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*The*  
**VANGUARD**

*A Monthly Magazine of Progressive Jewish Life*



**SEPTEMBER, 1928**

**Barring Jews from Palestine**

By JOSHUA SUFRASKY

**The Call of Zion**

By MAXIM KONECKY

**Music As Test of Culture**

By BERNARD H. ARNOLD

**Child Labor**

By GERTRUDE FOLKS ZIMAND

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### New Contributors To This Issue:

**JOSHUA SUFRASKY**—Palestine business man. Hebrew writer. The article in this issue is a translation of his pamphlet which was first printed serially in the Palestine daily, "Haaretz".

**MAXIM KONECKY**—Chicago business man. Thinker and poet (under the pen-name Zerubbabel), formerly editor of an Anglo-Jewish weekly in Omaha, Neb.

**BERNARD H. ARNOLD**—A director of the Cosmopolitan Opera Company, contributor on music and drama to various publications. Mr. Arnold will be music editor of The Vanguard.

**GERTRUDE FOLKS ZIMAND**—Research and Publicity Director of the National Child Labor Committee.

**OLIVER MANNING**—Young journalist, graduate Pennsylvania University.

**GENE MANFRED**—Scholarship student, Pennsylvania University. "How Van Hoff Turned Striker" is his first story in print.

**A. REUBENI**—Hebrew poet and novelist. Shulamith Kalugal, the translator, is his sister. Both live in Palestine.

**LIONEL FITZ-ROY SWAN**—C. C. S. Prize Winner at the City College for "Exposition of Poetry", 1928. Has contributed poems to Aesthete Magazine, The Messenger, Pegasus, etc. Mr. Swan's poem, "Two Tollers", appeared in The Vanguard for June.

**JOHANNA FRADA**—A poetess of note from the Golden Coast.

**DAVID MILLER**, who reviews in this issue David Pinski's latest novel, is a college graduate and student of the Isaac Elchanan Yeshiva.

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# The VANGUARD

A MAGAZINE OF PROGRESSIVE JEWISH LIFE

ISAAC ZAAR, *Editor*

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## A Seeming Realignment

**I**F this year's political campaign warrants a general conclusion, we are witnessing a new alignment of social forces. The lines appear to be shifting in all directions, though they are not yet clearly discernible. Party loyalty is no more supreme, and the traditional boundaries are easily passed by big business men, influential politicians, and even church leaders, who would in previous years have had no urge, and found no courage, for publicly declaring their change of sympathies. It is characteristic that the Republican nominee was not quite certain of his political leanings under the administration of President Wilson and that this lack of a life-long party affiliation did not prevent his selection on the first ballot at Kansas City. And it is no less characteristic that Governor Smith was chosen by his party in equal fashion in spite of his Tammany antecedents and connections. Obviously, the old shibboleths have lost their pristine meaning to the great mass of the American people.

The prosperity slogan of the Republicans, so effective in former days,

rings hollow now. It is no longer a rousing battle-cry. Big business is arrayed behind the Democrats as well, and Wall Street has found both candidates equally acceptable. So has the American Federation of Labor through its declaration of neutrality. The platforms of both major parties are as nearly alike as group documents can be. There is no striking contrast between them as to tariff, immigration, prohibition, and international relations, though the Democrats do sound more progressive in their enunciation of policy towards Latin America.

This apparent uniformity in outlook, measures, and following, is the result of the attempt on the part of the controlling powers in both parties to adjust their methods to new conditions which are not yet clearly defined, which are in the formative period. Both are groping for support, both fear to tread firmly on unknown ground, and both resort to generalities intended to mean everything and nothing in particular. The consequence is that the candidates usurp all the attention of the electorate, and the contest will be decided chiefly by the

appeal of their respective personalities.

The battle is between Hoover and Smith, and not between the Republican and the Democratic parties.

That, incidentally, will make for a cleaner fight,—in the open. No passions will be aroused to blind reason and blast decency. The sinister forces of slander and calumny will be driven to cover. Though they will cause no end of mischief and contribute largely to the result, they will be kept under the surface.

The situation is unique. While new currents are forming in the depths of our national life, they are not yet broad enough and strong enough to break through and disturb the seemingly placid waters above. This is the reason why the mass of citizenry has been drawn to Hoover and Smith, the cleanest and strongest characters in the respective parties, and this is why their individual characteristics loom so large in the battle. Paradoxical as it might sound, the campaign may be the calm before the storm, when the cumulative force of the now laboring tendencies will hurl forth new masses upon the political arena and completely and radically change the face of things. Whether Hoover would aid in the new alignment by stemming the tide and thereby intensifying its ultimate power or Smith would hasten its emergence by releasing the valves before they are forced open, is mere speculation which could never, in the nature of the thing, be verified.

Those who look further and deeper into the thing will probably abstain from voting or will cast their ballots

for a minor party, secure in the confidence that a better day is dawning. A number of this class of citizens will, however, see in the campaign a chance to advance the cause of the realignment and will aid the candidacy of Governor Smith who comes closer to the people and is a more genial and more likable personality. They may even determine the outcome,—just as the radical Californians did for Wilson in the turbulent days of 1916. And they may later on deplore it, just as the Californians, presumably, did. For no man in power can be greater than the forces he leads.

### Accepting By Rejection

**WHAT** we feared to hope has come to pass. The General Council (Actions Committee) of the World Zionist Organization has virtually rejected the economic program of the so-called Joint Palestine Survey Commission and has reaffirmed the sound principles of Zionism in the upbuilding of our Homeland.

In the general scheme of things we make due allowance for the game of diplomacy, but in this instance the issue is too vital to the life of the movement and the interests of a Jewish Palestine to permit of confusion through fine phrases and mutual compliments, and we therefore mince no words in stating our opinion. The resolution adopted by the Actions Committee is a repudiation of the arrogant and destructive economic policies formulated by the Agency Commission. Section two of the resolution reads:

"Second, in regard to the economic recommendations of the Joint Palestine Survey Commission, the General Council declares that the report in several material points is not sufficient. The General Council is of the opinion that there exists a necessity for harmonizing the economic methods with the specific tasks of the Palestine up-building work. The Zionist Organization recognizes the Jewish National Fund as the only instrument for the agrarian policy, in accordance with the principle, adopted by the Zionist Congress, that the Palestine land be redeemed as the inalienable property of the Jewish people. In accordance with this principle all land purchased by the Jewish Agency should be viewed as the property of the Jewish people. In order to safeguard the integrity of this principle it is impossible to concede the existence of two different public funds for land purchase."

This is the exact opposite of what the gentlemen on the "Joint" Survey Commission intended. They argued against the principles of the Jewish National Fund and recommended a free-for-all fight for private ownership of the land.

There can be no quarrel with anybody on the score of the "concession" made to the freehold advocates in the following sentence of the resolution:

"It is essential, however, to create by a one-time investment a financial institute for the purpose of aiding well-to-do settlers to purchase land."

The Agency Report fulminated against the Kvutzah and recommended to read it out of all future Zionist colonization, preferring the Moshav, or small-holding cooperative colonies. The Actions Committee refuses to follow such misguided advice and states:

"The General Council points to the Zionist principle that the settlers have the freedom to determine for themselves the form of colonization they prefer, individual or communal, such as the Moshav or the Kvutzah, it being understood that the aim be the placing of the settlements on a self-supporting basis."

The Agency Report counsels an immigration "policy" that would make it impossible for any Jew to come in unless he had a going business or a job waiting for him. The General Council points out that we must "strive to increase the immigration to Palestine of Jewish workers and persons of means."

The Agency Report fails to provide for the employment of Jewish labor in the upbuilding of the country, while the Council insists on it:

"The General Council holds that the Jewish Agency, in cooperation with the Palestine Government, in accordance with the decision of the Zionist Congress, should strive to increase the immigration to Palestine of Jewish workers and persons of means. All enterprises conducted under the auspices of the Jewish Agency must recognize the principle of Jewish labor."

And it lays down the following five principles as conditions for an extended Agency:

"The General Council declares that the recognition of the five principles—that is, Jewish labor, Hebrew language, the land as national property, immigration and freedom of colonization form—is the main conditions for the creation of an extended Jewish Agency. On this assumption, the General Council declares that the report of the Joint Palestine Survey Commission can essentially serve for the creation of a program of work for the extended Jewish Agency."

The resolution throws out a delicate hint to the non-Zionists, who so nonchalantly passed the buck of money raising to the Zionists, in the following recommendation:

"Third, the establishment of a bank with a capital of from £750,000 to £1,000,000, to further the development of industry and plantation, is urged."

And most important of all, the General Council of the World Zionist Organization sets down as the basis for further negotiations for the extension of the Jewish Agency the resolutions of the 15th Zionist Congress:

"Fourth, the General Council instructs the Zionist Executive to continue the negotiations concerning the creation of the extended Agency in accordance with the resolutions of the 15th Zionist Congress."

Those resolutions enunciate the principles enumerated above and provide for the *representative* character of the non-Zionist half of the Agency, which means the inclusion of all the elements who wish to join it, labor not excepted of course. And they further stipulate that the whole plan is provisional and shall hold good for three years only, after which time the matter shall be gone into again, on the basis of the experiences had.

What the Actions Committee welcomes unreservedly in the Agency report is its "political demands concerning the obligation of the Palestine Government as the Mandatory Power to create in the country such administrative and economic conditions as would secure the National Home". And, of course, it greets the desire of

the non-Zionists to help in the up-building of the Jewish Homeland.

How strong that desire is remains to be seen. We shall see whether they mean what they intend to convey or they seek to make it impossible to work with them by putting up obsolete business principles and anti-social theories.

Considering the low ebb of present-day Zionist spirit and the prior consent to the Agency report by Dr. Weizmann, who hoped to place the Zionists before an accomplished fact, the Actions Committee has done surprisingly well in the case.

But vigilance must not be relaxed. Words have a way of being stretched until they lose all meaning, and the present official head of the movement is known for his ability in that direction. There is no telling what he will do next when he faces the gentlemen of the non-Zionist groups. That there is a strong desire on the part of his disciples to gloss over the most glaring contradictions between the Agency recommendations and the resolution of the Actions Committee can be seen from the way in which the Zionist administration press is trying to make itself believe that the two prospective partners in the extended Agency are in perfect accord on "almost" everything. We can trust them to persevere in the attempt to befuddle the Zionist public so as to yield to the non-Zionists who, at least in this country, are expected to advance the stock of the administration by throwing their names behind the coming appeal for Zionist funds. No such maneuvers should be permitted to succeed. Both



parties to the future compact must be clear as to their agreements and differences before they join hands.

### Rule By Resignation

**A** CLOSE and loyal friend of the Zionist administration tells us that he is "sick and tired" of Dr. Weizmann's frequent "resignations".

We are getting used to these "resignations". We hear of them so often, in and out of season, that few take them seriously. Some day, however,—within the next year we hope,—Dr. Weizmann will have resigned once too often.

His threatened withdrawal did not do him much good this time. The Actions Committee refused to be frightened into swallowing the Agency program as advocated by the Zionist leader, and the Zionist leader did not press the point when he saw what it might lead to. The resolution of the General Council of the World Zionist Organization is as much a rebuke to Dr. Weizmann as could be administered to one who is in power.

But he gained his point on Sacher. We do not know who that gentleman is. We had never heard of him before he jumped at one bound into his present place as chairman of the Zionist Executive in Palestine. What we can learn of him from an occasional statement of his has not endeared him to us either as an executive or as a personality. We know, however, that he is intensely disliked by most of the Palestinian Jews, and that some twenty-two members of the Actions Committee, or forty per cent of the membership in session at Berlin, demanded

his removal. With any other government such clamor would have been sufficient to drive out of power the most strongly entrenched official. Dr. Weizmann, however, staked his own political head to retain that man in the saddle, in defiance of such a large minority.

We understand that the leader would have been unhorsed this time if not for the desire of the majority to have him untie the Agency knot as best he can, he being the man whose negotiations brought forth that sorry mess.

But we are filled with admiration for the tenacity of Mr. Sacher who clings to the job in the face of such devastating criticism. How the business of building Palestine can proceed with official and people at loggerheads remains a mystery to us, but then it does not really proceed. We are tempted to see some connection between the outrageous treatment of the Jewish immigrants and tourists by the Administration and the Weizmann-American Sacher Executive. That Executive started out to "consolidate" Zionist activities with such vim and such beneficent results that Jewish newcomers became an abomination in the eyes of the British rulers and their Hyamsons.

We certainly are a patient people,—and our present day leaders, in and out of Zion, know it.

### An Appalling Situation

**WE** call the attention of the reader to the facts presented in the article by Joshua Sufasky. This Palestine business man discloses a startling

state of affairs. He does not hesitate to give it as his deliberate opinion that the officials in the Jewish Homeland are moral cruel and more inhuman than those of Czarist Russia. Jews are barred from coming into the country; Jews are deported from Palestine on the absurd ground that they had years ago entered as tourists only. Men with money are not allowed to land because of the suspicion they might wish to settle down permanently. Years go by before the immigration officials do pass on applications and as often as not pass adversely, citing no reasons for their action.

It is a document primarily designed for the information of the General Council of the World Zionist Organization, which recently held its sessions at Berlin, Germany. Even the present-day leaders of the movement were shocked into action and the Council has adopted a resolution of protest against the immigration policies of a government which is under a solemn obligation to facilitate the establishment of Jewish National Home.

While our so-called leadership was haranguing the Jews into meekness and humility in the face of Great Britain, the British administration in Palestine has been doing all in its power to humble the Jew and to deprive him of the opportunity to become a Palestinian. It has gone so far as to use plain treachery in that it first induced the "unlawful" immigrants to file applications for domicile and then used this information to expel them from the country. Nothing similar has ever happened in our days in any land.

The whole immigration policy of the Palestine administration is an outrage and in brazen defiance of common sense and the obligations incurred. No Jew can now think of going to Palestine even on a visit, for he might be driven back from the very shores in spite of the visa previously obtained at the cost of great sacrifices in time, energy, and money. Such cases are now too numerous for anybody's comfort.

The world must know how Great Britain keeps her solemn pledge to the Jewish people and the League of Nations, and the Zionists of all lands must rise to a man to demand that an end be put to this appalling and galling situation.

### Socialist Friends of Zion

**T**HE Socialist Internationale has declared in favor of the Jewish Homeland and has formed a special committee to aid Jewish labor in achieving its national and social ideals in Palestine.

The Socialist Internationale is a great body of men and women in some fifty countries, united in their aspirations for social justice, economic equality and international brotherhood. As reported to its recent session at Brussels by Secretary General Friedrich Adler, the organization now counts within its ranks some 6,600,000 members; draws the vote of twenty-five million citizens, and has nearly twelve hundred deputies in the various parliaments of the world. An imposing force producing incalculable good to laboring humanity and to society at large. Its approval

in such striking fashion of the Jewish restoration movement speaks volumes for the cause and is a credit to the Internationale.

The nobility of the action taken is heightened by the fact that some Jewish Socialists of a kind were bitterly opposed to it. The tradition bound Bundist Abramovich, the assimilationist Polish leader Diamant, the otherwise clear-headed Otto Bauer, the Austrian leader, and even the Secretary General himself, whose father was a Jew, stood out against the formal recognition of the Zionist endeavor. Those are the last Mohicans in a losing fight against their own racial antecedents. They were overruled by other Jews and the vast majority of non-Jewish comrades.

The Socialist Internationale was originally formed in 1864 as the result of an international labor gathering in London to uphold the cause of Polish freedom. It was thus born in the throes of national liberty, in the broad, universal sense of the word, and its recent act, the avowal of active sympathy with the last of civilized

peoples to rise back to an independent life, is a fitting climax to a career so prophetically opened some sixty-four years ago.

A large share of the credit for this crowning achievement of the Socialist Internationale is due to Emile Vandervelde, ex-Prime Minister of Belgium, who came back from a visit to Palestine inspired with the work of the Jewish pioneers. But even Vandervelde could not have done it if not for the deep-going sympathies of the British Labor Party leaders and nearly every great Socialist leader on the Continent. Years of contact with the Poale-Zion, first-hand information about Palestine and the rising recognition of the importance of national liberty for the reorganization of society, have all combined to bring about this great moral triumph of Labor Zionism.

Jewish labor in Palestine is no longer friendless. The designs of non-Zionists and Zionists alike will now have to be tempered with a larger measure of justice, for they now have a world to account to.



## BARRING JEWS FROM PALESTINE

By JOSHUA SUFRASKY

**I**N recent months, the Zionist world has taken new heart in the belief that the depression which held Palestine in its grip for the last two years and a half has passed and that we are facing a new era of progress.

There is a measure of truth in that, but also a large element of exaggeration with which we are in the habit of viewing the situation in the country either way. It is true that the crisis is nearing the vanishing point and that we are beginning to rise from the depths reached in those hard years which brought about the emigration of 12,500 Jews from Palestine. However, the economic recovery will be possible and assured only upon the renewal of immigration, primarily of those who possess capital and experience in the field of industrial achievement. Such immigration will make it possible to take care of the workers who are now engaged in labor of a temporary nature and will offer opportunities for work to newcomers without means of their own who are waiting their turn to enter Palestine.

But in our present situation there is no hope for a renewal of immigration. The doors are closed and locked to Jews. At the very time when the situation has eased somewhat and when the tourist season brought into the country people with means willing to settle down permanently, the immigration restrictions were tightened, and many of the tourists who desired

to remain were compelled to turn back.

We are dreaming of the Haifa port, the concessions of Rutenberg and Novomeysky and similar great things; we are hoping for the extension of industry and the expansion of plantations, but all of these expectations will result in nothing useful to us, if a new wave of Jewish immigration is not admitted into the country. The immigration is ready to flow in and would have long ago reached our shores if not for the cruel attitude of the Immigration Department and the indifference of the central institutions of the Zionist Organization and the Jewish community in Palestine.

The reason for shutting the portals of the land to Jews does not lie in the accidental fact that the immigration official happens to be narrow-minded and hard-hearted (a Jew and former Zionist, into the bargain), but chiefly in that the immigration regulations put into effect in recent times are completely at variance with the spirit of the Mandate and the aim of a Jewish homeland in Palestine. There are moments when we not only forget that we are in the Jewish Homeland, but are made to feel as if we were living outside the Pale of Settlement in old Russia. There are moments when we are ready to justify the ruthless officials of the Czarist government, in that land of perpetual persecutions of the Jewish people. At times it appears that those officials

were less cruel than the officials of the Palestine Administration.

Prior to the immigration laws of 1925, every Jew of means could apply to the local British consul for a visa to Palestine as immigrant of class B. With the decree of June 15, 1925, however, which provides, in Article 5, that all classes of immigrants shall first apply for the privilege to enter Palestine to the immigration head at Jerusalem, the situation has radically changed. Formerly, those who had decided to go to Palestine could wind up their affairs, liquidate their property, realize their capital and then go to the consul for a permit, knowing in advance that the visa would be granted once the legally required sum was in their possession. Beginning however, with the 12th of October, 1925, the situation has become difficult in the extreme. The prospective immigrant is now compelled to put in his application for entry to the head at Jerusalem through the local British consul, and here the sufferings begin. To convince the consul that he is a man of means, he must furnish a bank statement or bank drafts. That is to say that he is forced to wind up his affairs to obtain the requisite funds. However, a long time is likely to elapse before the reply to his application comes from Palestine, often times more than a whole year, which means that he is compelled to sit by and do nothing while living off his capital, without being certain that the visa will ultimately be granted. If he continues in his business, he cannot prove that he has the required amount.

Formerly, after the man finally went

through all the hardships and landed in Palestine he could look around, study conditions and, resolving to remain, apply for permission to bring his family. But on August 8, 1925 the Immigration Department issued a new rule to the effect that the man of means who came to Palestine had no right to bring his family (even wife and child) over until he had shown that he was making a living in the country. Cases there have been where immigrants bought land and then wished to get their families in but were told that they must wait until the land had begun to produce an income, this in spite of the fact that no man could go on with a business and particularly a farming business without the aid of his family. Besides, it is well known that the best business in Palestine, such as, for instance, orange growing does not begin to produce before six years have passed. Which means that a Jew who planted the biggest grove, be it a thousand dunams in extent, will have to wait six years before his family is allowed to join him in the Jewish Homeland.

But this is by far not the whole of the story. The immigration department has of late inaugurated a policy of refusing visas, to people of means, without giving any reasons at all. Here are a few cases:

#### *Persons of Means*

1) Moses Shram of Lodz came to Palestine February 4, 1925, bought property in Petach-Tikvah for 800 Egyptian pounds. In March he left for Lodz to wind up his affairs and return to Palestine. His son, Abraham Shram, who lives in Petach-

Tikvah, petitioned the government to allow his father to come to Palestine. A permit was granted. But the father could not settle his business in Poland within the life of the permit. On August 8, 1927, therefore, the Council of Petach-Tikvah asked to have Shram's permit extended. On the 17th of that month the Immigration Department replied that the son must apply for a visa to his father as a dependent. On the 26th such papers were properly filed. In addition, his other son, G. Shram, who has a position at the post office of Tel-Aviv, joined his brother in the petition. But old Shram was refused admittance, no reasons being given.

2) The Council of Petach-Tikvah petitioned the government, June 16, 1926, to permit Baruch Briskin and his family in Russia to come and take possession of the estate of his father, a Petach-Tikvah resident, had left him. The estate amounted to some 500 pounds in real estate and 420 pounds in cash. This petition was endorsed by the rabbinic council which bore testimony to Baruch being the sole son and heir of the demised. Documents were appended from the Title Bureau and the agricultural loan association at Petach-Tikvah to prove the value of the estate.

After a protracted exchange of letters and after numerous demands for additional evidence had been complied with, the petition was rejected, no explanations being given.

3) On the first of April, 1927 Dr. Chaim Churgin, who lives at Tel-Aviv, on Rothschild Avenue, in a house of his own, petitioned for the entry of Mr.

and Mrs. Isaac Furms, on the ground that Furms had transferred, in 1925, 450 pounds to Palestine and that he was an optician who could find employment in his profession. The Doctor further stated in the application that said Furms had considerable funds in Russia though he could not at the time bring them along.

After three months, Dr. Churgin was advised that he must submit evidence that the given sum of money really had been sent by Mr. Furms. On the 15th of July the Doctor presented a letter from the Anglo-Palestine Bank confirming the fact that Furms remitted the amount from Minsk in several instalments. On the 31st of August a reply was received rejecting the application and giving no reasons therefor. Dr. Churgin persisted and on the 16th of September, 1927, brought the case to the highest court at Jerusalem. The hearing was set for the 22nd of November, but on the 12th of November, when the court summons was received, the Immigration Department issued a permit for Furms to come to Palestine.

4) Mr. Guershgorn of Vishnevitz, Poland, applied through the British consul to the immigration head at Jerusalem for the privilege to settle in Palestine. Mr. Guershgorn had sold his house and disposed of his business and proved that he had 500 Egyptian pounds sterling in cash. At the same time, his father, Joseph, who lives in Haifa, petitioned the Palestine government in behalf of his son, stating that he and two sons of his had a cotton goods store, that two other boys of his were working in a dairy; that they all

were earning forty pounds a month, and that his son in Poland with the money of his own will, upon joining his family in Palestine, help out in the business. The immigration department made an investigation of Mr. Guershgorin's statements, found them to be true and—rejected the application.

Similar cases could be cited aplenty. We know, for instance, of the case of a physician who wished to come in and showed that he possessed a thousand pounds. Moreover, when the immigration official inquired of the local physicians whether the applicant was sure to find a place in the country the reply was favorable. Nevertheless, the man was refused the right to come to Palestine.

#### *Tourists*

Many Jewish tourists upon finding that they could adjust themselves to the country, would apply for a permit to remain in Palestine. When such cases became frequent, the immigration department increased the difficulties. For instance, it decreed that the tourist shall produce a passport from his home country good for at least four months. However, in Poland the usual passport is for three months. Any longer term passport costs forty pounds. Until the tourist is ready to set foot on Palestinian soil a month has gone by and he has no more than two months left for his stay, and because of that he is not permitted to land,—unless he deposit a certain sum as bond that he will depart upon the expiration of the passport date. This is a procedure which kills time and wastes energy. The bond must be de-

posited through a notary, something that consumes time again. And all this in spite of the fact that in most cases the Polish consulate stands ready to extend the life of the passport. Here are a few instances:

(1) On the 5th of April, 1928, the tourist Joseph Bartanovsky, a diamond merchant from Antwerp, Belgium, came on the Lamartine. He was not allowed to disembark because he had a Polish passport whose term expired on the eleventh of May, and he was compelled to put up a bond in the sum of twenty pounds.

(2) On March 3, 1928, there arrived, on the Champin, Mrs. Elizabeth Samuelov. She bore a Nansen passport with a return visa to Switzerland. Nevertheless, she was not permitted to land until she had put up seventy pounds as guarantee that she would leave Palestine when her time came.

(3) On the Dalmation which reached Jaffa March 22, 1928, there were detained the tourists Leah Olshary, David Kovalsky, Hanna Butetzko, and Yoheved Gittstein because their passports ran for three months only. It took special intercession to allow them to leave the boat. Of the four, David Kovalsky has a house and land at Rishon L'tzion and he came for a short stay of three or four weeks. He was compelled to give a bond of fifty pounds because his having property in Palestine placed him under the suspicion that he might want to remain in the country for ever.

(4) The tourist Samuel Gordon from America, who came on the Sinai, December 11, 1927, was returned

from the shores of Palestine because he carried a draft for ten thousand dollars on the Barklay Bank and expressed himself as desirous to settle if permitted to do so. Compare this with the case of the Catholic nun who came as tourist and declared her intention to remain in Palestine. She was admitted. And she had no money about her.

(5) A group of American Jewish tourists arrived on February 2, 1928. One of them had ten thousand dollars in his possession, so he was detained, under the suspicion that he might harbor a desire to settle in Palestine. He was asked why he carried so much money if he intended, as he stated, to remain no more than three months. Only after the man succeeded in convincing the immigration inspectors that he was making a tour around the world was he allowed to land.

Naturally, such things are not likely to stimulate the tourist to visit Palestine. It takes obdurate idealists to go through with all the requirements and to fight for the right to tour the land of their fathers. But no sooner does he display a desire to remain than new restrictions and difficulties—down to outright expulsion—stare him in the face.

Mr. Elihu Dorf, a resident of Tel-Aviv and the proprietor of a private house, petitioned to allow his father, Samuel, who had returned from Egypt, to remain in Palestine. Samuel lived in Palestine thirty years. He left for Alexandria during the world war when the Turkish government was ex-

PELLING non-citizens. He now came back to his land and children and desired to stay. The immigration department refused the application, and Mr. Samuel Dorf was forced to leave the country.

There are hundreds of families in Palestine who came to the country a long time ago either as tourists or altogether illegally, and the Administration reached an agreement, two years back, with the Zionist Executive whereby these people would be allowed to remain unmolested provided they had entered their application to that effect.

In many instances the government, indeed, granted the right to stay to such Jews, and this appears to have served as ground for the statement published in the official Gazette, November 10, 1927, that all tourists who stayed without legal sanction shall submit their petitions for the proper permits, otherwise they will be subject to prosecution and deportation. The tourists made haste to comply, with the result that many have been expelled without due process of law. A few facts:

(1) Chaim Ishonsky came to Palestine two and a half years ago, bought house 19 on Nehemiah St., Tel-Aviv, putting into it seven hundred pounds. He also had about two hundred pounds in the Anglo-Palestine Bank of Jaffa. A son of his is employed in the office of Alfred Rock and his daughter is a bacteriological chemist, both at Jaffa. Yet he was notified, May 31, 1928, to leave the country. No reasons were given. The man is old and ill.



(2) Jacques Carcos, a French citizen, came to Palestine six months ago; bought in Bar-Jacob a fourteen dunam almond grove; is the owner of a three room house, a stable, a warehouse, two Beiruth cows, a donkey, a chicken coop, etc. On May 31, 1928, he was ordered to leave the country.

(3) Armando Nessim is a British subject. His wife and mother were born in Palestine. Before the war he went to India, and July 30, 1927, returned as tourist. He presented a Barclay Bank statement that he had on deposit the sum of 250 Egyptian pounds. He has more money coming from India. He is engaged in exporting goods to India. On May 21, 1928, he was ordered to leave the country.

We could cite a number of similar cases but the foregoing are characteristic enough. The immigration head relies upon the regulations which were put into effect on the first of December, 1927, and which authorize him not to use his own discretion in granting domicile permits. We do not believe any man ought to have such right. The permit ought to be given in accordance with definite conditions, be it a specified sum of money or a steady position, as was the policy prior to December 1, 1927. The immigration official in whose power it is to allow or to reject application for entry or domicile may use his authority to close the doors of Palestine to Jews and to frighten the tourists away or to hound them out of the country once they came in and decided to make Palestine their home. The foregoing illustrations abundantly show how the present system works.

### *Dependents*

In spite of the fact that the immigration law of 1925 contains no restrictions as to age upon the admission of dependent women, it was officially announced, August 3rd of that year, that unmarried women between the ages of 18 and 35 did not belong in the class of dependents but that they were henceforth to apply to the Zionist administration for a certificate and that in case the Zionist administration failed to secure the certificate none could bring in his daughter or sister of the ages mentioned. And on the 23rd of the same month the restrictions were extended to old parents,—even if the petitioner is well situated.

A few illustrations:

(1) Mr. Jacob Shrier is an executive in the survey department of the government, Class C, and receives a salary of over 227 pounds a year. He is, besides, the owner of a private two-story house in Tel-Aviv. Mr. Shrier applied, February 2, 1928, for permission to bring over his parents. His brother-in-law, Mr. Chaim Tabor, a lumber merchant of Tel-Aviv, joined in the petition stating that he too was ready to support the old Shriers. The request was refused.

(2) Dr. Leo Tytle, a Tel-Aviv physician earning forty pounds a month, asked, January 2, 1928, to be allowed to bring over his old mother, a widow. His petition was denied.

(3) Chaim Gorelik, a Tel-Aviv policeman, and his sister who is employed at a salary of 12 pounds a month, sought an immigration permit for their parents, 65 and 67 years of age. That was January 17, 1926. No-

vember 5, 1927, after nearly two years, the immigration department informed them that a new application must be filed. Which they did, appending a bank statement that their parents had five hundred pounds in cash aside from the promised support of their children. Another four months rolled by, and on March 3, 1928, they received a reply rejecting their application without giving any reasons whatever.

(4) Joseph E. Lifshitz, a manufacturer of Tel-Aviv, 50 Montefiori St., applied, January 31, 1928, for a visa to his parents-in-law. Mr. Lifshitz submitted all kinds of evidence from different firms and from the Anglo-Palestine bank that he was a man of wealth. On November 27, 1926, almost after eleven months, he was advised that he must prove conclusively that the couple in question were really his father- and mother-in-law. However, before Mr. Lifshitz had a chance to present the documents required of him, his application was denied, November 30, 1926. On January 4, 1927 Mr. Lifshitz appealed and submitted the evidence in the case. A whole year again passed, no reply from the immigration department being received. Meanwhile Mr. Lifshitz closed his factory and took up an agency for the Shemen which brought him forty pounds a month. At the end of 1927, he again petitioned for the admission of his wife's parents, this time through the Political Committee of the Zionist Executive, urging that the couple were old and entirely dependent on him for their livelihood. In March, 1928, after 26 months from the date of his ini-

tial application, Mr. Lifshitz was finally advised that his petition was—rejected.

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We have yet to point out that even those Jews who wish to come as immigrants, to settle permanently in Palestine, are required to present a passport from the country of their birth. There are many Jews who had fled Soviet Russia and who can therefore obtain no regular passport except a Nansen pass or similar document. They are thus barred from Palestine. If in the case of a tourist such a requirement may appear reasonable, though not justifiable, because he would have no country to return to—though in the case of Mrs. Samuelov, cited above, her Nansen pass with the return privilege to Switzerland proved of no avail to her—, what is the reason for demanding a state passport from those who come as immigrants and who obtain their visas as such?

The most tragic phase of the Jewish immigration to Palestine is to be found in the recently inaugurated policy of expelling whole families from the country where they had established themselves for some time, as well as in the total disregard for the rights of immigrants who had become Palestinian citizens.

The immigration department of the Palestine government has of late taken particular pains to show the Jewish Settlement that there is the menace of deportation of every Jew who failed, in the slightest, to comply with any of the provisions of the immigration laws,

and that even those who have become Palestinian citizens, who have burned all the bridges behind them, may be deprived of their legal status and reduced to the state of men without a country at the slightest caprice of the officials of the Naturalization Bureau.

As illustrative of the government's attitude towards the rights of Palestinian citizenship will serve the fact that it attempted to denaturalize the Jewish physician Sternin, who had served for many years in the medical unit of Hadassah and has lately obtained a passport to go to Australia. The attempt was made on the ground that a report reached the immigration department to the effect that the Doctor (who had not yet left the country) was contemplating to remain in Australia a long time and perhaps to settle there for good. This design upon the citizenship of a Jew who spent years in the service of the country as physician, merely upon the basis of a rumor that he intends to settle in Australia, shows to what extent the rights of the Jews are slighted by the government of Palestine.

The character of the expulsion or-

der issued on May first against the six families of Tel-Aviv and vicinity (only one month was allowed them to dispose of land, house and all their affairs and they were immediately placed under police surveillance to see that they did not overstay one day after the 31st of May), was so savage and so shameful that it had no counterpart even in the days of Markoff and Purishkewitz in Russia. Only the expulsions by the Grand Duke Nicolas during the World War could compare with the character of the latest expulsions from Palestine.

Though we are certain that these Tel-Aviv Jews will not be deported because the whole Jewish community rose in their defense, the fact that such orders could be issued in the country of the Jewish National Home is sufficient evidence of how deeply we have sunk in our political status in Palestine.

How preposterous to debate on the relative merits of Palestine being a Seventh Dominion or a Jewish State at a time when we have here been reduced to the condition of Jewry in Czarist Russia.



# THE CALL OF ZION

By MAXIM KONECKY

**A**FTER twenty years, I met Isaac Zaar in the lounge of the New York Newspaper Club by appointment. Twenty years had wrought changes, but I recognized him quite readily. To him I was as a stranger. In my rather rotund and Babbit-like personality he failed to recognize the inditer of ardent and passionate epistles.

Quite by good chance an early number of *The Vanguard* had come to my home in Chicago. In the tang and the bite of the editorials, as well as in the unusual name, I recognized the friend of two decades ago, when we were both collecting "debts" in Chicago for a now great industrial insurance company by day, and devoting evenings that should have been given over to prospect hunting to the discussion of high topics and the resolving of the riddles of the universe.

I was at the moment in correspondence with Mr. Louis Lipsky, president of the Zionist Organization of America, attempting to find a place for myself in the service of the cause of Zion, a service that I could render happily. For a quarter of a century I had been so engrossed in solving the personal bread and butter problem that the greater problems of world Jewry had quite eluded me. But for the past several years something had been tugging at my heart strings. . . .

I was drawn into the Zionist movement here. Yet, though I could

not put my finger upon the reason for it, there was a feeling of dissatisfaction within me with things Zionistic. Somehow I did not feel at home. . . . So I was trying to contact the leadership of the movement in a desire to translate my dole-givings into something larger, fuller, into a finer offering, a more daring gesture.

Under date of January 20, I wrote to Mr. Lipsky the following:

"Thank you sincerely for your last letter. Gladly would I come to New York, not merely to discuss these topics of such engrossing interest to myself, but for the pleasure of meeting the Zionist leadership in person. But let me confess: I am afraid of you; afraid of your formidable array of facts of experience; of your impregnable arguments; of your invincible logic. You will sell me my rashness, my ignorance of Palestinian conditions, of world Zionist events. In your endeavor to capture me for your God-of-things-as-they-are you will make me once more withdraw into my shell.

Please remember I seek nothing of Zion. I seek only to give to Zion, of myself, my substance, the little wisdom gleaned from life's experience; but to give it wisely. I have not your gift of succinctness, but if you will bear with me a little I will attempt to state as briefly as I can what might be "My proposals".

I am attempting no criticism of the Zionist achievement. I have no Zionist facts other than those given out in your periodicals for mass consumption. I have never been to Palestine to see at first hand. This I will do some day not too far distant. Who and what the persons

are that direct the Zionist destinies, what the relationship between the money raising functionaries and the money spending, all the minutiae of your organism I know only in theory and by the veriest heresay.

But I do know the psychology of the Jewish mind in the favored lands of the Diaspora. Blessed with the possessions of temporal things—wealth, place, power, the culture of the several lands of their sojourn—the Jew clings tenaciously to the seen, and nothing short of a miracle will persuade him to part with his possessions, in whole or in part, for an ideal unseen and only vaguely realizable. For the 'emancipated' Jew there is in Zionism no prophetic call with its divine imperative. The emotional appeal results in much the same as 'revivals' result in,—the sawdust trail and a few doles.

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

To find a thousand Jews prepared to give their lives and \$10,000 of capital each (to how many more precious than life?) may be a task for Hercules. But would it be very difficult, Mr. Lipsky, to find one hundred that would subscribe \$1,000 each to the capital stock of a Palestine-American Company, that would import into the United States selected Palestinian commodities on an exclusive franchise, and export to Palestine certain American commodities on a similar franchise? Such a company could be made to pay dividends from the start. Maintaining experts in Palestine, Palestinian production would be guided along lines agreeable to American consumption. New industries might thus be intelligently fostered, and inferiorly exploited arts and industries would be developed and raised in efficiency. The American market would be developed by all the accepted media of scientific distribution. "Made in Palestine" can be made a live issue here. Relating Palestinian exports and

imports, the company can play a large part in the diminution of Palestinian unemployment, in stimulating immigration, in raising the living standard, in increasing the home consumption of goods. I hold it as the Open Sesame of a nation's well being its ability to produce and consume goods. From a subsidized experiment, the Palestinian will become a self-sufficient and progressing pioneer.

The Swedes of Minnesota and Wisconsin were not tided over by any Swedish Keren Hayesod. The Bohemians of Nebraska and the Germans of Kansas, and the Russians of North Dakota had nothing to depend on but their own resourcefulness and fitness to survive. They are inheriting the earth. Of course, I understand: the East European Jew is no Swedish or Russian peasant. And so we enter the picture. And it behooves us to create values with forethought and insight and prevent a pauper psychology.

Palestinian credit. The marketing of Real Estate and Industrial securities. Why cannot principal and interest be underwritten so as to expedite the absorption of these securities here and provide the liquid capital for the expansion of Palestine's activities? A dozen other lines of activity are present in my mind.

In brief: I want to help create an autonomous Jewish State in my generation. A state utterly separate from any church. A state whose institutions will be modelled after American institutions. Such a State cannot be evoked by fiat of Prince or League but must be born in the heart of the Jewish people. I want to contribute the hunger in my own heart as a slight leaven towards this awakening. I recognize the two fronts of the battle of Jewish renaissance: the Palestinian and the American. I want to do my full bit on this front; and later I want to merge myself in the 'Fatherland', and, if I may, give my two stalwart sons and my three gifted daughters to be the fathers and the mothers of the new Jewish race.

Are the 'grooves' for the redemption of Eretz Israel 'fixed' or has your movement room for and need of my particular shade of contribution?

Yours sincerely,"

The correspondence with Mr. Lipsky led to nothing. Mr. Lipsky's replies to my fiery outpourings were cautiously worded and cryptically brief. He wanted me to put my ideas into syllogistic formula and to outline my "Zionist strength". I am a sales executive whose business in life is to resolve sales problems. Mr. Lipsky took it quite for granted that I was a politician. I know there are tens of thousands of brave Jewish workers in Palestine capable of producing commodities, and that here in America exists the world's greatest market for the consumption of these commodities at the greatest profit to the workers; and I want to bring together the goods and the market under the magic tradition of "Made in Palestine". Simple as all that. And Mr. Lipsky suspects, perhaps, some sinister motive actuating me and adroitly eludes me. . . .

Then early in March came THE VANGUARD and my rediscovery of Isaac Zaar and our subsequent meeting in the lounge of the Newspaper Club, in New York.

Those were wonderful hours I spent; well worth to me the thousand miles I travelled to enjoy them. I had my first intimate view of world Zionist affairs. I gleaned my first lesson in Zionist practical affairs. I caught my first glimpse of the personalities that guide the destinies of

the movement that allures me despite personal aversions and incompatibilities, and their politiqué.

Judaism as a living religion leaves me rather cold. Although born of orthodox parents and brought up in an orthodox environment, there are not even those vestigial yearnings which the author of "The Jazz Singer" attempted to portray to stir the dead embers. My soul does not respond to ritualism or ceremonialism. And equally impossible for me is Reform Judaism.

I am no victim of persecution. Nor are my physical characteristics peculiarly Semitic. My wife, a Jewess, is blond, and several of our children are very nearly the pure blond type. Nordics almost. Never in my life have I been discriminated against because of my physical characteristics. I have been able to win a modicum of material comfort and reach a certain social stratum in which we have found our quantum of happiness.

In short, here is an American, a non-professing Jew, not too distinctly Semantically characterized, no victim of anti-Semitism in any sense, suffering no ostracism, experiencing no exclusion, flung by life into the camp of the bourgeoisie, with little, if any, radical leanings, his very life's intercourse rather confined to non-Jewish contacts, and yet I am violently, race-consciously Jewish!

And a Zionist. That is, I am a member of The Z. O. A. and a contributor to its funds. My wife belongs to Hadassah. It is quite true I must classify as an "unattached", being mentally in conflict with the modus

operandi of the rank and file for the achievement of the Basle Program. Nor do I find at-one-ment with any of the wings of the right or left of any shade. Not really. Yet I feel myself to be an ardent Zionist. I can give no cogent reason for my Zionism except to confess that I possibly could not be otherwise. An Englishman is simply an Englishman. He cannot be otherwise. A Frenchman and La Belle France are one concept. But here am I, an American and yet a Jew, and more particularly a Zionist, and by implication a Palestinian! Aye, there is that within me which burns unquenchably for Zion. Not a symbolic Zion. Not an intellectual figment. Not even the Zion which the Zionist Organization is helping to evoke this day. My soul yearnings are for a great, a free, a proud Zion in fact, a worthy Motherland of a chosen race. For this Zion am I capable of great sacrifice, even the *beau geste*.

I have barely touched hands with the Zionist movement. The religious fervor and the sweaty enthusiasm, the vocality of its professional inspirers, the pitiful attempt to sell self-direction and self-determination to a people of sixteen millions cheaply—via the “tin pushka” and the little metal Zion flag—have repulsed me again and again, and yet again I have been drawn back into the vortex, suffered the interminable speechmakings, writhed at the antics of the self-anointed “redeemers”, given my doles with the dole-givers, attended “committees”, perspired, wrangled and resented . . . looking ever for the gleam, the inspired glimmer of the lighted path of my dream.

I listen to the Mizrachi and my mind conjures up pictures of mellah and hara of the Barbary States, or I see the kahal of the village of my Polish ancestors. And I shudder. Are we to re-evoke a theocracy with *gab-bonim* and *dayyanim* and *shamosim* and *hazanim*, the divine interpreters and interlocutors, a church-state such as civilization has long since cast off?

I try earnestly to read into the Halutz psychology, to understand his cooperative experiments and grasp his viewpoints, to evaluate his opinions on property and the rights of property, to fathom his intellectualism and rationalizing. Somehow in the back of my mind are disturbed visions of the Soviets and the Proletarian Dictatorship, utopias, futilities, frustrations. I want the Halutz to be a householder, and prosperous, and happy. . . .

Yet the history of the achievement of Palestinian labor is like a refreshing breeze. In the Histadruth I do see a clear flame, a spiritual fire burning away all the dross of ghetto-mindedness. I glimpse the emergence of That Something, the Will to Live, that Urge to Create so kin to the thing that impels me and moves me and gives me no rest! With all my soul I yearn to DO SOMETHING for this splendid human material—to create here in America rich markets for the fruits of their heroic toil and industry, to make the tradition, “Made in Palestine” a criterion for the superlative of its kind. . . .

Why have the American billions been withheld from Palestine? Conservatively it is estimated that the

American Jewish annual income tops five billions. Then why have these nearly one million families in prosperous America, this new and more miraculously opulent Babylon, remained unmoved by Zion's call?

No act of grace of the Mandatory, no gesture of the League of Nations can re-create the Jewish Homeland. At best they can evoke a vassal state and a subject people. Self-determination, the invincible will to live, to persist, to create, to remain unique, that must reside in the soul of a people or most truly it perish.

Is this invincible will to persist then absent from the soul of American Israel? Surely, on the whole, it is a religious Israel. Observing Jews. Their liturgy piously includes, "L' shana habah." En masse they are very close to their traditions, can almost touch with jewelled fingers the mouldering bones of their fathers and grandfathers in the yet green graves of Slobodka and Lublin and Hamburg and Frankfurt-am-Main and Prague and Budapesth.

Where are the hundreds of thousands of young American Jews, scions of a dominant race, a master class, capable of conquering the land and the sea and the air, and to walk erect, head high, with captains and kings? Why burn they not with a zeal for Zion, not to degenerate into toil-broken peasants, but to regenerate the land, to rule it and exploit it in benevolent exploitation!

Can it be that the Hasmonean spark is extinguished in our breast? Is the spirit of the Maccabees dead and Israel a shell grown fat and pudgy and soft and satisfied by the still waters of the newer Babylon?

To help rouse Israel grown sleek and contented gladly would I relearn the worship of Yahweh: not the emasculated divinity of the reform wing; not a vaguely aerated anthropomorph of the dying orthodox; but a fire-breathing, foe exterminating, blood lusting tribal god whose totem is the Lion of Judah and Herzl his prophet, the Mount of Zion his high place and a race-conscious Israel his chosen people!





# THE NEED FOR A ZIONIST OPPOSITION

By M. SHIFFMAN

**T**HE Zionist convention is over and we find ourselves just where we have been these many months,—only a little worse. The convention did not heal, did not even cover the wounds of American Zionism and many of the “loyal” delegates returned from Pittsburgh with a bitter taste in their mouths.

Why do not the victors rejoice in their victory? Why this oppressive mood among the “faithful”?

This victorious return reminds us of another sad victory in the time of David when “the victory was turned into mourning and when the victorious armies entered that day by stealth into the city.”

The administration has won. But has Zionism?

When a great number of a party become discouraged because they discover a gap between the lofty aims promulgated by its prophets and the activities of its leaders, it is time to stop and consider things. The feeling of discontent may emanate either from wrong steering or because the ideal is visionary and unattainable.

Well-wishers of the Palestine project in general and Zionists in particular are dissatisfied, and the number of the discontented exceeds by far the number of those who participated at the Washington conference and whose names appeared in the papers. There are three reasons for this dissatisfac-

tion: (a) Our political status in the Homeland, (b) Unsoundness of our economic position, and (c) The lamentable failure of our leaders to gain for Zionism the sympathy and the support of the Jewish masses.

## *Our Political Status*

More than 12 years ago the entire Jewish world was electrified by a letter sent by Lord Balfour to Lord Rothschild of London in which the British government was stated to “view with favor the establishment in Palestine of a *national* home for the Jewish people, and will *use their best endeavor to facilitate the achievement of this object*”. Ten years ago Jewish youths were recruited in America, England and Palestine to fight for the rebirth of our land and nation. Today, after ten years of superhuman sacrifices made by our pioneers, we have not the right to admit to our Homeland a Jewish national figure like Schwartzbard and we must beg admittance-cards for our Russian brothers lucky enough to escape the tight grasp of the Red prisons, the bitter irony of the situation being that most of these Zionists had been persecuted for alleged sympathies with Great Britain!

We pay taxes in our Homeland, but in addition we must also keep up our own hospitals and furnish enormous sums towards the upkeep of our schools,—funds so sorely needed for

the agricultural and industrial development of Palestine. Our legionaires are still begging in vain for land to work on. Lord Plumer says he learned that ex-soldiers in other countries did not make good farmers. . . .

These facts and many others are in a large measure responsible for the feeling of disappointment that is now prevalent among Zionists. It is quite possible that neither Dr. Weizmann nor any other leader is to be blamed for this state of affairs. However, the average Zionist to whom a "home" means what the word implies, cannot but wonder whether the mandatory power really intends to act as a friendly guide until we secure foundation, roof, and key, or does she plan to exhaust us in laying the foundation and in putting up the walls until we have no more strength left in us to get to the roof.

#### *Economic Unsoundness*

The list of failures in Palestine is a very long one. People bought shares in various "Achuza's," in "Fruit Growers Companies" etc. and got nothing in return. Zionists and sympathizers bought land in Palestine and never got their "deeds"—things like these impress the people who would otherwise give money. They feel that they deal here with a land that has no economic future or with leaders who are irresponsible.

One of the slogans used in previous years by Zionist speakers and writers was that Zionism would also, wholly or in part, solve the problem of our economic maladjustment. By creating in Palestine a healthy Jewish settle-

ment of producers, it was hoped that we would be able to free those of our people who are economic outcasts in the lands of the Galuth. But far from solving the problem of Jewish disabilities in the Diaspora, the Zionist administration was impotent to provide even for our Palestinian workers who were willing to do any kind of work.

After all these years of experimentation, our leaders have no economic policy. One season there was cry "Tobacco will save our country." And when these hopes vanished, it was silk factories or something else.

Is it any wonder that with the collapse of these projects there was also a corresponding collapse in the hopes of many Zionists who were wont to take every utterance by a Zionist official at its face value?

#### *The Lamentable Failure of Our Leaders to Gain for Zionism the Sympathy and the Support of the Jewish Masses*

This is perhaps the most serious of all the failures. The Jewish masses no longer regard us as the builders of our people's destiny. To them we are merely a group of people who are *shnorring* for Palestine and interested in nothing else which may be of utmost importance to the welfare of our race. We have divorced ourselves from other activities of our people. Movements arise, institutions are established and enormous sums spent on various Jewish activities. But in none of these do we find Zionists participating *under Zionist leadership*. When Herzl saw that Zionism was unable to give an immediate answer to the pogroms,

he thought of Uganda. He wanted to do something, because he understood that Zionism as the Jewish government must take an active and leading interest in everything that transpires in Jewish life. Not so with us. We have nothing to say on such burning questions as emigration and Jewish education in Galuth, not even on the Russian colonization plan!

Even in the so-called National activities the Zionist administration is found wanting. It has done nothing to encourage Hebrew learning and for the revival of the Hebrew language, except to send congratulatory telegrams.

In this country conditions are much worse than anywhere else. It is here that ambiguity reigns supreme. Are our leaders for or against private enterprise in Palestine? If they favor it, why all these clashes with the Palestine Development Co. and with Ruthenberg? And if they are against it, how do they explain mailing letters for the Lubliner firm or sinking money in the Zion Commonwealth to redeem land when we have our own National Fund for this purpose?

Are our leaders for or against Hebrew? They point to "The Revival of our Language" as one of the results of Zionist activities, and still you find nothing about Hebrew literature in the official English journal, not even as much as a report of the progress of the "Hebrew Week," an activity of which the administration was completely innocent. (Mr. Abraham Tannenbaum had promised to mail a letter about the "Hebrew Week" to all the Zionist Districts; Hebrew letters

were given to him and postage promised but the letter was never sent out. This, by the way, is to show what the promise of a Zionist official is worth.)

In one of his farewell addresses to American Zionists, printed in *The New Palestine* of June 1, Dr. Weizmann said:

"In the speeches, hundreds of them, which you and I have been making, we always pointed to the Halutzim. The Halutzim became a very convenient object of propaganda. In America the Halutzim became a very valuable 'article for sale,' an article of whose value you did not fail to avail yourselves. But it was forgotten that the attacks leveled, with *masterful skill and extraordinary success*, at the labor organization, were really against the very Halutzim who were utilized as the basis of propaganda. This inconsistency was perfectly clear to me; nevertheless, for the sake of cooperation, and in the hope of better days, this procedure was allowed."

Now, who were those who with "masterful skill" dared to attack the only organization in Palestine that has definite aims and is working in the true spirit of our national revival? Who were those whose attacks encouraged the "Effendis" of Petach Tikvah and elsewhere, if not the official Zionist organs?

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And yet, we could not join the forces of the "Opposition." Instead of going to the roots of things they chose to deal with isolated cases; instead of principles they dealt with men. After

reading all the articles published by them we yet want to see a clear statement as to what they would do were they put into the place of the present leaders.

How would they have us build Palestine? Would they encourage land buying and thus reintroduce land speculation? Would they respect the principles and the autonomy of the Jewish National Fund? Would they work hand in hand with the Histadruth Haovdim or would they, as adherents of Private Initiative, ignore the only group who can bring the Palestinian question to the attention of the British Parliament? Would they encour-

age dealers in oranges who have no place in their groves for the Halutzim? Would they consider national activities in the Galuth indispensable or as outside of their sphere of action?

An opposition that has nothing better to offer than negations such as "mismanagement" and "leaders do not command respect" cannot hope to gain many enthusiastic followers.

The friends of a really Jewish Palestine, a Palestine built by Jewish labor and settled by Jewish producers are still waiting for an opposition. But until that day let us strengthen our ranks and work for the Zionist funds. These must, on no account, suffer.



## BENEATH THE PORTER'S MASK

By LIONEL FITZ-ROY SWAN

Loud ringing laughter ushers in his frame.  
 A face unmarred by care beams satisfied.  
 He answers promptly to a menial's name,  
 Indifferent to the turn of fortune's tide.  
 Another childish chuckle greets the mite  
 Tossed to this lazar like de-tabled crumbs.  
 (A seeming waster, seeking but a bite,  
 Who gift-awarded leaves, then hungry, comes).

Yet could you see the shielded soul you'd find  
 The pride of manhood vieing with the need  
 Of trick existence. You who would be kind,  
 Unwitting wound the seeming dolt you feed.  
 A careless smile you deem is all his task,  
 But cannot see rebellion's stir beneath the mask.

## HOW VAN HOFF TURNED STRIKER

By GENE MANFRED

VAN HOFF was a serious man, he was born a serious man. He never actually experienced the care-free forgetfulness peculiar to childhood.

When Van Hoff was of those tender years in which human beings break windows and first begin to appreciate the value of strength, a grim intensity of cogitation had already gripped his soul.

"Mother, why are some men rich and some are poor?" he would ask.

"Because some men work hard and some men are lazy," she would answer.

Of course, mothers are not expected to be profound sociologists, but when a mother is blessed with a child like Van Hoff the result is sad.

"Mother!"

"Yes, dear."

"Atchie's father! He works hard in the mills. Why is he poor?"

"You dear little foolish child. You shouldn't ask questions," and a burst of motherly affection was intended to soothe the boy.

"Mother!"

"Yes, Harold."

"When I grow up I'm going to help the poor. We'll get an army and fight. There are more poor than rich and we will win. I told Atchie. He says no, because the poor fight each other. But I'll make a speech and tell them they shouldn't be enemies and they'll stick together."

A child who at ten begins losing hair over the problem of poverty, at the age of 30 just naturally develops into a Van Hoff. Nothing can save him. Age certainly doesn't improve human stock. Age simply makes it more civilized, which is a gentle way of breaking bad news. The Van Hoff face merely became set like a mask, the eyes less seeing, and the heart more calculating.

Mabel, exasperated by his blind, grim belief in everything, once rebuked him:

"Grave, plodding seriousness is a beautiful gift that should be translated into color and hung in a gallery for the edification of the idle," she said angrily. "In our shabby work-a-day world it doesn't harmonize. Society wasn't built by serious men, as an intelligent scrutiny will disclose, nor do those who govern its destiny consider it with one tenth the conscientious gravity that a mule displays before its bale of hay. The leaders of humanity and the builders of our civilization are men who understand and love a joke. You, Van Hoff, have no sense of humor. Everything is draped in black. You think Ceasar was serious when he refused the crown thrice offered him."

His childish sympathy for sick humanity had long since departed from his soul. It left by some hidden exit the day he had discovered the

existence of Harold Van Hoff, a very critical moment lost in the maze of his forgotten school-days. The class had elected Atchie president, while him, Harold Van Hoff, honor student, serious-minded, capable, it had not even considered. Atchie was all right, a good fellow, his best friend, but he wasn't of presidential calibre, so Van Hoff thought, he was too light-hearted. So he fumed at the pack of fools who had passed him by and marveled in his bitter heart at their folly.

"They are too young to know any better," and he forgave them.

In this way Van Hoff awakened. In this way he first became conscious of himself as one of those who toil in the world for the rewards the world bestows upon the successful. At that moment he resolved, as Van Hoff could resolve, never to forget that his object was success, as the world counted success. Continually he held before him as a goal to be attained the plaudits of the crowd, the crowd that had raised Atchie on its shoulders.

He became an imitator of Atchie—and ambitious men must not imitate.

For Van Hoff could never be like Atchie, never succeed where Atchie succeeded. Once he asked his mother why some men are rich and some men are poor, now he wanted to ask why he was he and Atchie was Atchie. . . . But he had no confidante. He felt too intensely, and feelings are lost when wrapped in words. Only poets rise above the restraints of speech, and Van Hoff was no poet. So his feelings fermented unexpressed.

Once he thought Mabel could take his mother's place.

"Why do people judge others by what they say of themselves? Why are skillful braggarts honored? Can't people see beneath the swagger?" he asked her.

She was sensible: "You're the only one who has a chance of knowing yourself. You tell the world what you know and the world will believe you if you repeat it often enough. Some people can tell a lie. Some people can't. If you can't lie you must tell the truth."

Van Hoff had long ago lost the habit of telling the truth, of being himself; he thought of himself only as a master whom he must serve and elevate, almost as a third person, whose ambitions he must satisfy.

"If only I were like Atchie. With my ability," for he considered himself immensely superior to Atchie, "and my knowledge I could become President of the Mills," he would say to himself.

Van Hoff was becoming resigned to failure, only sporadically did he venture to emulate Atchie and success. Now as he leaned over his desk in the Mills his heart still burned, not, indeed, because of the strike that raged outside, not for the hungry strikers that were being clubbed by the police, but because the system that governed his destiny was stupid, abysmally stupid, so stupid it preferred a hollow Atchie to a substantial and serious Van Hoff.

The Atchie with his usual breeziness and enthusiasm blew over: "Harry, take a look at this," he



handed Van Hoff a letter. "Of all the crazy things they could think of! And they picked me, too!" Atchie punctuated everything with a deep and mirthful laugh, it was part of his system.

"Dear Mr. Atchinson,—

We recognize you as having risen from the ranks and glory in your achievement. We feel and know, too, that your heart is still with those of your old comrades who have not been as fortunate as you. The Amalgamated Steel Workers' Union therefore calls upon you as one of the workers being unfairly exploited by Capital to throw your lot with the striking steel workers and to use your influence with the office workers that they may join us in a sympathy strike or in some similar gesture of approval for our cause.

This would be sufficient to put a halt to the endless bickering and tactics being used to starve us into submission and might prove to the world that we are not the lawless radicals we are pointed out to be but are fighting a just cause legally and rightfully, etc., etc."

"Rot! they could all get out of the mill if they had the guts. I did it." Atchie laughed scornfully. "Asking me to join them! After I worked night and day to get away from them and their murk. They're just a pack of yelping dogs and they'll get licked good and proper in the end."

"What do you intend to do?" Van Hoff asked.

"Do; there's only one thing to do, that's stay put. I know what side my bread is buttered on. I stick with the

powers that be. If the strikers win, what can they give me? Nothing. If the bosses win, I have my job. If the bosses lose, I have my job. Stick with the fellow that's got the cash, is my motto," he ended up decisively.

"The only thing to do," agreed Van Hoff with a voice that pretended to imitate the cocksure bellowing of Mr. Atchinson but sounded more like a presumptuous whine.

Weakness doesn't merit help. One helps only the strong because one must win. No great glory in losing. No satisfaction in being an outcast. True, Van Hoff admitted to himself, he had never won anything, he had just about held his own, adding nothing to the heritage he received from his father. Still, he was on the side of the strong, that was something. What they won was his victory, and they invariably won. The surging sense of power that he was above the need of assistance somehow hid for once the overmastering knowledge that he had failed, that he had been unrecognized and thwarted by that very power in whose sun he basked, that he had not been permitted to conquer the share of the world's goods to which he felt himself entitled by reason of heritage and capacity. He despaired no longer for the moment. It is strange how a stray thought, a chance remark will drive away the shadows.

Had Atchie joined Van Hoff at lunch that day, as he customarily did, Van Hoff might still be brooding over the same desk in the Mills. But Atchie had shown the letter he had received from the strikers to the Vice-

President and the Vice-President immediately invited Archie to lunch with him. Therefore Van Hoff sauntered out of the mill gate alone, for he had few friends and lacked that warm exterior that attracts acquaintanceship.

A peaceful Sabbath atmosphere reigned about the great furnaces, a fictitious calm so tense it seemed one more drop of venom and the thunderous surgings below would burst through. Groups of strikers sat on the steps of their paltry wooden shacks and whispered, their wives with pale scared faces peered from the windows. Only the children made noise.

On one corner a small crowd of steel-workers had collected. Van Hoff gravitated toward this group, superciliously curious. He was a superman compared to these, unmoved by forces that agitated them. Unconsciously he admired the powerful shoulders and biceps and the potential power hidden in those muscles.

So Van Hoff walked among these giants.

He was no dwarf himself but any man there could crush him if he willed. But none desired to crush him. Here was power with restraint, without desire to use it. "Perhaps without ability to use it," Van Hoff mused, but not scornfully as was his wont, because he felt the iron shoulder against his own and the presence of strength inspires reverence.

In the center a man was haranguing the crowd which listened and flowed in and out as the impulse of restive men dictated. Van Hoff was sucked in to the center.

"Birth, accident, chance have put power into the hands of weak incompetent men," the speaker was arguing, "a great deal of power based on prestige and wealth. They cannot and do not know how to use power as strong men use it, wisely and temperately. They feel it slipping from their feeble grasp, power is a burden to them, they carry muscles as babes, they see power not as an instrument but as an end. They have been given a taste for it and they grasp after it like gluttons. They fear to share it, lest they lose it, lest they lose it all. The weak are always afraid. Afraid of whom? Of us! They oppress us and tread us down not because they profit from our misery; they lose, as much as we do, they bind us in slavery because they fear us, because we have the power. We show our teeth and they tremble."

Archie would have laughed. Van Hoff never laughed, he listened with a grim intensity. Power was his God, the touchstone of success. These men had power, he felt it, he thought they knew how to govern it. Perhaps physical strength and numbers have as much right and ability to rule as material wealth and money power.

Suddenly a cry, "The Police!" Jostling, pushing, cursing. Stamping horses, coarse orders, shouted resentments. Clubs fell. Strong men slunk away. Brutality grinned.

Surprise, not courage, a kind of pain that strength should crumble held Van Hoff to the spot. One of those giants with a broken head groaned at his feet.



After all, Van Hoff was not Archie, Van Hoff was a serious man and took things seriously. He imitated success because he possessed an urge for success. That he simulated the wrong kind of success he did not know, because serious men are too deeply immersed in themselves to see far away, they become nearsighted. Now Van Hoff's tremendous seriousness was directed on this groaning worker. It shut out the police, the crowds, the roar, and the ominous tumult. He did not hear, he did not see, he only felt the urge of his seriousness.

So Van Hoff bent over the bloody worker and sought to drag him to a place of shelter.

"Let that damn puppy be," ordered the policeman.

Van Hoff did not hear. The thousand thoughts and emotions that teemed in his breast left no room for outside coercion. He did not think of the police, he studiously excluded them from the picture in his heart.

The policeman raised his club and held it threateningly. But it did not fall, for he, too, dreaded authority, and for him authority was rested in well pressed clothes.

"Put him down and get out!" The policemen did not know that if he ignored this single man no harm would be done. But he too was oppressed by a single idea. "Clear the streets," was his order, and the street must be cleared.

The sputting, baffled officer, fuming over the head of the oblivious Van Hoff presented the picture of a hero about to be martyred to the half cowed strikers. They read courage

and sacrifice into Van Hoff's deed, and were not without shame and condemnation for their own retreat.

Someone gave the call. With a single impulse the strikers surged from behind doors and cellars, from around corners and alleyways. They caught the over-confident police unaware. There were shots, yells, police were dragged from their horses, men fought with bloody fists, and the strikers won the day.

Then, before the troops arrived there was time for a parade, and Van Hoff stared from the top of brawny shoulders as they marched between the rows of wooden shacks where the steel workers lived, and women cheered and wept. But he felt very uncomfortable. He was too serious to enjoy the holiday glory. Although he secretly wished for it he was not accustomed to being worshipped as a popular idol. Therefore he was happy and relieved when he found himself in a small room with a few leaders of the strike showering compliments and wearing faces in which he read a seriousness as profound as his own.

He joined the strikers. His grim earnest face and blind gravity somehow frightened the jokers. There was the fire and strength of the fanatic behind him. And he too would have marveled at himself if he had taken the time to think. But he shut himself out of his thoughts just as surely as once he had shut himself in, just as surely as he had excluded the police; and, strangely, he was contented.

# CHILD LABOR THE WORLD OVER

By GERTRUDE FOLKS ZIMAND

**C**HILD labor is an evil and is recognized as such by all nations. Yet, though an evil, it is tolerated to some extent in every civilized country and those which boast the most ancient civilizations are sometimes the least advanced in the protection of children.

Assurance of a healthful life and of educational opportunity is the birthright of every child regardless of race, creed or color. Yet we find children of all races, creeds and colors forced to leave school and join the ranks of wage earners long before they are physically or mentally capable of adult responsibility.

Our sympathies are easily aroused by stories of war orphans, refugees, victims of earthquakes, volcanoes and other disasters—but the daily catastrophies of thousands of children working away their lives here, there, and everywhere, have left us unmoved. The excuse or at least the explanation may be ignorance—for it is undeniable that we are woefully ignorant as to the extent and harmfulness of child labor, considered as a world problem.

We may have heard that boys and girls in Soviet Russia have been safeguarded from the evils of premature employment to a degree not yet reached in other lands. For Russia has wisely decreed that they shall not work until 16 years, except children

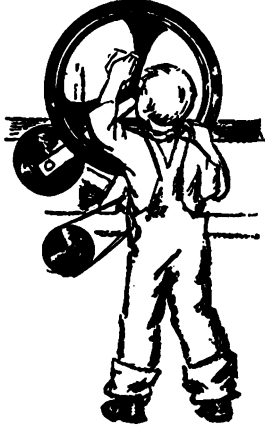
of 14 in exceptional cases. Between 14 and 16 years they may work only four hours a day and between 16 and 18 only six hours a day. For such work they are to be paid a full day's wages.

We may know, likewise, in a vague sort of way, that the countries of Europe have given thought to the question and have considered it a matter for legislation—that most of them have enacted various rules and regulations and that some are scientifically studying certain phases of the problem of juvenile employment.

Perhaps we have also learned rather casually that in the eastern and oriental countries child labor still flourishes to a degree hardly known at any time in the history of many lands. The story of "improvement" in these countries—improvement attained for the most part since the organization of the International Labor Office—tells the tale not only of the past but of the present.

Until January of this year, many children 10 years old and younger were employed in the carpet industry in Algiers. Now all children under 11 are to be dismissed and next year the age will be raised to 12! India has adopted a 12-year age limit for certain industries. Japan has likewise fixed the minimum age at 12 for children who have finished the elementary school course; otherwise 14. China is trying to enforce a 10-

year age for boys and a 12-year age for girls. Persia, following a revelation of atrocious conditions, has ordered an 8-year age limit for boys and a 10-year age limit for girls in the carpet weaving industry of Kerman.



*Child Working at Carpet Weaving*

But any attempt to study child labor conditions as a whole, or to trace the pattern of child labor legislation throughout the various countries of the world is fraught with difficulties. General descriptions are next to impossible. There are good, bad, and indifferent countries. Comparable figures as to the number of children at work or the number of children in school are not available. Some countries hardly know how many children they have within their borders. Legislative provisions, even assuming that they are enforced, can be summarized with any degree of accuracy only by a detailed and voluminous chart — for not only are there great differences in the standards and practices of different countries but there are wide variations within a given country. One can not, for instance, classify the countries

of the world into groups which have established a 10, 12, 14 or 16 year age limit for entrance into industry, and the same thing is true of other features of child labor legislation, such as the regulation of daily and weekly hours, night work, school attendance, etc. If we refer to the number of countries having an eight hour day for children, we must specify the age of the "child", the industries to which the regulation applies, and the various exemptions and special provisions which always exist. And when we are through we hardly know which classification fits!

Perhaps the most enlightening way to survey the situation is to take the Draft Conventions of the International Labor Office as a starting point—to review their standards and see how far they have been ratified. The International Labor Office, established by the Treaty of Versailles and ratified by thirty-two countries in January, 1920, now has fifty-five members. Its Draft Conventions are in no sense international laws. They are rather statements of desirable minimum standards reached by international agreement. They must be submitted to the "competent authority" in each country, usually the national legislature, with a view to ratification and application in national legislation. If a country ratifies a Draft Convention it virtually means that this country has accepted the enforcement of that particular Convention as a treaty obligation. It must then proceed to enact legislation for carrying out the "treaty". Conventions are not permanent but

run for ten years, and annual reports on enforcement are required.

The Draft Conventions of the International Labor Office relating to the employment of young people have up to the present time dealt with two points—minimum age for beginning work and night work for young people.

In 1919, fourteen years was adopted as the general minimum age for entrance into industry. It must be noted that this Draft Convention was modified in its application to Japan and India where conditions were considered to be rather special. These modifications permit the employment in Japan of children over 12 years who have finished the elementary school course, and exempt India from the age clause provided that no children under 12 be allowed to work in a factory using mechanical motive power and employing more than ten persons, or in a mine.

In an article in the October, 1927, issue of "The American Child," the monthly journal of the National Child Labor Committee, Leifur Magnusson, Director of the Washington branch of the International Labor Office, explains that many delegates would have liked to fix the age minimum at 15 or 16, but "the state of progress attained at that time and particularly the backwardness of educational institutions in some countries determined the 14-year limit. An examination of legislation at that time showed 12 years of age and under as the standard in at least nine countries. It was 13 years in four, and 14 in twelve countries.

It may be observed that in the United States 14 was not then as universally the rule in the American commonwealths as it may be at present. Fourteen years was a slogan for the child reformers, with much the same significance as the eight hour day among trade unionists."

Among the more important countries which have *not* ratified this Convention are Australia, Austria, Canada, France, Hungary, Norway, Portugal, and Sweden. Australia and Canada, it must be remembered, have a federal form of government and the laws of most of their separate states conform, on the whole, to the Draft Conventions. Austria has a 12-year age limit (school attendance is compulsory until 14); France has a general age limit of 13 years; Hungary of 10 years (school attendance is required until 12); Norway has 14 years with exemptions; Portugal 12, and in some cases 10 years, and Sweden 14 for girls but 13 for boys.

Another Draft Convention dealing with child employment relates to night work and prohibits such work for children under 18 years, except in industries where work is carried on continuously, day and night. In such cases the employment of children 16 to 18 years of age is allowed. Night work is defined as "a period of at least eleven consecutive hours including the interval between ten o'clock in the evening and five o'clock in the morning."

The night-work Convention has met with somewhat better success, being ratified to date by eighteen countries, approved by two and recommended

for ratification in nine. Legislation is now in effect in sixteen countries of which two report having had it before the Convention was adopted, and is in preparation in eleven countries. Two other countries have passed legislation but not as broad in scope as that contemplated by the night-work Convention.

These two Draft Conventions are the only ones directly related to the employment of children in industrial work and give us a picture of the extent to which this most harmful phase of child labor is still tolerated. When we recall that there are fifty-five countries in the League of Nations, we realize that progress, though especially marked in the eastern countries which formerly had practically no legislation, is nevertheless extremely low, and that present attainment falls far, far short of even the *minimum* standards adopted by the International Labor Office.

As for countries not included in the International Labor Organizations,—their absence does not necessarily imply that they are “without the pale” on matters of child labor. Afghanistan, Costa Rica, Ecuador, Egypt, Mexico, Nejd, Turkey, Soviet Russia and the United States of America—thus the list runs. And of these Russia, as already mentioned, has probably the most advanced legislation of any country.

The United States of America, viewed by the progress of other countries, leads in many respects—but legislation in the United States, with the defeat of all attempts at federal legislation, shows every variety and

combination possible in forty-eight different states. The age limit varies from 14 to 16 with certain industries entirely unregulated in some states; weekly hours range from forty-four to sixty, and night work restrictions vary from none at all to prohibition of all work between 6 p. m. and 8 a. m. In most states the night work



*He, Too, Makes the Factory Wheels Go*

provision applies only to 16, not 18 years, the age specified in the Draft Convention.

Mexico, under its Labor Government, is fast improving education, and has set a 12 year old age limit for industry, and a six hour day for children under 16. There is a distinct problem of Mexican child labor, however, outside of Mexico. Every year thousands of the migratory workers in our own sugar beet fields, cotton plantations, and fruit orchards are recruited from Mexican laborers—and the children work with the rest of the family. Not only is the work physically too taxing for growing children

but living conditions are bad and school attendance almost non-existent. An interesting experiment with migratory schools, it should be noted in passing, is being carried on in California.

Child labor in the United States, however, is not primarily a problem of the foreign-born. The Federal Census while not reporting separately for each nationality, shows a slightly larger proportion of foreign-born white children 10 to 16 years at work, but this is by no means uniform for all age groups. The younger group, 10 to 13 years, both male and female, showed a larger percentage of native-born employed. The Census report concludes that "whatever tendency towards child labor there is among the immigrants begins to disappear within one generation," and further suggests that the general absence of strict child labor and compulsory school attendance laws in the South is one of the causes of the relatively high incidence of child labor among native whites of native parentage.

When we compare either the legislative progress that has been made, or, a truer index, conditions as they exist regardless of legislation, with the standards for the employment of children by various groups, we realize how long and laborious is the road that still lies ahead.

The National Child Labor Committee has adopted a set of standards which they believe should constitute the absolute minimum guaranteed to every child. This program, which it believes capable of immediate applica-

tion, at least in this country, provides in brief that:

1. Children under 14 years shall not be employed in any gainful occupation.

2. Children between 14 and 16 years shall not be employed during school hours unless they have completed the eighth grade or its equivalent.

3. Children between 14 and 16 years shall not be employed more than eight hours a day or six days a week

4. Children between 14 and 16 years shall not be employed between 7 p. m. and 6 a. m.

5. Children between 14 and 16 years shall not be employed without a physician's certificate of physical fitness for work.

6. Children between 14 and 16 years and children between 16 and 18 years shall not be allowed to work in occupations which are physically or morally hazardous for children of these ages.

Another program, somewhat broader in its scope and touching other industrial problems, is that adopted by the International Federation of Trade Unions, the Labor and Socialist International, and the Socialist Youth Federation, who ask for:

1. Prohibition of all wage-earning work for children up to the completion of the 14th year.

2. Compulsory attendance at an elementary school until admission to wage-earning work.

3. Introducing of compulsory instruction (vocational) until the completion of the 18th year.

4. The extension up to the com

pletion of the 18th year of protective legislation applicable to apprentices, and young workers (manual and non-manual).

5. Establishment of a maximum 48-hour week, to include vocational instruction and the time required for clearing up.

6. A free Saturday half-day and a free Sunday; if not Saturday, some other free half-day to be given during the week.

7. Prohibition of night-work for young workers.

8. A minimum three weeks of paid holiday for wage-earning young persons under 16 (inclusive of apprentices) and two weeks paid holidays for wage-earning young persons between 16 and 18 (inclusive of apprentices).

9. Regulations providing for the welfare, unemployment relief and training of unemployed young workers.

10. The regulation of vocational training, in the organization of which unions shall be entitled to an equal share with the employers.

Though labelled minimum programs, neither of these platforms in its entirety, can seriously be considered as the basis for action in very many countries at the present time. Certain planks could be considered fairly generally. But, as international programs for a world which includes countries that still permit children of 10 and 12 years to go to work, and still permit them to work ten and twelve hours a day, both are, unfortunately, veritable Utopias.



*Children Tilling in the Fields*

## OUR YOUNG JUDEANS

By HAROLD BERMAN

YOUNG people from all over the land, from every part and section of this country, met recently in annual convention at Long Branch, N. J. It was a nice convention; well attended, well staged, well managed and on the whole well consummated. The intelligence level of the attending delegates was more than usually high, a level seldom attained at a similar gathering of youth, whether Jewish or non-Jewish. There were some really unusual folks among the delegates, when one considers their age. The great majority of the delegates ranked between the ages of 18 and 25, but a few being above that age, and these invariably were "regional leaders", and not of the rank and file. As a matter of fact, the convention could properly have been considered a leaders' convention, or almost so, a considerable portion of the delegates being composed of leaders, the guiders of and the spokesmen for the younger boys and girls who look up to them for counsel and leadership.

Many of the delegates were of the collegiate type; well-read and conscious of purpose. Many of them had read more than a little of good literature, some of them of modern Hebrew literature as well. And they were all united in their love of Palestine, the Jewish cultural revival and in their love for the Hebrew tongue, which many of them spoke with ease and

fluency and most of them read and write.

It was clearly to be seen that "Young Judea" to them was not a mere club, a place where to meet friends and in which to pass a heavy-hanging hour, but a place that one resorts to when in the mood for serious thought and deeds—whether of a self-cultural nature or of national welfare. One had but to see the animation and the absorbing interest with which most of the delegates followed the proceedings and how their faces lit up when some phase or other of the Palestinian work or the cause of the Hebrew language or literature was under discussion and progress indicated. Idealism and devotion to a cause were the outstanding features of the gathering, though in off-hours and between sessions youthful exuberance and the too-long pent-up emotions of the boys and girls would sometimes break loose and manifest themselves in boisterous speech and act not at all becoming to Young Judeans. I know it as a fact that the owner of the Hotel (and a very nice hotel it was, too) in which the convention was held, and many of the fellow-guests were not at all pleased with the behavior of the Youthful Judeans, especially in the night hours, when "racketing" would take the place of peaceful slumber, when canes would go into action and cat-calls and loud



whistling would do duty in place of legitimate snoring. And Young Judeans do not somehow jibe in with overturned chairs and broken dresser-tops. However, this is only "an aside" and not altogether relevant to my main topic.

The Zionist Movement in the 30 years of its existence has experienced many an internal battle between the Traditionalists and the Culturists, or, if you prefer, between the Religionists and Secularists. In the early days of the movement, before its platform was defined and the ideals, aims and aspirations were clearly set forth, it presented a mixture of religious yearnings and political restoration. In those early and nebulous days mystical longings were inextricably jumbled together with realistic strivings, so that no one could properly define Zionism, for both the Polish rabbi and the free-thinking student or labor leader would insist that *their* definition was the only correct one. If to the one spokesman it meant the rebuilding of the Temple, the restoration of the daily sacrifices and the Monarchy of the House of David, to the other it may have meant the establishment of a Jewish Secular Republic on a modern plan, with religion as an entirely private concern and with none of the ancient priestly mumbo-jumbo and the attendant theocratic evils, while the average, unthinking layman fell somewhere between these two. He didn't know, couldn't know, and was incapable of delving into those "deep" problems, so that he frequently wouldn't be able to define the movement that he was supporting with

his efforts and money beyond its crudest and most general outlines.

After a while the "Kultur-Kampf" in the ranks of Zionism came to the fore, and the present President of the World Zionist Organization was one of its leaders. He has since repented of his "youthful sins", became thoroughly respectable, and far more at home in the society of bankers and industrialists than in the company of horny-handed workers. The battle-lines were clearly and determinedly drawn, and it became an established Article of the Zionist faith that *the movement as a whole was a purely secular one.*

In the early days of the Movement, American Zionism was, actually if not officially, a religious movement. The rationalistic features of the ideal were so mingled with the mystical features of the movement. Conventions always began with prayer, just like the Republican or the Democratic conventions, or sessions of the Legislature, while the general ideology of the Movement, as expressed from the platform and in the literature of the day, leaned heavily towards religion. Gradually, however, it worked away from the ecclesiastic leading-strings and became thoroughly secularized, that is, neutral. The Zionist Movement officially had nothing to do with religion, which was left to the promptings of the individual conscience, which is as it should be.

While the adult Zionist Movement was secularized, it seems that the Junior Movement did not share in this emancipation. The Young Judea in its ritual, in its ceremonialism, in its

leadership and outlook, is *distinctly a religious movement*, which means that the free-thinking youth is automatically shut out of all participation in this regenerative and culturally-Jewish work if it insists on adhering to its own views and principles. Why, one may ask, should skull-caps be worn at meal-times, grace be recited aloud before and after meals as if this were a religious gathering or ceremonial occasion, thus causing discomfort to the one who does not wish to participate in religious ceremonies, and moreover, deviate flagrantly from the Zionist platform and Zionist aims? Why are religious services held officially in connection with the convention, a *Chazan*—though an ultra-modern one—imported not only to read the prayers, but to lead in the singing of ritualistic pieces (in skull-cap) during the intermission of the convention and at table? It makes no difference whatever whether he be the Chazan of the Beth-Hamidrash Hagodal or the Free-synagogue, whether he is a good singer or a bad one, his place is not at the convention unless his songs be secular and the tone and the atmosphere be secular..

And, again, if an assembly of nationalistically inclined young Jews and Jewesses desires to display its interest in traditional Jewish melodies and tunes—if it desires to be real "Folksy"—why repeat *ad nauseum* the "*Boruch Elohenu Shebroonu Lechwodo*", chew the cud of Hassidic tommy-rot, when there are so many really beautiful Jewish poems, verses and melodies ready at hand? One will readily admit that Jehudah Halevi and Gebirol, Gor-

don, M. J. Lebensohn and Bialik, and a host of others, possessed greater poetic talent than some half-insane provider of miracles in some Polish town. The leaders and program-masters of Young Judea, one may be permitted to say, display very poor judgment when they turn away from the nourishing meats of the rich Jewish table and feed the young minds intrusted to their care on these dry husks.

The Young Judeans' convention bore at times the air and the atmosphere of a theological school convention, especially between the sessions, and during meal-hours, or when smaller groups and committees would gather in the smaller parlors for consultation. I recall how at one such gathering one of the delegates gravely informed the group how he so ingeniously contrived to overcome the temptation to smoking on the Sabbath by carrying around a pocketfull of "Indian Nuts" on that day and munching them continuously. I heard many another such tale related by the elder members and leaders at various group-gatherings, tales perfectly in place in religious schools, and while I would be listening in amusement (or, shall I say, amazement?) to these miraculous tales, not infrequently there would float in from a distance the entranced strains of a "*Boruch Elohenu*" or a "*Mohani*".

There is an abundance of splendid raw material in the Young Judea Organization. There is an abundance of intelligence, of earnestness, of sincerity, and the desire to learn, to know and to do. With proper vision and

broad intellectual outlook at the top, there really is no limit to the good that this organization may accomplish, intellectually and nationalistically. There is splendid clay here out of which could be moulded the future generation of leadership, the leaven, that is to transform chemically the entire American Jewish lump. It is still awaiting the master-hand to shape it.

Young Judea was organized in 1908, as an auxiliary arm of the Zionist Organization of America, with a special appeal to the young folks, as its name implies. As duly stated in its platform, its purpose is: "To advance the cause of Zionism, to further the mental, moral and physical development of the Jewish youth, and to

promote Jewish culture and ideals in accordance with Jewish tradition."

The number of registered Young Judean clubs in 1928 was 404, divided into three (3) classes: Junior, Intermediate and Senior—total membership 11,264. 15 per cent are under the age of 12; 31 per cent 12 to 14; 36 per cent 14 to 16; 16 per cent 16 to 18; 2 per cent above age 18. Clubs and circles are to be found in 136 cities and towns and in 38 states. They do quite some work for the spread of Hebrew language and literature, and also aid in the Palestinian Boy Scout movement.

Officers are: Rabbi Israel Goldstein, President; Samuel J. Borowsky, Executive Secretary; Irving Rosenzweig, Treasurer; Nathan Straus, Honorary President.

## WHILE THEY SQUABBLE

*By* JOHANNA FRADA

See the stir in market places!  
Hark the talk of saintly graces.  
What a strife and consternation  
Over worn out creed's probation.

Haggling over superstitions;  
Mothy, mildewed, worn traditions:  
Look! While they squabble, in their fold  
Thieves are stealing all their gold.

## STORIES OF THE DESTRUCTION

By A. FRUMKIN.

### 2. *Shall Women Eat Their Fruits?*"

*"See, O Lord, and behold to whom Thou hast done thus! Shall women eat their fruit, the children that are dandled in the hands? Shall priest and prophet be slain in the sanctuary of the Lord?"*

(Lamentations 2, 20.)

A cloud of horror and disaster hung over Jerusalem.

From without the enemy had besieged the city, cutting off every access, so that none could leave or enter its gates.

And within there reigned chaos and pandemonium.

Divided in parties and split into sects, the people disputed and quarreled and bitterly hated one another.

Each one had something else to propose, and insisted on having his own way. So many men, so many minds; so many sects, so many schemes, so many divergent views.

There was no end to it.

Surrender, advised the old.

Fight and win, urged the young.

Die like heroes on the battlefield, shouted the Zealots.

And the magnates trembled in fear . . .

The siege had brought a terrible famine to the Holy City. Food was scarce; and yet scarcer were the means wherewith to buy it. To save themselves, people had to sell or pawn

all their valuables in order to fight off starvation.

But the famine grew worse from day to day, and the prices for food were soaring to enormous heights.

There were only a few men—the magnates—who did not feel the pinch of the famine. On the contrary, they had profited by it. Out of the suffering and misery of the people they were amassing fortunes.

Barns full of corn and wheat did they hoard, and day by day they kept on advancing the prices.

But the sales grew slower and slower, and at length, when the people had spent all the money they possessed, the produce was rotting away in the cellars.

Thousands of people had not a crumb of bread, and the granaries of the rich were still overfilled.

\* \* \*

And the hunger of their wives and their children had driven the poor out of their homes; they could not stand the suffering of their families.

So they assembled in the open places and at the palaces of the magnates.

The satisfied, luxurious life excited them; the granaries full of corn and wheat filled them with wrath. In the silk and gold-covered gowns of the wealthy ladies they saw the shrouds of their wives and their daughters.

A furious rage overtook them, and

in their despair they made an end of it.

They put fire to the granaries, destroyed the palaces and turned all the sumptuous, luxurious life into a heap of ruin.

There were no more magnates, but poor, suffering people—

“If starve we must, let all be alike!” . . .

\* \* \*

Now it came to pass that one of those formerly wealthy men—Joseph the Magnate by name—had died of hunger and shame.

He left a young wife and a little child, a boy.

The boy was mother's darling, the pupil of her eye; she watched over him day and night.

When he had first opened his eyes, there was still light and warmth and comfort at their home . . . They were bathing in luxury. In silk and satin did she swaddle him, and in a cradle covered with precious jewels did he sleep.

Day by day she was wont to put her darling-boy on the scale, and as much as he weighed so much gold did she send to the Temple.

Thus it went until God's wrath had come upon them.

Famine and shame had bereaved her of her beloved husband. She was left alone with the child in wretchedness and misery.

The gruesome hunger had ruined her and her dear child.

Exhausted, emaciated, without the

least strength and without a ray of hope, she looked down upon her boy. What a horrible change! There was hardly a trace left of his radiant face, of his brilliant eyes, his full cheeks and his red, fresh lips. Everything had faded, disappeared.

Like a little monster did he appear now in her eyes.

And like a monster he frightened her, when he threw himself on the floor and convulsively twisted his mouth, crying for a piece of bread.

She searched for some food to appease his hunger, but she found none.

And he kept on begging and crying: “Mother dear, a piece of bread, I am dying!”

One day he insisted so much that the poor woman had lost her patience with him. She became insane.

In a fury of anger she seized her darling-boy, threw him on the floor, and with her own hands she slew him—

And feasted on his flesh.

\* \* \*

Then a mighty voice went up to the Almighty in reproach:

“See, O Lord, and behold to whom Thou hast done thus! Shall mothers eat their fruit, the children dandled in the hands?”

And a voice from Heaven came in answer:

“Shall priest and prophet be slain in the sanctuary of the Lord?”

A supplementary story, “The Blood of The Prophet”, appeared in the July issue of *The Vanguard*.—*Editor*.

## BIG COLLEGE

By OLIVER MANNING

THE stadium, cheering, colors, rah, rah, the prom, red and white blazers, racoon coats, millions of young people cheering, drinking, dancing. Is this college? No! Not more than a dress parade is war.

Tremendous lecture halls, 500 students in one room scribbling in note books; seminars, 20 youths discussing Marx and Relativity, pallid faces and dusty books in alcoves, cramming for exams, profs giving exams—is this college? No more than voting is democracy.

The venerable faculty, Nobel Prize winners, L. L. D's, big money givers, wealthy endowers, libraries, 50,000 books in dusty stacks, Elizabethan dorms, gothic buildings named after fabulously rich benefactors, the green campus—is this college? No! Just as Wall Street it is not America, nor Tammany, New York City.

Football, periodical cramming, and a classical campus give color to college life; they are what the newspapers seize upon as the college atmosphere; they are what University Publicity Departments wave before the eyes of prospective recruits; they are what the college graduate recalls when he thinks of his school days and what he visits when he returns to the campus. They are college to the one who believes everything he reads and hears, but to the undergraduate they are simply the trimmings, the neces-

sary evils, or the pleasant incidentals of actual college life.

The object of his most engrossing devotion, that consumes the best part of the student's energies and ability is not football, nor the curriculum, nor the mythical influence of the faculty, but the College Daily, the Weekly, the Monthly, the Literary Periodical, the Dramatic Society, the Debating Society, the Radical Progressive Club, the religious associations, class politics, student managership, student fund raising drives, uncommercialized athletics, and a host of similar activities. These are the great modern American institution known as the College, these are a cross section of the interests that absorb the ambitions and the efforts of that great group known as College Youth. Football and wild parties, not quite as wild as they are painted, are recreation; a passing grade in physics is the price one pays to be captain of the debating team.

Commercialized football, for instance, has been foisted upon the student body by a myopic alumnus. The student takes no more intrinsic interest in it than he does in the world series. Only the freshmen actually becomes enthusiastic and they soon learn better, leaving the stadiums to be filled by non-college men.

When father sends John to college he usually intends him to get

culture, which means acquiring a great deal of useless knowledge, like Latin and Planch's Theory of Quanta. Bernard Brown who laboriously works his way through college also begins under the same misapprehension. But not for long. Both Johnny and Bernard soon discover that nine tenths of the courses can be passed by cramming two nights before the exams and learn to look upon those who really prepare their daily assignments as stupid fools who don't belong in college, or as future professors who must naturally master their subjects. They leave their studying for the last two weeks of the term and devote their energies the rest of the year to the achievement of a place in the literary, athletic, dramatic, or political field, as their inclinations guide them.

This is why American colleges produce extraordinarily few scholars. Since colleges have been democratized, and thousands—the vast majority who enter—have no taste or ability for real learning, the old cloister-like scholarly atmosphere has vanished and given way to bustling, noisy, practical activity. Even those whose natural proclivities are with books are often swept back by the current into this miniature every-day world of practical affairs that is campus life. College no longer primarily prepares for the professions, it is no longer a cloister divorced from the world; it has become, chiefly through the effort of the students themselves, the nursery of practical leadership. Bernard Brown will still study Latin—the force of tradition is so great—

but his heart and his labors are centered on the editorship of the Weekly. Billy Bald who came for a good time will still get his good time, but somehow or other he has fallen into a position where he can become president of the X-ian Association. So he gives up many parties to attend serious, educative, executive meetings and becomes chairman of an endowment drive which takes up practically every night in the week. A successful college record no longer means a Cum Laude at commencement, but rather a president, chairman, editor or captain of something or other after one's name in the record book.

College is not a four year vacation for rich men's sons, nor is the undergraduate school an institution of classical or scientific learning. The students have transformed the campus into a replica of the outside world, a microcosm in which the same competitions and ambitions that activate fathers are set up as standards for the sons. The rewards of the market place and the forum are made the rewards of the campus, and the same scramble for positions of power and honor that is termed Life in the outside world is duplicated at college.

Crowded and suppressed in the world where adults line the main thoroughfare and pre-empt the positions of power, the intelligent and ambitious youth has been forced into the asylum of the college where he can compete with equals, first try his wings and taste the glory of success. Here he can work and accomplish and, what is more important, here he

can see the results of his accomplishments, a possibility the outside world seldom offers.

The campus thus has become a training school and testing ground for future men of affairs, a sort of experimental laboratory for business men, social, political and literary leaders, and its importance can scarcely be overestimated. This development of a scholastic institution into a social training school has been in answer to the need of the times. Our civilization is too complex, and business too big to train their own apprentices, our institutions are too unwieldy to trust into the inexperienced hands of youth. Yet for the very reasons just mentioned, the day when leaders were born is past, leaders today in addition to being born must be trained. They are trained in the campus activities of the modern college, on the college publications, in the clubs and the campus politics. The editor of the Weekly becomes the journalist, the president of the debating society a politician, the chairman of the endowment drive a member of the board of directors of a bank, the treasurer of his class an insurance broker. In college the men who possess the capacity learn the mechanics and operations of great social institutions reproduced on a small scale, and later, just as engineers use the knowledge gained in laboratories for the building of skyscrapers and subways, they use the experience of the campus in the confusing, scurrying world.

Big business has recognized this function as the value of college. Many large industrial and commercial houses

have begun systematically to recruit their responsible officers from among college men. They go to college and bring promising men directly from the campus to their organization where they place the erstwhile editor of the College Daily in a position to become manager of their publicity department, or the former president of his class in a place that leads to the position of personnel director. Having this end in view they do not ask the applicant his grades in Latin, philosophy, chemistry or mathematics, but rather of what clubs and societies he was a member, on what publication he worked and what responsible and honorary position he held.

In this way the world indirectly encourages those student activities that initiate the institutions in which the graduate will later find his place in life. The conservative faculties have also come to understand that student activities have come to stay and now, a little late perhaps, are lending their support and guidance to the well established and dominant order. Through them the outside world puts in its ubiquitous finger in the form of faculty supervision, which annoyance the college student tolerates with calm fortitude. He looks upon his little world as his own, made of youth, by youth and for youth. Therefore, when faculties strive to win the students' confidence, they, just as fathers, fail. Young, self-conscious people somehow resent the presumptuous noisiness of their elders in matters in which they feel that they alone are concerned.

At this point it would be well to



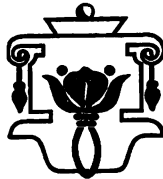
lay low an age-old myth concerning the insidious powers teachers are said to possess to influence their classes morally, politically, and economically.

Many good people are under the impression that colleges are hot-beds of radicalism, while others think of them as the backbone of stand-pat conservatism. To allay the fears of the former, Boards of Trustees occasionally fire some outspoken instructor amidst a great deal of adverse publicity. But the result of this action on the student is negligible, for the reason that he is not, in the majority of cases, under the influence of the particular professor. Radical-minded students will make a hero of the victimized professor for a little while and then will console themselves directly with the *Mercury* and the *Nation* instead of getting their contents second-hand.

The faculty is woefully impotent when the student body looks upon them as intruders in a game reserved for youth alone. If Trotsky were made president of Columbia and filled

all the chairs with wild-eyed, inflammatory zealots, 999 of every thousand students would leave the university with the same world outlook, the same political color, the same economic pre-conceptions and social theories as under the reign of Nicholas Murray Butler. This might seem a bold statement, but it is true, for a school under our democratic system cannot influence its student body in any way different or contrary to the ideal of the world outside its walls.

Likewise, those who look upon colleges as the instruments of the money-eyed interests need have no fears. Although no board of trustees has been known to refuse a generous gift with strings attached, still the influence these gifts exert is pretty well exhausted by the time it reaches the student body. And whether a particular student is a radical or conservative depends on his own temperament or how he conceives of his position in the world, and the world itself in which he lives and which he emulates in all his ambitions and activities.



## GLEANINGS AND COMMENTS

### *Revealed Friend of Yiddish*

TO the surprise of many Mr. Louis Marshall is not only a constant reader of Yiddish, as he says, but a firm believer in its viability. If the *Day* interviewer quoted him correctly July 22, the New York Jewish lawyer is more of an optimist than the most sanguine of the Yiddishists. Mr. Marshall is reported to have stated that "Yiddish will never die. It will continue as long as Jewry will continue. In itself, it has properties which may make it endure beyond the life of any given people or race."

In amplification of this more or less philosophic view, we quote further:

"There are few people," he continued, "who realize what a great and brilliant literature has been written in Yiddish. It is immense. This literature is like none other. It isn't German; it isn't Russian; it isn't French; it isn't American. It is Yiddish."

Marshall paused. Then he said: "When I think of this literature I am convinced that the medium in which it is written cannot disappear."

Here is a case where we find no urge to take issue with the president of the American Jewish Committee.

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### *A Challenge to Logic*

THE world now knows that official Zionist leadership has failed in its attempt to impose on the movement the program of the so-called Agency Commission, and it would be a waste of precious time to take account of their diplomatic prattle now. But we find it interesting and illustrative to quote the gentleman in command of

the Palestine Executive about whom such acrimonious fight was raging at the sessions of the General Council of the World Zionist Organization, at Berlin. We mean of course the latest discovery in Zionist man power, Harry Sacher. Here is what he said about the Agency report, in an article in *The New Judea*, official organ of the Zionist Executive, for June 29, 1928. We challenge his best friends to tell us what the following passage means:

"Assuredly, the report will meet with its critics. Labor in Palestine would be less than human if it agreed with what the Commissioners impliedly think about certain concrete expressions of labor's ideals. But a Commission constituted as was this body, and faced with the reports of its experts, could not reasonably be expected to go *further* than it has gone. There is, underlying what the Commission have written, a real appreciation of the part labor has played and must continue to play in the creation of a Jewish Palestine. The Commissioners are anxious to give a fair chance to other categories of settlers in Palestine, those whom we loosely call persons of independent means. But the main task of the Jewish Agency is still concerned with the *Halutzim*, and it will be for the *middle classes* to demonstrate that they are capable of seizing the new opportunities that will be open to them."

We are beginning to understand why so much "love" is poured upon this man in and out of Palestine. . . .

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### *A Non-Zionist View*

THE *American Hebrew* is probably as far removed from Zionism as any Jewish publication can manage to

be in our day, and it is therefore of interest to know its reaction to the resolution of the Actions Committee on the Agency report. In its issue of August 10th, we find the following editorial utterance:

"We are of the opinion that the differences here are not insurmountable; should they prove to be insurmountable, it would be wisdom for the Zionist Organization to submit to the economic principles laid down by the Commissioners. We know, of course, that, notwithstanding the overwhelming vote in favor of the Weizmann program, most of the Zionist leaders, especially the Europeans, are die-hards. Nevertheless, we venture to remark that, unless they are blind, they know that as far as the economic rehabilitation of Palestine is concerned, Zionism can not carry on successfully without the non-Zionists; the only hope for Palestine, as we have written repeatedly during the past ten years, is in that all-embracing organization which is now the Jewish Agency.

On the other hand, there is no reason why the Zionist Organization cannot continue its Jewish National Fund; the Commissioners by no means exclude this Zionist activity from its recommendations.

As to the form of settlement, assuredly the failure of the Kvuzoth (communal settlements ought to discourage the Zionist Organization from continuing them. As to the Moshavim (cooperative settlements), the Commissioners offer no objection to them whatever.

As to immigration, what the Commission recommends is exactly what the British Government insists upon. This may be one means for the Zionist Organization to learn that it is of no benefit to Palestine to continue to twist the British lion's tail.

As to the disagreement on the question of "the principle of Jewish labor," it is absurd for the Zionist Organization

to attempt the rebuilding of Palestine economically without consideration of demand in the labor market. The Commissioners suggest a "minimal compensation", which is an economic doctrine that may work out. No doubt, the wiser heads and not the luftmenschen in the Zionist Organization will prevail.

American Jews may look forward to the forthcoming conference that will establish the reorganized Jewish Agency without fear that the Zionist demands at Berlin will wreck this long sought-after, comprehensive, Jewish organization for the economic rehabilitation of the Holy Land."

The non-Zionists are entitled to their views,—and their hopes, and we trust none of them will withdraw from the work because of differences in principle and method in some vital fields of Palestine economics.

### "Outside Labor"

THE Agency report, inspired by the 19th century *laissez faire, laissez passer* policy with regard to labor competition, hit out against the principle of self-labor as practised by the Jewish National Fund and the cooperative colonies in Palestine. To the representatives of Big Business,

"The principle that outside labor of any kind shall not be employed by settlers, as now practiced in Zionist colonies, is indefensible if one has in mind the ultimate success of the colonization."

Now, we thought that the Commissioners merely argued in defense of *hired labor*. We find, however, that at least one publication, *The Jewish Criterion*, of Pittsburgh, Pa., understands by outside labor *Arab labor*, and it deplores the resolution of the Zionist Actions Committee on this

particular issue. Says the Criterion for August 3, 1928, editorially:

"Then, too, the Zionist General Council asks that only Jewish labor be employed while the bankers point out that frequently outsiders should and must be employed in certain situations. But no, in must go the statement that Jewish labor should be employed. We dislike such a provision, because it has an unpleasant flare-back in other countries. If Jews insist on employing Jewish labor only, the non-Jews have a right to insist on employing non-Jewish labor only."

Our contemporary is probably entitled to its interpretation, as the report signally fails to make provision for Jewish labor, but it errs grievously in its conception of upbuilding Palestine. If the aim be merely to develop the country, irrespective of consequences to the Jews in and out of the land, Arabs will do just as well, but if the goal is a Jewish Homeland—and it can be nothing else—then we must bend all effort to increase the *Jewish* population, i. e., to facilitate the establishment of *Jewish labor*.

### *Alternative Leadership*

THE *Jewish World* of London for August 12, 1928, agrees in substance with our July editorial, "With Weizmann at the Helm", and, after adducing pertinent quotations, concludes by saying:

"That seems to me a statement of Dr. Weizmann's position as Zionist leader which unhappily there is not much possibility of gainsaying. But I wish my contemporary, whose candor is refreshing, had presented some alternative leadership that would be acceptable to the movement as a whole. The absence of any such concrete plan is Dr. Weizmann's

strength as leader, just as it surely is the deplorable weakness of the movement."

This is the kind of query that has kept Dr. Weizmann in power all these years. But the editor of the *Jewish World* answers it himself:

"Perhaps, however," says he, "when that comes to be realized and recognized an alternative will be found. It will not however be, so long—and it has been too long in all conscience—as Dr. Weizmann is hailed as, and believes himself, the only possible."

The change would have come about long ago if any strong personality had challenged in real earnest Weizmann's regime. It is a great misfortune that no such individual stepped forward, and every year that passes makes it more unlikely that he will, for the cause is losing so much in prestige and possibilities that it could no longer fire any one with a great, overpowering ambition. The first step to salvation must therefore come from within, and it will come the moment we realize that the present leadership is absolutely impossible.

### *Misrad Hakablani*

OUR pioneers in Palestine, those wonderful Halutzim, are tireless in their effort and inexhaustible in their ability to find forms of economic organization that will aid them in adjusting their ideals and culture to the hard conditions of the country. Their latest creation is the Agricultural Contracting Agency, Misrad Hakablani, in Hebrew, which works the fields and plants the groves and orchards of local or absentee owners, and does it in a way that has called forth the unstinted

approval of all Palestinian experts in the business. In the *Palestine and Near East Economic Magazine*, a fortnightly published at Tel-Aviv, we find an illuminating article by J. Hurin, in the issue of April 30, 1928, from which we quote the explanatory part:

"The 'Misrad Hakablani', the Agricultural Contracting Agency of the Palestine Jewish Labor Federation, was established in October, 1926, as an independent body affiliated to the Agricultural Board of the Federation.

"The establishment of the Misrad was prompted by the following considerations:

"1. Many of those desirous of settling in Palestine, who possess certain means, cannot see their way to liquidate their interests in their country of residence immediately. Through the agency of the Misrad Hakablani such persons are enabled to start agricultural enterprises, such as orange groves, in Palestine, whilst remaining in their respective countries. When the farm is in working order or the grove bearing fruit, the owner can then come to the country, finding everything prepared for him and his family to settle down.

"The Misrad Hakablani carries out all such work at fixed rates; it undertakes the establishment of holdings in existing colonies and the preparation of new settlements for groups.

"2. The experience of the past has shown that the work of new settlement and the extension of the country's capacity for absorbing new immigration will be achieved not out of national funds alone, but by private capital also. The importance of directing private capital and initiative to investment in sound economic enterprises is more and more being realized. Under present conditions, it is the plantations which provide the best opportunity for investment of new capital and extension of the labor market. The need for some organization

to carry out the work of preparation of agricultural holdings and of laying out plantations for owners residing abroad was long felt. Previous to the foundation of the Misrad Hakablani there were a number of plantation companies and private contractors who undertook such work. It soon became evident, however, that satisfactory results could not be obtained in that way. Local agents often failed to fulfil contracts faithfully; in some cases serious losses were incurred through irresponsible work, and this led to loss of confidence on the part of prospective investors in the possibility of creating profitable enterprises in Palestine.

"The Misrad Hakablani, as a public institution working under the control of the Zionist Organization and the Labor Federation, has filled a long felt want; it is a contracting agency in whom all investors may have full confidence and on whom they can entirely rely for the faithful execution of all works entrusted to it. It is a medium through which investment in Palestine can be carried out with full security.

"3. The efforts of the Jewish workmen to gain a footing in the colonies met with two chief obstacles: (a) Lack of permanent employment and the consequent fluctuation in the labor market (b) Psychological factors resulting from the estrangement between employer and employee.

"The activities of the Misrad Hakablani bring relief in both these respects. Large numbers of workers are provided with permanent occupation, and the worker receives higher wages; this is achieved by organization, technical improvements and better training of personnel, without, of course, increasing the cost of the work. Disagreements between employer and employee are avoided, since the owner has no direct contact with the workmen, all instructions being carried out through the medium of the Misrad and all details of the work being settled beforehand by contracts."

## THE READERS' FORUM

### ON LUDWIG LEWISOHN

"Could Italy or the world once more be freed from the oppressor, could one lasting blow for liberty and peace and mercy be struck at such a price, I would stand unmoved while all this golden beauty, which stirs and haunts my soul no less than others', toppled forever into the overwhelming sea."

(Ludwig Lewisohn in Venice:  
"Cities and Men")

**T**HIS is Ludwig Lewisohn: beauty and justice,—but justice before beauty. Such is the truly great artist. Such is the great Jewish artist. . . . Though he may be ignored or assailed by some Nordics who claim to be men of letters, the fact remains that Ludwig Lewisohn is a poet, and an honest and shrewd and profound critic of the Arts, a great and true-to-life novelist, and a fine translator of German and French. If among American critics anyone rightfully deserves to bear the title of man of letters, it is Ludwig Lewisohn, the author of:—The Modern Drama, The Spirit of Modern German Literature, The Poets of Modern France, The Drama and the Stage, The Creative Life, Cities and Men, etc., etc.

A great novelist, indeed, is he, for, has he not written such great works of fiction as, Don Juan, The Case of Mr. Crump, and The Island Within? When in 1927 his Roman Summer appeared, it did not meet with noteworthy acclaim on the part of the reviewers. One reviewer in the N. Y. Times asserted that, after all, one can-

not expect of a critic to be a novelist, to create a live work of fiction. A critic, said he, is primarily concerned with theory and not with life, with reality. The critic, he said, is usually one who has been a failure himself in creative work, and takes his revenge for this by knocking the work of others. How absurd! What about Anatole France and H. G. Wells and George Bernard Shaw, etc.? The Case of Mr. Crump and The Island Within have long since proven the fallaciousness of that reviewer's school-boy statement.

Roman Summer may not deal with such characters as are portrayed in an American Tragedy or in Main Street,—what about it? Does this detract from its merits? What if its characters are not as vulgar as those that are delineated so successfully in Poor White or in Oil or in Ulysses? Lewisohn's stories are about finer people, about people who are capable of thinking, about individuals 'who are not caught in a mere web of reverie', about personages 'who have the power to meditate, to reflect, to reason, to determine', about such that have the artistic temperament,—if you please.

His Upstream created a stirring of the minds in many. The older ones among us were deeply moved by this honest, frank and beautifully written book. The youth, American-Jewish youth, found in Upstream not a story of Lewisohn, of another, but the common story and experiences of them

all. After reading "Upstream" and "Israel" they became aware, with Lewisohn, that to be a Jew 'is to be a friend of mankind, to be a proclaimer of liberty and peace'. . . . They were met on their own ground and were being told that they were Jews first and men afterwards. Strange enough, they did not know it hitherto.

American-Jewish youth found in "Upstream" a clue to their own experiences, an expression of their own feelings towards the world, nature and man, feelings and thoughts which were hitherto hidden and asleep in the hinterland of their consciousness. "Upstream" has touched the lives and thoughts of thousands. We all at one time nourished the thought of becoming completely alienated from all that is Jewish, from all that is our very selves, and merge with the Anglo-American. We all in a certain moment of our trivial lives attempted to identify ourselves with the culture and lives of those whose ancestors for centuries kept us from their ranks. We all in a certain period of our lives wished to forget our noble heritage, our lineage, and become one with those whose development and progress (?) our forbears watched from without as outcasts and unwanted ones. Indeed, we wished at one time 'to repudiate our Jewish ancestry', to ignore our Jewish past and present as if it were not. Ludwig Lewisohn approached us and told us his experiences in the Anglo-American world, his experiences in its cultural world, and made us aware of ourselves, of our common lot and inevitable fate,—those among us who are

of the kind who think: is it surprising then that we have been so stirred by his writings?

Among the critics of America there is none so well-informed as Lewisohn. Not even H. L. Mencken, if you please. Lewisohn is by far more learned and more profound than the notorious Puritan-baiter, with all due respect to the latter. Nevertheless, Lewisohn is practically ignored in American criticism. For instance, in American criticism of 1926 by William A. Drake, Ludwig Lewisohn is not even given as much as honorable mention, while such mighty phenomena as Edmund Wilson and Chauncey B. Tinker are quite at home in that anthology. In Contemporary American Criticism which is edited by James Cloyd Bowman, a great critic like Grant Showerman takes up quite some space in the book with his very admirable and stimulating essay, Art and Decency. Ludwig Lewisohn finds no place there. In Criticism in America, its Function and Status, nothing is said of Lewisohn as a critic while that great and noble Puritan Stuart P. Sherman, and Professor Babbitt are quoted at length.

The Island Within has long since been reviewed by more competent reviewers than I, and it would be useless of me to attempt another review. I must however say that if ever a novel of Jewish-American life so beautifully written, and so profound in its analysis, appeared, it remains for me to discover it. The only novel that can come near it is probably The Rise of David Levinsky by Abraham Cahan. It is however by far inferior in

workmanship and construction to *The Island Within*.

Someone has said that in Ludwig Lewisohn we find a worthy follower of the late Israel Zangwill. Nonsense! With all due respect to that great Jewish-English dramatist, I believe that Ludwig Lewisohn is a greater master of style and a keener student of Jewish life than was Zangwill, though the latter knew probably more of Jews an Jewish life and customs than did Lewisohn before the appearance of *Upstream*. Lewisohn has long since corrected this fault. We do not wish Lewisohn to be a follower of Zangwill, nor of any one else,—but Ludwig Lewisohn himself. . . . We hope that life will grant him peace of body and

comfort of soul and we will yet behold greater works than *The Case of Mr. Crump* and *The Island Within*. Yes, even greater works, for Lewisohn has not yet run the gamut of his literary abilities.

I feel that *Upstream* should be translated into Hebrew and should be read by those who do not understand English, by those who with their sweat and blood are building up our land. And I have therefore taken it upon myself to do this and have received Lewisohn's kind permission to do so. Those who feel that they have any valuable suggestions or help to offer I will certainly appreciate and duly acknowledge their doing so. . . .

*Charles Raddock.*

## ARMISTICE

*By* ALBERT HERSCHAL

Our captain praised the erstwhile foe  
And bade the fighting cease,  
"These brave men fought us blow to blow—  
Let us have Peace."

This the red river did not know,  
Nor did the heaps of dead,  
Nor did the Town's hot embers glow,  
A peaceful red.

And two men in the bloody field,  
Forgotten after won,  
Still had their duty not to yield  
What was begun.

One held a ruin, his given post,  
It was the other's goal,  
Since morning when the battle crossed  
This sunken hole.

They fought to death, and when they died  
A distant note proclaimed:  
The battle was unfought, and pride:—  
The place unnamed.



# MUSIC AS TEST OF CULTURE

By BERNARD H. ARNOLD

"By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down, there we sat down, yea, we wept when we remembered Zion.

We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof.

For there they that carried us away captive required of us a song;

And they that wasted us required of us mirth, saying, sing us one of the songs of Zion.

How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?". (Psalms).

IT has been truthfully said that the only accurate measure of a people's culture is the degree of distinction which it attains in the realm of artistic expression. Yet this index leads in many cases to a misapprehension of the true culture of races that have reached the heights of their greatness in past ages. No more striking case of such misapprehension exists than that which the world at large clings to with regard to the cultural heights reached by the Jew in the years of his greatness as a nation.

It has been pointed out that the Jew in the past must have been a crass materialist because of the fact that the most careful search of the ruins of his Temples discloses nothing in the way of remains indicating any attempt at artistic expression. Careless writers on the subject have freely accused the Jews as being a people without an art, basing their statements on the fact that sculpture and painting were evidently not practiced by the Jews of Bible times. So far as this phase

goes, the statements of the archaeologists are correct, but they are unfair to the ancient Jew, because they are based on a definition of art that limits the field to painting and sculpture.

It has been on the wealth of such articles as have been found in the ruins of Assyrian cities, in Babylon, in Egypt, and elsewhere that the modern world has based its estimate of the heights of culture reached by their inhabitants. It has been the absence of these articles in the ruins of old Judea that has led to the misapprehension that exists regarding the cultural attainments of the Jew.

## *Music a Form of Artistic Expression*

Let us examine the field of art and see if these accusations are justified. Let us begin by asking what forms of expression are included among the recognized arts. They are painting, sculpture, poetry, as well as other forms, and music. In the light of this statement of the extent of the field of artistic expression, let us again examine the record of the Jew and see if the claims of his detractors are justified by the facts in the case.

A new light is immediately thrown on the subject, a light in which the Jew shows up as one of the most intensely artistic of ancient peoples, with a wealth of art in his make-up that found its expression in some of the most magnificently dignified and sonorous of poetry that any race of any time can point to as an expression of its

spiritual development. The records of the Jew teem with references to music as a dominant force in his racial as well as his individual development.

Jewish, and Christian records as well, point to the intense love of the ancient Jew for music, not only as an expression of the deeply religious nature that was his dominant characteristic, but as a necessary adjunct to his daily life in his hours of leisure. None of the ancient races, with the exception of the Greeks, laid such stress on music, and music being the most fundamental of the forms of self-expression, the Jew, by virtue of his devotion to this art, takes rank with the greatest of the races of ancient times culturally and spiritually. His lack of development in the arts of painting and sculpture may be dismissed as of no significance by the fact that his religion, which above all also dominated his life, forbade him making "any picture of any graven image, or likeness of anything that is in the heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth."

Much interest has of late been shown in every research which might tend to throw some light on the early history of music, but very little data could be obtained. Such information as has been discovered indicates that the Jews were the earliest people to employ music in their religious observances, and in their social intercourse. Secular as well as sacred music was greatly encouraged, and David and Solomon are credited with having formed bands of musicians and dancers who occupied a position somewhat

analogous to that of our modern Court orchestra. As the Greek poet and philosopher regarded the Lyre as an instrument which would either compel or strengthen both song and wisdom, so the Hebrew prophets derived from the plaintive and emotional strains of the harp sweet stimulus and inspired moral utterance.

It is easy to understand the tenacity with which the Jews as a people have clung to the ancient moralities and to the spirituality that was early set before them as an ideal toward the realization of which they were to bend their efforts, when we consider that music and religion have been so closely interwoven in the life of the Jew since his beginning that it is almost impossible to separate the one from the other. Throughout the Bible we find constant references to musical observances. In all, some thirty-five kinds of instruments are mentioned. All of these were evidently used in the Temple. In addition to the religious use of those instruments, men of wealth, especially the kings, maintained large groups of musicians to while away the tedium of idle moments, as well as to sing to them the great songs in which was recounted the history of the development of the Jewish race. This we know was true of both David and Solomon.

Thus we see that artistic self-expression played a vital part in the life of the ancient Jew, and he had evidently brought his music to a high point of development, transcending the simple music of the primitive races surrounding him, and introducing the more complex harmonies that express the



spiritual longings more adequately than is possible where melody and tempo alone are used. The large variety of instruments used in the performance in the Temple as well as in private performance indicates the beginnings of the development of the harmonies that characterize the modern orchestra. No other ancient race of which we have record, not even Rome at the height of her greatness, made use of anything like such a variety of instruments. Her music expressed the elemental passions of love, hate and martial achievement, but nothing of the intense religious fervor that characterized the Jew.

Dr. Percy Rideout in an address before the Choir Trainers League in London, on "A link between the Music of the Christian Church and the Music of the Jews," carried his hearers back across the centuries for over three thousand years, in fact to the time of King David and even earlier.

He pointed out that only two of the instruments obtaining in those days, namely the human voice and the trumpet (Shofar) could properly be regarded the same now as then; moreover, since the latter could be relied on to produce the same harmonic sounds in these days as it did then, that fact would be the surest guide in speculating as to what scales were possible for use in the Jewish music of that remote period.

He reminded his hearers how very much higher the status of the Jews was in matters ethical and religious than the status of all the nations surrounding them. Therefore, it could hardly be doubted that their music,

as the vehicle of expressing their religious views, would be of a correspondingly high order. Another proof that Jewish music was far from crude even in those remote days, according to Dr. Rideout, is shown by the use of the expression "Selah" to indicate the entry of the incidental music, or what we would call "program music." He concluded his lecture by stating that Jewish music was the ancestor of all late idealistic music.

Although no positive evidence exists, yet argument deduces at least an interesting theory that the Hebrew melodies were confined within the limits of the tetrachord. The simple majesty of melodic movements within such limits is very impressive, and admirably adapted for religious requirements. The tetrachord and the scale of seven tones were the basis of Egyptian music, and with these, doubtless, the Jews were well acquainted. It seems hard to resist the conclusion that the Hebrews had developed a system of harmony, but learned writers and musicians are at variance upon the point. Certainly the deep spiritual need of the Jew, his insight and strength, his imperative need of expression, his noble penitence and soaring gratitude, all indicate a greater need than mere melodic outline could afford. But be this as it may, the Hebrew genius was the first to exalt music to a position of absolute pre-eminence in the arts. It gave the first and worth while indications to which, but a century back, the great tone poets turned for guidance.

Let us note another fact worthy of serious attention, the constant par-

icipation of the Jews in the progress of musical art among the nations of antiquity until the first centuries of Christianity. The Jews, like the Greeks, had drawn from the same source, and although the author of Genesis named Jubal, the son of Lamech, as the inventor of music, and while the pagans cite Mercury and Apollo, we must remember that Moses had been brought up in Egypt, where Pythagoras had studied. Besides, the relations established between the Jews and the Egyptians during the long captivity of the former must have brought into their arts and sciences, despite the differences in religions, the same effects of assimilation seen later with the Greeks and Romans, Jews and Christians, Arabs and Spaniards.

The musical principle, developed in the purely practical sense, was spread among all nations at the dispersion of the Jews. In the time of Plato, a celebrated musician, Timothy of Miletus, was hissed at first, and then enthusiastically applauded. In Rome the Jewish musicians were placed in the first rank. It was from the Jews that later were borrowed the rabbinical notes found in ancient collections of plainsong. Finally, in Spain, during the Arab domination, the Jews are mentioned among the most skilful musicians. All this is corroborated by the musical reputation still enjoyed by the Jews of Africa, the Fallashas.

The love of music that has been the characteristic of the Jew since his racial beginnings is still a dominant factor in the life of his people today. The music that is innate in the soul of the Jew is still finding expression,

not only in the humble efforts of the amateur to whom music is an outlet for the expression of his private longings, but it is finding expression through the media of the many musical geniuses of Jewish extraction who are before the musical public of the entire world today. In perhaps no other field can we point to so many world-famous Jewish names as we find in the field of music today.

Glance at the list of the world's greatest performers today. Not even the Italians have more famous names among the world's great artists than the Jews have. Among the violinists, headed by Kreisler, the greatest of them all, we have Heifetz, Ysaye, Huberman, Brodsky, Vidas, Parlow, Elman, Seidel, Zimbalist, Max Rosen, Gittleson, Eddie Brown, Schmueller, Erica Morini, Erna Rubenstein, Pilzer, and many lesser lights. Among the greatest violin teachers the world ever had are the names of Joachim, Auer, Flesch, Wienawski and Hubay.

Jewish names predominate among those of the world's greatest modern exponents of the piano. Godowsky, Gabilowitch, Levitzky, Harold Bauer, Arthur Rubenstein, Moritz Rosenthal, Lhevinne, Ignatz Friedman, Moisevitch, Ornstein, Beryl Reubenstein, Victoria Boshko are names to conjure with wherever pianists and lovers of piano music congregate, and all of them are Jewish.

The list of Jewish names among the world's great singers is no less impressive. Rosa Raisa, Alma Gluck, Sophie Breslau, Freida Hemple, Isa Kramer, Lisa Roma, Anasthasha

Rabinoff, Pearl Besuner and Leula Paikin among the women, and Baklahoff, Jadlowker, Rosenblatt, Schwartz, Adolph Robinson, Kwartin and Rimini among the men are keeping alive the fame of the Jew as a leader among the world's masters of the art of musical expression and refuting at every performance the statement that the Jew is without art or artistic ability and appreciation.

The carping critic may exclaim, "Yes, but this is all on the side of interpretation. What is the Jew producing in music, what is he adding to the world's literature of great music that gives evidence of ability in the field of musical expression?"

To this question we have only to give as our answer the list of truly great names that are among those of the leaders in the field of musical composition today. Anton Rubinstein, Moskowski, Wienawsky, Ruben Goldmark, Johann Strauss, Bizet, Saint Saens, Ernest Bloch, Frank Damrosch, Max Bruch, Rhea Silberta and Manna Zucca are a living refutation of the contention that the Jew is producing nothing of creative music that is of permanent value to the world. Such names as Otto H. Kahn, Heinrich Conried and Oscar Hammerstein among impressari and those of Bodansky, Stransky, Damrosch, Polacco, Wein-

gartner, Gabrilowich, Sokoloff, Pasternak, Bruno Walter, Altschuler, Coats and Hertz among the orchestral leaders established beyond the possibility of a doubt the right of the Jew to the highest rank among those who are making and interpreting the world's greatest music of today, and on whose efforts rests the magnificent structure of American musical appreciation as it is being developed among people in all walks of life.

The Jew of today is creating great music, music that expresses not only his own culture, but that of the many peoples among whom he has lived. His success in taking the music of peoples with other ideals and cultural attainments, and winning distinction in its interpretation is the supreme test of real artistic accomplishments in interpretative music, just as the presentation of the ideals of another people in a musical composition is the supreme test of artistry in creative music. In both fields, the Jew is succeeding, and back of his success let us not forget the deep foundation of musical appreciation and expression that has been laid by the thousands of generations during which music has been the art in which the Jew has surpassed the peoples who have surrounded him, a condition having its origin in the very beginnings of our people.

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## A TALE OF THE JORDAN

By A. REUBENI

*Translated from the Hebrew by SHULAMITH KALUGAI*

Near the Dead Sea where purling, half-asleep  
The Jordan softly rolls its waters deep,  
Where the wide river, gentle as a stream,  
Seems to have sunk into a weary dream,  
Barely heaving, forever green and mild,  
Its mold-cuirass, oh, there the river's wild,  
For deep below the seeming smoothness sly.  
Alluring, false, deceitful to the eye  
A raging undercurrent, silent and cold  
In summer's heat, will seize the swimmer bold,  
And freeze the swimmer's heart, and weaken the hand,  
The while he tries in vain to turn to land.  
The current throws and hurls him from the shore  
And draws him down, deep, where hope's no more,  
And meanwhile, in a silent, useless way  
The little waves again in peace will play  
And mask, half-laughing, half-asleep  
The lurking chasm waiting in the deep.

It happened once that to this very shore  
With dragging steps there came two footsore  
Wayworn Bedouins. It was in the burning hour  
Of summer noon, and how shady looked the bower  
Of leafy trees, and cool the shore, dark-green,  
Where the lolling water-grass, so long and thin,  
Swayed by the wave, swung gently in the air—  
They seemed to fly and longed to linger there.  
While on a tree, close clinging to its bark,  
A lizard moved, a living tree-knot dark.  
Along the length of tree the lizard stole  
To vanish in its haunt, an unknown hole  
Hidden by leaves that now rustled soft and faint,  
A snake with feet, a serpent, light and quaint.

The men are resting. In the shade they both recline.  
The elder leans against the tree, a thing supine.  
His skin is brown and grimy like his dress;

A thick, rough shirt whose age it's hard to guess,  
And loose and gaudy girdle bare the sunken chest  
Begrown with hair like some backwoods beast.  
The other, gently drowsing, is still quite young.  
His restless eyes are sharp and seem to long  
For things of airy dreams as yet unknown.  
Life had but just begun to ring its wonder tone  
Of joy and pain in his young and untried heart—  
The youth is tall and slim and in every part  
His body's slender, willowy and long,  
His arm is powerful, his fingers strong.  
He slumbers, well aware of every sound,  
Like a dog by faith and duty bound.  
He dreams—he tends his father's flock of sheep . . .  
Suddenly he rouses from his light sleep  
And slowly 'neath the curling lashes a cautious eye  
Peers through. Robbers? Foes? Is danger nigh?  
It's hot. The sun is high. In the green world  
Light sunbeams dance, all made of flowery gold.  
The ardent glow soon spreads on stones and sand.  
The valley's wild, a desert, burning land,  
The shepherd tries to hide his naked feet  
And's overcome again by sleep and heat.

When they wake and stretch each weary limb  
They find the light's begun to grow dim;  
The sun is setting in the gleaming West—  
Long shadows that foretell the coming rest,—  
They creep, they crawl, they lick the silent ground,  
Fantastic tongues that spread from all around.  
A breeze cools off the heated desert air—  
The longed-for hour has come of sunset fair.  
They feel the pangs of hunger and of thirst,  
Each gets his pecta, a dry and flat cake, first  
And then some figs. The table is the earth—  
So are the seats. And as they eat there's heard  
A sound of steps. They wait with eyes like spears  
And see a man, a stranger, that appears  
And nearer drags. He does not look around.  
Exhausted, mute, without a word or sound,  
He throws himself into the dusky stream;  
His body has a shining, reddish gleam  
Amidst the silver ripples of the river,

Sun-flakes and shadows blue that keep aquiver.  
 "A Turk," the old man mused, "he may not know. . . ."  
 "Hey, soldier," called the youth, "Where does he go?"  
 And then there came a change in the man's swim.  
 His body bent, and twisted grew each limb.  
 His eyes revolved and turned—he seemed to wink,  
 To wrangle, to fight in vain, and to sink.  
 Then forth dashed, like a gale, the shepherd bold  
 While slowly heaved and rocked the dark-green mold.  
 His arms struck the wave, two powerful arms young.  
 It seemed that some queer worm, brown and long,  
 A swimming worm, cut the water of the flow  
 Seized by the current, with a strong last blow  
 He reached the man, and with a weary hand  
 Pulled heavily the stranger back to land.  
 A long while, senseless, blind and dumb, the man  
 Lay there. The other two did lift and fan  
 And shake him, till the soldier moved at last,  
 Unclosed his eyes and breathed, breathed fast  
 And something said,—but, strange, his speech they thought  
 The speech of Anatolia remote.  
 And then, obedient to the desert's old behest,  
 They nearer drew the food to their guest  
 And asked him to partake of it with haste.  
 As one who for a long while did not taste  
 Of any food, he broke the pectas dry. . . .  
 The meal was over. With a happy sigh  
 He plodded to the shore; there in the sand  
 He knelt and from the hollow of his hand  
 The muddy water drank with hasty sips.

The two smoked silently with lazy lips  
 And watched the soldier bent over the flow . . .  
 The shore trees also bent and bowed low  
 Before the waves whose kisses seemed so light  
 And yet whose every kiss was like a bite  
 That carried from the roots each time, each day,  
 Some warm earth in such a soft and gentle way.  
 The man drank eagerly to quench the thirst  
 That'd been his day-long torture from the first.  
 He drank, then tried to rise and leave the shore—  
 But Fate decreed that he would rise no more.  
 The chasm had waited. Who could tell since when,—





Dark, mute and hidden, like a wild beast's den,  
It had been waiting? Lightly did he quiver  
And sank, head foremost in the silent river.  
It happened all as if it were a dream,  
As if he were allured and charmed by the stream.  
There was a stroke of two wild feet, a shiver,—  
And gently rocked again the Jordan-river  
Its little waves and sent them to the sea. . . .

The youth stepped forth—as white as chalk was he—  
A staggering step it was, then he drew back.  
“What is it, father? Father?” Very black  
And very large his eyes did seem. “Drowned.”  
Queerly thin the old man's voice did sound.  
He sharply looked at the dark wave below,  
“From God!” he said. And further from the flow  
The other shrank, and echoed still, “From God!”  
The old man, with a grave and silent nod,  
Looked in the dimness of the coming night,  
Then turned to the youth, still deathly white,  
“To eat once more before he was to die  
Fate granted unto him, and that is why  
God, the Almighty, spared him the first time.”

And hastily from the spot they turned away  
And kept from turning back, and did not say  
A word, then turned again, and frozen to the core  
They faster fled from that still and dreamy shore.



## THE ZIONIST PIONEER MOVEMENT

By SEW LEWINSON\*

THE years 1881-82 saw the birth of the "Chalutz" idea. The hopes of "Haskalah",—a humanist and perfectionist movement which, through the slogan of "enlightenment", expected to radically change the low status of the Russian Jew,—had waned, and the impulse to emigrate to Palestine began to stir a small group, who called themselves "Bilu", derived from the initial Hebrew letters of "Sons of Jacob, let us go!" "Bilu" was the reviving spirit that awakened scattered Jewry and roused it from its lethargic slumber. The first pioneers who left their homes to go to Palestine there to lay the foundation of the Jewish Homeland numbered only twenty. Others followed them.

The underlying motive of the Bilu emigration was the desire to prove that Zion could only be redeemed through work and not through prayer. The news of their action traveled far across the seas, heralding the initiation of the modern Zionist movement.

However, several decades were to pass before that influx into Palestine, that came to be known as the First Aliah, began. Thus in 1905, groups organized in Odessa and other Russian cities under the name of "Hechalutz", emigrated to Palestine for the purpose of redeeming the land through manu-

al labor. These groups gave themselves unstintedly to whatever labor was required of them by the exigencies of the moment, and persistently strove to overcome the many difficulties that beset them on every hand. Particularly discouraging was the attitude of the Jewish colonists who, depending on the bounty of Baron Rothschild and the profits derived from the exploitation of cheap Arab labor, considered manual labor as undignified and shameful and encouraged the Arab peasants to move into the colonies.

Nevertheless, these pioneers did succeed in becoming farmers for themselves as they had originally planned and hoped. Eventually they originated the farmer-workers' union and organized the workers employed on the various estates of the land. Their next effort was the attempt to take over the "Shmira", and they organized the "Ha-Shomer" (The Guard). The property of the Jewish colonists was totally unprotected and subject not infrequently to attack by hostile Arabs, who even in Jewish colonies had the upper hand. Yet it was only after many a bitter quarrel and much wrangling that these same Jews, fearful of antagonizing the Arabs, finally consented to a Jewish Guard. Not until the "Guards" had in some measure demonstrated their ability, did the colonists finally realize the necessity and importance of protecting Jewish property by Jews.

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\*Condensed from the translation by Dr. Morris Dreyfus, under auspices of the Avukah, Student Zionist Federation.

With the outbreak of the World War, the Jewish Yishuv found itself suddenly cut off from the rest of the world. Neither emigration nor immigration was possible. The extortions of the Turkish Government now weighed upon them more heavily than ever before, so that the situation of the Jewish-owned estates became extremely precarious. Commerce was interrupted and the merchant class came face to face with the problem of eking out a bare existence. These felt the hardships most for they could do neither manual labor nor farm work. Only the Galilean farmer working his own land was unaffected; in fact, his condition improved, for he not only produced enough for his own needs, but contributed largely to the wants of the colonists.

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When it had become generally known that England favored the establishment of a Jewish National Homeland in Palestine, the many Zionists all over the world, and particularly in Russia, who had been watching the efforts of the pioneers with much hope and sympathy, now unloosed a fresh stream of ardent young men and women who were ready to forsake all and stake all that a Jewish Homeland might be created. In America this impulse materialized in the Jewish Legion. In Russia, where the revolution broke out at this time, tremendous impulse was given to nationalist activities. Agricultural groups sprang up in all parts, particularly Petrograd, Moscow, Kharkov, Minsk and in the provinces of Orloff and Witebsk. The aim of

the Chalutzim was to prepare themselves for agricultural work in Palestine.

Leader and moving spirit of this widespread activity was Joseph Trumpeldor, just fresh from the blood-soaked fields of Gallipoli, still dreaming of his beloved Jewish Legion and anxious to return to the scene of his hopes and dreams. He traveled about the country, writing, speaking, organizing. Petrograd, January 7, 1919, saw the first session of the "Chalutz" Federation of Russia. A comprehensive programme for the creation of training stations for the Chalutz abroad and in Palestine was laid down. Three divisions were made. One to enter the agricultural training station and prepare themselves for a life in Palestine; another to emigrate immediately, and the third to enter military training. Crimea was chosen as the center for the agricultural stations, it being a section most nearly approximating climatic and agricultural conditions in Palestine. The second division set off with Trumpeldor at its head.

En route, he stopped at Constantinople, which was centrally located for the establishments of training groups, and incidentally served the Chalutzim traveling from Crimea to Palestine. Trumpeldor had no intention of taking the whole division with him to Palestine as the borders were still closely guarded and entry into the country extremely difficult. So, leaving the greater part of his company there, he proceeded with only a few companions to Palestine; from which he was never to return.

On Monday, February 29, 1920, while at work in Metullah, he heard the sounds of shooting in the neighboring colony Tel Hai. He rushed to the rescue and in the course of battle fell mortally wounded. The tragic loss of their beloved leader increased the restlessness of the Russian Chalutzim. Legal sanction or no, they felt impelled to go to Palestine. Among the first to emigrate were the groups from the agricultural camps in Crimea. Others from different parts followed, and in due time the "Gdud Haavodah" (Labor Battalion), in honor of Joseph Trumpeldor, was organized. Eight thousand Chalutzim!

The writer, visiting Russia shortly after the death of Trumpeldor, had the good fortune to be present at the second conference of the Russian Hechalutz which took place at Khar-khov. This convention re-united the scattered groups, the Chalutz groups of every part of Russia being represented.

The example of the Russian Hechalutz became most fruitful in Poland and Rumania in the year 1921. Through both countries flowed the stream of the Aliah which was augmented by forces from both. Chalutz groups arose in Austria and Czechoslovakia. In Germany the "Praktikantenbund" (Practitioners' Federation) was formed, which undertook to train agricultural workers for Palestine under the auspices of the Chalutz.

On the eve of the XII Zionist Con-

ference of the Chalutz groups, on August 27, three days before the opening of the Zionist Congress, the delegates, representing the Chalutz organizations of Russia, Poland, Lithuania, Rumania, Czechoslovakia, Austria and Turkey, convened.

Because of differences in policy the meeting did not succeed in creating a uniform program for all groups, but was obliged to content itself with the creation of a provisional executive of three charged with laying the foundation for a world organization and with the establishment of an information bureau for the use of all the groups. It was also charged with the protection of traveling Chalutzim. Vienna was designated as the central headquarters. The newly elected executive body sought to coordinate the disintegrated organizations, and to collect funds for the preparation of the Chalutzim and their emigration.

The second world-conference of the Chalutz took place in March, 1923, at Berlin. Present at the conference were delegates from Poland, Lithuania, Eastern Galicia, Austria, Germany, Turkey, Czechoslovakia and Russia. Every problem dealing with the life of the Chalutzim was discussed, and some of the more difficult questions clarified. The conference elected a Central Executive of five which was charged with the direction of all affairs of the World "Hechalutz" Organization.

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## STAGE AND SCREEN

By HELEN MALMUD

### *Broadway Summers*

**I**T is a strange experience to wander into the theatre nowadays. Broadway has taken on the aspect of a main street in some provincial town. Perhaps it is the heat that whitewashes everything so that Broadway, which is so thrilling in its vitality and color in the winter, looks pale and anemic; and all the efforts of the blatant lights only reveal the more the pitiable inadequacy of the attempts to simulate vivacity. Beneath this grease paint, there is a lined and drawn countenance, haggard with economic worries, eyes that gaze fearfully into the future and tightened lips muttering a frantic prayer for an early fall season.

Should the fall come early, then all these summer productions that had managed to hang on by a mere shoe string, would be fortunate enough to get some share of the new season's theatre goers. And who knows? It might happen that a production or two that had managed to maintain a precarious existence during the summer without greatly exciting a perspiration-bedraggled clientele, should, in the cool days of the autumn, fire the imagination of a rested citizenry, newly returned from invigorating vacations and in a more receptive frame of mind.

That it is for which these unknown producers devoutly hope and pray. For

as a rule the regular Broadway producer, with the exception of the producers of musical plays, declare a vacation at the approach of hot weather and leisurly begin preparations for the coming winter. No sooner are the theatres darkened, and the last vestige of the Broadway lions removed, than a timid and doubtful knocking is heard at the back-door. The watchman who has resigned himself to a period of pleasant inaction for the hot months, stirs himself with effort and grumblingly opens the door. This act marks the end of his fancied peace of mind; for a non-descript horde rushes in pell-mell and takes possession of the theatre.

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The producer may be one of many kinds. He may be a play broker turned producer. The play broker, after many years of watchful waiting, finally comes upon the happy combination—a play and money with which to put it on. Though the obvious job of a play-broker is to read plays and try to place them for ten per cent, there always lurks in the back of his mind the rosy dream that some day his name will blossom forth among the bright white lights as a real, honest-to-goodness producer. Therefore, when an unsophisticated playwright not only offers his play but proposes the almost unbelievable and un hoped-for blessing of financial backing for

his own play, the play-broker locks the doors and cuts the telephone wires for fear that some wily producer might get his fangs into this unwary sheep before he has him safely enclosed and branded with an iron-bound contract:

"A producer, did you say? Why, my dear sir, you are now addressing one of the most able and experienced producers on Broadway. Play broking is merely a side-line and enables me more readily to discover unknown geniuses."

Usually the play is the work of an inexperienced person and the summer audience is once more inveigled for a varying period of several days to several weeks. In case the play has any possible merit, several other unfavorable factors have already been arrayed against it. First, as is usually the case, the playwright is unable to secure enough money to guarantee the play an efficient production, which includes appropriate settings, good direction and capable actors. But if enough money is forthcoming to produce in a first class manner, the play broker-producer almost invariably contents himself, or herself, with a decidedly second rate production.

Let us next consider the actors whose names, for no apparent reason, suddenly appear on the Broadway placards. The leads are usually Broadway actors who have never had the opportunity of playing leading roles in regular Broadway productions. Sometimes they are actors who had attained prominence and afterwards, through the vicissitudes of this most precarious profession, have lost the favor of either the public or of the producers. The rest of the company

are generally dramatic school graduates, stock company actors from the backwoods, itinerant vaudevillians and professional supers.

The Actors' Equity Association, after a hard struggle with the managers, has forced the acceptance of a definite agreement which stipulates that certain formalities be observed, to prevent actors from going through arduous rehearsals for four weeks without remuneration, and provides a certain minimum wage. This agreement, which is guaranteed by the posting of a bond, has proved to be not only a great benefit but an absolute necessity for unknown actors. Unfortunately, the actors have the privilege of waiving this bond, provided the decision is unanimous with the cast.

After the cast has been assembled and the parts distributed, the producer announces that, due to financial shortage, it is necessary that the bond be dispensed with. Any demurrer on the part of the more experienced actors is met with the announcement that the production might be cancelled altogether. The hopes which have been raised so high are threatened, and they are faced with the doubtful and heart-rending prospect of the regular daily pilgrimage to and from the countless casting offices. There they must make appeals and often times debase themselves before a conglomeration of the most ignorant, inhuman, and depraved element which this department of the theatre has recruited from the alleys and by-ways of the city. Rather than face this, and against their better judgment, they allow themselves to acquiesce in the demands of the other

members of the company and sign their names on the dotted line.

They are now creatures without caste and without rights. They are now ready for the next operation. With a beaming smile on his, or her, benevolent countenance, the producer now announces that since they have trusted him, or her, so fully they are to receive a most magnificent proposal. They are not to be mere salaried employees with a definite amount due them each Saturday afternoon, but they are to be business associates—yes, even partners. The profits are to be divided pro rata, in accordance with the importance of each actor in the cast. All this sounds very lovely to the uninitiated, and for several weeks they carry around with them glorious visions of wealth. Before the curtain rises on the opening night, those actors who have had a number of years of experience on Broadway have usually left the company, and the first-nighters are treated to a performance of young hopefuls whose inexperience is the only excuse for the brand of acting they offer and whose make-up and direction are too God-awful for words. When Saturday afternoon comes around, their visions materialize in the shape of pay envelopes containing amounts varying from two dollars and twenty-three cents for the lowest member of the cast to the magnificent sum of possibly twenty-five dollars for the leads. In less fortunate cases the show closes over night and the four week's energy expended in rehearsals reap nothing but heartaches and bitter disappointments.

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Another type of summer producer who follows the same tactics is the Broadway casting agent. This person usually is an actors' representative and has under contract several good actors and is under obligation to secure engagements for them. The circumstances having presented themselves, the casting agent realizes the opportunity to relieve himself of his obligation to the actors with the possibility of collecting at both ends on his clients' misfortune. The casting agent becomes a producer and his clients become partners of the newly formed company. One well-known actor of our acquaintance who entered into this arrangement with one of the most prominent casting agents' and actors' representative, received for a week's artistic endeavor the sum of six dollars and sixty-seven cents. This was sufficient to purchase a bottle of well-cut whiskey with which he drowned his disappointment before leaving on his long deferred summer vacation.

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Another aspect of the summer season is the fact that it offers an opportunity to those ambitious would-be producers whose financial resources are inadequate for facing the enormous expense of a winter production on Broadway. In addition to the convenient terms which can be negotiated with unfortunate thespians, the rents of theatres are reduced enormously since any money is better than a darkened house. These are generally sincere persons with real ambitions in the theatre who do their best with their limited facilities to produce a good play. In these cases the actors

often get a reasonably satisfactory run and some times an unusual one. In this class of producers are often found good directors who are ambitious to launch out on their own, and sometimes actors who are stars in their own right. —

Of all the summer plays that have gone to the board—*Get Me In The Movies*, *Married—And How*, *Bottled In Bond*, *Patience*, etc., *Skidding* is about the only straight comedy that is still running.

*Skidding* is a charming little play perfectly adapted to summer consumption. What makes this domestic comedy superior to others of its kind that flash in and out of Broadway, is the intelligent direction of Marion Gering. There is not a dull moment as the comedy lightly skips through near-tragedies and comic situations. A Judge's family on the eve of his renomination, interspersed with a few domestic complications, some modernistic implications, marriage theorizing and a happy ending make up this amusing comedy. There are some slight exaggerations in a few minor characterizations. The leading man does his best to humanize a very poorly drawn character. Young Eaton gives a very good performance as the *enfant terrible*. —

After sitting through the entire winter season's offerings, *The Grand Street Follies of 1928* comes as a relief. In the present edition the season's crop of dramas and melodramas are delightfully burlesqued. We have the Neighborhood group kept intact,

exhibiting their usual ability. We have come to expect such display of genius on their part that we are apt to accept casually performances from them which if tendered by other organizations would elicit extravagant praises. *Coquette*, *Porgy*, *The Strange Interlude*, *Diamond Lil* are a few of the plays that are satirized. Dorothy Sands and Albert Carroll each take turns mimicking the most glamorous stars on Broadway. All these ponderous dramas are thoroughly aired, deflated and laid away; and our minds, thus rid of a lot of lurking resentments, are better able to cheerfully welcome the summer crop of light drama and musical revues.

Movement, hilarity and spirituals make up a revue that cannot be beaten for a full and totally enjoyable evening. *Blackbirds of 1928* is effectively staged by Lew Leslie at the Liberty Theatre. It is rare to find a revue in which all of the featured players are remarkably good. They do not sing too well, but that is amply made up for by their acting and dancing. Somehow jokes decidedly off-color become the colored actors—perhaps because they really have a more "natural" attitude toward sex and are not handicapped by Puritan inhibitions. Anyhow the objectionable smirk is pleasantly absent. And how that chorus can dance! The purpose of the theatre is absolutely realized—to entertain. The take-off on *Porgy* is thrilling. The spirituals sung in the resonant tragic tones of a Negro chorus is gripping. This is one play we heartily recommend to those who like their entertainment highly spiced.



Unfortunately we can not do the same for *Present Arms*. It is an uninspired, labored story that is rarely relieved by some pleasing chorus ensembles. There was one good scene and one good joke in the two hours' program. A better book and a few good singers would have improved this comedy immensely.

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**MAE WEST** should receive thanks for recreating scenes of the underworld which surrounded the boyhood days of Al Smith and have been dead for a generation. *Diamond Lil* is a full-blooded melodrama that makes a great display of Miss West's natural talents. There is no actress on Broadway since the days of the roaring melodramas who could so ably and effectively portray the buxom gold-digger, Diamond Lil, the consort of an indiscriminate horde of gunmen, politicians, pimps, policemen and salvation hunters.

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Two plays that were successful in the early winter have come back to Broadway for a summer run. *The Road to Rome* is a comedy-drama clever and sophisticated in some parts and extremely vulgar and banal in others. Judging from the remarks of the audience, this play's success is due to the fact that its patrons believe they are seeing something which unaccountably has escaped the axe of Tammany's censor. How a play like *Maya* should have been censored and *The Road to Rome* given *carte blanche*, is beyond the imagination of

any one not trained in this school. *Porgy* is a very interesting experiment which suffers from an overdose of realism and a consequent lack of artistic discrimination on the part of the authors. The play is hampered by the fact that there are two leads and not enough story to go around. *Porgy* follows more cosely the technique of musical comedy than drama and had it been done in a frankly musical comedy manner it might have been a more entertaining show. Every time the action is slowed down they have recourse to spirituals done in the usual chorus manner. At any moment we expect one of the leads to step out to the footlights and deliver himself of the usual theme song.

The Theatre Guild's production of *Volpone* has been held over from their winter repertoire for a summer run. It is a very clever farce comedy, very well portrayed by all involved which is almost ruined by a very weak, conventionally moralistic ending, not at all consistent with the previous intent of the plot. Those who do not object to seeing virtue triumph at all cost, (of logic and reason) may enjoy this adaptation from Ben Jonson.

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### *The Garrulous Cinema*

Anatole France in one of his most inspired moments wrote a tale of a judge who had married a very beautiful woman whom the Lord had thoughtfully created dumb. From the day of her birth no word had passed her lips. All her other powers, however, remained perfect and unimpaired.

Not realizing the great boon fortune had conferred upon him, this judge desired that she should speak. Thus he reasoned with himself,

"If she is charming in all the reactions to her present senses, how could she fail to be more charming still were the power of speech also given to her."

In pursuance of this idea he bothered his medical acquaintance nearly to death until at last one of the doctors devised a drug to awake the dormant vocal nerves. The cure was administered, and immediately, like an overflowing dam, the woman burst forth with a torrent of language. The shrillness of her tone, the heedlessness of her expression and the silliness of her conclusions so distressed the poor husband that he implored the doctor in painful accents,

"For God's sake, give her something to make her dumb again."

During this last month there have been nearly a dozen more or less articulate movies along Broadway. The performers who have thus projected their voices from spiritland, range from the best the stage can offer—to the worst which the cinema has foisted upon a helpless public. We have thus been enabled to view the diabolical invention in its happiest and in its most lamentable moments. Like the husband in France's tale, we beseechingly implore,

"For God's sake, give it something to make it dumb again."

Any regular habitue of the modern theatre will readily agree that good diction and intelligent vocal expression is becoming a great rarity on the legiti-

mate stage. Despite the fact that seventy-five percent of the actor's power lies in his lines and their rendition, there are very few persons on the legitimate stage not deficient in the vocal technique. This, mind you, among actors trained with a view to developing especially and foremost the power of the voice. How, then, can anything satisfactory come from a mass of cinema actors whose training has been of the haphazard, incidental nature common to all cinema performers, a training in which the arduous years of vocal instruction have been entirely omitted?

Murnau, who made "The Last Laugh",—Walsh, who made "The Thief of Bagdad" and "What Price Glory", King Vidor, who made "He Who Gets Slapped"—Frank Brozage, who made "Street Angel"—Earnst Lubitsch, Buckovitsky, Herbert Brenon and numerous others among the best known directors have it as their opinion that the voice is entirely objectionable in conjunction with the motion picture; and that the only logical and possibly agreeable use of the machinery of articulation will be confined exclusively to the incidental sounds occasioned by the movement of the object photographed—human or otherwise.

In "Street Angel," which, by the way, is one of the very best pictures we have ever seen, the use of the "Movietone" for incidental sounds, music, and a rare song or two was entirely pleasing. When the reproducing apparatus shall be equal in quality to the modern radio or talking ma-



chine, it will no doubt be a welcome adjunct to its speechless partner.

This cannot be said for its more garulous prototype the "Vitaphone," which has made its appearance in several of the most conservative (hitherto) houses on the White Way. Ignoring the lamentable spectacle of Milton Sills, May McAvoy, Miss Dolores Costello and others of their kind hurling nerve-racking syllables at the unprotected ear drums of the audience, we will consider the valient attempt of Lionel Barrymore.

The other day in company of several acquaintances, I entered the Warner Brothers' Theatre for the express purpose of viewing the efforts of one of our favorite actors in a Warnerized version of "The Lion and the Mouse," a relic of my childhood days. Suddenly the lights went out and we were assailed by the combined noises of a boiler factory and a steam calliope. At the same time there flashed on the screen a scene depicting a collection of very stupid-looking musicians in the act of playing upon their instruments. If there was any connection between the sounds and the picture, it has remained a mystery to me.

This little tit-bit was followed by a collection of vaudeville acts every bit as horrible as those offered by the "Movietone" in the Fox Theatres. Then the feature event!

A likeness of Lionel Barrymore was shown and a voice like that of the traditional dummy of the ventriloquist accompanied it. Several other voices joined in with the same sing-song intonation familiar to all who have ever seen and heard a saw-mill in action.

Just before I rushed out, a little boy directly behind me expressed my opinion exactly:

"Aw, gee, mom," he exclaimed, "You can't fool me! Them people ain't talking—it's only some phonograph."

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The fault with most pictures lies not with the actors nor with the directors—for we in America have quite a few good ones—but with the lack of good story material. To produce a good film it is absolutely essential to have a good scenario, and all the herculean efforts of the actors and the director cannot make up the defects of a stupid, uninspired plot. It seems amazing that the writers for the silent drama are so unsuccessful.

Emil Jannings has stood for all that is fine in the cinema. When he betrays us by appearing in as cheap a picture as can be conceived, it is all the more revolting. He is a great actor—though *The Street of Sin* makes us almost doubt this—and yet he will permit himself to appear in so assinine a picture as this last mentioned. We know too well that an actor of his standing is privileged to choose his own starring vehicle. Why he should stoop to act in this stupid, disgusting sentimental film is beyond comprehension.

The toughest of a gang of hold-up men, Emil Jannings is the terror of the inhabitants of a slum district in London. As long as he is the gangster all is well. But into the picture comes the salvation hunter who insists upon saving his soul even at the

cost of his life. The story is so disjointed, the tempo so slow, that Mr. Janning's method of having a close-up of some particular mood—for several minutes seems ridiculously funny though it has proven extremely effective in other characterizations.

This is all just as true of George Bancroft whose appearance in *The Drag Net* is not at all to his credit. A thin, cheap, tricky story that could well have been dispensed with. We call attention to *Ladies of The Mob* in which Clara Bow is starring—if for no other reason—in order that we may encourage the author who, it seems, is serving a life term in Folsom prison for bank robbery. The profession of movie scenario writer—as reprehensible as it may seem to some people—is, we feel, slightly more commendable than that of bandit.

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We have finally decided that Dolores Del Rio is a muchly over-rated actress. And Charles Farrell is in the process of being ruined by poor direction and bad stories. Her appear-

ance in that terrible atrocity *The Red Dance* gives ample proof to my suspicions. She has become too aware of the camera and as a result there is an utter lack of the simplicity that should characterize the work of a good actress. True, the story and the direction couldn't be worse. It is a typical musical comedy plot. The scenes are laid in Russia during the revolution. Such trivialities as historical facts are totally disregarded. An educated peasant girl through some happy coincidence falls in love with the Grand Duke (Charles Farrell) who is to be married to a Princess. They are sadly unhappy. The revolutionists use the peasant girl. When she realizes whom it is she is to kill, (the Duke), she naturally doesn't. Her comrades finally capture the Duke and put him to death. But no. It seems that the villain wasn't really the villain and a blank cartridge was used. (A perfect steal from *La Tosca*). The lovers are re-united and fly away in an aeroplane tactfully supplied by the villain of the piece. Of all the hokum!



## BOOK REVIEWS

### *"The Rise of the House of Rothschild"*

By Count Egon Caesar Corti. Translated from the German by Brian and Beatrik Lunn. Cosmopolitan Book Corp. New York, 1928, 423 pages. \$5.00.

The dominant role of financial—as opposed to industrial—capital in modern society has only recently become apparent. The power exercised by the banker over industry, state credit, war and peace has become quite clear only since the World War. The history therefore of the beginning of one of the largest international banking houses in the world is of engrossing and timely importance.

The fact that this history is based in part on documents kept in the Prussian and Austrian state archives and that the author is quite free from racial or political bias lend this volume the trustworthiness and authoritativeness so important for results of historical research.

Meyer Amshel Rothschild—the founder of the House—was born in 1743 to a family engaged in retail trade and money changing. His rise to wealth and power may be dated to the time when he began selling rare coins to Crown Prince William of Hanau, later William IX, Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel, a prince of commercial talents with a hobby for collecting coins. Through the influence of some court officials Rothschild was appointed crown agent, a position of no great importance, to be sure, but one that put him in the way of some profitable transactions. Prior to the Napoleonic wars the Rothschild family, it is estimated, was enjoying an income of between 2,000 and 3,000 gulden a year, which put it in the comfortable middle-class families.

The Napoleonic era was fraught with danger to the rising financier. Politically and commercially the House was closely bound to the Landgrave. William's attitude to Napoleon was characterized by

vacillation or open hostility. The Corsican made short shrift of him. He occupied his territories, deposed his dynasty, and ordered his enormous wealth confiscated. William fled the country leaving a large part of his portable possessions in the hands of his Jewish crown agent. Here was a "ticklish" situation. Rothschild continued his relation with the exiled sovereign, even engaged in contraband trade with England, but at the same time he established friendly relations with Prince Dallberg, Napoleon's appointee in Frankfort. Once or twice Meyer Amshel was in great danger. He was arrested, cross-examined and his house was searched, but due to Dallberg's influence and timely warning and to judicious use of bribes, nothing serious happened.

Old Meyer Amshel died in 1812 leaving a will by which his now great wealth was left to his five sons under provisions that ensured its further accumulation with the least possible friction. At the time of his death the London and Paris branches of the firm had already become established under the guidance of Nathan and James, respectively. After the collapse of Napoleon Solomon established himself in Vienna (by special permission from the Emperor, as Jews were forbidden to reside in the capital); shortly thereafter the youngest brother, Carl, founded a branch of the House in Naples; while Amshel headed the home office at Frankfort.

The reconstruction, and domination, of Europe by the victorious powers after 1815 found the Rothschild House in very close contact with the Austrian state and with Metternich, the backbone of the Holy Alliance and its policy of legitimacy. This policy involved huge expenditures, which were in a large part financed by the Rothschilds. The revolutionary movements in Spain, Naples and elsewhere were put down by the

Austrian soldiery and Rothschild's gold. The House also floated large state loans and carried on business with wealthy individuals. It grew enormously rich and very powerful. Its greatest crisis came in 1830 when the French revolution seemed to threaten the entire legitimist structure with which the Rothschilds were so closely connected. However, the revolution did not go very far beyond a change of dynasty. The new King was himself a debtor of the House and not at all anxious to become involved in a war with Austria and Russia over constitutional guarantees in the Iberian and Italian peninsulas. The danger passed with the House of Rothschild suffering large losses (through the tumbling of government, particularly French, paper), yet secure in their position and with the future looking much brighter.

This is but a bare summary of this exciting history, and all that can be attempted here. A few general remarks may be in order concerning the underlying reason for the phenomenal rise of the House. Fundamentally it is probably due to the needs of the period. Europe, especially England, was embarking on a capitalistic development which required huge investments. The drain of the Napoleonic wars exhausted the government treasuries and mortgaged the labors of future generations. Metternich's policy called for large military outlays. One cannot deny, however, the special talents of the Rothschilds, particularly Nathan's, for finance. They knew where to suffer loss in order to gain tenfold at a later period. They utilized the means of flattery, camouflaged bribes, fawning, and real service in order to gain admission and carry off a contract against competitors. Finally, their superior organization should be taken into account. Their messenger service was so efficient that it was freely used by the governments at Vienna, Paris, Frankfort. The results of the battle of Waterloo and of the 1830 French revolution were known to Nathan in London many hours before the Eng-

lish cabinet knew of them. Their branch offices in the important capitals, their widespread connections, and unlimited credit enabled them to make international payments without actual transfer of bullion and thus charge a given government much less than transportation of the money would have cost, while making a handsome profit on a mere book transaction.

Count Corti does not go into other aspects of the story except the historical and sociological. What were the Rothschilds as individuals? What were they as Jews? Did their Jewishness ever influence their actions as financiers? We do not know that from this history. We learn that one or two of the brothers were strict observers of the Jewish law and that none of them adopted Christianity, though that would have opened wide for them the doors to higher dignities and higher society, and perhaps would even have increased their business possibilities.

Two incidents, however, are mentioned. The House was influential in securing equal rights (in payment for a large money assessment) for the Jews of Frankfort from Dallberg's government. They also used pressure in retaining those rights after the fall of Napoleon when the government of Frankfort attempted to restore the Jewish disabilities. It took eight years before Metternich said the word that abolished forever the ghetto in Frankfort. The second incident illustrates how insecure was the position of even the wealthiest Jew in those troublous days. In August, 1819, anti-Jewish riots broke out in many German cities, including Frankfort. Using some pretext the mob marched through the Jewish quarter yelling against the Jews and breaking into shops. The Rothschild House was also attacked, the windows shattered while Amschel's family took "refuge in the back room, where they listened trembling to the threatening shouts of the mob." (p. 210).

H. SILVER.

*The Tyranny of God.* By Joseph Lewis.

The Freethought Press Association.  
4th edition. New York, 1928. 122 pp.

Originally published in 1921, this book is now in its fourth edition. Mr. Lewis attacks a God which many of us have long recognized as mythological, and the book therefore gives the impression of a valiant warrior bravely assailing a straw dummy. Fundamentalists no doubt would be shocked and would profit by a reading of the volume. But, then, no real Fundamentalist is likely to come within speaking distance of this "blasphemous" work.

H. SILVER.

*Poems in Praise of Practically Nothing.*

By Samuel Hoffenstein. Boni & Liveright.

Strange, isn't it, that while all people strive to appear far more clever than they actually are, a gifted young man should do his utmost to try to convince you that he is far less clever than he seems? Fortunately, however, like the former, he does not succeed.

We are referring to the most recent find in American light verse and legitimate poetry, Samuel Hoffenstein.

In his light, whimsical manner, Hoffenstein touches upon many American weaknesses. At times the utter smug stupidity of the possessors of these weaknesses causes him to become sarcastic, but in all he attempts to impress you with the fact that, at best, he wields but a very light brush. Once, however, the reader has come across lines like the following:

"Between the mighty lego of Death  
We play the schoolboy pranks of breath;  
Scrawl challenge in his sodden boots  
The while he coil his cypress-roots."

he is convinced that the author is merely posing, that the twinkle in his eyes is often replaced by a thoughtful or dreamy look. The author possesses not only that rare gift of transporting you, when you

are least aware of it, from light to serious moods, but that much rarer gift of bringing you into mood, where you are, so to speak, suspended, not knowing whether the author is serious or he is "joshing" you.

Although cool, conservative critics have hailed this book as *the* book of American light verse, and although there can be no two opinions as to the book's intrinsic worth, nevertheless Mr. Hoffenstein has not done himself justice. Forced lines, rhymes and quips appear frequently, and this we believe is due to the fact that the author has not yet realized his own powers, and, as a consequence, does not take himself seriously enough. We venture to predict that the next book by Mr. Hoffenstein will show a finer balance and a more serious attitude even to his lighter verse. Despite these weaknesses, however, *Poems in Praise of Practically Nothing* is so greatly superior to the average collection of light verse that it cannot be lauded too highly.

I. H. WEISFELD.

*Arnold Levenberg.* By David Pinski.

Translated by Isaac Goldberg. Simon & Schuster. New York, 1928.

Most novels may be roughly divided into two classes. The first consists of those novels whose opening pages present a nebulous mass of localities, incipient situations and character, half-formed and vague. As the story progresses the nebula divides into smaller and less indistinct ones which gradually assume definite shape and outline, until the reader perceives the threads gathering into a coherent pattern. A tale of the second group opens with a clear-cut episode, and—within a few pages—gives us a sufficient grasp of the factors involved to watch the figures advance and recede through the rest of the book.

"Arnold Levenberg" belongs to the second group. The book opens with a dream in which Arnold is the sole surviving man; in the distance he sees the voluptuous form of Katherine Shupo, sole

woman. As the figure approaches it becomes that of Theresa Kellerman. It draws closer, and Arnold discovers an indistinct combination of Katherine and Theresa. He awakes. . . .

So Arnold Levenberg, pacifist, idealist, and wealthy member of the firm of "Levenberg Brothers and Company" feels that he must choose a wife. Shall it be Katherine Shupo, the passionate and prodigal scion of an immoral family? Will he choose Theresa Kellerman, blond, beautiful, and chaste? Or shall it be Dr. Marion Harris, friend of the East-side Russians? But Arnold's upbringing has implanted within him a longing for the social millenium, and this longing brings him into contact with Oglia Manhoff—idealist and woman. The war shatters Arnold's belief in humanity, and his efforts to uphold his pacifist views bring him into the ken of Lillian Brand—woman. Thus Arnold Levenberg, erstwhile nonentity, becomes the center of a circle of women who advance and retreat, advance and retreat around him.

It is not for nothing that David Pinski is a dramatist. In many of its parts the novel strongly reminds one of the drama, and indeed the entire book could easily be changed into a play without loss of plot or appreciable change of scene.

The story consists of various elements which have been cleverly woven together. The background is the war, the thunders of which—the dimly heard—affect the lives of the characters. The foreground consist of the individuals and the incidents which sweep them together. The background of Arnold's character is the idealist's hopes for humanity, the foreground of his character consists of his desire for woman, of his ennui, and his search for a worthwhile goal. These elements are sorted and arranged, an incident occurs—the dream—and they proceed to intermingle. A skillful blend.

Although the characters are almost all Jews there is nothing in the book which shows a distinctly Jewish stamp. The story might be confined to gentiles with-

out any alteration beyond changing the names and the race of the individuals. "Arnold Levenberg" was very ably translated from the Yiddish by Isaac Goldberg.

DAVID MILLER.

*Shirim Upheemoth*, By A. Shlunsky.

*Sippurim*, By Deborah Baron.

*Dmuyoth Melavoth*, By Menachem Poznansky. "Davar" Publishing Co. Tel-Aviv, 1927.

If any reader of Hebrew desires to learn about the cultural standing of our pioneers in Palestine, let him turn to the publications of the Histadruth Haovdim (Labor Organization) and his heart will be filled with joy and pride.

The Jewish workingman has always and everywhere been a factor for enlightenment. It was the Jewish workingman who went among the lowly of his people and spread elementary knowledge; it was he who ushered in a new era in Yiddish literature, and it is he who develops Hebrew literature in Palestine.

The first is a book of poems by one of the "younger set" of Hebrew poets. A. Shlunsky is a post-war poet, and the effects of the terrible massacre of nations are seen in many of his poems. His eyes behold a world in disintegration, a "world as a succah on the gloomy morrow of Tabernacle when the wind is challenging the "sechach of the roof".

Nothing expands in a frosty winter-day, and likewise feelings for the nation or the group were obliterated in the cold days of disillusionment which followed the great excitement of the war. Only the individual is left, and even he is uprooted from the ancestral soil.

"I am the most exquisite of the Psalter called World—and the Earth is one mighty instrument which, when touched with the toes of my bare foot, sounds the all-pervading melody "I"!

And when he flees his native land to seek in Erez-Israel Gods' forgiveness and hears the Chalutzim sing, "Am Israel



Chai" (Israel Lives!), all straight lines begin to curve into formidable question marks, demanding: "And what of Reb Israel?" (What about the individual in Israel?).

His mastery of Hebrew words is astounding. In beauty of phrasing and in force of expression he has no rival among the younger poets. True, not always can we tell why this or that word or phrase was put there. Sometimes we see the beauty of the words and fail to get the beauty of the phrase. But though he is sometimes obscure, we *perceive* what the poet *felt* when the lines were written.

There is one thing, however, that our poets must get away from and that is the too frequent use of coined words such as "Hallelujah", "Labadom", "Stam", which, while effective in some places and when used sparingly, assume the tone of a *posing* when overdone.

For those who seek in Hebrew poetry the "Am Israel" words in praise or reproach addressed to the people, this book offers little attraction. But those seeking the after-war "Reb Israel" will read and re-read this little book.

The tales by Deborah Baron portray the dull life of the small Lithuanian town. But gray though life may be there, it is relieved by strains of its unique "simches" and provincial happiness. Especially do we find portrayals of these escapes from monotony in the first three stories in which the authoress depicts with insight the happenings of a young Rabbi, who comes with his young and delicate wife to settle in dreary Mzhodzhekovka. The coming of the Rabbi was a great event. In order to meet the Rabbi (who was due on a Friday) in a proper manner, the "parnes" ordered the public bath to be heated on the Thursday preceding the eventful day. Nevertheless, the impression made on the young "rebitzin", who had been raised and reared in comparatively richer and more fertile Poland, was rather shocking. "So many rag-

attired and barefooted balebatim", with mire-covered feet, in spite of the bath of the day before, she had never seen before.

Another excellent story, though of a different sort, is "Agmath Nefesh" (Aggravation) which tells of a bookkeeper who comes to the "holy of holies"—to the home of his employer to ask for an "advance" which he never gets because it is "against the principles and policies" of the employer to do so. Even the pleading that this advance is a matter of "life and death" is of no avail; the next morning the bookkeeper is found a suicide at the office before the open books of his employer. To their friends Mrs. Aronson (the employer's wife) explains that her husband would not be expected to trust any man "who may be here today and somewhere else tomorrow," and "was it not ungrateful of him to choose their office as the place to kill himself? Are not there enough fields or forsaken shanties? Why cause aggravation to people who never did you any wrong?"

Another social story which proves the depth of the author's insight is "Garinim" which portrays a strike for which instigators pay with their lives. The picture of the rich boss is remarkably impressive.

Sickness, disappointed love, and death, mainly death, abound in the other tales. But notwithstanding the gloominess and a certain lack of elegance in style, this book is an important contribution to the

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short story phase of our Hebrew literature.

Not so the third book "Dmyoth Melavoth" (Accompanying Images) by Menachem Poznansky. This is a book of men's longings for women, of heroes who do nothing and whose desires are barren. Unlike the stories of Deborah Baron, whose heroes arouse our sympathies, these stories fill us with ennui. What sympathy can one feel for a man whose greatest tragedy is that he failed to spit in the face of a girl who made a silly remark about a famed singer?

There are two exceptions: "Etzbaoth" (Fingers) and "Bezavith Temutha" (In Death's Corner). These stories are touching and may be read with genuine interest, something which can hardly be said of any one of the other stories in this book.

M. SHIFFMAN.

## NOTICE

Credit will be given to our subscribers for the August number which was left out because of a well-deserved vacation to the editorial staff.

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