

THE CLOSING
CHAPTERS OF
A BUSY LIFE



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ISAAC WOLFE BERNHEIM



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THE CLOSING CHAPTERS
OF A BUSY LIFE

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FOREWORD

PRINTING presses the world over are running with ever increasing speed to reproduce stories covering every phase of human endeavor, that man has to tell. They are also used by men in all walks of life to relate events that are, presumably, their own experiences. I am publishing this volume, not as a contribution to the literature of the day, but merely as an account of some of my activities, and primarily for my family and friends.

My life has not been spectacular, there have been no amazing adventures. It has been an ordinary life interspersed with light and shadow, happiness and depression. It has been uneventful, but always interesting.

In no sense is this book a biography, for my own history and that of my forbears was published in 1910 in a volume entitled "The Bernheim Family." However, I trust I may be pardoned for a personal pride, as today, in my retirement, I review the closing chapters of a busy life.

As a poor immigrant youth from Germany, where I was born, I arrived in New York. I have worked hard, and time was never checked by me in my career. I have carried a pack selling Yankee notions, and by toil I eventually

created a large and prosperous business. I accumulated sufficient wealth to carry out the dreams of my youth, to pay my thanks in gifts or benefactions to my native town, the country of my adoption and to the State and City in which I gained commercial success, and I have done my duty to God, and have provided for my descendants.

I have established a Foundation which I feel confident will be of great benefit to the people in coming years in making their pathways brighter, and broadening their minds to the glory of Nature and Art.

I love labor, and, thank God, I am still able to perform it although I was eighty-one years old November fourth, nineteen hundred and twenty-nine. I trust that I shall retain strength, mental and physical, to continue to do the things from which the people in the years to come, as well as the present, shall find amidst pleasant surroundings wholesome lessons which will contribute to their happiness.

ISAAC WOLFE BERNHEIM.

Denver, 1929.

SCHMIEHEIM

I

"Our home is still home, be it ever so homely"

CHARLES DIBDIN

THE call of childhood's home ever rings in the heart of a man. He may wander far from it, age may come with wealth or failure, but there still remains this remembrance and love of the place of his childhood.

A man may lose interest in those men and women with whom he has had close business relations, or he may even forget them, and if recalled to memory at all, he merely wonders if they be living or dead. In his tense business life the past may fade, but he ever retains a vivid memory of his boyhood with all its associations, scenes and personalities.

The call comes time and again to return, and to find, if possible, the companions of youth. His heart warms at the thought. Being of an intense disposition, perhaps this call is stronger in my heart than in that of the average man. I wandered far from Schmieheim, the village in Baden, Germany, where I was born November 4, 1848, and where my early boyhood was spent. I came to the United States in 1867, and landed, an immigrant, in Castle Garden with only four dollars of American money. I have

had my struggles and my heartaches, my pleasures and my sorrows, and I have succeeded beyond the average emigrant youth—and I have heard and have responded to this call back to the scenes of my childhood.

This call came to me one morning, quite unexpectedly, but compellingly, and I answered, although a few moments before such a response was the farthest from my thoughts. In the fall of 1927, as was my custom, I was spending three or four weeks in New York. At that time I was a special partner in a Wall Street firm. I enjoyed the unrestricted run of its offices, and the privilege of hanging my coat and hat on my own peg in the inner closet. The entire office force knew me as the "Old Man".

It was one of those bracingly brilliant mornings which make New York in the fall one of the most delightful places on earth, when I left my hotel and walked briskly over to Fifth Avenue. Here the crowds checked my pace, and I was forced to stroll leisurely down to Twenty-first Street from where the elevated railroad took me to Rector Street, nearby my office.

It was my wont to glance over the morning papers on my way down town. It may have been an interesting news item, it may have been an accident—perhaps destiny, but on this particular morning I inadvertently passed Rector Street and found myself at Battery Park. This

compelled me to retrace my steps up Broadway to Rector Street.

Have you ever walked up Broadway from the Battery? If so you may have been impressed by the many steamship offices. There is a continual movement of people in and out of them. Small groups of native and foreign born citizens of all types around these offices interested me. Each told its story.

I lingered in front of the North German Lloyd Agency. Its flag floated gaily and gracefully in the breeze. I recognized it, of course, for under it I had crossed the Atlantic several times, in fact, one of its ships, the old Hansa, landed me in New York in 1867.

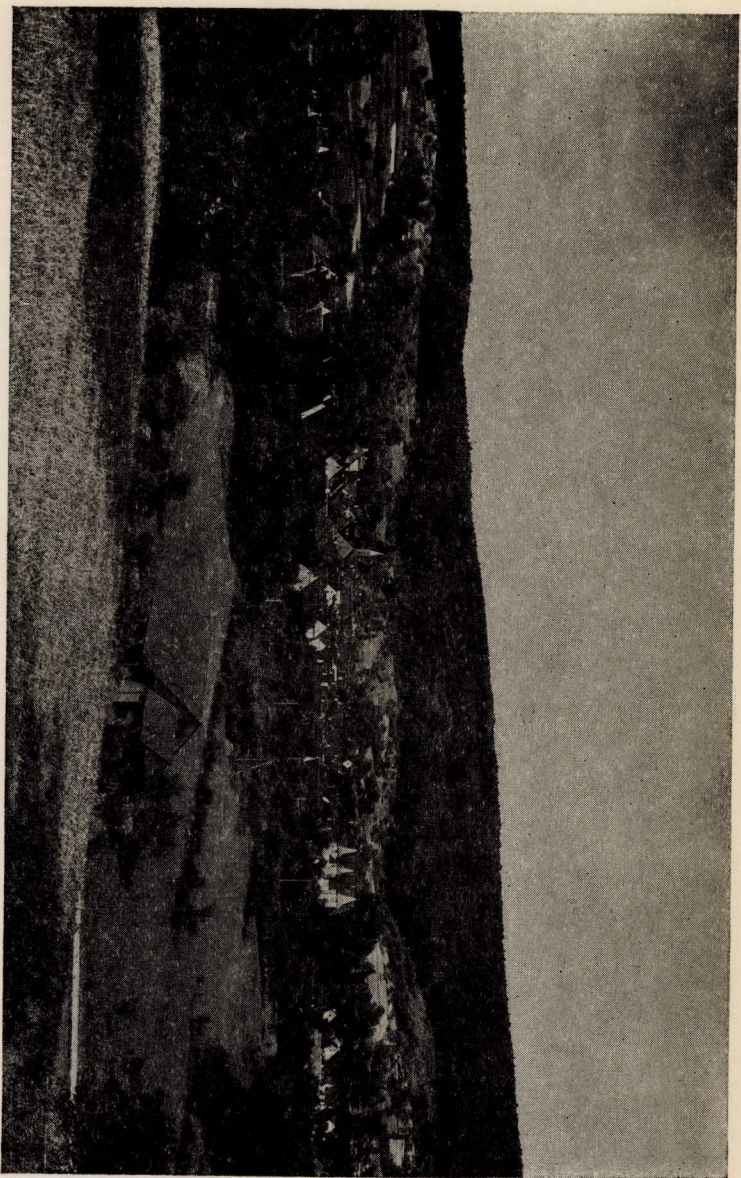
I stood there for a moment. The picture of its modern steamships displayed in the window attracted my attention. I had passed these offices hundreds of times before. They had meant no more to me than the many skyscrapers in the neighborhood, but on this particular morning a strange and unaccountable longing came over me to visit the scenes of my early life. It could not be called homesickness. I had lived in this blessed land for more than sixty years. In it centers everything that is dear to me. My family and all my material interests are here. I had taken root deep in the soil, and so had my children and grandchildren. By no stretch of the imagination could this longing be attributed

to homesickness. I knew it as the call in my heart back to my boyhood home.

I stood there in reflection. I wanted to know how the little town in Germany looked. I was there last in 1912. How does it appear now? Would it be foolhardy for one of my advanced years to cross the ocean? Would the trip be worth the risk? These and many other questions arose in my mind, but the call overcame my misgivings. I stepped into the agency, and within thirty minutes I had contracted for a passage going and returning for myself, my wife and my secretary. I chose June as the month for sailing as business engagements would hold me at home until that time.

Schmieheim! The very name and the arranging for the journey awakened in me a host of memories.

Schmieheim, the little town where I was born, is in Baden, that part of Germany in the valley of the Rhine, made famous by its spas, and by the beauty of its scenery. It lies almost half way between Baden Baden and Freiburg. Away from the main travelled road, and four miles distant from the nearest railway, it is a quaint village. Through it meanders the Unstrut, an insignificant and lazy creek. Its name does not appear on any of the German topographical maps, which may be construed as another confirmation of the old truth that often in the most



THE VILLAGE OF SCHMIEHEIM AS IT APPEARED
DURING MY LAST VISIT JULY, 1928

inaccessible places there grow beautiful flowers. Far be it from me to make extravagant claims for Schmieheim, but in my boyhood days it occupied a position of outstanding importance.

In that far off day it was a community of about twelve hundred inhabitants, and Israelites outnumbered Gentiles two to one. The business of the town was in their hands, much of the trade of the countryside for miles and miles around was controlled by them either as dealers, brokers, or as middlemen. It was a democratic community. There were but few well-to-do-among them, but there was contentment, and a wholesome state of economic sufficiency. Absolute poverty was unknown.

Evidence of a desire to reach out for the higher and better things of life was not entirely lacking. A rabbi lived there to look after the spiritual wants of the people. A reading club with a limited membership existed, as also did a singing society. Business was diversified and subdivided to a degree bordering on the ridiculous. The "Obrigkeit", that bureaucratic German regime, regulated every human activity down to the night watchman who patrolled the town with his lantern, and called each passing hour. Passports were required when visiting nearby towns. They were issued in the name of the bearer, with every detail noted, down to the color of the hair. A separate heading men-

tioned the line of business or trade the bearer was permitted to follow. When the "Obrig-keit" extended the privilege of dealing in shoe-strings, or in horses, or in cattle, or in old iron and rags, or to have a tailor or shoemaker's shop the owner of the passport was, under the law, confined in his operations to that particular trade.

Educational facilities were meagre, and limited to a single public school with one teacher. A grade school in the nearby county seat, Ettenheim, offered opportunity for a higher education. I walked there for three years, winter and summer, sans overcoat and underclothes, a distance of three miles. My schooling was finished in my thirteenth year.

All this relates to Schmieheim prior to 1861. The Schmieheim following the latter part of 1861, the time of the proclamation of the emancipation of the Jews in Baden, is an entirely different story. Schmieheim suffered retrogression, loss of prestige and shrinkage in population. Briefly, what for all of the Jews in the then Grand Duchy of Baden spelled a new epoch of liberty and justice, equality before the law and the possession of full civil rights, denoted for the village decay and ruin.

The fossilized, inhuman and autocratic laws which had hedged in that unhappy people, robbed them of manhood and treated them as

outcasts and near slaves, disappeared as mist before the warming rays of a brilliant sun. Under the old order a Jew paid taxes, but was denied the right of suffrage, he was drafted into the military service but could not advance beyond the rank of corporal. Refused the right of domicile in nearly all of the towns of the country of his birth, he was the football of every bully, and at the mercy of every designing scoundrel in and out of office. Courts were open to the Jew, but Justice was non-existent. Disputes had to be settled by the local rabbi or by arbitration.

A new era dawned for those downtrodden people in the emancipation proclamation. The new law conferred upon them the right of suffrage and the privilege of holding office. Their movements were no longer restricted by the police or by the "Obrigkeit". They were free to follow any legitimate business of their own choosing in every city, town or village in the Grand Duchy of Baden.

The pent up energy, ambition and enterprise, the inborn urge to better one's condition and to secure a wider sphere of activity all culminated in a mass emigration from that friendly town, and thus it was quickly emptied of the best part of its most desirable element. Real estate values dropped rapidly. The rabbi was transferred, the singing society ceased to sing and

the reading club ceased to read. No one remained to tell of the old glory except the aged, the poor and the decrepit.

Our family was one of the first to leave Schmieheim, the town which had offered us, and many generations of Bernheims, the protection and comfort of a home. We settled in Freiburg, where, soon after our arrival, I was put to work as an apprentice in a linen store. I served three years without pay to learn the rudiments of German commerce. My employer was a strict disciplinarian. Punctuality in the performance of every duty was rigidly insisted upon. These traits became deeply ingrained in me, and although I chafed against his iron rule, as any natural, healthy boy would have done, in after years I recognized the value of the training I had received in that little store.

At the end of the second year of my apprenticeship I was placed in charge of the book-keeping department, and so thorough and painstaking was my employer as my teacher, that in the third year I was competent to become book-keeper for a local retail clothier during Sundays and in my spare hours. As compensation for this I received a ready made suit of clothes for a year of work.

II

*"The world is a great book of which they
that never stir from home, read only a page"*

ST. AUGUSTINE

SOON after midnight, June 9, 1928, following a hearty Godspeed from our children, relatives and friends, our cabin filled with flowers, Mrs. Bernheim and I, accompanied by Mr. Paul, my secretary, sailed on the S. S. Columbus from New York for Germany. From the moment of departure the weather was ideal, and all elements combined to make the voyage a delightful one.

As the steamer drew slowly to her anchorage at Bremerhaven, however, the air was cold, and a driving rain beat upon us as we were transferred from the tender to the quay. The tedious disembarkation was extremely trying to our nerves, for we were anxious to put foot once more on solid ground. Nevertheless, tired though we were by the long waiting and the fatigue incident to the irritating landing formalities and custom procedure, all unpleasant feelings were dissipated immediately we had begun our journey to Bremen.

Once settled comfortably on the cushions of a spacious "Erste Klasse" we relaxed. As the boat special drew out of the long train-sheds, and we looked about us, we could not but feel that had we never visited Germany before, but

had been transported blindfolded and then released in the train compartment alone, there would have been no difficulty in recognizing the countryside as Germany. The orderly arrangement of the dockside buildings, the neat streets, even the railroad sidings, the roadbed carefully ballasted and scrupulously free from weeds, spoke of the characteristics of the German people, system and cleanliness.

Even in the short ride from Bremerhaven to Bremen there was sufficient to bring back the sensation of being on my old home soil, and a warm feeling of kinship for the workmen and women in the streets below glowed in my heart.

We had taken the precaution to make reservations from the steamer for accommodations at Hillmans Hotel, in Bremen, for a rest of a few days before proceeding to Baden Baden. In a short time our land legs were regained, and amidst the comfort of the beautifully appointed hotel we enjoyed real German hospitality.

The usual quiet and customary reserve of the hotel was broken by a slight diversion, for Captain Hoehenfeld, Lieutenant Koehne and Major Fitzmaurice, the two German airmen, who, with their Irish companion, had returned on the Columbus after their successful flight across the Atlantic ocean, were guests of the hotel. All day, delegations, admiring countrymen, and the merely curious, thronged the re-

ception rooms, and surged around the entrance like waves dashing over rocks at the sea shore. The enthusiasm of the Bremeners, as evidenced by the fervour of the "Hoch Hochs", increased from hour to hour, and only the arrival of the mounted police who formed a cordon of automobiles around the hotel, prevented the crowd from taking Hillmans by storm.

We spent two or three days very pleasantly in Bremen enjoying the quaintness of the old town, and then boarded the day train for Baden Baden. It is a ten-hour journey by express, and as the beautiful country rolled by we were continually enchanted and entertained by the varying types of people seen, and the many places of interest passed through. Our trip was broken by a short wait at Frankfort where we changed to the Basle express, and soon we were alighting at the little town of Oos whence a short branch line landed us in Baden Baden.

The Hotel Stephanie concierge was at the station to meet us, and without worrying about baggage or being annoyed by those details of travel that sometimes make the most experienced voyager wish he had stayed at home, we were quickly taken to our hotel where Herr Brenner, the proprietor, was awaiting us. All was in readiness for us, and once ensconced in a beautiful suite of rooms overlooking the Lichtentaler Allee, all thoughts of the long journey

from New York disappeared, and the rippling of the little river Oos outside our balcony seemed alone sufficiently well worth the effort.

The next day, June 21st my wife celebrated her 68th birthday. Gifts from her daughters surreptitiously brought with me, a little surprise dinner, and letters and cablegrams from home gave her enjoyment on her anniversary. In the afternoon I took her on a short tour of the town and showed her many of the famous landmarks. As we drove up the gentle hills along winding roads, vistas of almost unimaginable beauty opened to our view. At every turn we came to realize that Baden Baden certainly lived up to its reputation. Always a favorite with European nobility, ever since their forefathers discovered the health giving springs which abound, the town, like all German municipalities, is immaculately clean, and everywhere there are flowers. There are enough amusements for the vigorous and the pleasure seeking tourist, and plenty of quiet for those who wish it.

We spent our days enjoying the shade of the beautiful walks, visiting the concert room in the new Kurhaus, or listening to the orchestra in the Garden. In the afternoon we could sit at one of the small tables under the gaily colored umbrellas and marvel at the intricacies of the tango. The groups of people, of every type and

of most nationalities, enjoying their refreshments under the trees or on the terrace of the Kurhaus never failed to be of interest.

Baden Baden is one of the oldest watering places in Europe. Eighteen hundred years ago the Emperor Hadrian had built a bath house there, yet it possesses an immortal youth, and cannot fail to impress even the most blasé traveller as a place that for natural beauty has no rivals. There are dozens of hot springs. How fascinating it is to watch the water bubble out. The great Frederick Spring is the largest of them all, and here one may see the pretty flax-haired maids bringing their large pails to the spring to get the boiling water.

The town itself, nestling in the valley surrounded as it is by lute-shaped hills, each one with its ruined tower, a reminder of the Margraves, is a delight. The winding hilly roads, the water ways that twist and turn in and out of the streets, the terraced walls, the gardens, the multitudinous baskets of hanging flowers add to the picturesqueness. As we walked along the narrow byways seeking shade from the July sun our interest was arrested frequently by works of art and other treasures reposing retiringly in the small shop windows. It is the sort of place that one dreams of existing only on a picture postcard.

But in a wider and more intimate sense, the

section and vicinity of Baden Baden was to me my boyhood home. The Schwartzwald, its hillsides densely wooded with aromatic pines, the well kept roads intersected by shady trails, the vineyards on the sunny slopes and the meadows and wheatfields in the valleys brought back memories of the long ago. Nature eternally beautiful, man the football of every whim of Destiny!

Thus, on my last visit in nineteen hundred and twelve I had seen the country at its best. Then contentment and prosperity pervaded all classes, today depression and a genteel poverty were visible on every corner. The sight depressed me greatly and robbed me at the beginning of the joy nearly always felt by the tourist who has travelled long distances to reach an anxiously longed for goal.

III

MID SCENES *of* CHILDHOOD

*"The whitewashed wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door"*

GOLDSMITH

I HAD selected Baden Baden as our headquarters, for from there splendid automobile roads reached every community with which I was familiar, and which were closely associated with my boyhood, including Schmieheim. A ride of two hours by motor car would take me to all the communities I wished to visit. But it was to the village where I was born that I had crossed the ocean, responding to that call back to the home of my childhood.

I wonder if many men visiting their youthful homes have suffered the shock I had when I entered Schmieheim? The world war had taken its toll of people and left its grim mark on the village. The change to me was startling and sad. In place of the trim homes and neat streets, in place of the happy and contented citizens, I found streets uncleaned, houses neglected, many of them tenantless, with their shutters tightly closed, and the residents disheartened.

I had last visited my birthplace in 1912—sixteen years before—but on entering, the village itself had so little altered that I had not the

slightest difficulty in going directly to the house where I was born. The house, since my family left for Freiburg, had passed through many ownerships, and now was occupied by a good woman who maintained it in the scrupulous cleanliness of my boyhood.

As I stepped over the threshold upon invitation of the woman—what memories flashed through my mind! It was in this room and from that very beam in the ceiling that my mother hung the first coal oil lamp to be used in the village. I well remember the marvel of its brilliancy to our childish eyes, accustomed as we were to candle light. Every nook and every cranny had its memories for me.

While I was asking questions and recounting incidents of the long ago, news of my presence had spread, and looking out of the window I saw a group of men and women assembled in the yard. They had come to welcome me, and I joined them. As I singled out the ones whom I had met on my previous visit, I was overjoyed that they could answer the many questions that I asked them. The fate of friends,—alas, the deaths,—the condition of affairs, were queries that sprang to my lips. More and more as one told the tale, and others came forward to amplify and add their word, the more distressing it became to hear of the sad lot that had befallen so many. How many good and honest people

through no fault of their own had been reduced to penury by the world war. Only the middle aged and the very young were left. An entire generation of youth had disappeared, whilst the privations of the war years had been the death of the older residents. Few indeed remained who had reached their allotted three score years and ten.

Although Schmieheim was no longer the spruce, prosperous village it once had been, and despite the broken tiles of the roofs, patched houses with water stained walls, the unpaved streets and generally dejected appearance, the interior of the homes of even the humblest spoke of care, diligence and economy, and cleanliness. Their poverty may have cut deep into their bodies, but their souls were untouched and there was no trace of that debasement which acute poverty so frequently brings in its train.

My first objective, after satisfying the curiosity of so many of the people, was to visit the Jewish cemetery. In this ancient graveyard, my father, my sisters, and my brothers who died in their childhood, are in their last resting places. I stood on this hallowed ground, with bowed head. My father died January 9, 1856, in his forty-eighth year, leaving my sainted mother with four children of whom, I, the oldest, had just finished my seventh year.

The Jewish community, a mere remnant of

that body of citizens who in former days were really the life and blood of the village, had dwindled away through lack of trade, and by emigration, until the congregation of the Synagogue numbered a bare thirty families. It had been sad enough to listen to the stories of their hardships as individuals, but what seemed to me even more distressing was that their collective spirit of hope and enterprise was broken. They expressed little faith in the future, and could see but faint light on the horizon.

It has always been my theory of life that the able bodied, the young and the middle aged can fend for themselves under even the most adverse circumstances. The giving of alms and indiscriminating charity which destroys the self respect of the recipient never appealed to me, but I could not help being touched by the plight of the young children, orphans, and the aged.

As I listened during my visits to all the stories of misfortune, saw the humble homes, and the lack of comforts, my mind turned to those of my co-religionists who would find it impossible to support themselves. I enquired how the children were taken care of, the manner of maintaining the orphans, the aged and the afflicted. I was told that previous to the last war there had always been sufficient funds to maintain a "Waisenverein", and there was also a

Home for the Aged in the town of Gailingen. The years of the war, followed by the destruction of the Mark, had taken away all the resources of these two benevolent agencies, and left them poverty stricken, without the means to carry on. Throughout the village, as I walked about revisiting familiar scenes, and talking with the men and women, it became apparent to me that here was a body of my own people, still staunch to their faith, isolated from the world, and slowly dying of inanition.

Public spirit, as understood by us in America, is almost an unknown quantity in Germany, as it is in fact, throughout Europe. Do not understand me to say that philanthropists do not exist. They unquestionably do, but it must be conceded that according to our conception their standard is far below ours. The municipalities take the place of the European philanthropist. Parks, theatres, hospitals, schools, zoological gardens and all similar enterprises contributing to the intellectual, physical or artistic life of the people are supported entirely by a system of taxation.

The expression of my readiness to do something for the public good of Schmieheim was joyfully received by Jew and Gentile. My friend, Dr. Kassewitz, of Freiburg, a lawyer of distinction and proven capacity, represented me in the negotiations with the Burgomaster of the

local council. The town needed many things, but it was finally decided that a modern water works system would fill the most urgent need. My contribution enabled the village to secure a pure and ample supply of water.

Schmieheim possesses a landmark, the "Schloss" or Castle, an architectural abomination of no value, at one time the property of an impoverished noble family who disappeared from the scene some centuries ago. It is now owned by the municipality, but in my childhood days it served the dual place of a public school and residence of the Rabbi. I looked it over from cellar to garret, a mere shell, and a roost of bats and owls. The two acres surrounding it were a pasture for a few goats of poor people, but the two great sycamores, objects of adoration of my boyhood, still stood, silent witnesses to the departed glory of the vicinity.

The old castle and its environs attracted me, and I was impressed by its possibilities. The ground within its walls could be made into a park for the old and a playground for the children. The ruin could be converted into a social center for the villagers and an attraction for all the neighborhood. This would put a touch of modern life into the community. The idea appealed to me and might have been carried out had I not been informed by the "Obrigkeit" that in Germany ruins must remain ruins. The

restoration, if undertaken, would depend on the permission of the Government. My time was too limited for such negotiations, and the plan was reluctantly abandoned.

The one other outstanding architectural feature of the village is the Lutheran Church. Its dedication occurred when I was a youngster, but I can remember what a big event that was for every man, woman and child in the community. The ceremony is vivid in my mind as if it had taken place but yesterday.

The Synagogue in my childhood appeared like a skyscraper to me. On one of my previous visits its rundown and neglected condition was called to my attention by the president of the Congregation. My brother and I had it renovated and repaired under the direction of a competent architect of Freiburg. It stands today the one building of the entire village unaffected by the air of decay and neglect of its surroundings.

As on former visits, and, again on the one of which I am writing, I strolled about the town. Every foot was familiar territory to me. Here was the home of one of my school friends, nearby, the homes of several of my aunts and uncles, and not far away the residence of my grandfather. There, still stands the old brewery where I had my first taste of beer, and which today is the only live industry in the village.

Its product has a good reputation and is distributed by motor trucks to the neighboring towns.

There is a strong streak of sentiment in my nature. The memories of bygone days, the ever present fact that there remained not one living person in the village with whom I played or knew in boyhood; that even many of those whom I had met on my visit in 1912, had moved away or died, that there was not one with whom I could talk and who could talk with me of the olden days, became exceedingly depressing. Truly it seemed to me that I had "lived to be, the last leaf on the tree", and it was with a sense of sadness that I left the town.

IV

"Giving is true having"

I HAVE written of some of my contributions to public welfare in Germany, contributions, I am glad to say, that have not only been appreciated, but which have been of material benefit to those whom I sought to aid. Truth compels me to admit that charity in its generally accepted sense never has been one of my strong points. Charity is often misplaced, and fails to accomplish the good anticipated by the donors.

For years it had been my custom to support on a modest scale two charitable institutions in the

then Grand Duchy of Baden. I am referring to the "Landesverein zur Erziehung Israelitischer Waisen", or Orphan Society, and the "Friedrichsheim für Israelische Sieche und arme Greise", "The Old Folks Home for Israelites", at Gailingen. At the close of the World War, when hunger, deprivation and poverty stalked throughout Germany, the appeal for funds to continue their work became increasingly urgent, and my contributions correspondingly larger. During my recent visit I found on personal investigation that both institutions filled ably and creditably their spheres of usefulness.

I motored from Baden Baden to Bruchsal, which is the seat of the Directorate of the Orphan Society. There I had a conference with Herr Jacob Oppenheimer, a charitably minded business man, in whose hands the affairs of the Waisenverein are placed. He told me that the care of the Jewish orphans and fatherless children was under the control of the "Society for the Care and Education of Orphans of the Jewish Faith in Baden". The system of maintenance adopted by them is modern, and compares favorably with those used in other progressive communities. The children, instead of being housed in an orphanage, are boarded with good families where they can have the benefit from wholesome home influence.

Their funds were almost depleted at the time

of my visit, and as a result of my conference with Herr Oppenheimer I offered him a sufficient sum to materially increase its capacity. A recent report from the Director brought me the gratifying assurance that the number of orphans taken care of by the Society has measurably increased.

Gailingen is the seat of the "Old Folks Home for the Aged and Infirm". It is a small and unimportant town in the southeastern corner of Baden, near the Bodensee, and in the neighborhood of Ludwigshaven, the home of the German Zeppelin industry. To reach the town by motor from Baden Baden would require five hours. Lack of time and the prevailing high temperatures prevented a personal inspection of the institution.

Dr. Sigmund Kasewitz has served as its president for many years, and, as previously stated, he is a most estimable and trustworthy man, standing high in the community as a practising attorney. At a meeting in Freiburg, and later at one in Baden Baden attended by a member of the Board, I convinced myself from submitted printed reports extending over a considerable number of years, that its activities covered every urgent need among my poor co-religionists, and that the affairs of the Old Folks Home were well managed and carried on ably and creditably. I donated the amount necessary to

cover the cost of construction of a new wing, which has now been completed and which has doubled the capacity.

As the summer days passed Mrs. Bernheim and I spent delightful hours travelling the countryside to places of beauty and of interest, but ever was I drawn back to the little town of Schmieheim. I felt a need to linger among the men of the village, men whose lives, restricted and yet content in many ways, would have been my own if chance had not removed me to other spheres. There was a tenderness in the cool depths of the Synagogue, and when I visited it I was touched to see the gratitude of the congregation expressed on a tablet thanking my brother and me for making possible the repairs needed so badly when I was in Schmieheim in the year 1910.

V

BERLIN AND HOME

*"Pleasure is the flower that fades,
remembrance is the lasting perfume"*

BOUFFLERS

THE reader may possibly have wondered why when I had felt the call back to my childhood home in Germany in the fall of 1927, I had delayed my departure until June, 1928. Perhaps I should explain that whilst commercial engagements and other personal affairs demanded much of my time, and prevented an immediate answer to the summons in my heart, I was also an accredited delegate to the World Conference of Progressive Judaism in Berlin to be held August 18-21, of that year. I realized that even if I could have left at once, my age precluded two trips to Germany within so short a time.

The days spent in Baden Baden passed rapidly, and finally the time allotted for quiet and rest in that beautiful resort came to an end. After a short visit to Switzerland and a week spent in Paris, we arrived in Berlin on August 12.

Reform Judaism has always been close to my heart, and it was my earnest desire to bring to the conference some suggestions emphasizing the necessity for granting the Jewish Layman

a voice in the Councils now largely controlled by the Rabbinate. I felt this was the urgent need of Judaism of today, if the reactionaries, who of recent years had proved a preponderating influence, were to be defeated.

The preliminary meetings were held on Saturday and Sunday, the speeches were made almost exclusively by rabbis, and were of a technical, or rather, theological nature. The living issues of Reform Judaism were seemingly neglected by them. The following Monday was reserved for the discussion of the papers read on the preceding days, and at the morning session I was the first one called upon to speak.

As I mounted the platform and looked over the audience of my co-religionists, with the words of the rabbis and professional religionists ringing in my ears, I felt a great desire to deliver my message and arouse in my hearers an appreciation of the dangers with which Liberal Judaism was threatened. The reception I received was well nigh unbelievable. I had scarcely read the introductory ideas of my subject when it became painfully evident to me that the tenor of my remarks was not to the liking of my hearers, nor to the powers in control. They took quick opportunity to call me to order, and by a subterfuge prevented me from delivering the remainder of my message.

Their storm of protest rose hostilely against

me, and as I listened to their cries of "Nein, Nein" when the Chair appealed to their sporting instincts to give me a further hearing, the word "Progressive" used in the title of the conference seemed to me somewhat inappropriate. The thoughts and sentiments expressed by a majority of the speakers at the various sessions may have been considered progressive in Eastern Europe or in Asia Minor, but could hardly be thought of as such when compared with the standards of liberalism reached in America.

Our German co-religionists evidently have not learned as yet that the man who in sincerity and knowledge criticizes or dissents from some well established institution, idea, or cause, is as much entitled to that dissent as his fellow who defends what he condemns. It is a hard lesson for public opinion in a democracy to learn. There were, however, a few bright lights to relieve the gloom, chief of whom was Rabbi Doctor Lehman, of Berlin; but taken as a whole there appeared to be a sense of frustration and recession among these European members of my religion.

The weather, which throughout the entire time we spent in Germany had been exemplary, continued to be delightful. This enabled us to enjoy the remainder of our stay in Berlin to the fullest.

On the twenty-fifth of August, once more on board the friendly Columbus, we sailed for home. Another perfect sea trip, the ocean as calm as a mill pond, and we were in New York. After the usual annoying formalities with the Customs, we were glad to put foot on land, saying, "Home once more, back in God's own country, after all the best place to be". My son, Palmer, and his wife were at the pier to meet us, and quickly escorted us to our hotel, whence after a few days rest we returned to our summer home in Denver.

Schmieheim, den 5. November 1929.

Sehr geehrter Herr Bernheim!

Sie waren so hochherzig und vermachten unserer Gemeinde, als Andenken an Ihren Geburtsort, eine Schenkung von 50,000 M. zum Bau einer Wasserversorgung.

Sie haben uns dadurch die größte Wohltat erwiesen, denn ohne Ihre Stiftung wäre es unserer, leider armen Gemeinde nie möglich gewesen eine Wasserleitung zu erstellen, fällt es doch ohne dies vielen Familien recht schwer, für die jährlichen Kosten aufzukommen, welche zum größten Teil durch die hohe Verzinsung unseres jetzigen Schuldkapitals entstehen.

Namens des Gemeinderats spreche ich Ihnen unsern tiefgefühlten Dank aus, und wir bringen diesen Dank damit zum Ausdruck, daß wir Sie zum Ehrenbürger ernannt haben, und geht die Urkunde mit diesem Schreiben an Sie ab.

Gleichzeitig hat der Gemeinderat beschlossen Ihren Namen dadurch zu verewigen, daß wir an geeigneter Stelle einen Brunnen erstellen lassen aus Stein, mit Ihrem Namen.

Es wäre für uns alle eine große Freude, wenn wir unsern Wohltäter und jetzigen Ehrenbürger hier noch einmal persönlich sehen und begrüßen könnten, und dem Manne die Hand drücken der es durch Energie und Klugheit zu so großem Vermögen und Ansehen gebracht hat, wie noch nie einer aus unserm Ort.

Mit dem Wunsche daß es Ihnen vergönnt sein möge sich noch recht viele Jahre Ihres segensreichen Lebens zu erfreuen, und mit nochmaligem Danke,

Grüßt Sie hochachtungsvoll und ergebenst

Namens des Gemeinderats:

S ä b e r l e, Bürgermeister.

ADDRESS

Delivered Before the Conference of THE WORLD UNION FOR PROGRESSIVE JUDAISM

August 18-21, 1928, Berlin

I DO not possess the academic discipline which some of you enjoy, neither am I learned in the law, nor informed accurately in the historic development of our faith, but as a layman and humble worker I have in a rather active life observed many phases of our religious progress. I owe my inspiration to my two sainted teachers in Israel, Dr. Adolph Moses, of Louisville, Ky., and Dr. Isaac M. Wise of Cincinnati, Ohio, the incomparable leaders of American Reform Israel. Their personalities and teachings formed me, and to this day, although both of them have been gathered to their fathers, their spirit still dominates my thinking and my being.

If I were to estimate the value of their contribution to our thought succinctly, I would say that both of them stressed the universality of the religion of Israel. Under the sway of social, economic and political influences of their day, they came to the conclusion that the universal element in our religion must be recalled

from the mass of customs, ceremonials and mediaeval influences which threatened many a time wholly to submerge the finest product of its genius. This product was, undoubtedly, the prophetic element in our religion. And by prophetic, I do not, of course, intend to convey the notion of prediction, but rather the idea of consecration under the hand of God to the fundamental principles of Israel's faith.

The religion of Israel, as I have been taught, was primarily a practical faith, an attempt to adjust the present to certain imperishable ideals of justice, mercy and humble trust in Divine Providence. There was, of course, needed, as always there will be, organization, authority, special days set aside for religious meditation, certain unique ways of expressing its thought, all of which have been incorporated in our ritual and in our life.

I have no quarrel with any of these as long as they express the truth, as interpreted by far-seeing and religious men who live in the present and have an eye to the future. I am not pleading for a meaningless universalism, but I am emphasizing the need for always keeping in the foreground the moral and spiritual purpose of our life. This has been expressed to a measurable degree in the Reform Movement of American Israelites. I am aware that even in this branch there has not been uniformity. Nor

is that desirable. Some of us are more attached to ancient ways than are others. Some of us are living in an environment in which the past has more direct influence upon us—than it has in other sections of the world. But, we are all united in this one, definite idea: “Our faith must cease to be a tribal religion”. This must be accepted, at least in its underlying principle, by any people who wish to subject themselves to its beneficent sway.

A number of conclusions issue from this thesis, chief of these is the doctrine that we are not a nation and that we are determined not to isolate ourselves in Palestine. We are utterly opposed and will never willingly or otherwise subscribe to Israel’s identification with a national policy or culture, nor will we recognize in any form a flag or national hymn other than the ones in the land in which we live. We shall never allow any man or set of men to lead us astray by sentimental and transient humanitarian appeals, to endorse a movement like Political Zionism, which gives the lie to all the preachings of our Prophets and to historical movements within the last two thousand years.

A limited number of our leaders, for one reason or another, have been tempted to compromise with this. It is high time to let the world know that we Liberal Reform Israelites

insist that our faith is not merely one of the by-products of our people, but that it is the heart, the nucleus and the reason for our existence now and forever. It appears to me that this international organization of our liberal brethren is obligated once more to take this definite stand. On this we can all unite, and with this inscribed on our banner, we can move forward.

Let me not be misunderstood as one who has no sympathy with those of our co-religionists who can find no other refuge but in Palestine. We are eager and willing to lend our aid to any colonization movement which has for its aim their settlement in Palestine. We cherish the historic associations that bind us to that classic land. We revere the idealistic motives that have brought many of our people there. But we are unalterably opposed, let it be said again, to the institution of a Judaic Political State, in this or any other land.

With the theological reconstruction of the faith of Israel on a liberal basis, I have at present, no concern. As a layman I am primarily interested in the practical issues. And, the purpose of my coming here is to place before you the formulation of a great need. Reform or Liberal Israel received its impetus from a layman, Israel Jacobson, and it may be remembered with profit that another layman, Moses

Mendlesohn, prepared the way for its introduction into our larger life. But, as frequently happens, leadership in this has gotten into the hands of professionals, namely, the Rabbinate. This is not said in derogation of our Rabbis, practically all of whom have been earnest, devoted men. But I say this in chastisement of our laity, who have allowed themselves to become merely passive listeners and followers. No movement can prosper unless it has backing, and the co-operation of the great mass, and we laymen have been remiss in that we have yielded to those men that active participation which a successful movement demands.

My particular suggestion is that now is the time to inaugurate a lay organization of our liberal Reform Co-religionists the world over, which will enthusiastically further our cause. The details of its organization I leave to this assembly.

It is not to be understood in any sense as an opposition party, nor as a desire to capture leadership, but in all humility to demonstrate that thousands upon thousands of Israelites have caught the spirit of our liberal thought and wish to enroll themselves in this high and noble cause.

This proposed organization of laymen is, after all, not a new and untried thing. In America we already have a number of federations of

Men's Clubs, which despite their youth, have accomplished some very significant things. They have, first of all, made the layman feel that he is an integral part of the working consciousness of Israel. He participates in congregational affairs, plans for the furtherance of its aims, and assumes its religious obligations and responsibilities. Practically it has resulted in increased devotion to the Synagogue, in more frequent and devout attendance upon its services, and a wholesome identification with everything that is best in our religious organization. It has created and maintained scholarships, both in our Theological Seminaries and in other institutions of learning. The organization has been the right hand of the rabbi, and I doubt not in the coming years will further multiply its usefulness. What is needed now is an extension of this principle to the end that a world-wide Lay Organization be effected. Its first duties, especially in those lands in which the reform spirit has not yet achieved organization, will be to found movements expressive of our liberal ideas. Surely, in many places on the European Continent there must be numerous men and women who are either merely nominally members of the existing Orthodox or Conservative Congregations, or they are entirely unaffiliated with a religious group. Their excuse has always been that they are not in sympathy with

orthodoxy as it is presented to them, but they would ally themselves with a movement that was more authentically expressive of their own liberal views.

If we leave this entirely to the rabbis, not only will the progress of our cause be delayed but the movement itself may come under suspicion. The rabbis unaided cannot effect this change. We must give them an instrument whereby they may come to these unaffiliated, with the assurance that there is a great tide of opinion and belief sweeping in their direction. Perhaps one of the justifiable accusations levelled at our Reform Movement is this passivity of ours. The orthodox have again and again indulged themselves in their little jest that we call ourselves "par excellence" the missionary faith, but that we do no missionary work even among our own who need it most. If we have the courage of our convictions we should spread the good tidings among all our people who have grown dissatisfied with what seems to them dead formalism and an inert faith. The mechanism for this should be easily established. We need a thorough realization of its necessity by those of us who are here, the vanguard of the Liberal Movement.

This International Laymen's League, if organized, ought to provide a link between the fine body of teaching bequeathed to us by our

rabbis and the great masses of laymen and women who are eager to receive it. I have heard, over and over again, statements to the effect that we must acquaint our people with the vast resources of our great literature, that we must establish on a firmer footing, our religious education, that we must teach our people its truths and to apply them to their daily life. Let this league be the practical instrument for the work.

Then, too, it is high time to put responsibility where it belongs. If there is any truth established by modern teachers, it is this, that the people cannot learn except through responsibility. The rabbis have long enough shouldered the burden. It is time to put a stop to the mockery of a religious life or ritual expressed largely through the rabbis. We laymen should be glad to assume this responsibility. One of the reasons for the cynicism current in our ranks has been that religious duties have not been brought home to the laity with sufficient force. No one can be a cynic when actively engaged in any humanitarian or religious task. Our young men and our young women, to whom the Synagogue has been a mausoleum, visited only in a rare mood of pious devotion to the past, will get a new view of our faith and our ideals. They will realize that ours is a religion of deed and aspiration, and that it is the duty of all born

into the faith to carry on this noblest of all work.

Let us not also forget that ours is a democratic faith. Before the days of the high tide of industrialism, Israel, its teachings and its practices, was in the possession of all the people. As a consequence of the intense specialization of our day, it has been remanded largely to our rabbis. We must again capture this democratic mood. I have the profoundest conviction that when our progressive faith is popularized and democratized, there will be new access of energy streaming into our ranks. Its beauties will be made clear to them, and they will, like the Children of Israel at the foot of Mt. Sinai, again exclaim, "We have heard and we will do".

The future does not seem dark to me. In Christian circles there is a Youth Movement, in which there has been a revaluation of current doctrines and dogmas. As far as I can see, these young people are earnest and sincere. They insist upon creating and assuming the responsibility for their own faith. Why can we not have a similar piece of work among our own youth? We have at least this advantage, that ours is a rational religion, that we are not afraid to subject its tenets to the most careful scientific scrutiny, that our code of ethics has been adopted by the civilized world as the most respectable and fundamental of all moral principles. But, there

must be an end to Defeatism, of which the Political Zionist is the foremost sponsor.

We do not believe that national chauvinism will continue to grow. We do not believe that prejudice against us will constantly increase. We do not believe that history will move backward, and that Israelites will find peace only in their exclusive environment. We must be willing to stake our cause on this hope which our own prophets have so comprehensively expressed. Our God is the God of all nations, our cause is the cause of all humanity, our faith may be accepted by all individuals who have found their way out of the morass of superstition and formalism into the broad plains and up the steep mountain sides of universalism.

A MEMORIAL OF LOVE

*"Let me dream, that love goes
with us to the shores unknown"*

MRS. HEMANS

IN the twilight of life man realizes that the shadows are growing deeper. It is a period that cannot be sensed by those younger than himself. The passing day but signifies the end of another swing of the pendulum whose swift and unrelenting tempo marks the flight of time, and draws him nearer, ever nearer, to the door of the Unknown.

I am remindful that birthdays are but stepping stones to the inevitable end, but I believe that on the eve of my seventy-eighth birthday this realization came to me more forcibly than ever before, or since. As the natal day approached I made arrangements for its observance, for such an anniversary should be an occasion for memories, a time to be surrounded by one's own children, grandchildren and intimate friends, and to visit long familiar scenes.

November 4, 1926, marked my arrival at my seventy-eighth milestone. I journeyed to Cincinnati to pass the day quietly, for the preceding years had been full of sorrow for me, and there I could be with my family. I planned,

also, at this time to dedicate a memorial to my wife.

On the morning of the following day—November 5th,—my family and I travelled in a private car over the Louisville and Nashville Railway from Cincinnati to Louisville to hold in Cave Hill Cemetery the ceremony long planned by me, the unveiling of the statue “Let There Be Light” which I had erected above my wife’s last resting place.

The day was not propitious. The Indian Summer, for which Kentucky is famous, that year had been early, and of but short duration. It had given place to cold, damp and dreary weather. The rain which had threatened from early morning had not fallen, but the moisture in the air was forming a slight drizzle which caused the stripped and leafless trees to drip dampness from bole and branch.

What my thoughts were as I stood there, alone, on the ground hallowed by memories of my loved companion, and some day to receive my own earthly remains, none will ever know. For a few moments I faltered, but whatever emotions surged within me, I was able to suppress. I summoned all my will power, and standing erect, faced my descendants. I spoke slowly as I delivered my dedicatory address, a tribute to my wife, and to my sons and brother who had gone into the Beyond. Then I spoke a



"LET THERE BE LIGHT"
BY
GEORGE GRAY BERNARD
LOUISVILLE, KY.

few frank words to those around me, speaking from the heart to my remaining children.

As I ceased, the veil enshrouding the statue, released by my granddaughter, Miss Jane Rauh, floated down to reveal the upraised arms of the beautiful figure, inspiringly patient, awaiting through the ages past and to come the fruition of the Creator's edict, "Let There Be Light". With the reading of a few Psalms selected for their beauty and familiarity, the ceremony ended.

Then the shadows seemed to deepen around me, the day more gloomy and the wind more mournful through the trees. The floodgates of memory opened and the days that were gone never to return poured through my brain and into my heart with a weight that seemed more than I could bear. My family and friends appreciated my feelings. Sadly and compassionately they gazed upon me as I leaned against the base of the memorial to her who had fought by my side the struggles and shared the joys. Then they quietly stepped away, entered their cars and left me, as I longed to be—alone.

ADDRESS

Delivered at the Dedication of the CAVE HILL MONUMENT

November 5, 1926

IN the early hours of December 9, 1922, nearly four years ago, a blow fell from which I have to this day but faintly recovered. My good, unforgettable wife, your dear mother and grandmother, was called away in her sixty-eighth year, after a happy union extending over forty-eight years.

Less than a year thereafter, on November 14, 1923, my oldest son, Lee, was called in his forty-ninth year. His was a rugged nature. A Spartan in morality, a humanitarian of high ideals which would have found their fullest fruition had destiny accorded him a greater number of years.

On July 27, 1925, my brother, Bernard, who had worked alongside of me from boyhood on, passed away in his seventy-fifth year.

On May 8, 1926, I suffered the loss by death of my second oldest son, Morris, in the prime of his manhood, a good father, a model citizen, his life ended just as his work began to show the results he had so single mindedly and steadily labored for.

Sorrow, as storms bring down the clouds to earth, happily prove the instruments of cleansing and consolation. In the days of deep distress and severe heartaches I realized most gratefully that Fate had not been unkind to me, but that I had received favors above my deserts. I had been reasonably successful in my occupation. Honors were never sought nor popularity courted, yet I received a larger share than commonly comes into the life of an emigrant boy who seeks these shores with good intentions, but penniless.

It was a pleasure to accumulate wealth, but it gave me greater pleasure to share it, in part, in the community in which I lived, in the state which afforded me protection, in the nation whose citizenship I value as priceless, no less than in causes affecting my co-religionists, the stepchildren of the Ages.

I would be immodest were I to mention the causes, which at one time or another, received the benefit of my assistance. It was my privilege to provide liberally for my children and to enjoy the prospective satisfaction of rendering a similar service to the generation which is to follow them. To thus round out one's activity, in so far as it relates to one's earthly affairs, is indeed a privilege which comes to human beings only in isolated cases. To be singularly endowed with good health and to possess facul-

ties unimpaired is a God-given distinction enjoyed by but few men at the age of seventy-eight. For this I am devoutly grateful to a kind Providence.

I have now arrived at the last stage of my work, the dedication of this monument marking the last resting place of your dear Mother. It is the handiwork of one of America's most renowned sculptors, nobly expressing his conception of God's command at the creation of the world, "Let There Be Light". It illustrates in strikingly beautiful form the hope and aspiration of all civilizations.

Light is the symbol of truth, it is the great corrective. A thousand wrongs and abuses that are grown in darkness, disappear in the light of day. And thus, my dear ones, let the light of reason, of tolerance, of fairness, and the virtues of good citizenship guide you, and you need never be ashamed to look squarely into the faces of your fellow men.

I see in my mind's eye, at no distant day, a thin line of mourners following the coffin containing my earthly remains, to rest in the spot now consecrated by her who for so many years was my companion, and who shared my cares, worries and tribulations, no less than the pleasures of my busy life. To both of us came the blessings of a life rich in all its phases. We were happiest and most contented by our fire-

side. We will sleep in death united beneath this sod amid these serenely beautiful surroundings, a piece of Kentucky which she and I have loved so well, and wherein we had spent our lives and lived most happily.

I look forward to the great adventure, which now cannot be far off, with awe, but not with apprehension. I shall be sorry to part with my children, grandchildren, home and friends, but always I have stood at the bow looking forward with hopeful anticipation of the life before me. When the time comes for my embarkation, I think I shall be standing at the bow, and still looking forward with eager curiosity to the new world to which the unknown voyage will bring me.

Nothing is indestructible in this world. Even bronze, the metal of the greatest durability, must yield to the natural life of the universe, but let me express the wish, that while this lovely figure points appealingly heavenward it may well serve its purpose of Hope which is the mainspring of human action, the passport to the soul's true and lasting happiness.

IN HONOR OF KENTUCKY

"The sun shines bright in my old Kentucky home"

IN the course of an active business career I was frequently called to Washington, and on these occasions whenever I had the opportunity I would visit the public buildings and memorials. All my life an ardent admirer of sculpture, particularly of monumental art, I spent many hours in Statuary Hall where I enjoyed viewing the statues of those men deemed worthy by their States to represent them in the Hall of Fame.

Whilst walking under the rotunda of that historic building, a sense of humiliation overcame me to find that my own State—Kentucky—where I had lived for more than sixty years, and which I held in deep affection, was as yet unrepresented there although she had given many great and eminent men to America. The absence of statues of Kentuckians in the National Hall of Fame seemed to me the more regrettable as the greater number of the States had filled their allotted places. This implied a lack of pride on part of Kentucky citizens.

On my return to Louisville after one of my visits to Washington I decided to offer to the State of Kentucky the gift of bronze statues to represent two of Kentucky's most eminent citi-

zens to stand in positions of honor alongside those of the other States. At the next session of the Kentucky Legislature, Hon. Leon P. Lewis, one of the representatives from the Louisville district, made the formal offer of the gift before the assembled house on my behalf, and on March 16, 1926, the House of Representatives, with the Senate concurring, passed a resolution accepting my gift, and as an expression of its gratitude ordered that a copy of the resolution should be sent to me.

A commission consisting of the President of the University of Kentucky, the President of Berea College and the President of the University of Louisville was appointed and they proceeded promptly to ascertain through popular vote of the school children of the State which of the eminent men of Kentucky were to have the honor of representing their State. The children, conferring with their parents, were in this way able to reflect the opinion of the majority of the people in the State. As might have been predicted, Abraham Lincoln and Henry Clay were the first favorites. The third ranking highest was Doctor Ephraim McDowell, the famous surgeon. When the result of the voting was considered by the Commission, on April 22, 1927, in the Kentucky Hotel, Louisville, Ky., and in conjunction with the Art Commission in Washington, it was agreed that because of the



EPHRAIM McDOWELL
STATUARY HALL—NATIONAL CAPITOL
WASHINGTON, D. C.

numerous statues of Lincoln already erected in the Capital it would be more appropriate to select Henry Clay and Ephraim McDowell.

As soon as I was advised of the decision of the Statue Commission I sought for a sculptor of outstanding ability and prominence to execute the work. After extensive investigation and correspondence with many of the great artists of America, I finally selected Charles Henry Niehaus as the one whose work over many years had fitted him best for the task.

Mr. Niehaus, immediately the preliminary details were settled, commenced his work with enthusiasm. To obtain materials, portraits, sketches, masks, etc., of Henry Clay was an easy matter, for the great Pacificator had frequently been the subject of the painter's brush and the sculptor's chisel. The famous surgeon, on the other hand, apart from the local medical societies, and the place of his birth, had been comparatively neglected, and it became necessary for Mr. Niehaus to do considerable searching before he was able to secure sufficiently reliable representations of Doctor McDowell to enable him to model the figures.

By the spring of 1929 Mr. Niehaus had finished the statues to his satisfaction, and all was ready for their erection in Statuary Hall and their unveiling. The exercises were arranged for two-thirty in the afternoon of March 3,

1929. The Hon. H. H. Kincheloe, representative from Kentucky, kindly undertook the work of arranging the program, and secured the speakers necessary to make the function one of distinction.

The day was beautiful. There were assembled about four hundred Kentuckians in the Old House of Representatives. The statues veiled with American flags were in their permanent places of prominence. After the invocation given by Rev. James Shera Montgomery, chaplain of the House of Representatives, and "My Old Kentucky Home", sung by Mrs. Kincheloe, Professor Frank L. McVey, as chairman of the statue committee, gave an address. He spoke of the glorious careers of the two Kentuckians, of their gifts to humanity, one in the field of political ideas, the other in medicine. I was deeply touched that in concluding his remarks he spoke of the spirit in which I had been prompted to make the gift, and expressed in glowing words the appreciation of Kentucky.

The statues were then unveiled by my two granddaughters, Miss Ann Burnham and Miss Nancy Burnham. It was indeed a dramatic moment when the draped flags parted to disclose the beautiful statues, and the assembled Kentuckians broke into applause at the sight of the two dignified figures. After short addresses from the Kentucky senators, and musical selec-



HENRY CLAY
STATUARY HALL—NATIONAL CAPITOL
WASHINGTON, D. C.

tions by the United States Army Band, the colorful ceremony closed with a benediction.

JOINT HOUSE RESOLUTION

WHEREAS, Mr. Isaac W. Bernheim, for more than sixty years a resident of this commonwealth, has generously offered to donate to the State of Kentucky two statues of Kentucky's sons to be placed in Statuary Hall, Washington, and

WHEREAS, It is the desire of the legislature of Kentucky to accept with gratitude the offer so graciously made, therefore,

BE IT RESOLVED BY THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF KENTUCKY, THE SENATE CONCURRING:

First:—The offer of Mr. Isaac W. Bernheim to give on behalf of the State of Kentucky two statues to be placed in Statuary Hall in Washington, D. C., in accordance with the laws of the United States governing such statues, is hereby accepted with the thanks of this commonwealth.

Second:—A commission consisting of the President of the University of Kentucky, the President of the University of Louisville, and the President of Berea College, is hereby created, the duties of said commission to be to select after proper investigation those two persons who have been citizens of this common-

wealth, who shall best represent it in Statuary Hall, and name those persons as subjects of said statues, and said commission is further authorized to make the necessary arrangements for the formal gift of said statues to the United States and the acceptance thereof by the Congress of the United States, or the proper officials thereof.

Third:—This resolution, duly certified, shall be sent to Mr. Isaac W. Bernheim as a formal expression of the appreciation of the General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Kentucky of his generosity.

(Signed) CHAS. J. HOWES,
Chief Clerk of the House
of Representatives.

March 16, 1926.

MY EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY

*"What makes old age so sad is not
that our joys but that our hopes cease"*

RICHTER

EIGHTY years old! I thought those words over and over again in November, 1928, as the train bore Mrs. Bernheim and me from our summer home in Denver to Cincinnati. In retrospect I reviewed my life, realizing the struggles, the pleasures, the sorrows and the achievements that had been mine. I knew that in Cincinnati plans had been completed for the celebration on November fourth of my anniversary, that arrangements had been made for the reception that was planned, and that a banquet would follow.

It was with a mellowed heart that I looked forward to the meeting with my children and grandchildren, their husbands and wives, and my friends. At eighty years of age one will naturally take an inventory of one's life. There is an inclination to look placidly into the future, and to wonder if another birthday will be noted. I believe at this time one realizes with awe that the years to come will be very few. I know such thoughts were in my mind, but I can truthfully say that they were only passing with me. I was in the best of health, happy in heart, contented in mind. In a study of my life I felt with satis-

faction and without egotism that when the final end came I would count as one who had been faithful to the trust Providence had placed with me.

The journey from Denver to Cincinnati, however, was not all spent in personal review of my life, for more was I anticipating the reunion with those nearest and dearest to me. Upon arrival in Cincinnati I was greeted by members of my family and on reaching my hotel found that the thoughtfulness of my daughters had provided everything in readiness for me.

Words would be futile in an attempt to describe my feelings when Mrs. Bernheim and I on the morning of my birthday stepped into the drawing rooms reserved for the welcoming of friends.

From early in the morning, flowers, books, telegrams, letters had flowed in until it seemed that the rooms would be inundated. The floral flood continued until noon. Through the help of many willing hands some semblance of order was obtained, and by the afternoon the two reception rooms were banked with beautiful roses, chrysanthemums, carnations and lilies, converting them into veritable bowers.

It was amid these tokens of esteem and affection that among the first friends to arrive I received a delegation from the Union of American Hebrew Congregations. Mr. Charles Shohl,

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acting as chairman, presented a beautiful basket of flowers in appreciation of the services I had rendered both the Congregation and the Union. In speaking for his fellow delegates, Mr. Shohl said:

“We are here as a committee, appointed by Mr. Ludwig Vogelstein, Chairman of the Executive Board of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations, to tender you the congratulations of the Union on your eightieth birthday anniversary.

“You have reason to be proud and happy of your life’s record. From your early manhood you have not only been a leader in the commercial walks of life, but also a worthy citizen of the community in which you lived, a liberal supporter of every worthy charity and a man respected by all who knew you. In addition to our congratulations we want to express our appreciation for what you have been and what you have done for the Union of American Hebrew Congregations.

“Our present library building, donated by you, is an evidence of your extreme liberality, and as Vice-President of the Union and a member of its Executive Board, you have always shown a keen interest in and have been of great service to our cause.

“Although advanced in years, you still by the grace of God possess the full vigor of manhood.

“May many additional years be granted to you and may you live to enjoy in health

and happiness many anniversaries of your birthday surrounded by your dear ones and the many who respect and love you.

“May God guard and bless you, is our hope, our wish, our prayer”.

I was deeply touched by his words and the spirit in which the flowers were given to me. I responded feelingly and thanked the gentlemen for the honor paid me, and for their gift. Just as the members of the delegation were shaking hands with me, Dr. S. Oko, Librarian of the Hebrew Union College, joined the group to extend his personal congratulations. The presence of Dr. Oko; the warm friendliness of all the delegates from the Union, prompted me to announce that I would contribute \$25,000 to the building fund for the new library, the old one which I had given now being too small for the ever-increasing collection. This evidence of my further interest in the Union was the occasion for hearty applause. I smiled at the enthusiasm of my friends, and told them that I had considered Providence had been extremely kind to me, far beyond by deserts, and that I thought that although anniversaries were often celebrated by receiving gifts, I had decided that I would derive greater pleasure from giving something away. In making the promise of these funds to Dr. Oko I added my hopes for the continued success and usefulness of the library.

All afternoon friends thronged in to congratulate me and many were the happy reunions with associates whom I had not seen for many years.

That evening at seven-thirty, at the Losantiville Country Club, a sumptuous birthday dinner was held. I sat at the head of the board. Around the beautifully decorated table, sparkling with silver and glass reflecting the festive spirit of the occasion, were gathered my wife, my children and grandchildren, my sister and other members of the family. It was a proud moment for me as I looked upon my descendants, and I thought: "They are a fine looking lot".

Trained as I am to be guided by my head rather than by my heart, and to withstand sentiment, I could not resist a feeling of emotion and fulfillment at this moment, for in a measure this anniversary was the culmination of my career. I had long been thought of and recognized as a pioneer, and whilst I had created a business and built a fortune, the results of my life were now before me as a far greater achievement. I had become an ancestor, the head of a line, and had the rare satisfaction of seeing my scions worthy men and women, all ably taking their places in the world.

Throughout the dinner as occasion offered and conversation prompted, the guests rose to pay me eloquent tributes of affection and re-

spect, and very often my heart beat fast, and tears welled to my eyes in my deep appreciation of their commendation.

Dr. Bertram Bernheim, my son, acting as impromptu toastmaster, paid me the compliment of saying that he thought me the most interesting man he had ever known.

Mr. Lewis Cole, my nephew, who for years had been closely associated with me in business, expressed his debt of gratitude for the training and assistance I had given him and asserted that without me he could never have achieved the success that was his.

My only sister, Mrs. Sara W. Cole, reminded us all of our origins. She grew reminiscent and spoke of the childhood of ourselves, contrasting the simple life in a German village with the complex life in urban America today. She spoke of incidents dear to us both, things which had happened in those far away times that had become with the passage of years, but dim, fond memories.

Mrs. Bertram Bernheim, introducing a vein of humor, read a witty account of my activities, and cleverly wove into her speech references to many of my pet interests and hobbies.

Rabbi William Fineshriber was then called upon to offer a toast to my health. I think I can do no better than quote his words.

“This occasion is a very beautiful and rare opportunity to pay homage to a man who, by dint of his own unaided efforts, fought his way up in this country from peddler to successful man of affairs. I want to remind the children and grandchildren of Mr. Bernheim that they cannot conceive of the hardships that he had endured during the early years. It was this very hardship, probably, which toughened his moral fibre to such an extent that he was enabled to withstand the ravages of time and circumstance. Those experiences may have hardened him a bit, but looking back at it now over a period of many years, even his known severity has proved useful and salutary. Mr. Bernheim is an unusual blend of idealism and practicality. His feet have always been planted firmly on the ground, but his eyes have always been directed towards the heavens. It is very uncommon for a man circumstanced as he has been to devote so much of his valuable time to education, philanthropic and cultural efforts, but in all these things Mr. Bernheim has been pre-eminently useful. We can but hope that, despite his eighty years, Mr. Bernheim will enter upon a period of serene activity, and will become increasingly useful to his religion and his country.

“Essentially religious he has always been, and one of the outstanding characteristics of his personality, which is so rich and many sided, has been this devotion to religious life. He has always taken this re-

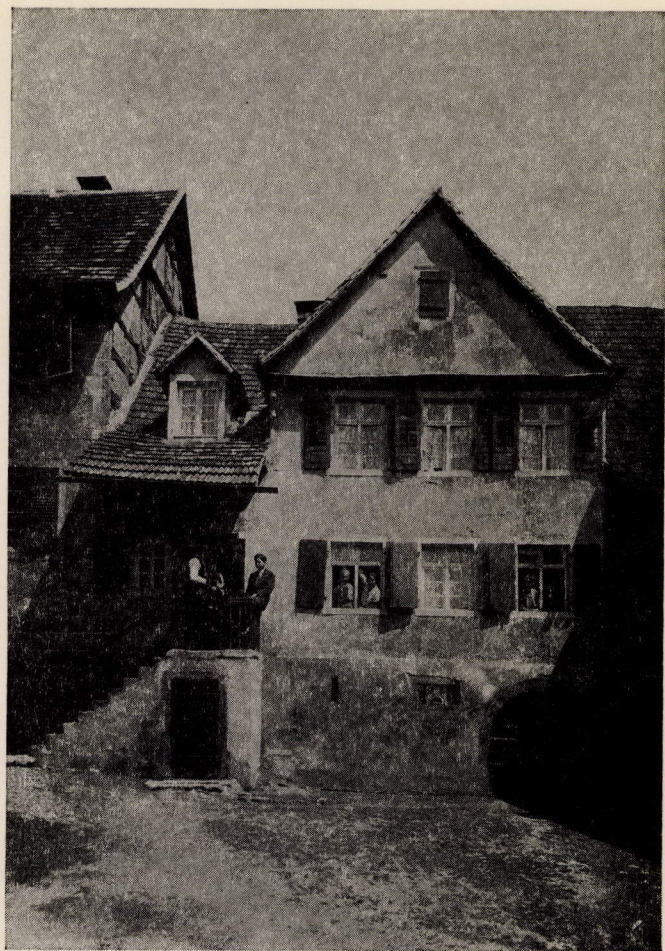
ligion seriously, and has fought a whole life-time against what he believed to be insincerity, cowardice, and the other vices that so frequently encumber religious organizations”.

Dr. Fineshriber then proposed a standing toast “in honor of the youthful octogenarian”.

As I stood responding to the toast I felt so vital, so full of energy, that I was encouraged to tell them all to hope that there would be many more anniversaries, each one as happy and as colorful as this one. Life still had its interest for me, and my heart was filled with gratitude as the assembled company prayed that I would have the strength to bring to completion the philanthropic objects so dear to me.

I then turned to my children and spoke frankly and sincerely to them. I told my guests that even though they had spoken of my youth and vitality, I was not deceiving myself. I felt strong and well, but I realized that I was eighty years old. I said in part:

“ ‘Bernheim Luck’ has become a maxim in my branch of the family, because on many occasions Providence seemed to be partial to me, and in its mysterious influence showed me the way not only to happiness and to success, but frequently prevented developments which would have led to disaster. Nothing convinces me more of God’s beneficent continued favor than the



THE HOUSE IN WHICH I WAS BORN—
AS IT APPEARED IN 1928
ON MY VISIT TO SCHMIEHEIM

fact that I am standing here in my eightieth year, still going strong and in possession of my faculties, somewhat dulled, but not seriously impaired.

“It is indeed a God-given privilege, one for which I thank Him daily. Let me confess, right here and now, I have not forgotten how to pray, and to receive spiritual strength through it today as I did in my early years.

“In periods of reflection, one wonders how the world will look fifty years hence, and here am I standing before you with a well defined personal knowledge of what the world did look like seventy and five years ago, and longer, because as a boy I was in intimate touch with men whose birth dated back to the latter part of the eighteenth century, say, almost one hundred and fifty years ago.

“I learned my lessons by the dim light of a candle, my parents owned the first coal oil lamp which was used in our village. It hung from a beam in the ceiling of our home in Schmieheim, spreading a light so brilliant as to astonish all of our neighbors. My grandfather on my father’s side, a hard-working abstemious man, lived through the period of the French Revolution and served, so it was reported, as a soldier under Napoleon the First.

“My father, half free man, half slave, was one of the largest taxpayers in Schmieheim, but he was not allowed to vote. He served in the army but was not allowed to

advance to the rank of corporal. And here I see before me a lot of people happy in the enjoyment of the privileges of a contented and comfortable life. Allow me once more to dwell on the fact that it was a kind Providence which directed me to these friendly shores where every man may sit under his own vine and fig tree, and no one to make him afraid.

“I, the pioneer, was instrumental in bringing about the transfer to America with money saved from my scant earnings, first my brother Bernard, and shortly thereafter my dear mother, and the remaining members of my family. I count these as evidence of a destiny formed and shaped by Providence.

“Later in my life I became a convert to the theory that every man who has met with material success must look upon himself as an investment of the community, and that it is his duty to declare such dividends in service, and in other things of value in return for the protection which he has received, and which enabled him to reach success.

“I am saying it in modesty, early in my life and long before I was looked upon as a man of wealth, to be concise, way back in eighteen hundred and eighty-four, during the flood in Paducah I was permitted to furnish coal to those who needed it to keep them in comfort, and bread to the poor until their labor enabled them to provide for themselves. I have kept on declaring divi-

dends from time to time and I thank God that I am able to state that I have not finished yet''.

And now a moment full of sadness came as I asked my guests to stand in silence in memory of those loved ones who were no longer with us.

Although the hour was late, no one wished to be the first to break the family circle, we lingered on speaking of the days gone by, reviving scenes of childhood, but at last time for departures came, and with fervent handshakes and warm salutations the party broke up.

MY DREAM

*"In sleep, when fancy is let loose to play,
Our dreams repeat the wishes of the day"*

CLAUDIUS

DREAMS were mine in that far-off day in Germany, when as a boy I walked to school. They were with me when I was struggling upward in early life, when I emigrated to America, and when I tramped the country roads of Pennsylvania selling Yankee notions from farm to farm. My dreams remained with me as my business grew and expanded through the years. They ripened into maturity at my country home in Kentucky, and in never to be forgotten walks and talks with my wife.

Our family of four boys and three girls were then in their teens, and as they approached man and womanhood they became the source of endless speculations. We built "Castles in Spain", most of which never materialized. Even at that time, during my many walks with Mrs. Bernheim in the woodland behind my home, I pondered on the uses to which my estate would be put when we were gone. The hope came to me then that in some way I could devote it to public use, and I planned, in my imagination, the creation of an Aboretum and Herbarium, the nucleus of which would be found in the three hundred acres of land surrounding my home.

The death of my dear wife on December 9, 1922, changed the entire course of my life. I was uprooted from Kentucky, and in ways too intimate for recital here, the immediate realization of my dream became impossible. However, my plans, though deferred, were not abandoned. The years passed, I took up the threads of life again, business interests claimed my time, and yet, in the back of my mind I still carried my dream. As my fortune increased it permitted me to think of the enterprise on a larger scale. At last, on May 10, 1929, the physical materialization of my dream was brought about in the incorporation of the Isaac W. Bernheim Foundation, and the acquisition of more than thirteen thousand acres of wild "Kentucky Knob" land situated within twenty-five miles of the city of Louisville—an estate exceeding twenty square miles admirably suited for my purpose.

For the first time I can now visualize the future and more complete fulfillment of my dreams, the full realization of which, in view of my age of eighty-one, I shall probably never see. But I am comforted in the firm belief that the good a man does lives after him. There are concrete examples of this today. I feel that because the men and women who now and in the future will have charge of the development of the Foundation are people of vision, education

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and thought, the enterprise will be carried forward successfully.

And looking into the future, what do I see? A sanctuary for birds that fly and fowl that find their home on the water. The tract has its rippling streams, and lakes are easily made to lend not only a place for the water birds, but to enhance the beauty of the landscape. There will be foot and bridle paths and motor roads throughout the preserve, from which vistas of beauty will constantly unfold to the view. Predatory animals and venomous reptiles will not be tolerated within the estate, so that children and the most timid need have no fear.

Within the area controlled by the Foundation there will be large groups of forest trees indigenous to this continent, each group plainly and correctly marked and each carefully protected. I see in my mind's eye the Herbarium, of splendid proportions, sections of it scattered in different parts of the forest, wherein will grow every wild flower common to America. Beautiful shrubs of this and other countries will abound. In short, I visualize a natural park where there will be in profusion all things which gladden the soul and please the sight of man.

In suitable and convenient places throughout the forest there will be spaces for visitors to park their automobiles, and a landing field for aeroplanes. There will be carefully protected

areas where the public may picnic, tennis courts, a golf course where people who are excluded from Country Clubs because of the expense may be able to enjoy the game. Ample provision will be made for playgrounds for children and centers where they may be instructed in the intimate nature lore of the vicinity. It is not intended, however, that the park will ever be used for camping purposes. The gates will be opened at sunrise and close with the setting of the sun.

No living creature will be put to death within the limits of the Bernheim Foundation, but vermin may be destroyed under the supervision of the heads of departments specifically charged with that task. Pistols, rifles and shotguns will be surrendered on entering the grounds, for it is my hope that as man will learn not to fear the beasts, so too, they will know man as a friend and not as a creature outvying the lowest beast in his destruction.

There will be no discussion of religion or politics, no trading or trafficking, only the sale of catalogues or guide books may be permitted within the confines of the park. No distinction will be shown between rich and poor, white or colored. Every respectable man, woman and child will be made welcome, and all will be treated with an equal consideration.

My vision embraces an edifice, beautiful in design, which will rise at some carefully se-

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lected high spot within the area. It may be of marble or of native stone. From an architectural point of view it will be imposing and graceful. Within it there will be an art gallery, worthy in every respect of the name, and one which in course of time, I trust, will become nationally known. Therein will be busts in bronze of men and women whose names have risen to places of distinctive honor in Kentucky—a lasting and ever-present inspiration to the youths who gaze upon their faces.

A museum of natural history containing specimens of every animal that is classified in the wild life of this hemisphere will be provided for. These will be displayed in their natural habitats, a method of exhibition which I much admire today in the Museum of Natural History in Denver, Colo., which I frequently visit. Connected with this building will be an auditorium dedicated to education in all branches.

The auditorium will have ample seating capacity and will be equipped with a stage arranged for dramatic entertainments. Upon the stage will be built a great organ to furnish music, and in addition there will be radio receiving apparatus, motion picture and television installations. I hope the fullest use will be made of the auditorium for the entertainment of the people, bringing them not only what is popular but what is best in all forms of culture.

I trust it will be found possible to bring to the Foundation eminent men and women to lecture on educational and instructive subjects, especially nature in all her phases.

As one stands at the entrance to this building he will see before him a magnificent fountain with statues at its base to represent in artistic form "Labor", "Liberty", "Loyalty", "Love", the four great graces of mankind. Around it will spread a beautiful park of two hundred acres exemplifying the landscape artist's highest art. Here, too, he will see a tall steel pole rearing its top far from the ground, and from it will float the American Flag, to be the center at intervals of patriotic gatherings, especially of children, who will be retold the story of liberty.

My dream embraces a broad boulevard lined with forest trees and shrubbery leading from the main road to the entrance of this wooded retreat, and sweeping in broad curves to the central administrative building.

To all I send the invitation to come from city, village, hamlet and farm, to re-create their lives in the enjoyment of nature and the many blessings she gives with open hand to those with understanding, in the park which I have dedicated to the use of the people, and which I hope will be kept forever free.

THE REFORM CHURCH OF AMERICAN ISRAELITES

*An Address Delivered Before the Biennial
Meeting of the Union of American Hebrew
Congregations, Buffalo, N. Y., May, 1921.*

GLADSTONE, the great English statesman, in one of his speeches, said:

“Censure and criticism never hurt anybody. If false, they can’t hurt you unless you are wanting in manly character; and, if true, they show a man his weak points and forewarn him against failure and trouble”.

I am addressing you in the Gladstonian sense, and I may frankly say, that only after mature reflection could I make up my mind to appear before you. Men at my time of life, who have back of them long years of strenuous activity, generally seek repose and are disinclined to engage in movements calculated to interfere with their comfort or peace of mind.

I am not unmindful of the fact that I am going to discuss a subject which the layman of our faith has heretofore left to men who by education were supposed to be better equipped for the task. I consider this rather unfortunate, for in the last analysis religion and religious tenden-

cies have their practical sides no less than their spiritual ones.

When the practical in religion fails at least in some aspects to square with the spiritual, there must of necessity arise conditions which make it difficult, if not impossible, for religion to properly function, and this very situation forces upon me the conviction that the solution on our part of the question of the observance of the Sabbath Day can no longer be evaded or delayed.

Our Reformed Congregations are divided on this vital principle and are acting independently of each other. This situation is intolerable and cannot endure.

A sect divided thusly is headed for dissolution. We must either retrace our steps or bravely move forward. To retrace our steps is unthinkable for reasons which are obvious. Conviction, no less than consistency, should compel us to declare officially that the observance of the Sabbath Day of the Decalogue has become an economic impossibility and is no longer binding on us.

To adhere to a skeleton day of rest such as is now the rule in our Reform temples, where we thank God for the blessings of the Sabbath Day and then immediately thereafter proceed to resume our daily vocations, lays us open, and justly so, to the charge that we are materialists and

that we are sacrificing a basic religious command for material gain.

If the outside world is not to question our sincere devotion to our religious principles, we must be honest with our neighbors, with ourselves, and with our God.

The one day of rest in seven has gained and continues to gain greater recognition as civilization advances towards higher human ideals. It being essentially of Hebrew origin, the world looks askance at its desecration on the part of those who have been specifically charged "To remember the Sabbath and keep it holy", and will not condone the violation of the ancient Sabbath Day, nor will society tolerate a double standard in religion any more than it will tolerate a double standard of morality without exacting the price. The issue is squarely before our co-religionists. It must be met courageously—double dealing will not solve it to our satisfaction, nor to the satisfaction of our fellow citizens of other faiths.

As I understand the history of reform in Israel, it has been a process of disentangling the universal from the original national or Oriental, the essential from the non-essential, the permanent from the passing. The ultimate purpose of this process is to teach the nations of the world the pure doctrine of the One God, and whatever obscures that process must be discarded. We

simplified our ritual and translated it into the vernacular, not only that modern Israel might understand and pray intelligently and sincerely, but that also all other devout seekers after truth might know that our religion is universal in its scope. We introduced family pews because we believe that women have the same rights and privileges that men have in the house of God; we pray with uncovered heads because that is the modern Occidental way of manifesting reverence in worship; we abolished certain superfluous holy days and prayers. In brief, we had the courage to break with the past for the sake of the present and the future.

But we have not finished our work of emancipating the true spirit of our faith. The evil in the heart of Israel is that we do not observe our weekly day of rest as a holy day. Practical experience tells us that we do not, and, humanly speaking, the masses of us cannot observe the Saturday as a day of rest and worship. So, weakly, we compromise by all of us resting on Sunday and a few of us worshiping on Saturday. This cannot but result in confusion—confusion in our spiritual lives and confusion for our children and in the minds of the larger world. What we need in the premises is the same high courage that our pioneers manifested—break with our weak-kneed truckling to mere tradition and boldly declare that American Israel will hence-

forth observe Sunday as its day of rest and worship. In God's eyes it is all one whether we meet together to worship Him on Sunday or Saturday.

Let us understand each other fully. I am referring in this address solely to the people comprising the Union of American Hebrew Congregations and all those liberal elements friendly to its cause. Orthodox or semi-Orthodox members of the faith are not and cannot be expected to be in sympathy with this momentous change. Their religious conceptions will have to undergo the same clarifying process as did ours.

Dr. Isaac M. Wise was a man of vision, of strength, of character, and endowed with all the elements necessary for successful leadership. It has been my privilege to sit at his feet and to listen to him while in the performance of his duties as preacher and lecturer. I discussed with him on occasions by correspondence subjects mutually interesting. His sturdy Americanism stood out as broadly as did his devotion to his faith and ardent love for his people. And let me go on record right here by asserting that Dr. Wise's efforts as leader and reformer could not have succeeded had his work not been heartily supported by that sturdy class of European emigrants who were as deeply wedded to our American institutions and ideals as was he.

Far be it from me to detract, or to becloud, or

to minimize the momentous work of Dr. Wise, but truth impels me to repeat that this great Master-builder could not have accomplished his object in so comparatively short space of time had he not had at his ready command the material with which to construct what is now known as American Reform Israel. This force consisted largely of emigrants who came from western Europe. In the old home they were deprived of their civil rights. The law under which they lived demanded military service but did not accord them the privilege to serve as corporals. It forced them to pay taxes, but denied them the right to vote.

These earnest men providentially underwent a most uniform and peculiar system of "Americanization". They came here blessed with a good constitution, simple habits, indomitable industry and boundless ambition. They learned the beauties and attractions of American institutions at first hand by becoming peddlers, and from that lowly station full of hardship and sacrifices they graduated into the higher class—the merchant.

I am almost tempted to speak of that period in the plural form, because I pride myself on having been a graduate of that severe school which forced its followers to carry heavy burdens on their backs over hills and dales, but happily this humble occupation had its compensations—it

brought with it the opportunity to come in daily contact with an element differing immensely from the elements which were left behind in the old country, and which attracted them with irresistible force.

The charm of the simple country life, its religious liberty, its peace and contentment, its social ease, the prevailing absence of caste and aristocracy, the democratic spirit, in short America—"our America"—with its basic principles that "all men are born free and equal, and all entitled to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness", fashioned these active minds in a surprisingly short length of time into devoted, patriotic citizens, thoroughly imbued with the value, the principles and responsibilities of American citizenship. These sturdy men, the emigrants of the time prior to 1870, scattered throughout the length and breadth of the United States, proved wherever they dwelled desirable, law-abiding citizens, always ready to assume and assuming their full share in the development of their country.

They formed the material with which Dr. Wise laid the foundation for our Union. It was distinctly American in work, deed, thought, act, and effect. The great reformer himself, a devoted patriot, a lover of his adopted country and an admirer of its institutions, amalgamated these elements and formed them into the Union

of *American Hebrew Congregations*, preceding this with the publication of the *American Israelite*. I quote this because "AMERICA" was always writ in large letters in the heart of this great man, no less than in the hearts of his humble followers.

Zionism, political and otherwise, of the imported or domestic brand, was not in Dr. Wise's time, nor is it now, a thing to our liking, nor can it ever receive our support. Here is our Palestine, and we know no other. It would be contrary to one of our outstanding qualities of warm-heartedness to waive aside those millions of unfortunate human beings who have suffered so universally, largely because of their being of the Hebrew faith. Living as they do in eastern Europe, in territories which were ravaged and overrun again and again by contending forces, crushed under foot by every invader, their homes destroyed, or their families outraged and their possessions swept away, their pitiful situation makes overwhelming claims upon us. Our helpful and willing hands will ever be outstretched to them, and if in their attempt to better their conditions and seek a place in the sun they decide to emigrate to Palestine or elsewhere, we shall give them our unstinted support; but not as nation builders—only as colonists in the same sense and under the same conditions as emigrants from other lands

receive. The attempt to re-create at this time or at any time in the future a so-called "Jewish State" will never meet with our sanction, and we solemnly protest against the slightest imputation, no matter from what source that charge may emanate, that we or our children are anything but 100 per cent Americans and ready in the future as we have in the past to defend our rightful possession with our lives. We will neither countenance nor tolerate a hyphenism thrust upon us by Zionists, which if allowed to go unchallenged is threatening to lead us into a danger zone of appalling dimensions. Immediate action is demanded. Zionism and Americanism are not now and never will be synonymous.

Merely by way of illustration I quote from the May number of the *World's Work*, most influential periodical of unquestioned liberal tendency, as follows:

"Americans see in the Zionist movement a menace to American solidarity; for anything that tends to make any section of the population transfer a modicum of its allegiance, even a sentimental and religious allegiance, to foreign soil is an impediment to that undivided devotion which true Americanism demands. Americanism, after all, is a jealous mistress and can brook no rivals".

Zionists are not all of one shade. They differ in their aspirations, methods, and purposes, but

they dwell with singular unanimity and special ardor in their official documents and their propaganda literature on the use of the word "Jew". In their hysterical appeals they play fast and loose with the term "Jewry", attempting thereby to create the impression that "Jewry" comprises all the Jews in the universe and forming, as it were, a separate entity, a State within a State, a closed corporation of impractical dreamers and foreign reactionaries.

It would be a waste of time, after what has been stated by me before, to deny the base and absolutely false assumption that the Zionists represent even an infinitesimal part of the members of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations. Confirming this assertion, I herewith declare my readiness to turn over to them, to their heirs and assigns forever, the exclusive use of the word "Jew" and the term "Jewry".

The use of the word "Jewry" has no right to exist in our country. It is as repugnant to us as would be the word "Methodistry" or "Baptistry". We are enjoying here in common with all sects the fullest measure of religious liberty, and I deny the right of any religious body to constitute itself into a combine that would attempt to raise a barrier between themselves and the rest of their fellow citizens.

Dr. Adolph Moses, my sainted friend and rabbi, who graced the pulpit of the Louisville

Reform Congregation for nearly twenty-five years, expressed himself in one of his sermons advocating the abrogation of the word "Jew" as follows:

"Among the innumerable misfortunes which have befallen the Israelites since they ceased to form a state and a nation, one of the most fatal in its consequences is the name Judaism. In the mind of the Gentiles this name indissolubly associates our religion, which is universal in its deepest sources and universal in its scope and tendency, with the Jewish race, and thus stamps it as a tribal religion. Worse still, the Jews themselves, who have gradually come to call their religion Judaism, are most of them misled to believe that their faith is bound up altogether with the Jewish race, and that it is a 'religion for Jews alone and not for people of any other race or nationality'."

He, the valiant fighter and thinker, almost prophetically foresaw the unfortunate results of the use of the words "Jew" and "Judaism". He had the courage of his conviction by publicly expressing his condemnation. His addresses on "Yahvism" are classics, and I hope will in the fullness of time find a place as text-books in our college.

I quote further from the address of this saintly man:

"Josephus, zealous for the glory of his nation,

wished to prove to his pagan contemporaries that the Jewish conception of God, of the soul, of morality, enshrined in a noble literature, were in most respects superior to those of Hellenism. And to the totality of their beliefs, moral commandments, religious practices and ceremonial institutions he gave the name Judaism. The Christian writers eagerly seized upon the name thus furnished them, in order to distinguish Christianity from the mother-religion from which it had sprung and become differentiated; they were thus enabled to demonstrate to the heathens, who were seeking the true God, that for them to embrace the religion of Israel meant to become Jews, members of the hated, despised and already persecuted Jewish race”.

Not only a great and respected preacher, a contemporary and friend of Dr. Wise, but also a distinguished layman of our faith, has been outspoken in his condemnation of the use of the word “Jew” and the term “Judaism”. I quote from his pamphlet, which only reached a very limited circulation:

“What is there, after all, to sanctify the word ‘Jew’, which is the simple English rendering of the Hebrew word ‘Yehudi’! What is there to justify the continued use by us of this word, which is merely a racial and geographical term to which, properly speaking, only Jews who are living in Judea, Palestine, have a valid claim?

We do know that the word 'Jew', which of course does not appear in any sacred text, in the course of centuries has acquired a deteriorated signification, and moreover has become a term which our enemies and detractors employ to express their hatred, prejudice and contempt for even pietistic rabbis have declared, the word 'Jew' in its general application and acceptance no longer denotes a religious and ethical platform, but has degenerated into a term of reproach, or has become a mere nickname.

"Therefore, as it has no religious sanctity, is not of our creed or of our laws, as our faith would not be affected by substituting for it some other name, why retain it, when by a mere change of name we crown the Reform Movement which developed in this country in the last century under the leadership of Isaac M. Wise, and entirely free ourselves from alliances, attitudes and movements with which we are wholly out of sympathy and against which we resolutely protest?

"A humiliating fact to further support the supreme necessity of ridding our faith of its present title is the coarse corruption of the word 'Jew' into a standardized definition to signify craftiness, greed, usury, cheat, and a most despicable form of low cunning.

"The Century Dictionary (latest edition), an unimpeachable authority, under the word 'Jew',

after defining it as signifying a member of the Jewish religion and race, gives the following additional definitions to the word: 'A person who seeks gain by sordid or crafty means; a hard-fisted money-lender, or tricky dealer; an opprobrious use, as "he is a regular Jew".'

" '1. To overreach; cheat; beat unfairly at a bargain; as, to jew one out of a dollar'.

" '2. To practice arts of overreaching or cheating in trade'.

" 'The Standard Dictionary of the English Language (latest edition), accepted as an authority equal to the Century Dictionary, under the word 'Jew', gives the third definition:

" '3 A crafty dealer or grasping money-lender, one who drives hard bargains'.

" 'The same dictionary also gives the following definition of the verb 'jew':

" 'To get the better of in a bargain; overreach; referring to the proverbial keenness of Jewish traders'.

" 'To practice sharp methods in a trade such as are regularly ascribed to Jews—to jew down, to induce by chaffering to take a lower price'.

" 'The fact that this opprobrious definition is given place in this dictionary gives assurance that the word is never destined to attain a reputable standing.

" 'Rogert's Thesaurus, recognized by all English scholars and linguists as the standard au-

thority on synonyms, under the word 'jew', gives it the following varied meanings, among others: 'cunning, extortioner, usurer, harpy, miser, etc.'

"It should not be overlooked that these definitions, fixed by these standard authorities, imply that the coarse, vulgar meaning of the word is derived from the characteristics of the people themselves, thus placing the indelible seal of opprobrium by universally accepted authorities of the English language on the word 'jew' whether applied to the people, the faith, or to the characteristics of the sect bearing that name.

"Does not this situation of itself, irrespective of the other reasons set forth above, force the English-speaking members of our faith to rebuke this linguistic slander by discarding an appellation which our enemies corrupted into a term of reproach, and compel us to substitute for that title some name which we ourselves may choose, which will express in a proper word our belief in One God, the corner-stone of our religion?"

If the use of the term "Jew and Judaism" is a reservoir from which is fed the perennial spring of hatred, malice and contempt, the selection of the names for our places of worship such as "temple", which is of Roman origin, or "synagogue", which is of Greek origin, has added no little to the ammunition of our detract-

ers by strengthening their accusation that we are a foreign and indigestible entity of the people among whom we live.

Tradition and custom are of no value if they lead only to suffering and martyrdom, and it is this very plea which has heretofore been employed so persistently and effectively by our spiritual leaders, when efforts had been made to emancipate ourselves from forms which are of no religious importance and if persisted in will produce the deplorable results so noticeable among our co-religionists in Europe.

It is there where our faith, because of these archaic forms, is at its lowest ebb, and it is here in America where through the instrumentality of modern reform its influence has grown and where it has displayed a vitality and renaissance absolutely unknown anywhere in the civilized world. These results should and must stimulate us in efforts towards further emancipation from the thralldom of indefinable sentimentalities. It is high time that we courageously face these problems and honestly as well as sensibly find a solution. The word "synagogue" or "temple" has no religious meaning for us. They are of foreign origin and should and must give way to the simple name of "church", which in our country is known and understood to be a place of worship.

I would urge this assembly, as I did our rab-

bis at their conference in the summer of 1918, to rededicate our places of worship, wherever situated, as the "Reform Churches of American Israelities". They would then be promptly converted into an active and aggressive force, broad enough, and wide enough, and tolerant enough to admit all of our brethren and all others "who have seen the light" and are ready to enter its portals. It would confirm the prophetic promise, "Mine house shall be an house of prayer for all people".

I have already indicated the reasons why I believe the names of "Jew" and "Judaism" should be changed to those of Israel and Israelite. Not only our history, but our ritual sanctions it. The great slogan of our faith is not "Hear, O Jews, the Lord is Our God, the Lord is One", but "Hear, O Israel". We speak of the mission of Israel, the House of Israel, the Faith of Israel, and we are understood. Why, then, waste so much precious energy in trying to overcome the misunderstanding and the obloquy that the centuries have heaped upon the word "Jew"? Rather let us use that surplus energy in bringing the central truth of Israel to the attention of the world. Let us actively fulfill our mission, and not waste ourselves by foolish and useless apologetics.

My suggestion, then, is that we proceed logically and practically to the formation of the Re-

form Church of American Israelites. Let us make solemn declaration that we continue the work of Isaac M. Wise and his courageous contemporaries. Let us convert into actuality our reiterated creed that we are a religious body. Let us demonstrate by every adequate means that we are Americans by nationality, that our longings are not for an Oriental Palestinian homeland, that our hearts are here, our homes are here—here in America. Let us consecrate ourselves anew to our God, on the day which we can wholeheartedly devote to Him. Let us have a genuine Sabbath Day, untouched by compromise or sophistry. Let us be known by the hallowed, historic name of Israel, and ours the REFORM CHURCH OF AMERICAN ISRAELITES.

The above address was violently attacked by many rabbis, however, the principles advanced and the changes advocated received the unqualified endorsement of thousands of liberal laymen from every part of the United States.

I had intended to organize these into an aggressive body, when death robbed me of my unforgettable wife, and unfitted me for the task.

American Israel can only reach its fullest fruition when the ancient Sabbath will have been shelved and Sunday universally adopted as the day of rest, and when it will have emancipated itself from all tribal forms and oriental ceremonies.

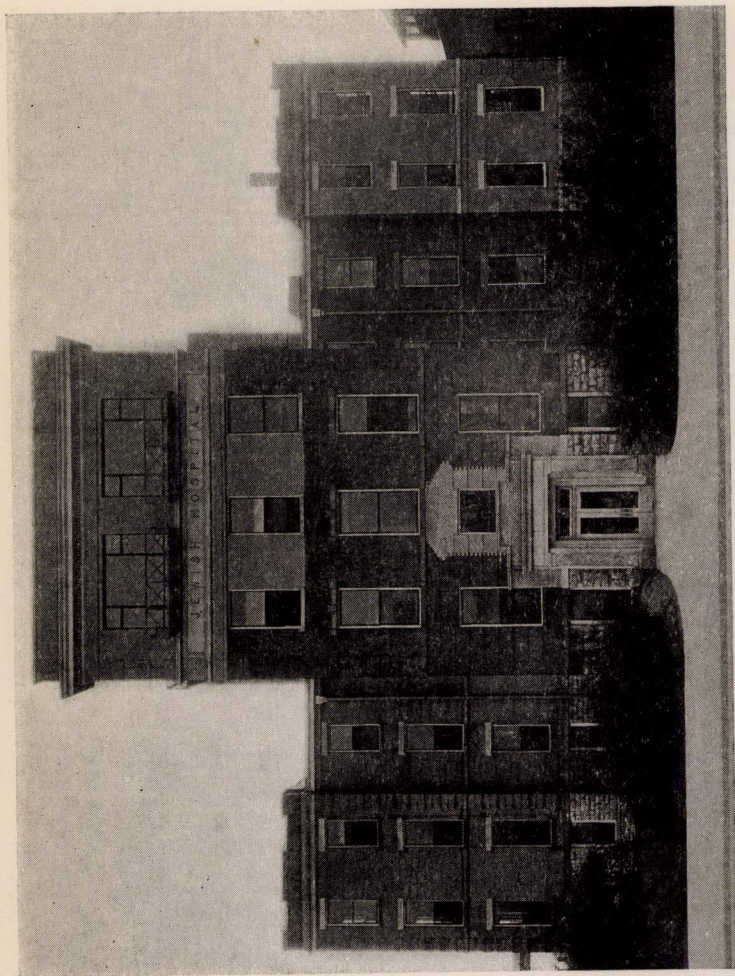
The failure of the Jewish rabbis relentlessly to modernize their creed and worship is driving liberal minded Jews from all religion or into liberal non-Jewish cults.

Palestine is likely to become the theatre of a tragedy involving the Arab and the Zionist in ever increasing vio-

lence. Reform Israelites throughout the world should steer clear of this iridescent dream and maintain untarnished the integrity of their citizenship in the country where they dwell, and where their families have struck root.

November, 1929.

I. W. B.



THE BERNHEIM MEMORIAL ADDITION
TO THE JEWISH HOSPITAL, LOUISVILLE, KY.
OPENED 1929

ISAAC WOLFE BERNHEIM

A PERSONAL STUDY

THERE are men who go through life little understood by their friends, their associates, or even their families. They disclose one side of their nature, the other is so closely hidden that only occasional glimpses are seen. Life moves swiftly for the majority of us and we give only passing notice, frequently, to the varied characteristics of our most intimate friends.

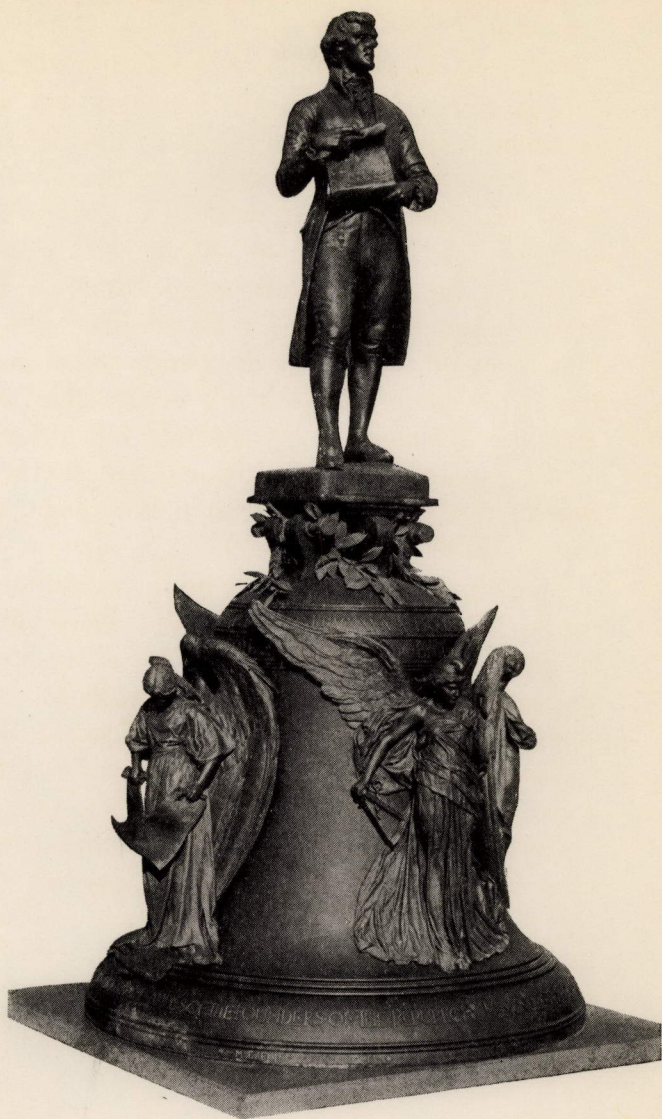
Isaac Wolfe Bernheim is a striking example of the man with two divergent personalities. One he has made visible to the world, the other, while it has appeared many times, has been overshadowed. The side that the world has seen is so strong and dominant that many have been apt to believe it is his only one. Yet his munificence, his gifts and benefactions have made his name familiar in widely different spheres of human activity at home and abroad.

Possibly there are some of his friends, who, while aware of his philanthropies, have failed to realize that these could have come only from a heart that beat in unison with the cause of those less fortunate than himself. They have failed to take into consideration that he knew privation in his childhood and youth, and that these trials have made known to him the needs

of those whom he has helped in the days of his affluence.

The writer has had an unusual opportunity over a number of years for an analytical and personal study of Mr. Bernheim. I have known him intimately, perhaps more intimately than many who have met him only in the contact of business or casually in social intercourse. Through the close relationship which it has been my privilege to enjoy I have been able to pierce behind the barrier of reserve and shyness that have made him to many people aloof and distant. I believe a sympathetic and comprehensive insight into his life and the character that underlies a cold exterior is necessary, and hence this sketch.

There must always have been something of leadership in Mr. Bernheim. As a little boy, a serious youngster trudging off to school under the greatest of hardships, he formed his own conclusions about the adults in the world, with the insight of a grown man. His eyes cast forward, always forward. Work would ever be his god, a stern, stony god who would sit hard upon him while he was dancing quadrilles with the village girls in Pennsylvania. It would be reigning several years later when, with the rather unquestionable evidence that one of his children was to be born within the next few



THE JEFFERSON MEMORIAL
LOUISVILLE, KY.
DEDICATED—1900

days, he set out on a business trip in compliance with his unalterable schedule.

He was resolute about the importance of work, more than anything else. His working hours were long. His evening meal was invariably one hour later than that of the rest of the community. Clocks, whistles, sirens meant only annoyance when he was in the midst of business problems. His office force stayed on with him, and although they could not appreciate it then, they were never to regret it.

Despite this whole-hearted devotion to his business, Mr. Bernheim did not lack time for an intelligent interest in outside affairs. A charming conversationalist, he could speak with the assurance of the well informed, and he fearlessly held his opinions. A typical instance of this occurred when the location of the new Jewish temple in Louisville, Ky., was under consideration. He was not afraid to be absolutely alone and to defy the entire congregation with his suggestion that the building should be erected where the more progressive enterprises of the city seemed to be moving. His opinion was overruled, the temple was erected in a locality which he condemned, and the congregation has never ceased to be sorry for it.

This courageous man is small physically. He is short in stature and unimpressive until he speaks, or one can see his penetrating eyes. It

has never occurred to him to be afraid. While more than one man acquaintance, employee, even son, were intimidated in the presence of his searching eyes and the swiftness of his catechism, there was compensation in his understanding and sudden sympathy. In the clear light of his logic he could discern the most minute of things. Whatever subject he became interested in he pursued down to its smallest detail, allowing no short cuts, or half digested theories to mislead him. Dishonesty never lifted its head within the precincts of his own integrity. Men in his employ stole from him, and he pretended to overlook their back slidings, sometimes even twice. Outsiders were apt to misjudge him, "impatient" they said of him, because he did not smother his thoughts or his opinions in quiet submission.

It is not difficult to find the sources of the independence of thought which sets Mr. Bernheim apart from the majority of men. His mother displayed it when she was brave enough to discard the old and hideous Jewish custom of concealing the hair upon entering the married state. It was from this dainty, attractive, wholly feminine lady that he inherited many of his most vigorous and powerful characteristics, and his numerous capabilities. But he was fortunate in both his parents. They were notably superior people. His father, Leon Solomon Bernheim, a

prosperous merchant in the little village of Schmieheim, remained a bachelor, resisting the charms of the eligible maidens of the neighboring towns, for many years. He bided his time and choice until his thirty-sixth year. It is not to be wondered that his consequent selection was worthy of so discriminating an eye. Fanny Dreyfuss, daughter of Rabbi Moses Baer Dreyfuss, of a nearby town, became his wife at eighteen years of age. Beautiful, intelligent and well educated, she held a no less significant place in her own field of desirability. What a privilege to be born of these two talented individuals! It was by no means the least judicious action of a long career marked for its prudence that young Isaac managed to acquire such heredity.

Mr. Bernheim was a child of seven when his father was stricken with a fatal disease and died in his forty-eighth year. Within that brief span of his childhood he learned to cherish a respect and an admiration for that kindly, big-hearted man, well beloved in the entire community for his charity. "One-tenth of whatever he raised in his fields, and one-tenth of his profits from other pursuits conscientiously went to the poor", his son remembers, and now closely allied, a generation later is the son's generous thought for the needy.

As early as 1884, when he was still a young

man, father of a growing family and in modest circumstances, he furnished the poor of the town in which he lived with their winter supply of coal. The gift has never been withdrawn.

Within two years of his father's death Mr. Bernheim's mother married again. Child though he was, he became keenly conscious of his step-father's shortcomings. The same shrewd practicality that has ever been uppermost in his mind was already making the little boy aware of the mismanagement of his father's estate.

When any other lad of ten would have had his pockets filled with marbles, and his mind stuffed with a little boy's nonsense, he was contemplating the wreck of his parent's fortune, criticizing the mistakes made by his mother's talented but unsuccessful husband. On those long walks which he was taking to school at Ettenheim, four miles away from his home, in all kinds of weather, and while suffering every inconvenience, he had plenty of time to think. It is almost impossible for any of us, these days, to imagine a youngster for whom underwear was a luxury too dear to be afforded, and who did not possess an overcoat, trudging off to a school where he was not compelled to go.

What such a boy was made of is easy to see. As he himself most vividly recalls, he was far from angelic. He did not persuade his small legs with arguments as to the high moral pur-

pose of such hardship. He did not go because he should go. Without a doubt, he had figured in his hard little head the advantage of an education even at the expense of three winters of icy mornings.

At a time when he was nothing but a child he had decided there was something within him that set him aside from his schoolmates, and he saw no reason why he should associate with the rough and carefree lads that surrounded him. In his yet underwear-less and coatless state he was already confident of his ability. He selected his friends carefully and with discrimination.

Mr. Bernheim was thirteen years old at the time of the dramatic liberation of the Jews in Germany, an Act which opened the gates of many of the cities to the Jews in Germany, heretofore restricted to designated villages and towns. His family joined the great procession of their co-religionists moving towards the once forbidden cities. Gathering together what little remained of the family fortune, they took up residence in Freiburg and here for three years the boy, Isaac, was attached to a commercial house. An apprenticeship, they called it in those days when mere children worked from morning to night and received no compensation with the exception of the little practical knowledge they might assimilate.

With what eagerness and fortitude he ap-

proached that first meager job! But, however, no clerk who immediately realized the limitations of his opportunities in his position and who at once sought better connections, would long remain a clerk. He obtained more advantageous employment and was increasingly successful, when suddenly that Daemonic being inside of him lifted its head at an extremely opportune moment and sang attractively of America. Words like Opportunity and Freedom were synonyms for America then. Healthy, prosperous individuals were returning to the Old Country for visits.

America in 1867 lacked nearly everything but a golden reputation. Her communication with the outside world was by tremendous oceans, crossing the Atlantic in those days was an uncomfortable experience of more than two weeks. Voyagers and settlers on their return to Europe had plenty of time to forget its crudeness, the newness, and the homeliness of much of America.

The enthusiastic conversation of an uncle from New York added an additional spur. His glowing tales of success in the new country were enough to quicken the inner spirit and start the boy on his argosy. The young man left behind him family, friends and the certitude of a position, as he emigrated to America.

Mr. Bernheim landed in New York in the

spring of the year 1867. He was eighteen, reasonably certain of his abilities, and despite the lack of more than four American dollars in his pocket, confident of his power to wrest from the future his share of fortune. Alas, for the dreams of youth! At eighteen it is so easy to have one's air castles toppled over in an instant. At the time of his arrival in America the country had by no means recovered from the ill effects of the Civil War. All around huge fortunes were tumbling, panic prevailed. The uncle, who had so breezily outlined his future, was struggling to evade an imminent financial failure. The fall of Isaac's dreams was as a drop of water in the storm of disaster which was blighting the commercial life of the country.

His relative could give him no employment. Looking for a job in New York was a meaningless thing, for there was no work to be had. This for a young adventurer who had deserted security in Germany, was a severe blow. But he was courageously cheerful and willing to do anything. Friends of his uncle offered him some goods to peddle in Pennsylvania. He shouldered his small pack of then so-called Yankee notions and set off to overcome the well developed thrift of the Dutch housewives.

Coal dust was not hovering so thickly over Pennsylvania in the '60's as now. The hills and

valleys of that beautiful state were then basking in the quiet life of a primitive Arcadia. Corn-husking parties and barn dances were the fashion on a countryside where in later years even the wild flowers were destined to suffer from the grime that years of industrialization had brought.

The poetry in the heart of the young German merchant rhymed with the charm of the people and a country brand new. Their hospitality appealed to him. Not unhandsome, with a noticeable personality and dignity, he was accepted into the social life of the villages. He enjoyed dancing, knew the intricacies of the waltz, and became a favorite with the young ladies. On through that first long, cold winter he travelled from village to village, taking life as it came, evading the crude pleasures of the men, saving money, improving his English, and learning to become one of the people. All seemed to be going well, when the poor old horse, which he had lately acquired and which represented half of his worldly goods, died.

The financial returns of the winter were almost negligible, but the young immigrant had gained a gold mine in experience. He was beginning to know the life and the people. The generous hospitality of the inhabitants in the villages where he peddled his wares, and he has

never forgotten it, opened wide the opportunities for a share in their lives.

With the loss of half of his capital came the Spring. He sold what was left of his small stock and went further west to Paducah, in Kentucky, whence his New York relatives had drifted by this time. The Kentucky town was, and still is, an exceptional place. It may look like any other town, its houses are set far back from shady streets, the majority of the shops are in the two-storied buildings which housed the very same conservative businesses in decades past, but the spirit of old and respectable aristocracy breathes quietly in the dignified homes of fifty years ago. Across the river in Illinois inheritance of prestige is little known or cared about, but Paducah preserves the importance of its old families.

Paducah, sixty years ago, was a village of four thousand inhabitants. Even the "old families" were quite youthful then. Every one knew every one else with that delightful intimacy which is at once so inviting and yet disquieting to the stranger. Into this closely knit Southern community came the somewhat rumped Isaac, in his threadbare city clothes. At once in this environment where friendship constituted business he felt the handicap of being an outsider.

It was this, perhaps, that later formed for Mr. Bernheim one of his firmest principles:

“Build friendship on trade, not trade on friendship”. Only a few years were required to prove that he was right.

After a short interval spent in clerking in a store, the young man accepted a position with a wholesale liquor firm and gradually he began to count himself as one of the community.

The girl Mr. Bernheim was to marry was made of lavender and old lace. She lived in the center of a charmed circle of loveliness all her own, and from the moment that he came within the radius of her influence he remained enchanted. Amanda Uri was the only woman whom he ever loved. She was the most sought after young lady in the little social set of Paducah, and never was a man so wholly lost in admiration as was Isaac. The '70's were buggy-riding days. With pomp and seriousness the young couple drove away after dinner each Sunday afternoon. They were, of course, betrothed. After a long engagement they were married, when “Mandy” was but twenty and “Ike” had reached his twenty-sixth year. For four years Miss Uri had been the head of a motherless household, and straightway from the ceremony at the temple the couple hastened to the little house where “Mandy's” three small orphaned sisters were waiting to be put to bed.

In temperament and interests there were never two people so widely apart, yet their di-

verse personalities complemented one another. They were entirely happy. An angelic disposition and a domineering one combined to produce children who are gracious modifications of them both. Amanda was regal. Although quiet and unassuming, with an unvarying sweetness, she had a presence. In Paducah the people remember the stately lady who wore orchid colored suits. Few women have been so universally loved. Her husband was devoutly in love with her always. She in turn adored his intellect, his knowledge, she was fascinated by the strength of his will. He dominated her completely and she liked it.

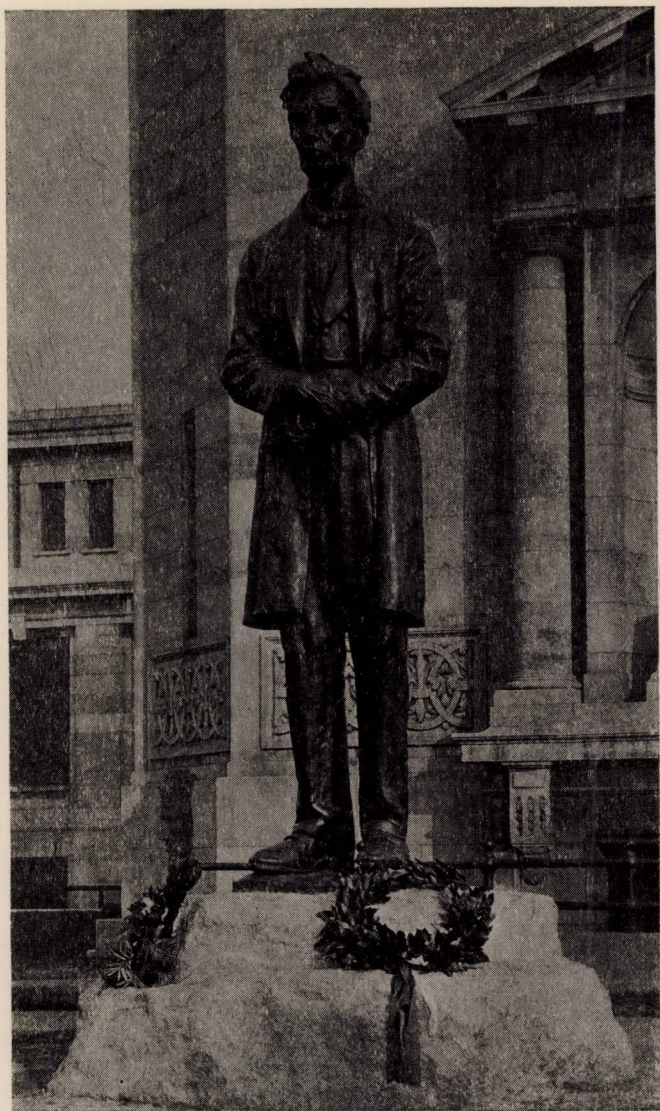
Nowhere does the character of Mr. Bernheim display itself so clearly as in his relationship with his wife. He loved her passionately, and yet so wedded was he to economy and rigid self-denial, that in later years when he was wealthy enough to afford every desire that she might express, and she was a charming woman, he felt compelled to deny her a fur coat because he did not believe it to be a necessity, and could not bring himself to gratify a wish for something he considered a luxury, and which offended his principles.

The other individual who played an important part in his life was his brother, Bernard. Of the slow, easy-going type, genial, hearty and happy-go-lucky, he was the antithesis of Isaac.

Within a few months after Mr. Bernheim had accepted the position with the wholesale liquor firm, with his scant savings he brought his brother over from Germany. Before leaving Germany Bernard had "mastered" the entire English language in a course of "six weeks of easy lessons". In spite of this handicap Isaac managed to transform him into an efficient book-keeper in an American office, all in less time than three months.

From the combination of these two men was to follow an ideal business partnership. Here was the essence of conservatism to be coupled with tumultuous daring, vision and courage. Alone, Bernard may have remained a small town merchant all his life; without his caution and deliberation, Isaac might have been a failure—the victim of his own impetuosity. Together they developed a business with representatives in every State of the Union, and abroad. Bernard could hardly be said to have exerted an influence on his brother two years his senior. No one could soften the hard shell of independence that surrounded Isaac. But, possibly, unconsciously, he contributed qualities which his brother lacked, and supplied just that amount of restraint needed to bring to earth the temperamental enthusiasm of his brother's genius.

The business of the two brothers prospered.



LINCOLN MEMORIAL
LOUISVILLE, KY.
DEDICATED—1922

They outgrew their connection with the liquor firm, and within three years had established themselves on their own account. In the back room of a small country store the two potential distillers and a negro helper founded a "business". There were no regular hours, they ate and slept within calling distance of their customers. The fixtures in that establishment might have served easily as kitchen furniture, yet in a few years these two men would help to keep Kentucky's fame for her fine liquors, before the world.

The Paducah concern grew rapidly until that little town could no longer harbor it. It was Isaac W. Bernheim who sensed the possibilities of Louisville, a much larger city up the Ohio River. Bernard was dubious about the proposed change, but the business was transferred.

When Mr. Bernheim went to Louisville he was in the prime of life. He was forty, and twenty years of phenomenal success were behind him. The last of his seven children was born within the first year of his new residence. The next twenty years were busy, wonderful years. The youth who had arrived in America with four dollars in his pocket could now enjoy the pleasure of philanthropy, it was a giving of his own kind, and it was often misunderstood.

It is in the autumn of his life that Mr. Bern-

heim now has time to satisfy his long held desire to participate in philanthropy. Until recent years he has been too much engrossed in his business affairs to do more than lay the foundations. But he has ever been a keen and accurate observer, storing up through the years impressions of human society now to receive the benefits of his generosity.

It is common for us to acclaim the greatness of the Soldier, the Statesman, the man of Science, but to the merchant, the man who furnishes the life blood of the community and in a large measure influences more than any other the destiny of the plain man, rarely is accorded the same recognition.

This is to be expected. A warrior, a scientist, an artist or a poet is judged in the main by his definite achievements. For the man of business there is no such exact measure of distinction, unless it be the amassing of a fortune, or in exceptional cases the founding of an industry.

It is therefore meet that a man who by his unaided efforts developed a large business, gave employment to thousands of men and women, accumulated riches, and then used them, not for his own aggrandizement or luxury, but for the good of his fellow man, should receive the appreciation due him. How frequently is this neglected. Compliments are apt to be considered flattery or mere persiflage, and those closest and

having the best opportunity to form a true judgment too often are silent from the fear that the sentiment underlying their expressions will be misconstrued.

Those who have known Mr. Bernheim in his business life would say that his outstanding characteristic is his immense power for hard work. To me his finest quality is his unfailing pursuit of what seems to him right and just. Above all, the simplicity and clearness of vision which few carry beyond their earliest years stamps him as a man ever young.

Contempt for lowly beginnings, abhorrent as it is to any honest mind, is in his mind inconceivable. He reverences his mother and ever holds a deep love and devotion for the town which was his birthplace and the people who formed his character. Whilst never boastful, he always remembers to give credit to his immediate ancestors and does not forget that his race in their long sad history through the ages has given to him a priceless heritage.

Emancipated from superstition, divorced from separatism, broad and tolerant in his religious beliefs, he yet remains faithful to his people. Ever he has striven throughout his long life for reform and progress, and he is still active in movements which in his opinion will better the conditions of members of his faith. He visions the day when all traces of tribalism

will disappear, and works for the time when his co-religionists in America will cease to look to the East, but will take their place in the Commonwealth of America as individuals free from prejudice and free also from the differentiation of outlook that has caused so much sorrow and hardship.

Beyond all else he is a Jew and has the Jewish faculty, so seldom seen among Gentiles, of being at once a man of dollars and a man of dreams.

The virility of his practicality is almost overpowering. His idealism and the dreams he envisions from afar are hidden beneath a stoicism and rigid discipline—too often mistaken for selfishness by the undiscerning. He combines to a most unusual degree the pragmatist and the idealist.

In matters of living, of questions as to immortality, he maintains an open mind. He holds mere speculation in open scorn. In his youth and middle age he sought in the Prophets the solid foundation on which to found his moral creed. From them he learned the wisdom of the good life. He came to know the lesson of experience not to trust to the crowd, not to be afraid to stand alone, to be lonely; to withstand with courage the damning opposition of men who did not agree with him. He expects little of life, and sees the folly of pursuing that chim-

era happiness, but do his duty he must. Gratitude he does not count upon, knowing the failings of the human race. Sensitive he is to slights, especially to thoughtless discourtesy, but never holds a grudge against any man, ever willing to let bygones be bygones.

Many opportunities were given to him to appear in public, but he avoided self-advertisement. The usual commonplace rounds of social life held no attractions for him. The cultivation of a few friends and devout love of his home and the country in which his manhood has been spent fills his hours outside of his business and philanthropic activities.

You who read will think, perhaps, this is but one side of his character. Are there no faults, no shortcomings? Have we not all our peculiarities, our idiosyncracies. Some have made comment on his high temper, his impatience. His frankness, unconsciously indifferent to the sensibilities of others, gave offence to many. His rigidity and autocratic bearing became his because he was schooled in the old German manner. His coldness covered a shyness which he knew if allowed to be visible would prevent him from achieving the objective at which he aimed.

It is difficult to separate the gold of a man from the failings with which we are so much more likely to be intimate. With what rapidity

we are apt to recall all that seems to us detrimental. His good qualities will be better appreciated in the years to come when the projects of his foresight will have been in existence for a long time. The autocratic disposition of a man is not going to live, but the autocrat will! When his predictions for the future of his religion come true, when the institutions which he helped to found and endow rank high, then no one will remember that he, along with the rest of us, could lose his temper.

He saw the opportunity to organize Jewish youth in Louisville, he recognized the possibilities for widespread good in the Jewish Hospital of that city. Again and again he supported educational projects. He was particularly interested in the problems of his religion. From his early manhood a sponsor of Reform Judaism, he was always ready to take up the cudgels on behalf of progress. His suggestions were many times greeted with adverse criticism, he was frequently execrated, but he was never overlooked. He advocated the change of the name Jew to Israelite to remove the opprobrium attached to a title historically incorrect. He still works to make the Hebraic Sabbath coincide with the Sunday of the modern world. Often he has been laughed at, frowned upon, rarely applauded, but right or wrong his ideas are always important enough and presented

with such vigor as to turn the intelligence of other men in his direction. He is never ignored.

Behind his gifts and benefactions there is a mind that is still clear cut, incisive. His charity is of the unique kind that analyzes itself lest by allowing sentiment to encroach, the real and ultimate good intended may be destroyed. Wherever he has lived we find evidence of his appreciation of the needs of others. The statues of Jefferson and Lincoln in Louisville, Ky., of Clay and McDowell, representing Kentucky in Statuary Hall in Washington, D. C.; the Library Building of the Hebrew Union College, Cincinnati, Ohio, the Young Men's Hebrew Association of Kentucky, the Orphan Society, and Old Men's Home in Germany, and now the Bernheim Foundation, together with his many acts of individual helpfulness, will continue to pay eloquent tribute to Mr. Bernheim in the years when he is no longer with us.

C. K.

