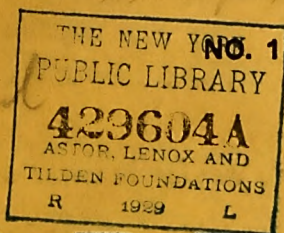


VOL. II.

MAY, 1928



*The*  
**VANGUARD**

*A Monthly Magazine of Progressive Jewish Life*



v. 2  
May - Nov  
1928

## The Need for a Third Party

By James Oneal

## Interplay of Nationalities

By Isaac Zaar

## The Bogey-Man to the Rescue

By Jacob De Haas

## The Unemployment Problem

By Abraham Epstein

*(See inside for complete Table of Contents)*

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## New Contributors To This Issue:

JAMES ONEAL—Socialist leader, author, editor the *New Leader*.

ABRAHAM EPSTEIN — Secretary American Association for Old Age Security, formerly Research Director of Pennsylvania Commission on Old Age Pension, author of "Facing Old Age" and other books.

SOPHIE UDIN—Was for several years with the Jewish National Library at Jerusalem.

DAVID ASHER—Graduate Pennsylvania University, young journalist of great promise.

LEO J. DASHEVSKY—Yiddish poet and short story writer.

JOS. CARMIN—Agronomist, with the Zionist Agricultural Experimental Station in Palestine, graduated in the United States of America.

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

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The Inkograph fully justifies all claims you make. I own a Waterman but Inkograph is far preferable. FRANK R. SARGENT, Oakland, Calif.

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meant to be more than a political maneuver—by both sides to the deal.

The other high priest of the Agency palaver, the gentleman who called conferences, appointed committees, exchanged letters with Dr. Chaim Weizmann and got the Zionists to use up needed money on a needless Investigation Commission, is Mr. Louis Marshall, and he, too, has donated a large sum towards the ten million dollar Rosenwald fund. We do not know what he gave this year for Palestine, but we do know what he has given to Russia, a hundred thousand dollars. Obviously, the Agency in particular and Palestine in general are losing all political significance to him. Obviously, again, the game with the Zionists has not been found to be worth the candle. While these two gentlemen will never go back on their word publicly, they will never do what we thought they would,—unless Zionism is in strong hands and the mass of Jewry has been revitalized into a strong living Zionist body.

It is impossible to tell what the attitude of the Marshalls and the Warburgs would have been—or will be—if Zionism had been—or will become—the dominant passion of our people. But it is clear to the dullest dullard that no division of power would have ever been conceded, no fifty-fifty basis of Agency control would have ever been conceived of had the Zionist movement been ably captained.

Weakness and disbelief in their own strength and vitality forced the mass of Zionists to swallow the Agency plan—imposed upon Dr. Weizmann, by dire necessity or political choice, and

this plan, once accepted, has further enfeebled both leadership and membership to a degree that the so-called non-Zionists have lost all respect and all regard for the Zionists, their Agency and their Palestine. If Mr. Marshall or Mr. Warburg had a real and deep interest for modern Palestine, they would have given of their substance to wipe out unemployment as far back as a year and a half ago. Plans were submitted to them, their aid was asked, less than a million was required, but nothing was done.

When the Russian project came up, some two years ago, and the Zionists thought Palestine threatened by exaggerating the Jewish *national* importance of colonization in the land of the Soviets, Mr. Marshall as the spokesman of the would-be Agency partners was sure that there was money enough in America for both Russia and Palestine. Well, neither Mr. Marshall nor Mr. Warburg, nor the rest of the non-Zionists have lived up to their assurances.

It is high time to make an end to an Agency policy which merely serves to retard the growth of Zionism, while Russia is made to move ever nearer to the very centre of the stage. And there can be no end to this danger unless and until a radical change has taken place in Zionist methods and leadership.

### Socialism Reorganized

**T**HE national convention of the Socialist Party, held last month in New York, has approved a change in the wording of the application for membership, and in the constitution,



which is highly significant. Since the formation of the party, in 1901, the application read:

"I, the undersigned, recognizing the *class struggle* between the capitalist class and the working class, and the necessity of the *working class organizing itself* into a political party for the purpose of obtaining collective ownership and democratic administration and operation of the collectively used and socially necessary means of wealth production and distribution, hereby apply for membership," etc.

It will now read:

"I, the undersigned, believing in independent political action, hereby apply," etc.

The Socialist Party thus becomes more than the party of the working class; it becomes a party for all who believe in independent political action, as against the two major parties. It opens its portals to non-proletarians as well, so long as they can agree to its principles and its fundamental socio-economic philosophy which the convention has left intact. Should new elements come in, the whole complexion of the party may change and some future convention may bring about a very sweeping, a very radical change in the fundamentals as well.

The constitution has likewise undergone a great change in that it now permits organizations of all sorts to affiliate with the party and abolishes all distinction between Socialist member and Socialist voter. Instead of the party being controlled, as heretofore, by dues-paying and class-conscious members, it will be controlled, theoretically at least, by the million or so voters who come from different sur-

roundings and often out of different economic and political motives. That the old fundamentals may under such conditions be either replaced or entirely overlooked and forgotten is more than likely.

Let a considerable number of farmers or lower middle class business men or professionals join the Socialist party, as they now may, and are in fact invited so to do, and its whole philosophy will, in a comparatively brief period of time, experience a vital transformation.

Indeed, the New York convention has taken the lead in that direction by removing the class struggle from the phraseology of the application for active membership. Class struggle has been considered a cardinal principle by American socialism and is still so considered by European socialism. It has grown into a dogma, an article of faith. The sole exception to the rule is British socialism as represented by the British Labor Party. For twenty-seven years the socialists of America had the continental European model before them. Now they have set out to follow their British colleagues both in spirit and organization methods.

Class struggle taken in the broad sociological sense of group conflict is an undeniable verity; it is likewise true in the economic field if the antagonism of the two elements directly engaged in the production is stressed. But it is also true that there is cohesion, integration and cooperation in the universe, in society and in the economic process. The classical example of stressing the conflict to the exclusion of all else is the Austrian Social Democracy, while

the American Federation of Labor exemplifies the other extreme, that of preaching harmony between capitalism and labor. The happy medium seems to have been found by the British workers who stress nationalization and social service as the ideal for all classes, for the society as a whole.

American socialism is now attempting to go the way of the British. Presumably, here, too, there will arise a sort of Independent Labor Party as an instrument of socialist propaganda and as a recognized part of the larger party "for independent political action."

### The Zionist Opposition

**T**HE VANGUARD takes pride in the fact that it was the first to open a well directed, systematic campaign for a new deal in Zionist leadership; that it has crystallized the sentiment for a healthy change in Zionist spirit, and that it has aided in forming the opposition which displayed such remarkable strength at the Washington Conference, on Sunday, April 29. The wide-spread discontent became vocal and found its leaders. The Washington Conference is only a small section of the opposition movement; many more leaders stand ready to serve the high cause when the call comes to them.

A realignment of the forces in American Zionism has begun in sure

and swift manner as soon as Rabbi Wise publicly condemned the present leadership and resigned in protest from the Executive and Administrative Committees of the Zionist Organization. That was the turning point, just as we said it would be.

We hope the administration will now see the errors of its ways and yield at the first opportunity. The change will then have been sharp and quick, and no practical activity for Palestine will have suffered in the least.

### Non-Sectarian League for Palestine

**W**E call the attention of the readers to the letter by Mr. Maxim Conecky, printed elsewhere in this issue, wherein a non-sectarian League for the Encouragement of Jewish Resettlement of Palestine is proposed.

In view of the Pro-Palestine Committees now forming in various lands, Mr. Conecky's suggestion is timely. It goes much deeper, though. It aims to enlist the actual aid of the non-Jewish world and not only the political support of distinguished statesmen. And his plan of the Palestine Hour appeals strongly to us.

Mr. Conecky is a practical Chicagoan, a man of affairs, and an ardent *unattached* Zionist. Who will join hands with him in this constructive and fascinating plan of his?

6



## ENTRE NOUS

CONGRESSMAN EMANUEL CELLER of Brooklyn, N. Y., introduced a resolution in the House, April 6, 1928, for an investigation by a committee of five members "of the subject of foreign loans by American bankers," which committee "shall thereupon form and present a bill to the House of Representatives embodying a policy for the future guidance of American bankers concerning the floating of foreign loans."

In the preamble to the resolution it is made clear that the aim is to prevent Rumania from obtaining a loan in this country, unless she should, before receiving American money, "give us strong assurances that pogroms and massacres of her minority populations shall never recur."

The Congressman omits to mention the Jews by name, which is a pity. We shall never be helped by general provisions, least of all in Rumania. But we believe Mr. Celler is wasting his ammunition by his circuitous way of reaching Rumania. And he is needlessly complicating matters. Mr. Kellogg, the Secretary of State, may have his ideas about Rumania and her Jews and about what is, or can be made into, a precedent for our Government to act, but that is no reason for the resolution. Nor would it, if passed, by itself induce our present Foreign Minister to change his attitude on the Rumanian Jewish problem.

OF ALL THE ELEMENTS involved in the present Zionist controversy, the Hadassah, the woman's wing of the

movement, was the first to formulate a definite,—though by no means complete as yet—program to be submitted to the coming convention in June. We always thought highly of the women, and in spite of all the charges men-folk are likely to level against the fair sex in politics we hold to the view that Hadassah is—and will continue to be—a constructive force in Palestine and Zionism. We commend without reservation the following plank in the women's platform,—and recommend it to the men:

"The Zionist Organization of America is to reaffirm and adhere to the principle that anyone in order to become a member of the Zionist Organization of America must subscribe to the Basle platform. The act of contributing to a Palestinian fund shall not in itself constitute membership in the Zionist Organization of America."

And this one as well:

"The stimulation of Zionist ideals shall be a recognized responsibility of the Zionist Organization of America."

The Hadassah intended housecleaning last year, at the Atlantic City convention. The job was not thoroughly done then. We hope the next convention will prove a better opportunity.

At the same time there is ground for the belief that the good men in the movement will not permit themselves to be shoved off the stage by their women colleagues.

SPEAKING OF ZIONIST membership, we note that the administration got suddenly busy creating new districts and enrolling members, especially in far-away sections of the country. In view of the nearness of the annual



convention, it strikes us as if the powers that be were bent on getting a number of delegates who will naturally be uninformed on the issues at stake and may support the ruling leadership.

A by-law providing for a probationary period of at least three months before a new member shall be chosen delegate to a convention, would go far to remove the danger that always lurks in a sudden spurt of energy on the part of a criticized administration just prior to the day of reckoning.

A NEW UNITED PALESTINE APPEAL pledge card came into our possession. It solicits, not only contributions to the general fund which unites all factions in Zionism, but likewise members, in this wise:

"I also enroll as a member of one of the following organizations: The Zionist Organization of America ; the Misrachi Organization ; the Poale Zion Organization ; the Zeire Zion Organization , adding \$4.00 for my annual dues and \$2.00 for my subscription to — the New Palestine  or Dos Yiddishe Folk  . . .

We do not know whether the Misrachi or the Zeire-Zion authorized the Zionist Organization to place their names on the card. We are inclined to believe that they did not, for otherwise both the dues and the party organs of these two factions would have been named. But we do know that the Poale-Zion was never informed of this shady business. Its per capita tax is different and it has its own party organ. The card was, obviously, intended to pull the wool over the eyes of

the innocent, making them believe they had a choice, while in reality their money would in all cases go to the Zionist Organization, and they would be receiving a party paper of a different, and often hostile, character.

We leave it to the reader to find the word that would properly describe such methods.

THE DISAPPEARANCE of the *Jewish Daily News*, the oldest landmark of Yiddish journalism in this country, was an act of individual judgment on the part of the publisher. It has nothing to do with Yiddish. That daily was losing ground steadily, not because the total reading public of Yiddish literature and press is diminishing, but chiefly on account of its poor quality and underpaid staff. Its circulation had been relentlessly driven from the metropolitan district and neighboring Jewish communities into ever farther sections of the country, while the provincial dailies, both old and new, ate into its field. At the same time the publisher would not revitalize his paper and bring it more up to date.

The editor, too, proved a stumbling block. Mr. Gedalia Bublick, who is now the paid official (president) of the Mizrachi organization, did his level worst to dissuade the publisher from putting life into the paper, his contention being that Orthodoxy needed no modern "fads" and that the *Tageblatt* must maintain its traditions at all costs. The curious thing about it all is that Mr. Bublick's staff was compelled to work on Sabbath!



## THE NEED FOR A THIRD PARTY

By JAMES ONEAL

**T**O some people the Socialist Party as a third party has little significance in American politics. They declare that the United States is a two-party nation, always has been and always will be. But this assertion neglects some important facts. We have had a number of political revolutions in this country and they have been effected by a new party. This is especially true of the Jacksonian revolution in 1828 and the political revolution which brought Abraham Lincoln to the presidency in 1860.

The two-party system has been the general rule in our history, but when some big and important job faced the nation the two-party system was smashed by a third party. The necessity for another smashing was never more apparent. The cattle primaries in Illinois and Pennsylvania two years ago; the startling crimes of the Ku Klux Klan where it has obtained control in a number of states; the shocking oil swindle and its relation to the Republican National Committee; the huge sewer graft in Queens County, New York; the absence of any definite differences or issues between the two leading parties, and the political upheaval revealed in the vote for La Follette and Wheeler four years ago, are all symptoms that show the decay of the two-party system.

For these reasons the Socialist Party convention which met in New York City and nominated Norman

Thomas for President and James H. Maurer for Vice-President, has a big interest for intelligent people. The Socialist Party has had fearful conditions to face since the United States entered the World War. Savage persecution of that period followed by internal dissensions left it bankrupt of funds, with a large loss of members, and a heritage of cynicism among its supporters. That it could hold the successful convention it held this year, is evidence of a vitality that few movements can exhibit.

With the disappearance of the coalition of the Socialist Party, the trade unions, and farmer organizations which supported La Follette four years ago, the Socialist Party resumes its old independent position as the party of Labor. As such, it met to consider its prospects in the campaign this year, and a careful survey has shown that it will have electoral tickets in no less than 43 states. The few states where it is not likely that Socialist electors will appear on the ballot are chiefly in the South where the Socialist vote even before the World War never exceeded a few hundred. There is some hard organization work to do in some states, but there is little doubt that it will be done.

The convention adopted a platform which bears no resemblance to the hackneyed and pompous documents framed by the capitalistic parties and

written by experts in the art of being all things to all men. The platform begins with a preamble which surveys the economic and political problems of the United States and then outlines a program of measures which includes public ownership of railroads, basic resources and industries; unemployment relief; important labor measures; heavier taxation of the super-rich; preservation of civil liberties; relief for the farmers,—and urges a constitutional convention to modernize the Federal Constitution. In international relations, it sweepingly condemns American policy in Nicaragua and Latin America in general. Recognizing the services and the limitations of the League of Nations, the party favors “entry of the United States at the time and under conditions” which will further the peace of the world.

One decision was somewhat disappointing to the writer. The convention decided to take no action on the prohibition issue. I do not think that it is an important issue, but, once it is raised, I believe it would have been better to have come to some decision. The matter was left to the state organizations which may take any action, or no action, as they may choose.

One decision is of unusual importance. The constitution was altered so as to provide for the affiliation of trade unions, and other organizations of farmers and workers, in a body, if they subscribe to the platform and party principles. Dues for such memberships were fixed at one dollar per year, but this experiment is not made mandatory on the state

organizations. A state organization may experiment with it or not as it may choose. Probably a few states will put it into effect next January. If the plan proves successful it is certain that other states will take advantage of it.

The plan creates what is practically two forms of membership. The experimental form is practically associate membership by which sympathetic organizations will be attached to the party organization and participate in its activities. This plan might lead to a form of organization like that of the British Labor Party. That organization is based upon trade unions, cooperatives, Socialist societies and other sympathetic organizations, each maintaining its own identity yet being affiliated with the central organization known as the Labor Party.

A carefully prepared address to the trade unions of the country was also adopted, and this will be printed in pamphlet form for wide distribution in the trade unions. This document is intended to call the attention of the unions to some of the grave problems which confront them. “Company unionism” has increased in membership during the past eight years at a ratio equal to the decline in membership of the trade unions. It is obvious that if this tendency continues it will bring a crisis to the labor organizations of the United States. Some of the more important causes of this tendency are pointed out.

This address contains an interesting comparison with the trade unions in other countries. It shows that on the basis of the percentage of salaried

and wage workers in each of the sixteen nations cited, the United States has the smallest percentage of these workers organized in trade Unions! The comparison is a startling one, as it shows that our percentage is even smaller than in such distinctly agricultural nations as Latvia and Spain.

The address also points out that one reason for the growth of the "company unions" is the attitude of the American Federation of Labor towards social and economic reforms realized through legislation. The A. F. of L. opposes such state intervention in industry on the ground that industry should remain free of state interference. The address declares that old age pensions, sick and death insurance, and many other reforms which properly belong to the law-making bodies are taken over by the "company unions" and used to attach the workers to the corporations and to undermine trade unionism itself. It points out that the organized workers abroad support their own Socialist or Labor parties and these parties have these reforms enacted into law. The corporations are thus deprived of the opportunity to take over these reforms and undermine organizations of the working class.

The address goes on to appeal to the trade unions of the country to abandon a policy of opposition to legislative intervention in industry and to work for the establishment of a Labor Party through which a fight can be made to strip the "company unions" of the reforms they have usurped and have the state and fed-

eral governments take them over. This will release the workers in the "company unions" from any sense of loyalty to corporation unions and make it more easy to induce them to join genuine trade unions. At the same time the Socialist Party declares that only the unions can save themselves, and not by any outside organization.

Of the standard bearers of the Socialist Party in the campaign this year, Norman Thomas is well known. He is a tireless worker in all causes of interest to the working people, oppressed nationalities, civil rights, and international peace. He is a fluent and impressive speaker, a man of intense earnestness, wide knowledge and devotion to the Socialist cause. He has been in the thick of every important labor fight in the past ten years. Norman Thomas is a worthy successor to the late Eugene V. Debs as the standard bearer of the Socialist Party.

James H. Maurer is equally well known. Since boyhood, Maurer's life has been one of activity in the labor movement. He has served several terms as a Socialist member of the Pennsylvania Legislature, as President of the Pennsylvania Federation of Labor, and is now a Socialist member of the City Council of Reading and head of its finance department. In his life and work Maurer is an example of how the Socialist movement can possess a worker who has had few advantages in life, inspire him and make him an inval-

uable and devoted servant of working class ideals.

I make no predictions regarding the Socialist vote this year. Anything is possible. Nearly five million voters four years ago voted for La Follette and Wheeler. There are millions of wage workers unemployed, and farmers in vast areas in the West are bankrupt. The old parties have sunk to the lowest level in their history. About fifty per cent of the voters decline to go to the polls. Discontent

is widespread. A change is imperative.

In any event, those who are tired of hokum and bunk, of graft and profiteering, of insincerity, economic exploitation, imperialism and rule by our great magnates of finance and capital, can register their disapproval by supporting the Socialist candidates, Norman Thomas and James H. Maurer, and help to paralyze two parties ready for the dust bin of history.

## WAITING

By ALBERT HERSCHAL

There's an unborn city waiting  
In a waste of desert sands  
For a people who will build it  
With the strength of willing hands.

There are people who are calling  
From the cradle of the Earth,  
For the prophet who will lead them  
To this land of promised birth.

There are prophets who are straining  
In the heavy womb of time  
For the destined, fated hour  
To release its mystic chime.

And the world is waiting ever  
At the beck and call of Chance  
For the thunder in the heavens  
Like a dreamer in a trance.

Comes the pregnant moment fated,  
Miracles exalt the view  
And the world is tensely waiting  
For the birthday of the new.

But a single coward falters,—  
Time holds action by the hilt;  
Then the strands of fate unravel  
And the city dies unbuilt.



## INTERPLAY OF NATIONALITIES

By ISAAC ZAAR

**A** GROUP of people living together will tend to create a social structure and a corporate spirit which will leave no room for anything individual, as opposed to, or different from, the collectivity. They will all become set in their thoughts, habits and ways. Each will fit closely and inextricably into the general scheme of things, his occupation, privileges and rights regulated by tradition, public opinion, religion, and law. While the members of the community—taken here as independent and isolated from the rest of the world—will continue to be biologically and psychically different and will be conscious of their dissimilarities as to physical appearance, character, and status within the corporate body, they will have become component parts of the group, the mental content of each being at all times a cross-section of the social heritage.

The thoughts of the individuals will not be essentially the same throughout; they will not be identical in all of their constituent elements. The hunter, the husbandman, the warrior, the priest, the woman, the man, the adult or the child will have their minds pivoted on the interests of their separate callings or personal needs and desires, and the group concerns will be prised through their particular economic, political, social, sexual, paternal or filial bias, but all together will be interdependent, necessary parts of the group life and culture. None

will be permitted, and none will dare or even wish, to break away from the settled and the tradition-hollowed. For centuries life may flow on undisturbed and unchanged, generation after generation following in the once established channels. If the group is small and the habitat unaltered by geologic variation, the community will become so adjusted externally and internally that nothing could ever modify the ethnos or the ethos of the people.

In such a group the individual is fully the product of society.

To become the center of something new, a dynamic factor, the individual must have something which his group does not yet possess. A change in the physical environment would be experienced by all, and any resultant variation in the social structure of the community would be a mass act, leaving the individual as much dependent on the whole as before. Even a discovery of a new tool or a new plant would either immediately become the possession of the group—or rejected as useless, whereas for the individual to become both conscious and recognized as innovator or molder of the group, a certain time must elapse, a time of struggle between the new and the old, and no such struggle is thinkable in a small and isolated community.

Mental independence can arise solely when the group has enlarged

and become more subdivided, as, for instance, through increase in numbers and expansion over a larger area, in which case the social control over the individual becomes more lax, and the greater diversity of contact enriches the mind. The larger group again tends to uniformity, for greater comfort and stability of life; it takes a longer time for the process to run its course, and the accumulated heritage is necessarily wider in extent and richer in content, that is to say, the culture of the group is higher.

If the physical conditions of the country make it possible and necessary for the enlarged group to form smaller communities more or less divided by barriers from intimate contact, though close enough for frequent intercourse, as was the case with ancient Greece, for instance, there arises a race with many subdivisions sufficiently differentiated to form sources of culture diversity and sufficiently united, by language and tradition, to be conscious of the whole, thus presenting a more advanced national culture.

The immediate community fills and fashions the minds of its members. It ever presses towards the ease and convenience of steadiness and conformity and militates against the unusual. The individual is forced, by need or choice, to develop those traits of character and behavior as will fit him into the group,—or he is driven out as incompatible, destroyed by social selection. As soon as the group has succeeded in forming its regulated collective life, the individual is reduced to a link in the chain, and is unaware of any conflict with the whole. Coming, how-

ever, in contact, with something new, he is impelled to think, and if the impact of the new is strong enough to overcome the inertia of tradition, he will endeavor to win over to his new orientation his group members and thus start a new thought current which, if successful, will result in a new mode of life, a new institution, a new element of group culture. That is to say, the individual will become the crucible of his group. No longer the mere product of the corporate life about him, but the molder of a new culture pattern instead.

Something new the individual can find only when thrown into contact with people of another social environment. In other words, while within their *isolated* groups the respective individuals are mere products of the collectivity, they become independent in mental content with regard to their own group when falling under the influence of another community.

An interplay of group cultures is thus essential for the mental development and independent thinking of the individual, with the resultant progress of society, external conditions permitting.

No human group is known to have stayed isolated from inception to end. However originated, it must have in the course of its existence come into contact with other groups. Which means that the human being, sociologically speaking, contains elements of several group cultures.

No people could rise into history if for long isolated. China fell from its comparatively high cultural status when she walled herself off from the

rest of the world, and she is now in the throes of a cultural revival because of the influences European powers have subjected her to, mostly against her will. Japan rose to prominence only since America forced her portals open to the world at large.

That does not imply that contact alone is sufficient to bring any people to the fore. Many other factors are required, especially freedom of action and more or less equality in status and relative power of culture, but without intergroup contact no community can rise above a primitive, animal life, because the individuals composing it have no variety to draw upon for their mental growth.

In "Nationality and the Individual" (March Vanguard) we reached the conclusion "that only an ethnically subdivided society can serve as permanent, ever varying foundation of culture-diversity which feeds the mental content of the individual". We may, therefore, speak in terms of nationality instead of mere group and say that the individual is the product, not alone of his nationality, but of other nationalities as well,—in greater or lesser degree. No nationality could have ever emerged without foreign influences. No group can rise to the higher state of culture which is nationality unless it has previously and frequently interplayed with others, intermarried with others, which accounts for the fact that all nations known to us are—or were—of mixed stock, both biologically and culturally.

The civilized individual is thus the result, not alone of his national group, but, to some extent at least, the prod-

uct of international contact. Nationality is the unifying and stabilizing factor, while the foreign influence is the revivifying, diversifying factor. Intercourse with other people is essential for the growth of each. Internationalism is the very soul of nationalism, the views of the chauvinists or imperialists to the contrary notwithstanding.

The chauvinist believes that his nationality is the only one that counts and he considers all out-group influence pernicious. He would like to see his people lord it over the earth and its culture universally accepted. He easily turns imperialist and believes to be serving the higher ends of humanity by imposing his will and ways upon other peoples. In exceptional cases, when the neighbors are too strong, he tends to refrain from all contact with other cultures, deliberately striving for isolation. In either case he destroys the very source of his own and his nation's growth and development.

No less fallacious and detrimental is the other extreme, the cosmopolite, the world-citizen, who overlooks entirely the individual contributions of the various nationalities to the culture and progress of humanity and exalts the composite result to the exclusion of its parts. The cosmopolite would like to see all nationalities merged in one, a great uniform society without distinctions of color, boundary or ethnos.

This type usually thrives within the upper ranks of a national minority lost amidst a powerful people. Under the influence of the out-group, their bonds

with the in-group grow weak and they soon lose all feeling of attachment to their own people. They dream of a larger and freer life than their minority group can offer them, and find solace in the vision of a nationless humanity,—whatever that be.

Culture being the upshot of constant conflict between uniformity and diversity, it is quite apparent that, even if possible, the coalescence of all ethnic-cultural groups into one uniform world culture would sound the death knell of progress and individual liberty of thought and action. This does not mean that every nation must live on forever. Many have disappeared after a life of dazzling accomplishment. Many new nations have emerged within the short space of recorded history,

and similar changes, in both directions, are conceivable. But the substitution of one group by another, the death of one nationality and the rise of another does not alter the ethnic-cultural composition of mankind.

Both the chauvinist and the amalgamationist are, sociologically, intergroup products, though the first sees only the in-group and the second exalts the out-group,—the very two elements which are essential to civilization.

The true, and scientific, point of view can only be that which emphasizes both factors in the development of the individual and society, and this view is expressed by *progressive nationalism*, which is fundamentally the same as *internationalism*.

## EDDIES

By ISRAEL NEWMAN

There is a hurried stream of white-warped gray  
That rushes through the narrows of my brain—  
Hard-driven currents, like a hurricane  
Of silver, over rocks and roots that fray  
Them white. And suddenly the banks are thrown  
Apart. The rapids smoothen. And like tides  
Witheld yet flowing, curve off from each side  
Two eddies circling out, out in the unknown.

At times I see those outgone streams return  
Bearing pale husks of light that are out there  
And that elusive touch which distance lends;  
At times I can—or think I can—discern  
A sweep of ghostly white against the air  
Or shore, if shore there be where twilight ends.



## THE BOGEY-MAN TO THE RESCUE

By JACOB DE HAAS

**T**O be a Zionist these days requires first of all a sense of humor. For one is easily misquoted, and one is so easily attacked with clown's bladders. One must also be able to laugh at such hypocrisy—not merely political expediency but outright humbug, if not palpable dishonesty. It is all so childish that in a sober mood one is tempted to ask, Will these people never grow up? What title to public hearing, not to say leadership, have these adults who perform like juveniles, and who even write with the incoherent rush of words characteristic of children anxious to blurt out something and yet afraid to say it?

The Z. O. A. is affirmatively demoralized. Mr. Samuel Blitz, director of the New York Campaign for the U. P. A. and recently organizer of the Z. O. A., placed that on record, on February 20, 1928, in the solemn councils of the Office Committee of the United Palestine Appeal.

Listen to Mr. Blitz talking to his colleagues: "The economic situation is not the reason for the slump in campaign activities, when we get 6,000 contributors out of every 8,000 Jewish families, which is a good proportion. I believe that the morale is bad, due to the spirit created at the Atlantic City Convention, and that people do not give on that account. Many persons in the administration nurture this same feeling. For example, Mr. F. who gave \$500 last year, gives \$300

this year, Mr. G. who gave \$2500 last year, now gives \$1500."

Now demoralization is an affirmative condition—not merely a negation. Mr. Blitz ascribes it to what happened at Atlantic City last June. Yet as we read the record, the last convention was well filled with administration supporters. At it two, by no means conspicuous, Zionists attacked the administration. Two men out of six or seven hundred delegates formed the opposition and, according to eye-witnesses, only one of these two opponents received a real hearing. Zeldin is a fine fellow, but he does not look like Samson, nor was Atlantic City a Gaza. One of the presumed mysterious causes of that shaking of the pillars at Atlantic City, was the whispering of the name "de Haas."

Early in the nineteenth century mothers in England frightened their children by whispering "Bony is coming to catch you." The "man with horns" was Napoleon Bonaparte. He did not have horns; men were not frightened. Putting "horns" on "de Haas" and whispering of his Machiavellian ability is good play for *children*. The demoralization must have lain deeper.

This fear of "de Haas" was merely an outward and visible expression of a deep inward disturbance. But the fear goes on. Says Steinberg of Chicago, rallying the cohorts of the administration, "de Haas seeks re-

venge." You can almost hear the thwack of the clown's bladder! There was a long editorial in the *New Palestine* by Maurice Samuel who spoiled his wonted English diction to groan aloud a mixture of fears and spleen. Jacob Fishman spreads angrily all over his daily column in the *Morning Journal*. Even Dr. Coralnik lays about him with a paper flail. And Dr. Melamed in his own *Reflex* pays the men he would trample on the compliment of calling them "Musketees." Porthos and Aramis? Or d'Artagnan & Athos? All gestures of a deep seated disturbance.

Presumably the citizen who would vote for Al Smith has a personal grudge against Coolidge, or is it Hoover or Dawes? The free trader seeks revenge on the protectionists? The single taxer would like to throttle the upholder of the present tax system? Apply all this tub thumping, all these bladder thwackings to ordinary current affairs and the immaturity of this type of argument becomes apparent.

Truth to tell, these many outward expressions of fear betray demoralization greater than our particular knowledge. And this is not unnatural, for our observations are made from a distance and based only on that information which any diligent student of Zionism may obtain from a close and careful study, first, of facts and, second, and no less important, from omissions in public record.

It has for a number of years been obvious that the Yiddish press and the official Zionist press has exercised a censorship in matters Zionistic. And

it is patent to all men that a censorship is an attempt to hide things. Read the *New Palestine's* account of the last Zionist Congress and see how much of it is covering up impressions rather than straight reporting. Consult the file of the *New Palestine* for two years and see how little of the Zionist ferment in Europe and in Palestine is placed on record. See how much of a connected record you can gather from the same journal of the much advertised American Zion Commonwealth, or the Palestine Securities Corporation or that flash in the pan, Educational movement?

Too strong meat apparently for weak childish stomachs. The little ones must be sheltered. And this treatment of the Zionists as children is one great cause of the demoralization. The Zionists have been treated as children, so that, like children, they can be kept in order by fear of the "bogey-man."

The organization, excepting Hadassah, has dwindled in numbers. This dwindling applies not only to the Z. O. A. It applies to the whole mass of shekel payers. The English Federation which has gone through a storm of its own is a mere skeleton and is terribly weak. Where, too, is the strength of the American Poale-Zion? The registered attendance at the Congresses, as well as the merging and consolidation of American Zionist districts all attest to this reduction in membership. Dwindling forces evidence weakness; weakness is a large element in demoralization.

This passing storm may temporarily increase the ranks — machine tactics

are understandable. But the downward slope of the organization curve has been in progress for some years. Neither the "bogy man" nor the "Two Musketeers" produced this slenderizing of the Zionist forces. Who did?

In large part the administration is responsible. It probably accepted machine tactics, viz. maintain a small but cohesive force. A hundred willing supporters are worth more to the machine than nine hundred unknown and possibly kicking Zionists. There comes the question how to keep the small force in line. Answer: Lull them to sleep, when they are not kept busy discussing how to raise money. This campaigning problem is a serious one. One can worry so much about the actual getting of the money. There is so much virtue in its extraction from resistant givers that it is easy to forget why it is raised, easier to ignore the purpose; easiest to be ignorant of all Zionist ideas except some mouth-filing phrase.

A "selling slogan" by reiteration can dull the intelligence. What is the current one?—"Help build for ever". How much effort must have been spent in concocting the sentence. Accept it and you have salvation. Doubt it and you have endless confusion. Result—demoralization.

Here is where a man may wrinkle his forehead and ponder. You can't build forever—you don't build forever. Horrible thought, this fund is not building forever. In fact only a percentage is used for building in any sense.

Who recalls the rich slogans of the past five years? Clever "selling

phrases". But the Jew who took a look at Palestine and found the achievement there was something entirely unrelated to these convincing slogans came back—a doubter, a sceptic—a demoralized Zionist who spread demoralization around him. He gives again, with less grace, his doubts are on the increase. He says privately what he will not say publicly and presently he slips out from under, and the Z. O. A. is minus another member.

To maintain a machine you need at least two things, honors to distribute amongst the volunteers, and cash to support those who do the drudgery of machine politics—also you must have means of advertising both. A campaign neatly evolved creates both, and even the spare cash for the personal advertising. Beloved are the campaigns. They satisfy America, whatever they accomplish for Palestine. You can side-track real thinking and great purpose. You can talk practical politics to practical men. "We need money, money talks." Unhappily the campaign involves a contradiction between the dictum of Barnum and that of Lincoln. Faith in Barnum's aphorism is the easier road. The quotas are doubled, \$7,500,000 sounds better than \$3,500,000. Locally \$40,000 sounds better than \$20,000. No one intends to reach to the limit. The quotas are not realized. The make-believe of figures is forgotten. Everyone is sore.

The chairman is angry with the campaign manager, the manager with the community. A wide circle of intensified demoralization.

To make the campaign possible, the slogans are invented, to make some of

the slogans plausible, theatrical effects are attempted in Palestine. Some of these efforts fail, leaving the typical result of unfortunate theatrical performances. Result—debt, that swift breeding parent of falsehood of every descriptions. All the forms of demoralization begin to leap out of Pandora's box. The thing becomes fantastic with its hundred waving arms. No two men agree which are the more dangerous. You bluff a little more

in Palestine to quiet the kickers, and some American Zionists are stirred to anger because they are sacrificed. You speak smooth words to Americans and some obscurities elsewhere start to writhe.

Blitz says "we are demoralized." Newspaper men and plain men-in-the-street repeat that word. Whispers the Clown to the Pantaloon "let us both cry 'Hush, hush here comes the bogey man.'"

## S O M E D A Y

By SIMON GLASS

Some day I'll turn, O Bird-of-joy,  
And clasp your sorcerer's wing!  
No more shall you circle, shy and coy,  
Taunting with your twittering. . . .

I'll bind one foot with a silken cord,  
So you cannot fly away;  
Your silvery throat shall gush reward  
For many a cheated day. . . .

You'll perch in my palm and trill the tune  
That thwarts me evermore,  
You'll sing and croon till the Full-O-Moon,  
Sweet songs of a dreamer's lore. . . .

Yet, one chill thought cold Reason brings:  
"What if I soon should sigh,  
And ache for the flap of your brazen wings—  
And you can no longer fly? . . . ."



## OVER THE TEA-CUPS

By ZMIRA CARMEL

**I**N Flynn life has a pleasant monotony that is like the lulling motion of a canoe flowing along with the stream. A pleasant, dreamy mood enchants one into a lassitude that is not without its note of poignancy as an inadvertent movement brings to mind the possibilities of a spill. It is like that here—in this tiny metropolis nestled in the mountains of the Alleghenies—

One moment you sit before the open fire and sip a cup of deep contentment, the next you are in the whirlpools of human movement and grave concern. . . . Today as usual. The rest of the women had literally scurried home after the bridge game. Only Mollie Sonders, our rich and persistent bachelor girl; Bertha Hayms, the Mrs. Hayms, and our voluble and voluminous Mrs. Rosenberg—never will I speak of her in flippancy again—remained for tea and chat.

Mollie, as usual, was advocating the need of something or other for the common weal, (today, another full-time public health nurse), when Edith, my eighteen year old niece, clever, spoiled and difficult but altogether lovable because of her kittenish way of worming herself into one's good graces, burst in upon us most unceremoniously—

'Edie, I think you'd better run upstairs and make yourself presentable first—' I tartly remarked by way of welcome.

Instead she plumped herself down by the hearth atop a pile of cushions, and flipping out a cigarette from the ubiquitous cigarette case, proceeded to adjust herself into a rather pleasant picture of youthful misery. The cigarette, however, held one in doubt as to whether one might laugh with discretion or let one's sympathies flow on unrestrained—

'No joking, people, I'm miserable, and I don't know what to do about it either—'

'Some tea for Miss Edith, Euphrosia,'

'Good old auntie, anodyne, the fountain of youth boiled into a cup of tea—'

I permitted myself a little laugh at my own expense. There is no gain-saying my 5 o'clock tea—

'You don't complain of being miserable anymore, now—'

'But I am, I'm alright here among my own kind, but I'll never be the same out there—'

'What has happened to you?'

'Yesterday Margaret Blake and I might have been sisters,' she began rather hesitatingly, 'today, I know she thinks me inferior, of a sort of lower caste and can hiss the name Jew with all the savage hatred of a Russian or Rumanian peasant—I really think she cares more about me than any other girl she knows, and yet in a moment of unconsciousness—it came, I never

would have believed it of her—It wasn't that I ever pretended to be anything else but what I was—she has been to the house, met mother and father. . . . Of course, we both rather made a practice of scoffing at religion, and enjoyed, I suppose, a rather foolish superiority; we used to visit various churches just to see their ritual, dallied with the isms, and did all sorts of stupid things, from walking on the roof of the museum to sitting up the whole night to see the break of dawn—I sat at their table on Thanksgiving and Christmas and she at ours on Passover, and after all that—that ugly little remark—Why didn't anyone of you ever tell me? You must have had it, too—you must have known I'd meet with it—and from the lips of my dearest friend—I feel—discomfited—yesterday I had my world, today—I'm in mid-air, I don't know where the next hurt is coming from—I'm afraid to go out—I feel ashamed—I don't know, I feel a stranger to myself."

Bertie Hayms left her place, sat down near the girl and comforted her. "You wouldn't have believed," she said softly, and taking Edie into her arms rocked back and forth as mother rocks a hurt child to sleep. The Hayms have an interesting history, half of which is the history of Flynn, and half an uncertainty that will never be known, unless something unforeseen occurs. When the Hayms first came to Flynn, it was a village of perhaps some thousand souls. There was a company general store owned by the Menigan Collieries where one could get everything one needed at about twice the price one would pay

elsewhere, a blacksmith shop, a few candy and cigar stores, and several flourishing gambling houses. The population was a mixed one—Poles, Slavs, Irish-Americans, Russians, all of them miners in the nearby collieries. They lived on the hillsides in shacks with outhouses built for them by the company. In the summer the stench of odors was unbearable, in winter one floundered in mud or took falls graciously upon the frozen ice before one's very doorstep—ideal conditions, and good enough for foreigners—Men beat their wives for diversion, drank for remorse, and gambled for amusement.

Such was Flynn when the Hayms, one of the first Jewish families, opened shop there. Today Flynn is the rousing center of the countryside, with its cinema palaces, apartment houses, office buildings, and miles and miles of macadamized roads. The shacks have been moved beyond the hills, and neat little bungalows with cosy porches and shady trees now line street after street, and in it all, Max Hayms had an interest and a controlling hand. And the town had not been unappreciative. Twice he was elected its burgess, was director in the bank, etc. That much of their life is Flynn. For the rest, their son Murray had married Marion Hays, Protestant, of good family and standing, and that part will never be known unless, as I said, something unforeseen happens. One surmises things only from the fact that Bertie does not smile as often as before, and that one surprises a hurt look in her eyes when she is off guard—

Mollie, of course, scolded. What social worker can resist the temptation?

"You're a goose. Of course, you are as good as Margaret or anyone. Science makes it perfectly clear, in the first case, that no racial strain is discernible, and the superiority of the Nordics is all piffle and bosh—and besides, there is much about the Jew, even taken per se, that is superior to the individual non-Jew—the high morality of their daily lives, their courage in the face of almost insurmountable obstacles, their sacrifice for the sake of learning and culture, their indomitable will to persist and to achieve—and that they do achieve, some in greater, others in lesser degree, you have only to look to the human firmament, and you will find there the Jews, a small minority among the peoples of the earth, more than represented. Should it make you inferior to know yourself as a scion of such a race? Isn't it rather ridiculous? Did she say Jew to you? Then hold your head a bit higher, and let her feel honored to be in your company. That's that, as for the rest, why you're a human being, at least, you've become one since yesterday. You've suffered an injustice, so you know something of the minor chords of life.

"You say you don't know where you belong anymore—That which happened to you yesterday, may happen again—it is a sort of oppression, and your place is with the oppressed—Find the negro and you will find work laid out for you—go among the workmen and you will see injustice in all its ugliness—look beyond your own horizon and see Russia, Rumania, Pales-

tine. Make common cause with the down-trodden, with the Jew, the Negro, the Chinaman, the Nicaraguan, the Hindu, with all the oppressed, and life will not be half long enough, and a day too short. . . . There is no beauty in empty martyrdom, and no need for silly shames—Jew? Sure! Want to play ball? No? Alright, I know someone who will, and good day to you."

Eddie objected, "But why, Mollie . . . can't you see, that's just it. Why should they object merely because of our Jewishness even when they like us personally? Why shouldn't they accept us as we are ready to accept them?"

—"Because they are a majority and feel themselves stronger and better than their neighbors. There is no nation or group that does not feel itself superior to any other nation or group. and again, the Jews, as a race, have certain distinguishing characteristics that can neither be hidden nor suppressed. That's where so many of our friends miscalculate, they think they can ape their gentile neighbors and only succeed in making monkeys of themselves—and the ridicule they call forth is justified, I think—"

"Mollie, we all concede you are a clever sort of person, but this time you've overreached the mark—"

Mollie glared at Mrs. Rosenberg and Mrs. Rosenberg in turn glared at Molly. It's a bit of by-play we are all accustomed to at our Auxiliary meetings, for outside they are the best of friends.

"Look here, Eddie, it's simply this," she began, "the gentiles are proud of

their historical past, their instincts and their traditions, while the Jew seeks to repudiate his own—he is ashamed of them, and, consequently, of himself—

“Do you know who you are, Edith?”

“Why, oh, of course—”

“Five generations back? Your friend Margaret does. Or at least she is proudly conscious of them. They are a veritable host at her back—why don’t you summon yours—but, then, I’ll warrant you considered yourself a sort of mushroom, instead of the modern descendant of an ancient people—”

“And they respect you, when you properly respect yourself,” added Bert Hayms.

“Mrs. Rogers, madam.”

With her entrance a most inapposite breath filled the room, and the ease with which we suddenly remembered

our cups and the dominance of clothes, clubs and eclat in our lives was a trifle disconcerting.

. . . continued Mrs. Rogers in her amiable babble, “And Helen writes from Miami that she has no servant problem to speak of, there they certainly keep the negroes in their place . . . And that’s the way it should be,”

Was it significant that an electric glance passed among us and in a twinkling sent a message from eye to eye?

At parting Edie clung to my hand—

“But what shall I do—how do I begin to find myself—”

How serious she was!

I said, “Come again for tea, and often—”

“And anodyne and the fountain of youth,” she mocked.

“Even so,” and gently closed the door upon her.





## SECRET GIVING

(*A Story from the Talmud*)

By A. FRUMKIN

**S**HOULD you be in a position to help the poor and the needy, do it quietly. Let not the whole world be up with it.

For therein you show that it is not Charity you are seeking, but rather the effect thereof.

It is the sound of your coin that you desire to hear.

A truly loving and charitable man gives secretly with none looking on, and wishes no one to hear about it.

Thus is the story told in the Talmud:

A good-hearted, gracious man was Mar Ukva. There was neither limit nor bound to his charity. He never exalted himself on account of it, nor did he ever speak of it to anyone. He was wont to give away his money so secretly that not even the poor recipients themselves knew whence it came.

Now, in the neighborhood of Mar Ukva, not far from his home, there lived a poverty-stricken, destitute man, a father of a large family. Mar Ukva was wont to give this neighbor of his four "zouz" daily. But the poor man knew not whence this good fortune came to him. Each morning, as he awoke, he found the four "zouz"

in the slit between the door and the threshold.

Thus passed many days and weeks, and the poor man kept on wondering.

Well was he aware that no miracles were being wrought for his sake. He understood that some human being deposited the money there every morning. But who, oh, who is this kind soul? Surely, he must be thanked for his generosity!

Once the poor man resolved that he must learn who his benefactor was. He arose early one morning and patiently awaited his arrival. Suddenly he heard light, hasty footsteps, a soft rustling between door and threshold, and then speedily retreating steps.

Hastily he forced the door open and bounced out in pursuit of the man who was running at a terrific rate, as if pursued by a wild beast, breathlessly and without once looking back. The poor man redoubled his pace, and it seemed as though he would overtake him in a moment and thank him for his noble-heartedness. But here something miraculous transpired.

Mar Ukva beheld a fiery furnace and leaped into it.

"Rather would I be burned alive," he said, "than put a fellow-being to shame."



## THE UNEMPLOYMENT PROBLEM

By ABRAHAM EPSTEIN

MUCH has been said and written about the extent of unemployment in the United States. Secretary of Labor Davis juggles with the figures of his competent Commissioner of Statistics in order to keep faith with the Coolidge-Mellon prosperity myth. Estimates of the number of unemployed vary all the way from 2,000,000 to 8,000,000 according to whether the statistician is a Republican or a Democrat. All are agreed, however, that while the United States is practically the only industrial nation without careful figures on this important question, there is no doubt that jobs are diminishing and that they are becoming increasingly more difficult to find.

In the entire bewildering maze of discussion about the magnitude of the problem there is little said about either the causes of or the remedies for the present depression. The Democratic "outs" have so far been interested only in showing that there is a "bigger and better" unemployment than ever before. Yet, by far more important than the extent of unemployment is an understanding of the forces which throw people out of work and the discovery of the possible means of remedying this problem. To the student of American economic and industrial trends it is clear that the present unemployment is no fly-by-night affair. It is not even merely a segment of the perpetual "business-cycle." It is more. It is the culmina-

tion of certain gradually developed tendencies which, if not halted by some unforeseen circumstances or met in a constructive and intelligent manner, are bound to grow worse from year to year.

The most significant cause of the present unemployment situation and the one which is bound to make the present emergency permanent, is the startling increase in the production per man in American industrial establishments. Specialized machinery, by their elimination of sweat and labor, should be a blessing to the human race. Unfortunately, under the present industrial economy, these magnificent inventions which make it possible for each worker to increase his production manifold, leave behind them a trail of human sorrow and misery never before contemplated.

Recent studies conducted by the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics show that in one decade—1914-1925—the per capita output per worker has nearly trebled in the automobile industry; has risen by 83 per cent in petroleum refining; by 28 per cent in the leather tanning industry; by 34 per cent in the paper and pulp industry; by 27 per cent in slaughtering and meat packing; by 40 per cent in flour milling; by 61 per cent in the cement industry; by 59 per cent in the iron and steel industry and by over 300 per cent in the rubber tire industry.

The year 1919 was marked by in-

tense productive activity. Taking that year as a base, the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics recently found that in 1925, though the general population had increased by nearly 10 per cent, the number of wage-earners in manufacturing actually declined by 7 per cent. At the same time the total quantity of manufactured goods increased by 25 per cent and the quantity manufactured per wage-earner rose 34 per cent during the six-year period. A statement issued by the U. S. Department of Commerce supports these findings and shows that, although the number of wage-earners engaged in all industries in 1925 was 8.6 per cent less than in 1919, the physical value of production in 1925 increased by nearly 25 per cent while the production per employed person, computed on the basis of these figures, rose by 41 per cent.

This means, of course, that we require fewer and fewer workers to produce what we need. Since under modern capitalistic production the worker is never able to buy back the full value of his product, because he never receives the full value of his labor, these products are increasing at such a great pace that they are piling up higher and higher and further and further away from him. The workman today is probably producing far more than he could possibly consume even if he were economically able to buy back all the fruit of his labor. Secretary Davis' recent plea to American inventive genius to devise some new wants and luxuries in order to provide new jobs for the surplus labor is not likely to be heeded. Such things

are not usually brought about through moral suasion or official fiat.

## II.

Another outstanding factor in the present unemployment situation is the part played by the older or aged employe, who is denied employment simply on account of his years. Here, too, unless some immediate constructive steps are taken, the situation is bound to become a permanent and painful sore in our body politic. The problem of the older American workers is rapidly becoming one of America's leading issues. For today it is no longer the superannuated alone, but the middle-aged men and women, too, are denied employment.

"Only persons under forty or forty-five need apply," is a frequent injunction, not only in the "help wanted" columns for manual workers, but even in the case of the higher professions, such as engineers, accountants, auditors, and the like. Practically all railroad corporations, and many industrial concerns, have now the established and formal rule not to engage for permanent positions any skilled workers over forty-five and unskilled laborers over thirty-five. In many instances the age limits are set even lower. One could cite a multitude of cases revealing the tragic consequences of this deadline. A few will suffice. A capable young clerk of excellent reputation with some years of experience in his line of work was recently denied a job because he was "too old" at the age of thirty-two! A well-known restaurant chain considers women waitresses past the age of



twenty-five "too old" and will not employ them. A number of my engineering friends, none of whom is above the age of forty-two, tell me that they always discount some years of their life when applying for a job. I have received innumerable letters from men and women past middle age who, in spite of perfect physical health, find closed doors when they look for new employment.

Among the chief causes for this deadline of employment are the following: With the introduction of new machinery, skill and experience, the assets of the older worker, which made him indispensable a generation ago, are no longer of importance. Each new invention and the introduction of each new machine diminishes the value of the old mechanic's experience. Industry wants the young, the adaptable, and the subtle of limb.

The development of private industrial pension plans which require a period of service generally ranging from 20 to 30 years with the corporation, has also forced American employers of labor to set a limit of employment in order to entitle an employe to receive a pension at 65 or 70. The spread of group insurance plans, the rates of which are based on the average age, is also against the older worker, since premium rates are cheaper for younger employes.

As a result, the difficulties of the unemployed aged are creating a very grave problem. The number of the aged is constantly increasing in the United States. The lengthened period of life has also resulted in a longer period of old age. Fifty years ago

persons 65 and over numbered only a little over one million and the average span of life was a little over 40 years. Today, these aged are estimated at 5,500,000 while the span of life is over 58 years. The conservative estimate that about 2,000,000 old folks, or 2 persons out of five, find themselves destitute upon reaching 65 and must depend upon relatives and public or private charitable relief for their support, shows the extent of old age dependency in this country.

It is a good argument to say that everybody ought to save for old age. The same argument, however, becomes a mockery in the case of the average wage-earner in America. When we talk of savings for old age, we must remember that in order to secure an annuity for life of only \$400 at the age of sixty-five, one must have accumulated about \$4,000. In the case of an aged couple the sum must be \$8,000. We need not be told how easy it is to bring up a family, educate their children, provide against sickness, accidents and unemployment and at the same time save up these sums by the time they reach 65!

While old age has become the most precarious and uncertain of all periods of life, the present system of poor-house care is not only out-of-date and economically wasteful, but it is debasing to every self-respecting person. To segregate aged and loving couples in separate poorhouses during their last few years on this earth after a lifetime of the closest of associations when they need each other most, is inexcusably cruel and barbarous. Yet, dependency in old age, in view of the

denial of employment opportunities, is no longer the fate of only the shiftless and ne'er-do-wells. It is stalking before all of us. During my connections with the Pennsylvania Commission on Old Age Assistance, doctors, teachers, lawyers, daughters of generals and relatives of governors and a great many former business men applied for relief. In our Home for the Aged in New York City the inmates consist of an artist, a musician, a broker, an engineer, an organist, a teacher, a clergyman and a lawyer, all of outstanding accomplishments—several of international reputation.

### III.

What can we do to alleviate these serious conditions? Obviously, instead of permitting our increased rate of production to become a national evil we should take advantage of its benefits. If a workman can now produce so much more per hour, his hours of labor and his days of work should be reduced accordingly and to such a degree that he could enjoy greater leisure and obtain more steady employment. While this is the most logical and most sensible solution, I fear it will probably be the last one to be adopted. Nevertheless, a strong and fighting labor movement could do yeoman service at this opportune moment to get a wider acceptance of the five-day week and in educating the public to the necessity for a seven or six-hour day in industry.

As to the older workers, it is significant that the discriminations practised against men and women past their prime are of a peculiarly Ameri-

can origin. Such practices are scarcely known abroad. In virtually every civilized nation the responsibility for the old age of workers has been removed from the worker and employer and properly placed upon the entire industrial society. Instead of depending upon each employer to provide against the handicaps of old age, comprehensive old age insurance or pension plans have been instituted to guarantee the aged worker at least some assistance in his declining years. These social provisions permit employers to engage new workers without hesitation at any age so long as they are capable of performing a particular task. When they become incapacitated, either the invalidity insurance system or the old age pension plan takes care of them. In none of the industrial countries is age forty fraught with the dangers that confront our American wage-earners.

In other countries the establishment of old age pensions or insurance plans have to a large extent met the difficulties of old age destitution. Indeed, abroad, the inauguration of comprehensive social insurance systems aims to make the worker's life somewhat more secure against the emergencies of modern life such as accidents, widowhood, orphanage, sickness, invalidity, unemployment and old age. In this country we so far protect only military pensioners, municipal and state employes, judges and the like. The wider application of this principle merely involves the recognition that the miner, the railroad worker and the subway-construction-hand have also rendered valuable public

service and as such are entitled to something better than charity or the poorhouse. By pensioning the aged, the labor market will be freed from this source of competition, while removing from the private employer the responsibility for the period of old age and death would automatically eliminate the present employment handicaps facing men in their prime of life.

We have been most backward in the establishment of adequate and humane provision for the aged. Nevertheless, some progress has already been made. Six states—Montana, Nevada, Wisconsin, Colorado, Kentucky, Maryland and the Territory of Alaska—have already enacted old age pension laws. In Montana and Wisconsin where pensions have been paid for a number of years, the cost of supporting a person on a pension amounts to only one-half, or one-third, of the cost of maintaining the same person on a pension in a county almshouse.

Perhaps the most significant development in the movement for old age

security is the organization and rapid growth of the American Association for Old Age Security, which aims to promote old-age pension legislation throughout the United States. Bishop Francis J. McConnell of the Methodist Episcopal Church of Pittsburgh is president of the organization, while among its officers are such eminent persons as Jane Addams; Glenn Frank, President of the University of Wisconsin; Ethelbert Stewart, Commissioner of Labor Statistics; James H. Maurer, President of the Pennsylvania Federation of Labor; Oswald Garrison Villard, Editor of the Nation, Professor John R. Commons, University of Wisconsin; Rev. John Haynes Holmes; Congressman Victor L. Berger; Dr. Haven Emerson; Thomas E. Burke, Secretary-Treasurer of the Plumbers and Steam Fitters Union; Norman Thomas; Herbert S. Bigelow; Florence Kelly; Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, and many others. The organization hopes to do its part in bringing before the country the tragedy of the present situation and in stimulating constructive legislation.





## PALESTINE WOMEN

By SOPHIE UDIN

THE white August night held us spell-bound. Manya and I have forgotten our talk. Only silence seemed fitting for what lay before us. The moon, red and hot, had risen. It moved up into the high heavens, scattering afar the dark soft shadows, —and the glory of the shimmering Kinnereth lay at our feet. The horizon was shut in by the Hermon. There was the peace and the mystery of the Orient.

Suddenly the pitiful parley of the jackal cut the silence. The spell was broken. We were sitting before Manya's open tent, and I, in my blundering way, shyly but none the less earnestly inquired into what was as strange and mysterious as the spell the lurid moon gliding across the heavens cast upon us. How can a cultured, intelligent person be content with the hard, bare existence in a Kvutzah? What was there in this life that drew her? And more particularly what did the future hold for them to justify the hardships which these young human beings took as a matter of course?

And then out of words and sentences there unrolled a tale of idealism such as I had never heard before. It began with the vision of those Halutzim who had answered the call of Trumpeldor, left comfortable homes in South Russia to come here to build a new life in the old homeland. The pathos of it hurt.

"Build a new life, why, Manya, how

can you say that? You are not even laying down the foundation. It will be many, many years before anything will even begin to resemble a homeland," I exclaimed.

"True, true," Manya hastily answered, "this generation is merely the fertilizer of the soil. The soil has long lain waste and desolate and must be made fruitful. That is the task of our generation."

In that utterance I saw the soul of Manya, and of those others, women of much contrast and diverse culture. How different was Lilly from Manya, and Olga from both of them. Yet in the soft whisperings of the still night both Lilly and Olga might have uttered the words of Manya.

Few know Lilly by her name. The mothers of Jerusalem call her Achot, which is Hebrew for sister, and when one mother gossips with another and tells what Achot said or did at the clinic yesterday there is no doubt as to who is meant. And yet there are many achots in Jerusalem. Lilly is not attractive, but in her clinic, in her green dress, so cool and restful, her soft hands efficiently turning the baby this way and that, she has something akin to the Madonnas of the Old Italians.

"This is my three hundred and sixty-seventh baby," she proudly announces, and her eyes gleam a little wickedly as she notes the puzzlement on the faces of her visitors. And then she seems to relent and adds,



"Of course, they belong to my mothers . . ." and proceeds to explain matters that simply leave you bewildered at the magnitude of her work, its scope, its purpose, and the difficulties attending it.

"When I came to this clinic—this is called a Child's Welfare Station—there was not a single baby, and those others,—well they showed all too clearly the care they needed and did not get. Sickly, pale, undernourished, wrapped in rags, and eyes full of puss and flies. The mothers fed them with anything that came to hand or was obtainable. At home they were kept in close, airless rooms and died like flies. I came here into a district of Bucharan and Yemenite Jews, on the one side, and Persian Jews and distrustful Hungarian Chalukah Jews, on the other. It did not seem promising. It was at the height of summer and daily the little things were dying of dysentery. I went from home to home in the face of abuse and protest and at times even threats of violence; unwrapped the dirty rags, bathed little, hot, dirty bodies, prepared bottles, and with the improvement in the baby's condition, the mother would start coming with it herself. Now most of them bring their babies here. Twice a week I visit those who have fallen from the path of duty and neglect to come. Did you ever see such babies? Unfortunately, there is nothing we can do about the mothers. They just will be dirty. Especially these Bucharan, Persian, Babylonian Jewesses. But the babies, they are ours, and aren't they fine? Yes, it is the dysentery season. Little Eliahu and Aaron died, poor things.

But we have no epidemic, as we had last year."

In the evenings, in her room Lilly pores over a Hebrew book intent on mastering its language and with much laughter picks up words in Arabic from the little Arab boy that lives below and hovers about the terrace because he likes the sweet things the laughing lady gives him. But to those mothers she is just an American "achot" living in Jerusalem. She scolds and scolds and makes their babies well.

And there is Olga. She is short and plump. Neat as a pin and looks like a typical German "Hausfrau". There is a motherly concern in her every move. One meets her in German literature and in German life, a busy bourgeois matron engrossed in the cares of the household. Such is Olga. It is true that her background has been a well to-do Prague home where lace and linen is handed down from mother to daughter; where fine glassware is collected, carefully polished and kept; and where women cater with unremitting care to the comfort and contentment of their menfolk. Yet even here, so far from her natural habitat, she is true to herself. Olga in Prague and Olga in Palestine is only slightly different; there she had plenty, here. . . .

Little dark attractive Olga is the "economka" at Motzah. She cares for a home, she caters to man's comfort and brings peace and serenity into a household, with this difference. Motzah is a home for those who have succumbed to disease and need a few weeks of convalescent care before returning to their various posts. There

are usually about forty convalescents here, and Olga sees to it all. That their food be tasty and tempting to the reluctant appetites of disease ravaged bodies; that the place be spotlessly clean and pleasant. She mothers them all. Her domain is now enlarged beyond all bounds of her former home. Her responsibility is much greater, and she now has no time, nor indeed the means, to collect fine glassware. But she can, and does, have flowers in her sitting room. All her recipes for puddings and desserts come in so handy here, and whenever you see her, all talk ends with, "Oh, yes, I must give them some little delicacy. They do not get it usually at the Kvutzah. And I use much milk and sugar, it is so nourishing."

Motherliness assumes a different aspect when you must have eggs for

forty invalids and the money wherewith to buy them is not forthcoming. Or when ten extra convalescents are put in the enclosed porch, and the budget is not increased accordingly, Olga wrestles with her economics and somehow makes the little do the work of much. Yet that is not the least of it. It is difficult to plan a variety of menus for just one man—a husband—but when one is multiplied by forty or fifty, it is a task even for an Olga.

In the evenings, after a hot day in the Kitchen,—for Olga takes her turn with the others,—she is cool in starched white linen.

"How beautiful is Motzah, and what could be a greater joy than to see what three weeks at Motzah does to a worn and sick comrade."

So speaks the "Hausfrau" from Prague on the soil of Palestine.



## LIKE FATHERS, LIKE SONS

By DAVID ASHER

The world is thinking with concern about youth; and youth is thinking seriously about the world. Thinking seriously in its own way, and not according to text-books.

There is the case of a young man, rather capable, gifted with a positive and outspoken personality, but, unfortunately, with very few ideas. Although his association with terrestrial problems was purely academic, he, nevertheless, made it a point to solve all of them, from political fallacies to moral anachronisms. Suddenly, and for no apparent reason, while in his last year at college, he was attacked with a severe spell of practical intellectualism, radicalism or idealism—these terms are hopelessly confused in most young people's minds. He became spokesman for the discontents, president of a Progressive Club which protested the late shelling of Nanking and agitated for Sacco and Vanzetti, was nearly expelled from the horrified university which harbored this club, and made speeches for the Socialist Party. Asked the reason for his unqualified championship of all causes lowly and suppressed, he answered with a non-committal, "I believe in it."

This was not the truth, for youth believes in practically nothing outside of itself, except the demonstrable verities of science, and this young man did not expect to be taken seriously. Indeed, his intention was to mislead the questioner and the world

at large as to his real motives, and for this reason he assumed a false, ambiguous and detached attitude with respect to the one serious activity of his life.

Age, which is always deadly in earnest and has lost its sense of humor, demands that youth share in its responsibilities. The proprietary instinct is strong and would create youth in its own image. What, indeed, is education but the dressing of the adolescent in adult clothes, the imposing on a plastic mind the brittle preconceptions of age?

But the Nemesis of the iron-willed father is the self-willed child; youth inherits the deep, profounder instincts of the race. Although it may change the drab rags imposed on it for a brighter red and yellow, the selfishness of life clings to it like a shadow. If only our elders were not influenced in their judgment of youth by the superficial prominence of a bit of bunting, the college yell and the night club, they could see that beneath the arrogant swagger youth presents to the world there beats a heart as cold, and as selfish, and as ambitious as their own. Then truly it could say, beat of my heart, flesh of my flesh, and be ashamed.

Although youth in many cases does not fully comprehend the unrelenting yoke of life, it does take its living seriously, and all of his devil-may-care follies, his sophistication and in-

difference are but a mask behind which the calculating instinct coolly operates. He is almost ashamed of his sordidness and tries to laugh it off with a joke or a petting party.

Our young friend of the opening chapter was not in the radical and enlightened movements because he believed in them; his motive was more materialistic, ulterior and selfish. He knew this and was young enough and naive enough to feel the shame. The truth was, he had lost in the race for college honors. The recognized societies and publications had ignored his candidacy, and in his last year he experienced a distinct need for graduating president of something or other. So he affiliated himself with the "cast-offs",—as the radical and intellectual societies are often disparagingly known in campus lingo because they are the refuge of many, like our friend, who fail in the social and conservative activities where competition is more keen. Here he was able to cut a figure and the urge for practical accomplishment was satisfied.

A classmate of his who made the frats and teams could say what he felt more bluntly. He refused to see why the United States should not send marines to Nicaragua if it could get away with it; or why a capitalistically controlled government should not pass anti-strike legislation and betray its trust even though it was a democracy and was pledged to protect and forward the interests of the majority. Indeed, democracy and equality had no place in his vocabulary. He maintained the theory which he strove to put into practice, that a

born class of leaders inherently destined for the rank should rule, that the great mass of people were common clay to be fashioned and exploited by the one who could and would; he out-Nietsche'd Nietsche, although he was unfamiliar with the German's philosophy and thought in the words of Samuel Butler, that there are two classes of people in the world—those who sin and those who are sinned against—and that it is much better to belong to the class that sins.

Therein he expresses the ideals, if they can be called ideals, not only of himself, but also of his friend who appeared rather diametrically opposed to him in principle and utterance, and of that youth which is consciously and optimistically ambitious, the kind of youth which is capable and possesses the ability and the clear-mindedness that will bring it to positions of leadership, either in the ruling party or in the opposition. He recognizes only one obstacle in his way to success, his own limitations. He is a realist much more than his elders who are actors in the world drama and cannot see with the eyes of the spectator. His conception of success is the same as that of his age, material success, for the simple reason that youth is too impatient and on the average unoriginal to create a world of new values and standards. He takes the world ready-made and plans to fill some position already created and still filled by another whom he makes his hero, worships, emulates and resolves to supplant or succeed.



Idealism as an innate quality peculiar to certain psychical make-ups appears in young people in about the same proportion as it does among older people, but where it appears, youth tends to scoff at it and almost pity itself. A young man, who had been examining his soul, told me that when he was of high school age he used to read Shaw, Mencken and Upton Sinclair with great avidity and enthusiasm and that his heart would burn with sympathy for oppressed minorities and weak majorities. But recently,—he is now a law student and a political worker for Mr. Vare in Philadelphia,—he picked up "Oil" by Upton Sinclair, and confessed with a deprecating laugh that his boyhood enthusiasms were of the past, that the book evoked in him no response of sympathy for the exploited worker, and that Mr. Sinclair's hero, the idealistic son of an oil magnate who, as he related the story to me, devoted his life and fortune to the remedying of the oil-workers position, elicited not admiration, but pity "for being such a damn fool."

A young woman who saw a play in which the heroine once thwarted in love refused another suitor with the exclamation, "I have loved once and will never love again," cynically remarked, "An old moss-back wrote that play." Youth is not in mood that will sacrifice itself, it has no respect for martyrdom and looks upon it as old-fashioned and as a symptom of impotence. Yet some elder idealists demand that youth devote itself to the furtherance of aims they failed to advance, to continue what

they were unable to complete, and to submerge its identity in a movement.

The head of an Avukah Chapter told me frankly he was in the movement for what it meant to him personally in terms of social prestige, influential acquaintanceship and business after he left college. "Every active Zionist is in it either for a career or as an aid to a career," he said with the sweeping generality of young people, "nobody does anything for nothing."

Young people who are introspective are therefore frequently suspicious of altruism in others; they look for the axe to grind. This young man has no faith in Zionism, but finds it a convenient instrument to further a selfish ambition. He questions the sincerity of the idealism attributed to the men higher up in Zionist circles and even that of the Halutzim. Of the latter, he says, "They would have preferred America if it was open to them and Palestine is their second choice. They are making a virtue of necessity."

In exactly the same way the young Jew looks upon the religion of his fathers, and, like everything else, he measures it with a materialistic yardstick. To him the synagogue and the whole religious organization is merely an organization founded and perpetuated for the common benefit of its members. Just as many people join the Masons or the Elks to strike new business or social connections, he may subscribe to Judaism or attend the synagogue or join a Zionist group. Practically half the members and nearly all the leaders of the Avukah



are Hebrew teachers and most of the other half are prospective Hebrew teachers, Rabbis, and especially lawyers. Youth seldom loses sight of the first person and although he may pretend and bluster and recklessly wager his very life on a chance, it is all only pretention and show. Even at the climax of the most absorbing excitement he thinks of himself. It is an attitude, however, that deceives and misleads many of those who expect wonders of youth into thinking of it as idealistic and self-sacrificing. Basically, it is simply the swagger of the gambler and the soldier, who, like youth, willingly risk their all, even life, at every throw, ostensibly forgetful of personal well-being, denying even the restraints of selfish care and yet at heart the coolest, the cruelest and most cunning egotists playing on the emotions of a world that made Barnum famous.

If a young man can get more recognition on the football team or in the debating society he will preferably join one of those. If the young man in life becomes associated with a business that does not happen to depend on Jewish patronage he forgets his Jewish affiliations. He has no use for that which is all sacrifice and responsibility without reward or gain. Let him go into the real estate or clothing business, or become a lawyer and he promptly joins a Synagogue or becomes a Zionist. He demands of his religion, or any movement, personal benefits and if he gets them he will become its willing but shrewd slave.

That is why youth is not revolu-

tionary, historical citations of 1848 notwithstanding. Youth can be just as reactionary, as witness the same German youth of today, if reaction offers a bit of excitement and controls the educational system. For youth does not originate, it assumes the social ideals of the teachers as it does their language; it mimics, and finds no adverse conditions to which its plastic constitution cannot adapt itself. Only brittle age must cut away the obstacles because it is not supple enough to climb around them.

Frustration, not idealism or reasoned dissatisfaction, is the cause of revolt. As an eminent publicist and thinker writes, 'No social cause can gain the ascendancy over the minds of the many unless the conditions of their life have created in them a feeling of maladjustment.' Youth is too sanguine, too optimistic, too conscious of its bubbling strength to be thwarted. The conditions may exist but the young fellow is too healthy, and he brushes off the complaint like a little bruise that in an older man would ache. And if he does fail, if society not only bruises him, but breaks him, he is still the supreme egotist or sport, he does not blame an oppressive or unjust social system but rather his own insufficiency; he condemns himself.

This benevolent blindness to the truths of experience is the one weak spot, as well as the one beautiful spot, in the armor of youth. But youth, of all God's creatures, can look upon the arch-enemy Time as an ally instead of an encroaching executioner. Where Time betrays, age rebels.



Youth accepts and builds upon the structure given him by his fathers. After a while it becomes top-heavy and falls, then he begins over again, but then he is old, so he teaches his children a new way to build. It is said that each Pharaoh in turn built a bigger pyramid than his predecessor until finally one built a pyramid so big that his successor could not enlarge upon it. Then pyramids went out of style. In America each wave of youth required taller skyscrapers, bigger murders and more fads; the habit of building has grown upon us, has been imparted to our children and remains even after the pioneer need for building has passed. We will build materially until we have the practical counterpart of the logical *reductio ad absurdum*. When youth attains to age and disillusionment, he will teach to his successors the social ideal that favors those ornaments of a complete civilization, as literature and fine culture, the balanced way of life. And the world will then take another turn in the endless cycle of Renaissances, Reformations, Restorations, Revolutions, Reactions, and Futurisms.

Youth of one age differs from the youth of any other age only with respect to its education which is a very potent factor in its development. American youth differs from all other youth in the same way as American civilization, the American educational system, which is an outgrowth of that, differs from other civilizations. In most of its activities—youth, with minor distortions, exactly mirrors age. Its self-governing bodies in the schools

are duplicates of the legislative bodies of the respective state even down to the demagoguery and petty-politics. It willingly commercializes its sports as well as its ideals, and because father plays the game, it gives up baseball for golf.

But insofar as youth lives spontaneously, in those provinces where the molding influence of age has not been able to penetrate despite a heroic effort to do so, as for example, in the relations of the sexes among the self-willed and so-called emancipated of the younger generation, it will be found that it is at all times and periods identical. Age, of course, sputters and fumes, but in one thing youth remains at least partially independent. And the use it makes of this freedom is universally the same. Emmanuel of Rome, in the thirteenth century, complains that the only safeguard to a woman's chastity is her homeliness, and bibles of the 15th and 16th centuries are still extant containing among marginal notes drawings of bathing beauties amateurishly executed by belabored students of a bygone generation. Today, at least, youth does not desecrate the Holy Writ, but limits its efforts to textbooks on history and philology when the lecturer waxes dull.

Youth is wild and reckless in its pleasures. But it must be remembered that recklessness is the province of youth and who cannot be reckless cannot be young. Moreover, its pleasures are the sole release from the restraints of a life in which it has very little share, in which it is given small op-

portunity by age holding the controls of the economic machinery, to express itself. A very intelligent young man who has the reputation of being the fastest-stepping youth in his crowd remarked that the night-club life and drinking parties have little charm for him, but they are the only places in which his talents are given recognition. "If I were really interested in my position at the bank, I would stay up nights working for it, but how can one be interested when he is only a cog in a wheel, and a neglected one at that?"

Youth does not object to the social system, it resents the bigness and the unwieldiness of a civilization that denies it individuality and the opportunity to realize and express its ego,

and it falls back for self-expression on wild parties, reckless driving, and drinking.

But youth holds that it is the master of its fate and the captain of its soul, so it takes good care of itself. Only a few weaklings and misfits sacrifice themselves on the altar of the modern Dionysus and go under in the whirl that the papers condemn. Most young people, practical and realists, see the truth and work pragmatically, from the dawn of self-consciousness, for a place of power among the powers that be, and even while they seem to lose themselves in their own little world of care-free indifference or even dissipation, their eyes and their hearts are in the bigger world, looking for the chance to step in among their elders.



## PASSING REMARKS

By A. S. WALDSTEIN.

*On Mr. De Haas' "What is the Matter With Zionism?", in the Feb. Issue of The Vanguard.*

IT is not easy to take issue with Mr. De Haas on the basis of the article alone. We may say to him: You have made statements that are unproven, you have criticised the leadership charging it with *all* the "failure" of Zionism; produce your facts or else we shall be entitled to say that your accusations have been made merely on the strength of the historic principle "und der Jude wird verbrannt," whether guilty or innocent. We know, however, that Mr. De Haas has Zionist views of his own. In order, therefore, to be just to Mr. De Haas and to have a point of support for our fencing, we must take into account his general Zionist attitude.

Mr. De Haas is a Herzlist and a Brandeisist all in one. As a Herzlist, political activity is of prime importance with him; as a Brandeisist, private initiative stands foremost in his Zionist program. And it is evidently from this angle, or from these angles, that he attacks the present Zionist leadership.

Now, to be a political Zionist in the same sense as Herzl was in his time and as the Revisionists, for instance, are now, is certainly an anachronism. It is said that Karl

Marx was once heard to exclaim: "But I myself am not a Marxist!" Were Herzl alive now, after political sanction has been given Zionism, he also would have said: "But I am not a Herzlist!" that is to say, in the political sense; but would have thrown all the weight of his great personality into the *economic* realization of political Zionism.

It is true that we have grievances to register against the mandatory government and that the Zionist organization has been too timid in its demands. But these grievances are primarily economic, not political. No white paper endorsed by the Zionist organization really matters, but the connivance at the narrowing of our economic opportunities in Palestine, the indifference shown, for example, by the present Zionist executive in Palestine to the plan of the labor organization to force the Palestinian government to organize work for the jobless, that is what really counts. Thus far we could go with Mr. De Haas in his criticism of the Zionist leadership.

But he who begins the Zionist program with the purely political issues, as the Revisionists do, and as Mr. De Haas seems to do, begins at the wrong end. Suppose we could settle fifty thousand Jews a year in Palestine, what would the effect be upon the policy of England? Would

it not turn tropistically—to speak in biologic terms—more and more in favor of the Jewish settlement? It is the economic, not the political problem that confronts Zionism. Get the Jewish people to redeem Palestine economically and the political problem will prove non-existent.

If Mr. De Haas, therefore, means by his cry “Back to Herzl!!” back to political Zionism, we would say to him: “You are behind the times, Sir.” If he means, however, back to the greater leader, we might agree with him; but we would ask, where is your man?

Mr. De Haas will probably agree with me as to the importance of economic activities in Palestine, at least simultaneously with political action. But here, too, according to him, Zionist leadership failed. As, however, here also he prefers charges without specifying them and without giving his own positive program, I am entitled to make inferences from his general attitude. Mr. De Haas is a Brandeisist, and as such, it is reasonable to assume, he puts private initiative at the very top of his economic program in Palestine; and it is probably from this angle that his criticism of the economic activity of Zionism has issued. For if a man asks what has been done with the money collected for Palestine, when he knows full well what has been done with it, he means to imply that the money was not employed properly. To employ this money properly would presumably mean to have used it as an investment assisting private capital to carry on economic activities in Palestine.

Now, this point is really undebatable, because it is a matter of principle and not of experiment, the money collected for Palestine having been, after all, employed only in *one* way. All we can say here is that we—and I speak here in the name of a great number of Zionists—cannot agree to the private initiative scheme, and all I can do is to point out the fact that it was private initiative with its chaotic activity and speculation that brought about the present crisis—which, by the way, is now subsiding—in Palestine, and not the Zionist leadership, as Mr. De Haas wants to have it. If it is, however, seriously asked what has really been done with the thirty-five millions “poured into Palestine”,—a question not original with Mr. De Haas but asked by a great many “efficient” American business men,—the reply is that the money has served the purpose of adding to the national asset in various forms and ways. It has helped raising a *Jewish* generation devoted to its people and attached to Palestine and to the soil of Palestine. It has helped in building modern towns and suburbs. With it hundreds of thousands of dunams of land were bought, drained, afforested, made habitable, and settled with thousands of people as agriculturists. It has helped to create the great workmen’s organization with its wonderful institutions, the like of which no other Jewry in the world has ever seen.

All this would, of course, not convince Mr. De Haas, who would, as a Brandeisist, relegate education in Palestine to the government and to the townships, whether it be possi-



ble to do so or not. He would, perhaps, belittle the work of the National Fund, and as for the workmen and their organization he might consider them as a misfortune, as many another "good" Zionist does.

Even if we ignore the national and spiritual gains made by means of the money collected for Palestine, and reckon up merely the material gains in land and improvements in buildings, implements, etc.,—all of which having been acquired since 1920, I am not sure that that is not as safe an investment as any. At least, Mr. De Haas could not prove the contrary.

Mr. De Haas makes the statement that "the orange industry, which existed before the Balfour declaration was issued, remains the only Jewish industry that shows a profit, though possibly a few of the minor factories employing from five to ten hands are doing well". As a matter of fact, most of the private colonies are independent economically; and if they were not, it would have by no means proved the "agricultural incompetence of the Zionist leadership." A number of the workmen's agricultural groups, which have been settled with the money collected for Palestine, have become independent and many more are on the way of becoming so. As regards industry, it is a fact that most of the nine hundred shops and factories now in existence in Palestine are successful and a great number of them, such as the leather factories, the mills in Haifa, the cement factory, the artificial teeth factory, the soap factory, the iron and steel shops, the candy and preserves

factory Raanan, Ruthenberg's electric works, etc., employ scores and even hundreds of hands (Raanan, 110, Ruthenberg several hundreds); and it is likewise true that within the last two years of the crisis in Palestine, Jewish industry has succeeded in absorbing fifteen hundred new hands.

But Mr. D. Haas intentionally or unintentionally slurs over all these facts, and asking again the familiar question: "What has happened to all the money poured into Palestine (since 1920)?" he himself replies sweepingly: "Mr. S. Hoofien, the manager of the Anglo-Palestine Company, knows. He discussed, in February, 1919, what had happened with all the money sent to Palestine between 1914 and 1918. He thereupon drew up a memorandum, a copy of which I gave the World Zionist Organization for guidance as to its future policy." And the *Realpolitiker* Mr. De Haas does not hesitate to draw conclusions from the war time conditions, when all Europe was practically reduced to the dole system, and when Palestine was isolated from the world, commerce having almost ceased and industry crippled.

*b. Mr. Ittamar Ben Avi and His Dream of the Near East.*

There are dreamers,—of a world peace, of a United States of Europe, of establishing the kingdom of heaven on earth, who succeed in raising us for a moment from the sordidness of the world. We may look at these dreamers with incredulity; we may even smile at their blessed innocence, but we feel deep regard for their sincerity. There are, however, some

sensational writers and phrasemongers, who try to ape those world dreamers and paint for us glowing pictures of the future which, for lack of sincerity and thought power, inevitably become caricatures.

To the latter type belongs the dream presented to us in the two articles by Mr. Ittamar Ben Avi in the Hebrew weekly "Hadoar", March 17 and 23, "There Is No Necessity for a Majority" and "The United States of the Near East." The gist of the two articles is as follows: There is no necessity for a majority of Jews in Palestine. Since this cannot come about anyhow, the Arabs multiplying rapidly and the Jews not increasing accordingly in the land, let us make a virtue of necessity and not reach out like children for the moon, but be satisfied with a small minority, say, a quarter of a million, which will be confined to a special territory of their own, just as the Moslem and Christian Arabs, too, will have their own territories in Palestine. ,

Mr. Ben Avi, however, does not give up the idea of an absolute majority of Jews in Palestine. How will this come about? By a *deus ex machina*. It is a fairly well proven fact that the Arabs of Palestine, particularly the peasant class, are descendants of Israel, and these "our Arabic speaking Judean brethren" will surely return to the fold. There will arise a John Hyrcanus (he who converted the Edomites by force) and will effect this return by persuasion. And this Jewish Palestine—it is not certain whether the writer means the quarter of a million of the Judean

territory or the gross majority of the distant future Palestine—will form, together with Iraq, Transjordan, Syria, Lebanon, and perhaps also Turkey and Egypt, a United States of the Near East, of which Jerusalem will be proclaimed the capital."

It will be seen from this bare outline how much bombast and phrasemongering — which we find aplenty in the two articles—is required in order to trump up a "dream" like this. To dream of a Jewish territory containing a quarter of a million Jews all told—is it not a dream of a false prophet, with his narrowness of vision and lack of sanguinity and sincerity! If we can have no higher ambitions than that, let us be done with the Zionistic vagaries! To what purpose make even the slightest endeavors to build up a mockery of a Jewish territory, which could not maintain itself either economically or culturally, and which would be swallowed ethnically and politically in the surging masses of a uniform people that will surround the diminutive Jewish territory, even before the spiritual John Hyrcanus will have appeared?

One is tempted here to be cynical and say that Ben Avi, whose newspaper in Palestine is the organ of the Jewish Effendis in Petach Tikwah, is consciously or unconsciously seeking an excuse for their policy in employing Arabs in their orange groves, thereby diminishing the chances for a Jewish majority in Palestine. I shall not go, however, as far as this. All I will say about the vision of Mr. Ben Avi is that it comes from a politically and sociologically untrained mind.



## Gleanings and Comments

### *Dr. Weizmann's Modesty*

WE had overlooked a very interesting and highly characteristic speech by Dr. Chaim Weizmann, president of the World Zionist Organization, delivered at Czernowitz, Rumania, in December, 1927, published by the local *Neue Yüdische Rundschau* and reproduced in the *New Palestine*, March 23, 1928, in the form of an article under the caption, Synthetic Zionism. When we saw the same speech reprinted in the *Jewish World* of London, England, April 12, 1928, and read the scathing comment by the editor of that great weekly, we looked into it, and here is what we find, as quoted from the *New Palestine* and the *Jewish World*:

**I**T was easier for Herzl: He did not need to face every-day reality, but could revel in dreams. The Jewish State; and when the Jewish State did not materialize, it became a Charter; and when the Charter did not materialize, it became Uganda. This was rapid progress. Herzl was of the West, and worked with Western ideas and views. I, unfortunately, come from Lithuania. I know the Jewish people too well; and it knows me even better. This is why I lack his wings. He came from the blue sky, from the world we did not know, and we knelt before the eagle from that world. If Herzl had gone through a Cheder the Jews would never have followed him. The fact that he came from European culture compelled the Jews. I had to work with the Jews always before me, and myself always before the Jews. It taught me to fold my wings even when they did make themselves felt, and to remain on earth.

"Herzl became a Palestinian Zionist at the moment when the Kishinev delegates to the Uganda Congress voted "No." When the roll was called my father voted "yes," and I immediately after him, voted "no." Then the names of the two Kishinev delegates were called; both of them said "Lo;" Herzl paled, he became a true Zionist then and there. He understood the full extent of the tragedy now, and the depth of the idea; and he turned his energies toward commencing the practical work in Palestine—slowly, with only a few hundred pounds, but as a symbol. After the vote, I remember, Herzl said: "I do not understand! The rope lies around their necks, yet they say 'No!'" Yes, the rope lay and still lies about our necks, yet we say "No." *For we knew very well that the day would come when that same English Government would offer us something else. And it did.*"

There is only one step from the sublime to the ridiculous, and the modest Professor took it. The editor of the London *Jewish World* was so amazed that he would not believe it. Says he:

"I shall not be at all surprised to find the Zionist leader repudiating the alleged deliverance, for a vainer or more foolish utterance could not have been made by the veriest tyro in the Zionist Movement. I refuse to believe that Dr. Weizmann ever showed himself such a petty minded nincompoop as thus to measure himself against Herzl, and to manipulate the yard-stick in such a way as to endeavor to make it clear that, compared with Weizmann, Herzl was a puny, undersized, moral dwarf!"

The attempt to pull down the immortal Dr. Herzl is too absurd to be sacrilegious, but it does show what seven years of official leadership may do to some men.

*An Historic Statement*

**L**AST month we could only quote a few lines from the statement by Dr. Wise on the reasons for his resignation from the Zionist Administration. It was too late to reprint it verbatim. Now that the Rabbi's stand has been approved, directly and indirectly, by such a large section of Zionist opinion, and it is time to think of similar changes in world Zionist leadership, the statement assumes the significance of an historic document, and we give it in full:

"My reasons for withdrawing from active participation in, and responsibility for, the direction of the Zionist Organization of America were more than adumbrated in my address before the Cleveland Conference, October 1927. Two considerations prompted me to postpone the act of resignation.

"1. The imminence of the United Palestine Appeal, the Honorary Chairmanship of which I accepted. To it I have given as I am still prepared to give, largely of time and substance, though at the time of its inauguration in Cleveland I took it for granted that the Campaign period would, as in previous years, be ended by the Passover season.

"2. The second consideration that moved me to defer action was the fact that Dr. Weizmann was abroad. Although there is no personal issue involved with Dr. Weizmann or anyone else within or without Zionist ranks, it was obvious that the issue should be clearly drawn between the Weizmann conception of Zionist affairs and my own.

"My resignation from the Administrative and Executive Committees of the Zionist Organization of America is and is meant to be an act of vigorous and unmistakable dissent from the dominant methods of Zionist leadership and work.

It is designed to be an unequivocal protest against the present regime in Zionist affairs which I hold to be menacing to the Zionist cause,—the rebuilding of Palestine as the National and Jewish Homeland,—and gravely hurtful to the Jewish morale.

At Basle, while a delegate of the 15th Zionist Congress and the Chairman of its Political Committee, I undertook to provide a method for remedying, in part at least, the injury done to the Zionist programme by the failure of Britain as the Mandatory power for Palestine, of the League of Nations, to perform the solemnly given pledge, to facilitate the establishment in Palestine of the Jewish National Home. My plan, though perhaps not presented to the Congress with the meticulous etiquette of European Parliamentary usage, provided for the naming by the Congress of a Commission of Five, to be led by Dr. Weizmann, and to consist of representatives of America, England, Eastern Europe and Palestine, with a view to re-exploration, together with the British Foreign Office, of the bases of the National Jewish re-establishment of Palestine. Such failure of facilitation,—one of the primary causes of the unhappy state of affairs in Palestine,—many of us believe to be due, not to the ill-will of the British Government, but to Zionist failure to press home the needs and rightful demands of the Jewish people. That proposal was not publicly accepted or rejected but vetoed by magisterial fiat, which meant and means, despite the freedom of vote of retainers in Jerusalem, London and New York, an absolutist regime in Zionist affairs. I would not assent to an absolutist regime in Zionist affairs though led by a figure of such moral and spiritual stature as that of Justice Brandeis. How much less can I be expected to place my Zionist judgment and conscience in the keeping of the present Zionist regime!

"My position in relation to the major problems of the Zionist movement is so completely and irreconcilably opposed

to that of the present regime that I could not have remained a member of the Executive and Administrative Committees of the Zionist Organization of America, without imposing embarrassment upon its heads. And, what is weightier indeed, I should have been false to my own convictions as to the spirit and methods which alone should prevail in the upbuilding by Jews of Palestine.

"My convictions herein are shared by a multitude of Jews at home and abroad, and I am satisfied to be their representative without regard to the consequence of the displeasure which is to be visited upon me,—until a better day dawns for the re-builders of Palestine. This is neither the time nor the place for a detailed statement of the little less than tragic shortcomings of the present Zionist regime. Its lack of a firm and courageous insistence on Jewish rights in Palestine is but a part of a general policy in and out of Palestine, which to the integrity of Zionist aims and Zionist endeavors, spells not compromise but surrender.

"I have not withdrawn, nor do I purpose to withdraw, from Zionist work but I do decline to accept further responsibility for the methods of an administration and the spirit of a leadership so woefully inadequate to the greatness of Zionist needs and the Zionist ideal."

### *Toppling Strongholds*

THE Boston Zionists were known as the staunchest friends of the administration, always loyal, always reliable, regular "yes-men". As soon as the opposition storm broke loose, the Boston stalwarts got together and unanimously passed a resolution of confidence in Dr. Weizmann.

You see, they feared that the "crisis" would affect adversely the campaign of the United Palestine Appeal and

they made haste to hide the storm from the Zionist folks in their home town.

*The Jewish Advocate* of Boston, in its issue of April 19, carries a report of the meeting. After quoting the resolution of confidence, it says:

"This action was taken by the Board of Directors following a short address by President Leavitt in which he stated that the existence and the success of the U. P. A. campaigns which are being carried on at the present time and the formation of the Jewish Agency, both depend upon the whole-hearted support of Dr. Weizmann at the present time. Leaving aside all questions of the American administration, every Zionist, who has at heart the success of the movement, must rally to the support of the world leader."

The same meeting, however, found it quite expedient to express itself in favor of a change in methods and *personnel* in American Zionism. It would seem that the Boston loyalists do not believe that the success of the United Palestine Appeal has anything to do with the Zionist administration in this country.

In this connection it is enlightening to read what Mr. P. M. Leavitt, president of the Boston Zionist Organization, has to say on the "Zionist Controversy." We quote from his "open letter," in the same issue:

"At a gathering of Zionists recently held in Boston the following platform was adopted and it is hoped that a large majority of non-office holding Zionists can and will agree upon:

1. Wholehearted support of and vote of confidence in Dr. Weizmann;
2. Strict adherence to the Agency

and fully in accord with its principles;

3. Change in the method of government and in the managing personnel of the Zionist Organization of America;

4. That at the next National Convention there be elected a treasurer, a clerk, and a Board of Directors of eleven, thirteen or fifteen, including the treasurer, that the Directors then elect the President and Vice-President, and engage the personnel for paid staff; that no Directors shall draw compensation, that the machinery of the Z. O. A. shall be reorganized towards the end that all Jews in the U. S. A. shall have a high regard for Zionism and its management. . . .

"We American Zionists should for the time being be concerned only with the changes desired in our own country. Let us do our work better, and very much better, before we qualify to be critics of world-Zionism. Zionism in America has become flat and pale, and dry, like the seasonal Matzo. It lacks salt. The air is charged with a static discord because the leadership cannot harmonize the orchestration. For seven long and lean years the present administration has held office and as yet no goals have been scored. It is about time we tried another method of government and other men to govern with the hope that we may be led through seven fat years."

"Leadership ceases when confidence ceases. Men who serve the cause only should recognize such a situation, and offer to make room for others. I believe the OTHERS who are now ready and willing to hold the reins will re-establish confidence and bring back the large following we need. And I have utmost confidence that should they fail to do this they will not try to perpetuate themselves in office, but, on the contrary, will willingly step out to let still others try their hands.

### *Poale-Zion Demands to Know*

*(From a Statement on the Zionist Controversy)*

"Both the Lipsky and the Rosenson-Wise-Lindheim groups were united in forcing the last Zionist Congress into accepting the present executive in Palestine. This executive has been pursuing a policy of liquidation and is deliberately undermining the cooperatives and labor institutions of the Halutzim. Both have for the last eighteen months spread misinformation and prejudice against organized Palestine labor. By ridiculing and belittling the most significant achievements in Palestine, they have emptied Zionism of its spiritual content and have brought about the present moral crisis in their own ranks.

The Poale-Zion of America do not propose to enter into a controversy with either group. They, however, do demand, in the interests of constructive colonization, that both groups publicly declare their colonization program. The crisis which has lasted in Palestine for almost two years, is now practically over, and Zionists should rise to the occasion by starting new colonization work. There are 18,000 Halutzim waiting for an opportunity to enter Palestine, and the gates should be opened to them. Both groups should definitely explain what they propose to do with the new opportunities for mass immigration into Palestine that are now presenting themselves.

The Lipsky and the Rosenson-Wise Lindheim groups are urged to make public statements on the following issues:

First: What is their attitude towards the liquidation and anti-immigration program of the Sacher administration in Palestine?

Second: What is their program for immediately increasing the Jewish national land holdings in Palestine?

Third: What steps are they ready to

take to facilitate immigration of Halutzim into Palestine?

Fourth: Do they propose to continue their present policy of unfriendliness to the labor cooperatives?

Fifth: To what extent do they propose to keep the pledges of the last Zionist congress in regard to the recognition of the institutions and rights of organized labor in Palestine?

American Jewry is entitled to know the attitude of each of the two groups on these matters which are vital issues in the Palestine colonization program. If American Zionism is to command respect and confidence, its leaders must rise above the spirit of controversy and clearly proclaim their respective programs of constructive colonization work in Palestine."

### *Artful Innocence*

**T**HE *New Judea* of London, official organ of the Zionist Executive, is rather guarded in its comments on the opposition within the Zionist ranks in America. In its issue of March 30, it says editorially:

**"A**CCORDING to cable reports from New York, three members of the administrative committee of the American Zionist Organization and of the United Palestine Appeal have tendered their resignation. We are without information as to the cause that led to their resignation. But if it is true, as they are reported to have stated, that they took that step on account of the unsatisfactory position of Zionism in America, then we are bound to say that their action was far from heroic. Nor

we fear, can they escape responsibility for the untoward position, which will not be improved by forcing an issue. We must defer comments till further details are obtained."

So far so good. A perfectly legitimate view for officialdom to take. But the temptation proved stronger than the sense of propriety, and the editorial writer hastens to throw up the sand bags in preparation for an attack. Admitting that he does not know exactly what is happening here and that he must await further developments, he is nonetheless quick to thrust out with:

*"Meanwhile it is well to point out that those who have resigned belong to the so-called Brandeis group, two of whom have only recently rejoined the administration of the Zionist Organization of America. We are very sorry that Dr. Stephen Wise thought it fit to act so drastically at such a moment, but then his attitude since the Congress has been rather uncertain and anything but friendly."*

It does not occur to the *Judea* to inquire why "the so-called Brandeis group" is now finding it possible to raise an opposition. A glance at the names under the call for the Reorganization Conference will show that the opposition is much wider than the "Brandeis group," and those names do not begin to represent the whole of it. But then down in London our leaders do not know what is happening right under their noses, and we cannot expect them to know what is taking place across the sea.

## THROUGH THE NIGHT

By LEO J. DASHEVSKY

**T**HE doctor folded my last dollar bill and departed. I heard him clamber down the wooden stairway. I counted fourteen dull thuds. Fourteen steps lead up to my flat. Strange, I never noticed that before; it never occurred to me to count them.

I distinctly saw the doctor close the door behind him, yet I opened and closed it more tightly. From the bedroom her feeble, dying groans issue forth and accompany the monotonous sound of my footsteps as I nervously pace back and forth. I know that black Death will soon force his way in, stalk through my three rooms, approach her bed and with a kiss draw out her last breath; that he will pass the child and obliterate forever her image from his heart. I know it, but my blunted mind will not dwell upon it.

The gas flame dimly illumines the room and decorates the grey walls with dark, angular shadows. By the shadows I become aware of the disorder in my flat. The table is littered with small boxes and bottles of medicine, milk bottles, dirty dishes, and newspapers thrown about. The sofa is covered with old and new clothes and at one end shows, like fresh grass, the impress of my half-reclining body. Two windows look indifferently in from the street, and on the fire escape I discern a grey cat. The child is asleep with a smile on his lips, his chubby cheek resting on the empty

milk bottle with the black nipple. Mechanically I adjust the cover on his bed and listen attentively to the sounds from the bedroom.

A woman neighbor enters. She did not knock at the door. Or did she? I did not hear. She is fat and short; she waddles like a goose and makes queer gestures. Odd, I feel like laughing, but . . . a few feet away lies the being most dear to me and death is plucking her out of my heart like a deeply rooted tree from rocky ground; another minute, and the last groan will uproot the tree and leave a big gap in my heart. But my neighbor is funny and I feel like laughing. Her husband steals into the apartment on tiptoe, and when I rouse myself from reverie I notice his angular figure. He wears thick eyeglasses and is flat-chested. The thought pierces me that he has come to get acquainted with Death, because pretty soon he, too, would have to meet him. I believe that Abeh, my neighbor, is in complete control of his cough. If he wills it, his cough gets into action, or is held in check as a dog is held in the leash. Here he will not dare cough, if he values his life. Death was sitting somewhere in a corner, and as soon as he heard Abeh cough, he would seize him by the Adam's apple on his long throat, and Abeh would cough no more.

The smile on the child's face gives way to wailing. The woman neighbor

fills the bottle with milk and soon his cheeks begin to move like those of Berl the musician when he plays his clarinet. The groaning grows fainter and I count the minutes. The grey cat walks over to the other window and leaps into the dark. I turn my face toward my visitors to drive away my wanton, wicked thoughts about the doctor and about my sister-in-law Bryneh, who had cried a good deal, wiped her tears away and gone home to prepare supper for her husband and children, then returned for another cry and has gone back home to sleep. Tomorrow, I feel sure, she will return and cry some more. I like to watch her cry. She cries in such curious comical manner, opens her mouth wide and sticks her thick tongue out, while the tears course down to her lower lip.

I walk rapidly back and forth in the room. Her groans are rending my heart; my head is bursting from pain, for I have not closed an eye for two days and two nights. Another minute or two and all will be over, and I shall be left alone as in a desert with the little Berl of a musician lying there. Death will soon cut the knot of the fondest dreams of my youth. . . .

Yes, but how about Abeh, with his protruding Adam's apple, with his flat chest? What if Death should really espy him? Who would finish the bundle of knee pants he has taken in? There sits his wife, the fat Gussie, and comforts me, saying that — Ah, how I should like to see her cry! I suppose one would burst with laugh-

ter . . . O God, I must have lost my senses. Why do I feel like laughing at these kind, honest folks? They came to console me in my sorrow, yet all I can think of is his Adam's apple and her swollen feet. You should see Abeh run in the morning to the grocery for milk; he resembles Death. No, not his body. Oh, how terribly it moves! When he crosses the street, he seems to be hitched to a heavily loaded wagon; his shoulders twitch, his hands dangle as though they were suspended by thin cords and the wind were shaking them, while seated on his shoulders and held up by a thin neck Death grins through thick double glasses.

I turn away from the window. There is my brother-in-law, the herring vendor. I know at once what his second question will be. He is a dapper little man, and his hands are bloated from the herring juice, like fresh dumplings. Oh, that smell of herring! . . . May God pardon me for such sinful thoughts in the presence of Death. But what can I do? A look at my brother-in-law, the herring merchant, and you would realize that it is impossible to keep from laughing. He draws from his pocket a herring and throws it upon the table, then he seizes the beer pitcher and goes to Cook's at the corner. "A man's first duty," he says, "is to eat. Don't be foolish," he continues, "people die because they do not eat enough herring."

And now my brother-in-law sits by the cradle looking at the child and weeping. Ha, ha, ha, I nearly choke with laughter. His short little body



trembles and shakes. Having finished his crying, he goes away . . .

The night drags on like an everlasting torture. The silent air is filled with the odor of medicine,—and groans. Abeh and Gussie are away for a while, and another gloomy-faced person sits upon my sofa and counts the beats of my hard soles. The gloomy one came to cheer me up. He knows every doctor in New York and how much each charges for a visit. He knows a doctor who for three dollars will make whole a heart with ten leaks in it. A pious man, that doctor, goes to synagogue, prays every day. His words fall like hailstones on a wooden roof, thudding dully through the clay-covered ceiling. The doctor, I think, must be paunchy and round. When spoken to, he listens through the bald spot on his head. He must have a short beard which he keeps on pulling nervously. When paid, he lets go of his beard; he holds the money tightly pressed in his hands, and descending the fourteen stairs, he takes a roll of paper money, wraps the green bill around it and carries his briefcase into the street.

My neighbor grew silent. I listen to the groans issuing from the bedroom. I no longer care; I could sit there calmly counting the groans until Death came and put an end to them. I look into the bedroom and see her distorted face. One eye is still open but with the spark of life gone. Its lustre has departed and is now hovering about my room, or has it long since passed out into space and is now wandering around, lonely and forlorn, among the myriads of rays from the sky? The other eye is closed, but

from a corner life still peeps out as through a crack, ebbing with every groan. I seize my disheveled hair and mutter something to the groans. I plead with them. I raise the closed eyelid. There is still some gleam. I notice a glimmer of life and ramble on more wildly.

The gloomy one peered in. I grow still and resume walking to and fro. Unconsciously I look into the mirror. I have the appearance of an unshaven, unkempt Siberian prisoner in chains. I nearly burst out laughing at my own sight. Pshaw, how ugly I am! That's because she is dying. Well, what of it? Let her die! How silly, let everybody die! . . . What does it mean she will die? Stop groaning? Let her stop, who needs her groans? Tomorrow they will place her upon this floor and cover her. Yes, what will they cover her with? There is not a single bedsheet in the house. What a shame! They will light candles, and Bryneh will open her mouth wide and cry, and the tears will fall upon her thick tongue and she will swallow them. Gussie, too, will cry. I should like to see her cry. And I am curious to know how Abeh would die. In my imagination I see Abeh's corpse stretched out on the floor, with burning candles all around it. Would he die with the double glasses on or off? And how would his Adam's apple protrude? And what would Gussie with her swollen feet look like?

It must be very late now. In the bedroom all is still and my sister-in-law is already trudging up the stairway. One, two, three . . . fourteen. She enters. What! her husband here too? Did he again bring some her-



ring? Would he again urge me not to be a fool? No, he keeps quiet. Everybody is quiet. Abeh, too, has come. He and Bryneh go into the bedroom.

Presently she emerges and falls speechless upon the sofa. Abeh, too, came out. He stations himself in the doorway like a commander, as though saying, "Now I take full charge". I must be feeling good, for I am smiling to myself, as I can see in the mirror. But I am afraid to come near the cradle. All are looking at the cradle and sighing.

Somebody makes me sit down upon a chair in the kitchen. The kitchen was full of unclean pots. A book is open on the table and its pages are strewn with crumbs of dry bread. Where did she buy the broom? In Orchard Street, I recall; she paid a quarter for it. A brand new broom. Abeh takes it and sweeps the floor in the large room. There she will lie.

They place her upon the floor, and Gussie fetches some candles. Where did she buy them? What large, what beautiful candles! . . . Rebecca's friend, Celia, just came in. She wiped

her tears away and kisses the child. Celia is right. I ought to take a shave and put on a necktie. She is so good, Celia is. Gussie stares strangely at Celia. Strange thoughts come to me. Celia, too, is rapt in thought. All are rapt in thought.

Abeh's voice sounded like a voice from the tomb. He must feel at home with Death.

Daytime. A few stray sunbeams fall upon the soiled fire-escape. The grey cat no longer seems grey, but of a tarnished white color, and it is now sunning itself. The cradle has disappeared from the house. Abeh, too, is gone. Three old women with mannish faces and wide skirts are fussing around with some pewter vessel and pouring water. Some one has tied a towel around Bryneh's head. My brother-in-law has also left. Was it to fetch some beer? Celia has gone home to put on a black dress which would lend her a thousand charms and make her look like a Madonna. I seize my shock of hair and bend down my head toward the open, crumb-strewn book, while my eyes gaze listlessly at the new broom. . . .

## FIFTEENTH ANNUAL FLOWER DAY OF THE JEWISH NATIONAL FUND

Every Flower Sold Redeems a Span  
of Palestine for the Jewish People

**Saturday evening and Sunday, June 2nd and 3rd**

**Volunteers Wanted**

Enroll at your nearest Zionist,  
Poale-Zion or Zeire-Zion Station

## THE READERS' FORUM

### *The Press and Dr. S. S. Wise*

**I**T happened just a few years ago.

A reception was given to a number of visiting Zionist leaders, among them the great Einstein. Ussishkin, the man of iron, was unburdening his full heart to the vast audience that filled the armory. In his own peculiar fashion he thundered: "It is high time to take a broom and sweep the organization clean of all impediments and obstacles".

To the left of the platform, amidst a crowd, stood Dr. Stephen S. Wise and at his side was his son. The great hall reverberated of the passion and heat of the holy war waged then against the so called anti-democratic faction of the organization, a faction that was led by men of great vision and determination.

The young Wise, who was apparently greatly angered and excited by the proceedings, turned to his father, who stood there pale but impassive, and heatedly exclaimed: "Those are the people you labored for all your life, you have given them the best in you, now see their appreciation." The older Wise tenderly caught hold of the raging young man's arm. "Son, you do not feel well; I will hail a taxi and have you go home." Mr. James Waterman Wise went home, he was literally shoved into a taxi. Dr. Wise the Zionist stayed on and continued to listen.

This little incident illustrates vividly the calibre of the man who answers to the much discussed name of Stephen S. Wise. We who were privileged to

witness the episode were moved to tears and became proud of the indomitable leader of ours.

I recalled this episode when reading the numerous invectives hurled at Dr. Wise so very furiously since his resignation from the Zionist Executive Committee. The great Jewish press of the metropolis is certainly giving him a raw deal. Everybody, editors and sub-editors, has his fling at this veteran leader, as if it were a great *mitzvah* that no one should pass up. The idea and the nerve to ignore the wise and all-knowing of East Broadway and Fifth Avenue. Yes, it must be conceded, Dr. Wise has a mind of his own and that hurts a lot of people, especially those, who in spite of all efforts and exertion, can not measure up to his mantle.

It seems to me as a layman that newspapermen should have more human knowledge and, perhaps, ought themselves to be more humane and kind in their treatment of events. No cause can either be stated or won by virulent denunciations. Belittling the other man does not make one bigger. The righteous never resorts to abuse.

It is insulting to see how they ridicule this man, who has inscribed himself indelibly in the annals of Zionism and has indebted all Jewry to himself by his work for the welfare of the Jewish people. A man who has given so unstintingly of himself during a whole lifetime should command respect and honor, even should he have erred.



More than one faithful will repeat the words of the son to his great father at the time when Ussishkin harangued him in the armory.

I attended every Zionist convention in the last fifteen years and know from personal observation that whenever Dr. Wise was absent from the platform he was very keenly missed. His personality added dignity to the conclave and made for prestige.

And now because he dared be consequent to his honest views and opinions a flood of abuse and ridicule has been let loose against him. Every scribe volunteers some speculation, creates some motive and endeavors to make Dr. Wise appear very small, insignificant. I am sorry to note that even the serene Louis Lipsky has lost his balance and entered into speculations and motivations anent the resignation of Dr. Wise. Lipsky started a discussion at the Hotel Astor when Weizmann should have been received, a discussion that did not do him any credit and did not raise the dignity of his office.

Of course, Dr. Wise cannot be intimidated by anything, not even by his good and gracious advisors of the press and of the Zionist office; he will fight his battles and we are sure that he will not be alone. It behooves us, however, to ponder over this exhibition of littleness and weigh carefully whether Zionist affairs are in proper hands. I feel that something and, perhaps, a great deal ought to be revised and it is up to the rank and file to do the revising.

*Dr. Simon Miller.*

### *Non-Sectarian League for Palestine*

Editor The Vanguard:

I am wondering if this letter will strike a responsive chord in the breasts of some of the liberal readers of your valiant "Vanguard"?

I propose the organization, on non-sectarian lines, of "The League for the Encouragement of Jewish Resettlement of Palestine."

The objects:

The fostering of pro-Palestine sentiment and sympathy in the non-Jewish world and the accentuation of it in the Jewish.

The dissemination of accurate, up-to-the-minute Palestinian data, thereby encouraging Palestinian labor and industry by engendering in America a consumer acceptance for "made in Palestine" commodities.

The universal awakening of the Jewish spirit, translating passivity into activity, by stirring in the Jewish breast its inherent Zionism, implying the true "Love of Zion".

Zionism is greater than any Zionist or any group of Zionists, of the centre or left or right, greater far than all the organized Zionists put together. Zionism is that inherent racial cohesion of the Jew and this particular plot of earth he can call Homeland, the very essence of which is LOVE—Love of Zion.

Zionism, too, is implicit of a great love for Zion in the breasts of large numbers of non-Jews, in whose hearts this speck of our planet is inseparably associated with the most sacred and tender emotions, spiritual and historic connotations.

Even non-Jews must find a Zion desolate and forsaken a thought abhorrent, and must want to give of themselves and their substance to restore the wanderer — Israel — to the land of his fathers and the seat of his ancient glory.

I ask for ninety-nine liberal minded, forward looking men and women to join me as charter members. Let us contribute \$250 per person, thus creating an immediate fund of \$25,000. We can arrange for extended payments of this initial sum even over a period of a year's weekly payments.

We should then invite a large general membership at a very nominal yearly fee to cooperate in carrying out the objects of the League.

We should arrange for a daily Palestine Hour over some good broadcasting station in New York, inducing some liberal non-Jewish or Jewish church to donate the use of its edifice for the hour's broadcast. I am certain that artists of all races and creeds will flock to our aid to make the Palestine Hour notable. And they will do this gratis.

What we can accomplish in this daily hour is beyond computation.

Chicago, Kansas City, Los Angeles and other stations are only in the near offing.

So much for the League's initial activities.

Verily, I say unto you, this is doing God's work in the redemption of Zion, a noble labor in which all nations, creeds, cultures and languages can freely and fully participate.

*Maxim Konecky*

## WITH OUR FRIENDS

By THE EDITOR

WITH this issue THE VANGUARD begins its second volume. Truly, an occasion for rejoicing. We suppose that our doubting well-wishers will doubt no longer,—and will give us the kind of support that will make the magazine ever better and ever stronger.

\* \* \*

THE VANGUARD goes forth again in improved style — 64 pages on high quality paper, and better binding. This means added cost, and we have raised the price to Three Dollars—for new subscriptions and renewals.

\* \* \*

THE VANGUARD is looked upon in some quarters as the *official* organ of the present opposition to the Zionist administration. This is not the case. We have helped in large measure to crystallize sentiment for a healthy change in the Zionist spirit and are gratified to see the results thus far achieved, but we remain independent.

\* \* \*

Dr. Joseph Krimsky writes:

"I am frank to say that I have found The Vanguard a little bit different, which is saying a great deal in this day when the banal and the commonplace is only 'dieselbe yachne nur andersch geschleiert'."

\* \* \*

Counsellor Edward E. Baron of Sioux City, Iowa, tells us that,

"While I do not agree fully with your viewpoint as expressed in your magazine, still I want to commend and congratulate you upon an apparent sincerity of purpose and outspoken opinion of ideas.

"I might say that I read the April issue which was received several days ago, with considerable interest."

## About the Theatre

BY  
MILTON DANLEY

**N**OW that the everlasting "Abie's Irish Rose" has reappeared in these regions for a probable run of another few decades, this time, thank goodness, on the silver but silent screen, it is an opportune moment to say a word about these spurious Jewish plays with which the hucksters of the great White Way present us every season in the hope that it will attract the shekel carrying ants of the Broadway lanes. Not all ants. For these "Jewish" plays are intended for those customers who have sprung from the hectic, ever seething bowels of the Ghetto and have managed by good or evil circumstances to scamper away from their original soil into socially higher planes.

The wise mine hosts of the theatrical inns, most of them seeds of Ghetto stock, know well that the new life and the new standards have not fully obliterated all memories and all traces of nostalgia for the old and simple abode and customs. No matter how tantalizing and spicy the new interests, no matter how broad the canvas upon which one may operate, the most precious memories are still those connected with the days of childhood, and they beckon with a thousand promises, with a vanished illusion which one would lief recapture, even if only for the space of a couple of hours. These quite natural desires are being exploited by the play purveyors in a manner so idiotic that

it matches the stupidity of those who do fall for their concoctions.

If the playwrights who devote themselves to the creation of the "Jewish" epics would just limit themselves to the one and quite simple task of satisfying these customers who are willing to pay the price for a chance to re-live experiences of the past or shed a tear over the sufferings of a Yiddishe Mommeh, one could find no reason to berate their labors. It is the inherent right of every American to write whatever balderdash he can sell. Indeed, it would be regrettable not to relieve the eager dupes of their superabundance. But the dramatic chefs take themselves and their elementary assignments entirely too seriously, and therein lies the reason for the gravest accusations against them.

Instead of passing off their stuff as so much gushing sentimentality, they try to weave into it glittering threads of, let us say, artistic realism. It is this "artistic realism" that misleads, not only the "Wertes Publikum", but many of our respected reviewers of the press who look upon these plays as graphic accounts of Jewish life.

In the "Jazz Singer" they behold the tragedy of eternal misunderstanding between the older and younger generations, sharpened by the new forces of a new land and new outlooks.

"The Last Laugh", produced in the

Eltinge several months ago, some saw as the glorification of those elements in Jewish America who strive to preserve the old values. And how is this striving brought out by the authoress, this time no less an authority on Jewish problems than Fannie Hurst? She contends that the real flower of American Jewry are those of its members who will not change their names from Goldfish to plain Fish. Fortunately, this opus was ignored by the uncritical ticket purchasers, for even they could see the hollowness of the piece.

Benny Horowitz, the ex-gang leader of "Four Walls" was supposed to represent, symbolically, that is, the perpetual rebel, the individual struggling against society and surroundings. And the public, upon leaving the theatre, thought most profoundly: what a peculiar people these Jews. even their gangsters and cut-throats speak and reflect in terms grave and enduring.

There is no doubt that these themes are proper and excellent material for good plays. The individual struggling against surroundings and circumstances; the clashes between parents and children; the cup of bitterness of those individuals who would deny their ancestry and their egos for the benefit of a career or social prestige—these topics have already been handled by genuine dramatists and will serve in the future for other masterpieces.

What the writers of the pseudo-Jewish plays do is to cover up with mere pretenses three acts of shallowness and tomfoolery. No Jew who

is even slightly acquainted with Jewish life in America will believe any of the insincere, exaggerated situations of the "Jazz Singer". Such situations were old stuff on the Yiddish stage over twenty years ago. And who, having any idea of the underworld of the East Side, will believe the namby-pamby talk of "Four Walls"? After seeing any of these "Jewish" plays one must be overtaken either by a huge feeling of veneration for Jewish life in this country or, and the latter, I believe, is the case, by vast contempt for the stenciled, platitudinous obviousness and weeping sentimentality of things Jewish.

Yet, there is place for a sincere, artistic attempt at a play on a Jewish theme. The occasional ructions between the "Yahudim", as the descendants of the Jewish immigrants from Germany are called by their Yiddish speaking brethren, and the usurping leaders of the new East Side; the ideologies of the different political parties in Jewish life and their effect on the daily intercourse between Jew and Jew; the havoc wrought by the suspension of immigration—truly, there is ample material to be found for great drama and even greater comedy. If only the man of creativeness would appear, see, and conquer.

Such attempts have already been made in Yiddish dramatic literature, and, it seems to me, they could be used in translated or adopted forms on the English stage for the enjoyment of those who would learn of Jewish life as it is, and not as some quack-playwright would have us be-

lieve. There is H. Layvick's "Shmates" (Rags) treating the same theme that Raphaelson attempted to handle in "The Jazz Singer" so miserably. There is "Shop", also by Layvick, a dramatic play dealing with the labor struggles of the Jewish immigrant. There are "Tsurik Tsu Sein Folk" (Back To His People) by Kobrin, "Fun Yener Velt" and "Landsleit" by Berkowitch, and other plays which escape my memory. "Der Greener Millioner" and "American Hassidim" are two comedies which would prove their value also on Broadway, I believe.

And, since attempts to conquer uptown are made ever so often, why not try the musical comedy or the operetta? Jewish music has been exploited by many of the popular rag-time writers. Why not come out with a clean-cut Jewish musical comedy? But I shudder to think what would happen if one of those representatives of Jewish music on Broadway should do the job. A musical comedy created by such a musician would create many more Ku Kluxers than the teachings of the Wizard ever will.

\* \* \*

One has an almost irresistible urge to see it with his own eyes, as he reads Ivan Narodny's description of the Theatre of Juvenile Onlookers in Leningrad:

"The plays acted in the Theatre of Juvenile Onlookers are totally different from conventional performances. The entire show developed as if it were a spontaneous game. The so-called "acting" of our dramatic

sense did not appear in the eight episodes.

"'Here,' said the stage manager in introducing the representation, 'is a great story of Tom Sawyer and Huckelberry Finn. Let's see whether we can make an entertaining play out of it, not for anybody to observe, but for ourselves to perform and enjoy.'"

"The first episode, depicting Tom in school, was a funny situation showing a naturally alert boy and a conventionally scolding schoolmaster. It was too elusive for any outstanding quotation, rather commonplace in dialogue. But in connection with the futuristic toy, the improvised playing with them and frequently inserted impulsive acrobatics, dances, songs and what not, it became an absorbing new drama, such as the modern stage has never displayed.

"The main point in the Theatre of Juvenile Onlookers is that its performances are not pretended illusions of life, as it is the case with the usual stage. They are childish plays, juvenile fun and the 'bewitching of eyes'; briefly, they suggest everything that goes with the kindergarten. But here the kindergarten is meant for adults, consequently methods are applied that lead the minds of the old public to become childlike.

"The miraculous thing with the 'dramatic' twisting of the onlookers' mind in this Leningrad theatre is its systematic attack on consciousness, so that you lose your sense of age, sophistication, and feeling for reality. All you feel is that you have been bewitched back to your childhood days,



the days when you were eight, ten or twelve. While I saw 'Tom Sawyer' played by a group of brilliant children. I myself became a child and seemed to be taking an active part in handling those tantalizing toys on the platform. Yet the fact remains that the participants in this unusual theatre are the most dramatically trained actors and actresses of Russia, people of age and great training.

"How do you explain it?' I asked Alexander Briantsev, the veteran director, after the performance.

"Theatrical hypnotism, my friend,' he exclaimed. 'It is practically based on the principles employed by the Hindu yogis or the Mongolian magicians. It is a combination of the visual, the oral and the atmospheric, all suggesting effects.'

"I attended in this old-fashioned Leningrad theatre a performance that upset all my academic views of the theatre. I actually became an imaginary child, felt myself in a marvelous kindergarten with toys, and had a grand time. It affected me to such an extent that I became totally oblivious to being an onlooker and felt myself a passive participant with the players. I even lost all consciousness of their dialogue and acting in having a scope of great fun with the queer toys.

"The play proceeded from episode to episode, supposedly made up by the players from the story, but in actuality rehearsed for six months before the production. The strange part of my experience was that it was not the drama of 'Tom Sawyer', but the playful handling of the toys and

other scenic properties that absorbed my attention. And, evidently, the same feeling was experienced by all the other onlookers. There was not much dialogue to the play, as is the case with the academic plays. Everything centered in acting and pantomimic handling of the toys. As the episodes proceeded, the characters even faded away, as it were, and all that was left were the bewitched toys. In this way, the toy-like things seemed transformed into animated beings, while the actual characters vanished and became, as in a fairy tale, inanimate objects.

"When the last episode was over, and the actors announced that the toy-land fun was finished, the doors of a wonderland were closed to me. The magic of the kindergarten began to fade away and I feared I was again becoming an adult. It was a horror! To shake off the feeling I rushed like a wild boy to the stage and began to handle all the fascinating toys that had grown so familiar to me during the performance."

Can you imagine such a theatre in New York or, say, Washington?

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## LETTER FROM PALESTINE

By JOS. CARMIN

The 28th of April will mark an important departure in the life of the workman in Palestine, it being the day that will see the last of the "Siyua" (unemployment dole). This is entirely due to the unflagging efforts of the Worker's Organization, and only to them. For all the Zionist Administration cared, the unemployed might emigrate, in fact, that was its only solution to the harassing situation. As they saw it, it was very simple. Too many entered the country, and now some must leave it. As for the British administration, it absolutely refused to go into the problem of building Palestine, of facilitating the establishment of a Jewish majority in the homeland, etc. The only thing that really concerned them was to have the budget balance. But the Worker's Organization went doggedly on its way, elaborated plans for the work to be done, uncovered sources from whence funds could be obtained, and by unremitting pressure forced the Zionist Organization as well as the Government to take upon themselves the problem of ending unemployment. It is hard to understand why this could not have been done a year and a half ago; why hunger and privation were permitted to enter the tents of the Chalutzim if this situation was avoidable, as it now appears. . . .

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Seeking refuge in the one land where he might with certainty hope to find it, Schwartzbard found a closed door and was forced to turn away from the shores of Palestine. This merely goes to show how chimerical is the realization of a haven and homeland for the oppressed Jew. Schwartzbard, the national hero, risking his own life to avenge the wrongs suffered by a nation, is led to Palestine in the hope of taking refuge from the daggers that might find him everywhere on earth,—and he is turned back by the

Government of Palestine. Huge demonstration meetings were called all over the country, and people are everywhere trying to get together the necessary sum of money (five hundred pounds), required by the government of Palestine to enable Schwartzbard to enter Palestine.

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The last meeting of the Executive of the Histadruth was held under the spell of renewed economic hopes. Hard times are to end at last. Plans are going forward to settle a thousand or fifteen hundred families on the outskirts of Tel-Aviv. It is now being said, "The golden apple (Hebrew for orange) may bring gold not only to the Effendis in Petach Tikvah, but to the Workers' Organization as well."

The high morale and idealism that dominated the Halutz in the beginning is coming into its own again, though the Histadruth will have no easy time of it in its effort to bring the economical standard of its members up the mark set in the happy days when Tel-Aviv was in the throes of a building boom.

And not the least on the program of the Histadruth is the plan to make a sustained effort to reopen the doors of Palestine to immigrants. Two resolutions of protest were drawn at this writing; one against Soviet Russia for the ban on the Halutz organization in Russia, and another against the Palestinian Government for its oppression of the workers.

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After its long sojourn in Europe and America, the Habimah is back home and once more enjoys the rare pleasure of playing to a native audience in a language it knows and loves. The advance sale of tickets at exorbitant prices is only one of the many manifestations of the high esteem which these players command.

Thirty days after the demise of Max Pine, a memorial meeting was held in the Beth Haam at Tel-Aviv. Rubashov and Remez, who had the good fortune to know this esteemed leader personally and were associated with him during their stay in the United States, addressed the audience. The meeting concluded with a cable of sympathy and consolation to his family.

The agricultural outlook is very bad. There has been but little rain this winter, and the locust which is devastating the fields of Transjordan is threatening us as well. The Government is taking all possible steps to prevent this final touch to an already bad state of affairs.

The City Council of Tel-Aviv is still torn by struggles between the bourgeois and the workmen's wings. The Govern-

ment, having been invited to play referee, improves the opportunity by limiting the autonomy of Tel-Aviv. The issue at stake is the purchase of vast stretches of land near Tel-Aviv by the previous leaders who parceled it into lots and sold them at nominal prices to the workers. The result was that rentals fell in Tel-Aviv, and the landlords as a body rose against them. They consider the measure as being nothing short of criminal and are determined to fight it out in court. It is interesting to note that the left Poale Zion, a group which forms a small part of the Federation of Labor—the Histadruth—and which was given a voice in the councils of the city government only by the grace of the Histadruth, allies itself with the bourgeois wing and is just as blinded by the "Holy" wish to discredit the Workmen's Organization. Left is left in Palestine as well as all over the world.

Tel-Aviv, April 8, 1928.

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## BOOK REVIEWS

*The Legend Called Meryom.* By Joseph Gaer. William Morrow & Co. New York, 1928. 289 Pages.

Joseph Gaer has given us one of the finest pictures of Jewish life in the towns of the Russian pale that we have in the English language. We have passing before us, one by one, the inhabitants of Lipovka, each one a type rather than an individual; Azriel Latootnik, the old shoemaker with an inexhaustible fund of beautiful tales; Oyzik Bok, the town half-wit; Shimon Nogid, the wealthiest Jew in Lipovka; Aaron Gorgle, the barber turned physician, and many others.

Meryom is the central personage of the narrative, though she could hardly be called the heroine. Although the story begins with Meryom's birth and takes us past her death, it is rather the background of the town and of the people with their hopes and fears, their squalid lives and their rejoicings, that is of primary interest. Nevertheless Meryom stands out in every episode. Born to one of the poorest families and acquiring whatever little education she could get against the direct wishes or with the reluctant consent of her parents, she marries into the richest family of the town, by virtue of her good looks and sweetness of personality. She naturally attracts people's interest and love. Sensitive, a dreamer, her life is not a very happy one. In another environment that would have awakened her latent forces of heart and mind she might have become a leader of men. In Lipovka she is confined to the care of her family, charitable visits to the Poor House and friendships with a few of the town's finer spirits who gravitated towards her. Yet even here she is so unusual a woman that only a few years after her death a legend is beginning to be woven about her name.

Gaer's style is easy and clear. The danger of unnaturalness that is present

in an attempt to render a folk atmosphere in an alien language is here successfully overcome. The method of merely suggesting incidents and the episodic way of writing serve to heighten the impression the reader gets of Meryom's character, and make up for the frequent breaks in the continuity of the story.

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*"American Communism, a Critical Analysis of its Origins, Development and Programs,"* by James Oneal. The Rand Book Store, 1927, 256 pp., \$1.50.

Mr. Oneal has done a signal service to his fellow citizens and to the history of American labor by furnishing us with a correct perspective on communism in this country and by putting the movement in its correct place as an insignificant, muddle-headed, impotent, though zealous and sincere, group. The statement, based on research in original sources, that Communism at its very inception in 1919 never had more than 40,000 members and now has less than half that many, will appear surprising to many, even to people who are in the radical movement themselves and *should* know better. But so clamoring and bitter has been Communist propaganda that observers were misled into thinking it represented hundreds of thousands.

One cannot do justice to this book in a brief review. Short as the history of American Communism has been, it has passed through numerous metamorphoses, with "so many striking changes of opinion, numerous and conflicting policies and programs, recantations, affirmations and swift reversals of what but a few months before had been regarded as final, that the student is often left bewildered" (p. 214). During the first three years no less than twelve Communist organizations had been formed, and the debates and

conflicts of that period remind one in their "pilpulistic" finesse of the palmiest days of the Talmudic academies of Babylonia. After 1921 the Workers' Party succeeded in concentrating within its fold practically all Communist elements, but the factional conflicts and swift changes of program have remained as before, characteristic of the movement.

The outstanding conclusion that Mr. Oneal's mass of evidence presents is that Communism in America is a distinct foreign transplantation which does not thrive any too well in spite of the hot-house methods used. All but a thousand of the members of the Workers' Party are non-English speaking. Not only the inspiration but also the actual direction of its affairs comes from Moscow. No decision of the Workers' Party is valid, a membership referendum means nothing, unless ratified by the Executive Committee of the Communist International. The International has in actual fact dictated even the number of members each faction within the Party should have on the Party's Executive Committee. Even the form of organization has been modeled on orders from the Moscow Supreme Magi.

It would be hard to challenge Mr. Oneal's conclusions. Every statement is carefully documented and the documents are, in most cases, official Communist publications. The author, himself a strong opponent of the Communists, succeeded in handling the subject dispassionately. The labor involved in reading and sifting the source material which is confined to periodicals, some of which are no longer in existence, must have been prolonged and trying. The result is well worth the efforts. We now have a reliable statement of facts and critical appraisal of tendencies in the American Communist movement.

H. SILVER.

*The Immortal Adventure.* By Irma L. Lindheim. The Macaulay Company. New York, 1928.

This book of some 279 pp., beautifully printed and bound, with a Roman map of Palestine gracing both inside covers, is a fine contribution to Zionist itinerary literature. In the form of letters home, the method employed by the authoress is a happy one. For it shows us how Palestine grows upon a reasoning mind; how doubts gradually sink into oblivion, and how hope, strengthened by observations and overflowing experience, rises high and resplendent in the traveler.

"The question I ask myself constantly is whether the spirit which actuates the people now will exist when Palestine is built. What guarantee is there that this pioneer spirit will last? It has died out in other countries after the strenuous days of opening up new territory have passed." (p. 64). This upon entering.

"What a land of consummate beauty in men and institutions will be the land that so drafts its youth! And the march has begun, my dear ones. It is no longer a dream." (p. 279). This upon leaving Palestine.

Mrs. Lindheim spent three months walking, motoring and horseback riding and made a strenuous and good study of the land as it was in 1924. She writes in clear unembellished style, the expression apparently of a vigorous woman mentally alert. Though of the wealthy class, this American (now president of the Hadassah) is broad-minded enough to see that "the exploitation of labor has never resulted in anything but the lowering of the social standards of the exploiters" (p. 180), and "That it has taken the Chalutzim of the last fifteen years to crystallize this idealism (of the old colonists) into a system and to lay the foundations of the new commonwealth upon the principles of justice, of brotherhood and of freedom" (p. 182).

I. Z.

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