mean something?

East Indian: Sometimes it means Mary—and other times, Mother of Desire—and also, Sister of Lies; or even, Maya may mean the apparition. You know—you think things are like that, and really they are—different. Apparition—illusion. Yes, the power of illusion—that most of all! (Professional gestures) Illusion—Illusion—Illusion—the “Cocktail Maya!”—Here you are, Sir!

Jazz Player: Is she really beautiful?

East Indian: Maya means also “beautiful as the description in a book.” (Silence) And when she dances!—In India I’ve seen her—on the roof of the houseboat—in the moonlight—with a tambourine—she beats it: Dung-dada-dung-dung (Repeats). Listen. (He beats the table with his hands in the rhythm of a tambourine while he talks. The men accompany him, singing sotto voce, their gaze far away.) She twirls and turns—she raises her arms toward the moon as if to drag it down—she holds them out to the forest—over the river—as if to draw from them all the wild animals—you should see how her hair flies about her head!—and her tiny feet! She twirls and turns! (The rhythm quickens) A revolving lighthouse! White teeth—whites of eyes—white teeth!—and as she passes she looks at you thru her hair—and the tambourine always dung-dada-dung-dung. And you stand there still—fascinated—(Suddenly mocking) as a bird is fascinated by a snake through a bamboo hedge—(With a short laugh) Ha! Ha! Snakes are charmed with a flute, men with words”—

These words accompanied by the guitars with the proper stage effects create an impression which even the statement and explanations of all the printed leaflets do not so quickly erase. Which reminds me that Agnes Morgan’s direction seemed quite faultless. She squeezed out of the lines every possible hidden meaning, yet clinging closely to the realistic spirit of the text.

Aline MacMahon in the leading role was well cast. Only two years ago did she make her first appearance on Broadway in a revival of Eugene O'Neill's "Beyond The Horizon," and already is she occupying a front position on our stage. In silent, brooding moments she reminds one of Pauline Lord, another actress of rare ability. As Maya, Miss MacMahon gave us a strong and tragic picture of the lowest type of our present Christian Civilization.

But, then, the whole cast gave a fine performance of this play, imported from, artistically, far-away France.

\* \* \*

Anton Tchekov's "The Cherry Orchard," should serve as a classical reprimand to all those producers, directors, and play guardians who insist upon the "drama" in the play and the love-story to boot. Here is a stage story of first rate sans the elements of suspense, development of plot, love intrigue, sans climax and anticlimax and, yet, a great success, even from the point of view of the box-office. It reveals penetrating characterization, illuminating dialogue, and a clear and deep vision of human weaknesses and human psychology. The tale grips you with its intenseness and sincerity and disregard for all the laws and rules of playmaking. But what can one expect of a Russian, and a dead Russian, who has not read even once the code, as it was laid down by Archer, Olav Hasholom?

With love for one's birth-place as a hook for the central theme of the play, Tchekov has created a gallery of types, probing into the inner lives of each one of them, mercilessly, like

a mechanic examining the springs and screws of a new and foreign clock. Mercilessly—for the playwright passes over no frailty, overlooks no hypocrisy in his passion to re-create life as he sees and observes it. The lack of unity in the plot is amply rewarded by the fascination experienced as the portraits unroll themselves—rich, colorful, exact in their minutest detail. It may not be drama of the Elmer Davis school or per the famous Malevinsky formula, but it is the work of a great creative mind and a stage piece all by itself.

Not even the heavy-footed production of James B. Fagan could banish the innate beauty nor fully destroy the mood of the drama. As the young lady in the next seat remarked, if that is what they made of Tchekov's comedy, one can just imagine what would happen to a drama by a Russian author at the hands of this Anglo-Saxon company. Some of us Westerners do not seem to believe that it is possible for a Russian ever to smile, much less to utter a quip. Every intentional moment of lightness by the author was turned out as grave and as solemn as a line of Hamlet. It was, hence, to be expected that with such an approach the intent of the playwright to depict the pathetic history of a passing caste at the moment of relinquishing its rights to the aggressive upstart will be lost in the complicated stage business and the demureness of the direction. And that was what happened with Mr. Fagan's production. Tchekov is to be handled with the same spirit in which one sets out on an exploration trip to the jungle—lightheartedly, well-equipped and with all senses wide awake.

Mr. Fagan, one got the impression, set out for church and lost his way to the New Bijou Theatre. There was little of Russian atmosphere on the stage, in spite of the costumes, and a trifle less of Tchekov's unforgettable humor.

AT least two of the characters of Chune Gottesfeld's satiric farce "American Hassidim," now playing at the Yiddish Art Theatre, will remain, I believe, in the same class with Gogol's classic hero of the "Inspector General" and Shakespeare's unforgettable Falstaff. Charles Flih is the quintessence of those numerous specimens of American Jewry who draw their luxurious livelihood by their vast source of chicanery, cock-a-hoopnes, and the almost insurmountable clouds of braggadocio and bluff they surround themselves with. Quite possible these Flihs would not survive if there were no Isaac Greens to serve as dupes. Isaac Green is the symbol of the "all-rightnik" who has spent a lifetime in amassing wealth and finally becomes aware that somewhere on the road he has lost something precious, something that adds zest and meaning to life. He believes it is faith, the faith of his fathers. And he starts out in quest of it, employing, — and here is the satire most of the ponderous critics seem to have overlooked,—the same methods of competition and higher bidding he used in his real estate "beezeess." But aware of the fact that "things spiritual" demand a knowledge and a devotion he does not

possess, he employs the services of the shyster lawyer Charles Flih. And here is where the comedy begins.

"American Hassidim" is one of the very few comedies the Yiddish dramaturgy possessess. "The Green Millionaire," "Kabtsen Voo Krichste?" "Sklaffen Fun Folk,"—and that is about all. Of these, with the exception of the "Green Millionaire," I consider Gottesfeld's piece the best. It is a farce pure and simple, but a farce with a biting satire and a cutting sneer. It digs pitilessly into the vulgarity, coarseness, and repulsive materialism of the life of the Jewish middle class in America.

Maurice Schwartz as Charles Flih and Jechiel Goldsmith as Isaac Green were excellent in their parts. They plunged into their roles with a gusto and a relish that carried both the play and the audience with them. It is nigh impossible to imagine any better interpretation than that of these two players. They were irresistible. Equal to their tasks were the rest of the cast. Bina Abramovitz as Isaac's wife and Anna Appel as his wife gave delightful entertainment. They always do.

I is my belief that this comedy is one of those that lend themselves to all sorts of interpretations and productions. It was staged by Schwartz, quite properly, in a realistic setting. It could also be produced by Meierchold in his style of eight years ago. And it would still retain its qualities and even gain in its satiric significance.

## BRIEF NEWS FROM THE HOMELAND

Compiled by M. RIVLIN

A number of Jewish masons and bricklayers have been employed in the construction of the new Y. M. C. A. building on Mount Zion, Jerusalem. The building will cost about one million dollars, and will have all the facilities of a modern community center.

\* \* \*

The Bezalel Art School of Jerusalem, which was closed at the beginning of this year because the Zionist Organization had cut off its budget, will be reopened shortly. The Order Sons of Zion of New York has undertaken to raise the budget of the only Jewish Art School in Palestine. The registration of students has already begun.

\* \* \*

A new group of Jewish workers has recently settled in Migdal, near Tiberias. Thirty of them are engaged in planting a new orange-grove of one hundred dunams (twenty-five acres) for Professor Otto Warburg. Many are employed in other plantation works in the colony, which adheres to a strict policy of Jewish labor. A great number of men will be employed shortly in the completion of the large hotel built there by American Jews. During his recent visit in Migdal, Sir Alfred Mond, who has an orange-grove there, announced that he intends to build a winter home for his family on his property near Lake Tiberias.

\* \* \*

The Blum Dental factory of Tel Aviv took on twenty new workers in the last month.

\* \* \*

Recent official government reports about Tel Aviv show that despite the crisis all houses there are rented, and there is a new tendency to raise rent which was materially reduced after the "boom" of 1925. Many new houses are being built, and they all rent before they are completed.

Mayor Bloch of Tel Aviv announced that the municipal building tax has been reduced on all new buildings to be erected in Tel Aviv for industrial purposes. These new buildings will also be free of all other taxes for a number of years. This concession is certain to stimulate the building of new factories and the growth of industry in the First Jewish City.

\* \* \*

Dr. Nathan Bardaki, Jerusalem-born lawyer, has been appointed District Attorney for Jaffa.

\* \* \*

One hundred and sixty Jewish laborers are employed now in the afforestation work carried on by the Palestine Government near Tiberias. The work is under the supervision of J. Weizman. The workers live in tents of the Zionist Organization. The average pay of these men is 90 cents a day.

\* \* \*

Twenty Jews are now employed in paving the side-walks of the main street of Tiberias. The work is carried out by the municipality.

\* \* \*

A new regular bus service between Jerusalem and Jericho has been established. The trip, covering a distance of twenty-five miles, takes one hour. The fare is 75 cents one way.

\* \* \*

The "Ohel," labor dramatic studio, the Palestine Hebrew Theatre, and the Palestine Opera Company, all report a very successful season this year.

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FEDERATION OF POLISH JEWS IN  
AMERICA  
Presents Great Artistic Performance  
SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 21st at  
THE MECCA TEMPLE  
The fourth act of Huguenot in Hebrew with  
Madame Gollnkin and Georgia Glorini.  
Vardi and Yoalit will produce Three Acts.  
Tickets Can Be Purchased at  
32 Union Square, Room 710

## BOOK REVIEWS

*The Great American Bandwagon.* By Charles Merz. New York; John Day Company. \$3.00.

A highly interesting survey of American institutions that, while testifying to the great riches of our resources and the variety of life on this continent, points a finger at the shallowness of it all. Beginning with "This is a good life we lead. It has plenty of bath-tubs, good roads, department stores, etc.; but by comparison with its romantic past it is admittedly short on adventure," the author shows us how the American family en masse piles into the car on a Sunday and joins the queue of automobiles lining the endless highways. In this land of the free there exists innumerable secret orders. John Jones, bank teller, sunk in the rut of regularity, takes time off on a Thursday to attend a meeting of his order of the Masons, the Eagles, or Moose, Elk. . . He is a "Sir Knight Errant of the Mystic Order of Granada, Monarch, Supreme Seignior, Illustrious Potentate, Grand Illuminator, monk, knight, priest, dervish, or ogre. Counter-signs and secrecy play their part". . . and "It will continue so long as life is drab enough for men to play Indian."

Business makes beauty its handmaid and no advertisement from soap to tobacco is without its pretty girl demonstrating in some way the excellencies. . .

Americans rush to Europe in hordes, and admire and see according to Cooke, or whatever their guiding star, all according to schedule and time limit. . .

Nothing is done that is not done by all and after some approved and standardized fashion. "We are a restless people with a great store of curiosity, immense reserve energy, and a tremendous will to get somewhere. Show us a goal and we'll be off again. . . "

But we must first be shown.

*The Island Within*, by Ludwig Lewisohn. Harper & Brothers, New York, 1928. \$2.50.

*The Island Within* by Ludwig Lewisohn is more than a fine novel. It is a masterly exposition of the problems of assimilation. But so intricately intertwined is the theme with the story that without that nagging tug at heart that the Jew feels when severed, consciously or unconsciously, from the source of his being, there would not have been a story. And as one follows the fortunes of the Levy family in Poland, in Germany, and finally in America, where Arthur Levy comes to grips with a mirage of assimilation, proves its fallacy, and returns to his own people, a wiser and deeper man, one is continually faced with the question of "What Price Jew?"

Tobias Levy changed his name and received baptism in his effort to overcome the disadvantages that the Jew in Germany of his time suffered. He became a great man in his later years. Was invited to the table of the king, and had even been considered for the ministry. He lost a son in a war that he as a German patriot did not approve of and as a Jew could have no sympathies with, yet the mobs, enraged by suffering and starvation, stopped at his house to shout, "The accursed Jews feed while our children die of hunger." And stoned his windows.

What is assimilation but the protective coloration of the chameleon to ward off the things that can happen to a Levy or a Cohen? This way of escape is often deliberately chosen by some, others unconsciously drift away, but however deceptive the mimicry, "upon the lips of your dearest friend you see the unframed word 'Jew!'"

And where there is a complete withdrawal from the source of inspiration of his own people, the individual suffers. His life is a spiritual void, his home a cold and comfortless house of rich furnishings.

Victor, the brilliant architect, dies a suicide because he failed to shout down his Jewish soul in his desperate effort to conformity. Joe is unhappy, Arthur is baffled by the enigma around him until he finds his people, his soul, and in that revelation, true self-knowledge.

There is a love story involved, and some delightful people you will want to know. But you must read for yourself to enjoy the trend of thought and richness of culture which Lewisohn brings to this book.

ZMIRA CARMEL

**STUDIES OF SOVIET RUSSIA,**  
 Edited by Jerome Davis. *How the Soviets Work*, by H. N. Brallsford; *The Economic Organization of the Soviet Union*, by Scott Nearing and Jack Hardy; *Woman in Soviet Russia*, by Jessica Smith; *Village Life under the Soviets*, by Karl Borders; *Religion under the Soviets*, by Julius F. Hecker; *Soviet Russia and Her Neighbors*, by R. Page Arnot. Published by the Vanguard Press, New York, 1927 and 1928, 50 cents per volume.

These are the first 6 of a projected series of 13 volumes dealing with Soviet Russia. The others will be concerned with the trade unions, health, education, civil liberties, art and culture, and one volume on "The Jews and National Minorities." The appearance of these studies, ten years after the Bolshevik *coup d'état*, is of especial significance for two reasons. In the first place, after ten years the course of the Revolution has become more or less settled, and the general outlines of its accomplishments and direction can be seen more or less clearly. Secondly, the passage of time has cleared the atmosphere of much of the emotionalism that was attached to Russian events in the early years of the Revolution and permits of a more objective and less biased observation and judgment.

The basic difficulty in reports on the Russian situation is, of course, the fact that the Soviet upheaval touches many of our fundamental social and moral con-

cepts and it is therefore a hard task, indeed, to approach it without preconceived ideas. The most that we could ask is that these ideas be kept underground, that observations be reported without bias and that facts be used to support general statements. The six volumes, thus far published, fulfill these requirements, on the whole, very well. With the exception of Nearing and Hardy, whose book displays quite clearly their communistic bias, the authors of these studies regard the things that are taking place in Russia as a social experiment of tremendous importance.

The reader cannot escape the cumulative conviction that a new social order, as yet unknown to humanity, is being forged in that country, which occupies one-sixth of the land area of the globe and is peopled by dozens of diverse races and nationalities. This new way of life is being moulded under the direction of a comparatively small group (the Communist Party numbers only about a million members) that knows what it wants, is determined to get it, and, in spite of its dogmas, is realistic enough to recognize and rectify its mistakes.

Naturally, the changes are making further headway among the city proletariat than in the villages. Karl Borders, who has written the most delightful of the six books, tells us that the peasants have been affected only at the surface. By and large, there is still illiteracy, superstition, clinging to church ceremonials, the same patriarchal organization of family life, the same traditional methods of cultivation, the same distrust of government and authority. But the new order has already taken hold, particularly of the young generation. The village soviet meetings, the People's Houses, the library, radio, social and cultural activities—these are penetrating wider and deeper into the village.

Next to the peasants, the women, as a group, are the most immune to the germs

of communism. Jessica Smith tells what the Communist Party is doing to develop them socially and politically. There is also a discussion in this volume of the marriage and divorce codex and of revolutionary morals that we hear so much about.

Julius F. Hecker's study of religion is devoted almost entirely to the story of how the Othodox Church met the challenge of the Revolution and how it went under in the struggle. To one who knows how this congealed monster of reaction lorded it over the Russian peoples for a thousand years there is grim humor in the situation by which it was led, through its 1923 *Sobor*, to declare "capitalism a deadly sin and to fight it a sacred duty of the Christians." R. Page Arnot, in "Soviet Russia and Her Neighbors" traces the relations of the Powers to the revolutionary upstart that shocked them so rudely out of their well concocted plans of dominion and exploitation. Unfortunately, there is little said about the Soviet Union's attitude to its neighbors, particularly about the Communist International which is at the crux of Russia's international relations.

Brailsford's book might be considered as an introduction or a summary to the series. Like the brilliant journalist that he is he gives us a few glimpses of soviet reality and then proceeds to explain how it is that the apparatus works so well despite the size and polyglot nature of the land. It is of course due to the Communist Party. His explanation of why the dictatorship is so successful in this revolutionary laboratory is at least very plausible.

All in all, this series is to be heartily recommended to every person who wants fair and reliable information on the processes of one of the greatest changes that have taken place in the history of civilized mankind.

H. SILVER

*Glimpses of Palestine*, By Julius Schwarz, New York. 1927.

This booklet of some 71 pages is a summary of unbiased impressions of a business man who was never a member of the Zionist organization. Here is what the author has to say about the workers in the Homeland:

"The Chalutzim are a great army of patriotic and high-minded soldiers who do not wait to be drafted but enlist voluntarily. Bravely they rush to the front, undiscouraged by the large number of lives that have already been lost. They march ahead, bearing their standard aloft, fighting heroically, concentrating only on the winning of the battle. Theirs are the most dangerous tasks; uncomplainingly they do their work—for they are selfless in the broadest and fullest sense of the word."

And the author likes Ain Harod, that big labor commune which typifies the Kvutzah, so much decried in recent days.

*"As for the ethics and morals of the Chalutzim—they are beyond reproach."*

The conclusion Mr. Schwarz reaches, is highly interesting:

"Idealism is a factor much more important in producing results than any other human quality. In a task which is primarily a pioneering task, unwavering belief and confidence in the cause itself will overcome difficulties which the sober, efficient, but non-idealistic type of man might find insurmountable. This view may appear strange coming from an American business man who is not even affiliated with the Zionist organization. But my observation and investigation in the Holy Land have convinced me that such is the case."

The author is strong for the Jewish National Fund whose activities "are of such tremendous scope that they transcend the limits of the Zionist organization."

I. Z.



**STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 4, 1912,**

Of The Vanguard, published monthly at 32 Union Square, New York City, for April 1, 1928.

State of New York, County of New York,

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

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, The Vanguard Magazine, Inc., 32 Union Square.

Editor, Isaac Zaar, 32 Union Square.

Managing Editor, None.

Business Manager, Benj. V. Codor, 32 Union Square.

2. That the owner is: The Vanguard Magazine, Inc., 32 Union Square; Isaac Zaar, President, 32 Union Square; Dov Hos, Vice-President, 32 Union Square; Benj. V. Codor, Secretary-Treasurer, 32 Union Square.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

BENJ. V. CODOR,  
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 27th day of March, 1928.

S. WRIGHT.

(My commission expires March 30, 1928)

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| Judge Ben B. Lindsey, Founder of the Juvenile Court, Denver.        | Admiral Lord Berosford, G.C.B., G.C.V.O.   |



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# HOW THE OUTSTANDING BOOKS ARE CHOSEN EACH MONTH

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

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

Now, what would be the difference, if you belonged to the Book-of-the-Month Club? Strange to say, upon analysis, you will find that in practice *you would be enabled to exercise a greater liberty of choice* and, above all, you would actually *get* the books—without fail—that you decided to read. How?

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The publishers of the country submit what they themselves consider their important books to the Book-of-the-Month Club, far in advance of publication. Each member of the Committee reads these books independently. Once a month they meet, and choose the one they agree upon as being the most outstanding among those submitted—this is called the "book-of-the-

month"—and usually they select from ten to fifteen other books, which they consider worthy of being recommended for one reason or another.

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