BORN A JEW

BORIS D. BOGEN

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BY

BORIS D. BOGEN

IN COLLABORATION WITH
ALFRED SEGAL

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BORN A JEW



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BORIS D. BOGEN

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CHAPTER I

CHILDHOOD

I WAS born a privileged Jew. So this, my birth, my first adventure, was an event somewhat noteworthy in a part of the world in which Jews not only were without privileges but also without rights.

I was an exception among Jews because I was born in Moscow. My father was a contractor handling government construction work. Having spent the requisite five years of business in the Pale and having paid an enormous fee for membership in the first guild, he was entitled to live in Moscow. For other Jews, Moscow was a glamorous goal never to be attained.

So there I was born.

Marfa, my nurse, all-powerful, was the center about which existence revolved; throughout the winter she guarded and cared for us within that high-walled room, and when spring came she took the baby and me out in the walled garden.

A time came when Marfa led me outside the nursery door and carefully shut it upon me. On tiptoe to peek through the keyhole, I watched her bow and kneel before that picture above her bed, her lips moved and her fingers weaved the sign of a cross upon her. When she had finished and had, for a moment, left the nursery, I, too, knelt before that picture, eager to imitate those mysterious passes and mutterings. Marfa hobbled swiftly into the room, trembling, furious, and frightened. She pulled me to my feet, shook me and slapped me and scolded me roundly. For the rest of the day she left me strictly to

myself, unrelenting as I watched her and tried to puzzle out why I should be punished for doing what she herself had done.

Then that four-year-old dimly came to understand that he was different—a being set apart. And he learned to leave the room quietly, without protest, albeit sadly, so that he might not witness her devotions.

The savor of adventure surrounded my first visit to the synagogue; I could hardly keep up with my father's measured stride, so many were the strange sights by the way. We had journeyed quite a distance from our home street and had come to a place of narrow alleys, where stiff little curtains fluttered in the windows of broken-down old houses and brightly dressed women with red faces lolled in the doorways. So we came to the synagogue, a fat, drab little building in the midst of this gaudiness, and within it many men with striped "talesim."

Father stopped to chat with this man and that, after the services were over, and I stood by, all ears; for the plaintive Yiddish intonation was strange to me, accustomed only to Russian speech, and the ease with which father dropped into this unknown tongue shared the aura of mystic adventure that hovered over the day.

"Here is your teacher," said father. The man was stooped and shabby, with a tired face, but he smiled kindly upon me and I accepted him wholly.

The next morning I again trotted down those far streets, past the queer old houses and the leering women on the doorsteps. With a kopek to spend for sweets and the consciousness of being admitted into the world of men, it was a great day for me.

School was in session in the low-ceiled, dingy home of my teacher. And about twenty boys sat at a long table, their bodies rocking backward and forward as they intoned loudly from their books, their voices rising and falling with the cadences of

the cantor in the synagogue. The teacher gave me a seat next to him, and, when the recitation had come to an end, proceeded to instruct me in my first lesson.

For the first time I saw poverty . . . the threadbare dress of the women in the teacher's home, the anxious doling out of wood for the fire in the brick stove, the bare, peeling walls in that room. Sometimes I played with my teacher's children in the courtyard, and I remember wondering why they dressed so poorly when their father had so many pupils; it was some years later that I knew of the large bribes that the teacher had to give in order that his school might exist without interference from the police.

And it was about the same time that I learned the explanation of those bright-curtained windows and beckoning women and the music and laughter and screams that came from those old houses. For this was the heart of the vice district, the one place where the Jewish schools, forbidden by law in cities outside the Pale, could flourish with least danger from officialdom.

Even here, however, the Law came. It must have been shortly after that memorable first day in Cheder.

Half dozing in my place beside the teacher, I was almost knocked backward by the sudden movement with which he sprang from his place in answer to a low call from the hall.

"He comes," some one whispered. The teacher turned to us with a single whispered command. The boys hid their books in a closet; the benches were piled behind a cupboard; the table was pulled against the wall. The children ran toward the door; a footfall sounded outside. Too late!

"Quick, the window!" An older boy pushed the window open and we clambered through, the teacher lifting us smaller ones to the sill and watching to see that we reached the ground safely. Trembling, I begged the boy beside me to tell me who was the ogre that pursued us. He laughed. Foolish child that I am, that I do not understand why we must disappear when the police official comes to the school, why we must hide our

books and benches so that the teacher can pretend there is no school here!

At a signal from the window we filed out into the yard and back to the classroom by way of the door. I looked at my teacher. Only a little trembling of his bony hand showed that anything unusual had occurred. The boys put up the benches and retrieved their books, the teacher took his seat, the recitation continued. But I did not go back to my daydreams. I sat and stared at the teacher and thought of him, of father, of us all, doing something which the police must not know, of all of us sneaking and hiding and lying, lest they find us out. But it must be right, after all, if father and the teacher made us do it. So I puzzled and wondered and then, somehow, found a new zest in those dull lessons that were forbidden by the Law.

One night as I was leaving the home of my teacher, I stopped, transfixed by a sound of blows and curses. A police officer clattered down the steps of a house, half leading, half dragging one of those blowzy women who so often smiled upon even us children as we passed. I felt a swift pang of pity; they also were afraid of the Law. Outcasts, all of us, we Jews and those women of the curtained shacks. I crept home miserably.

Saturday was the blessed day of freedom. Then I would take my toys into the street and begin my endless attempts to win my way into the games of the neighbor children. But I was a Jew and they were Russians. Most of them did not attend school yet. Those who did had no need to tremble at a footstep in the hall or a whispered warning. Father had pointed out one of those schools to me; a beautiful building it was, with a neat garden surrounding it and a playground in front. Little wonder that they knew how to play strange, fascinating games that warmed my heart as I looked on and longed to join in. I would try to bribe my way among them with a gift of candy or an invitation to play with my toys. As I carried a mechanical toy out-of-doors I could hear father's comments upon my deep interest in it.

"He will be an engineer," declared father. But to me that

little mass of wheel and wire represented just another possibility of buying the companionship of the Russian children who persisted so pointedly in ignoring me.

In due time upon the insistence of father I entered the gymnasium (secondary school). His desire that I obtain a gymnasium education was founded upon no great appreciation of secular studies; to attend the classes simply to secure secular education would have seemed a sheer waste of time. But the privileges of a university student, the right to live outside the Pale, and the reduction of compulsory military service from six terrible years as a private to six months as a student officer were prizes worth paying for.

Soon I learned that here, too, my hopes for equality were to be shattered. One morning I was so foolhardy as to dispute the right of way with a youngster who had pushed me to one side as he charged up the stairs. The argument ended as usual.

"Djid," taunted the enemy, and spat. With courage born of bitter desperation I fell upon him and we mingled in fiery combat. Hostilities were halted by the appearance of the supervisor, who pulled us apart and asked for details.

"He called me Djid," said I.

"And what of it?" queried the official. "A Djid you are and there's no use denying it. Why, if we allowed Jews to slap the faces of our Russians whenever they are called Djid, we should have no face spared." And he proceeded to punish me for my unreasonableness, to the unholy delight of my foe.

One morning we were called into the assembly hall. The director, with tears in his eyes and with a voice choked with emotion, told us that the Tsar had been killed by Nihilists. He spoke for a long time and with intense feeling, but the one thought that reached me was that the schools would be closed for two whole weeks. This part of his message I carried home most jubilantly.

The entire family were gathered together; they looked wor-

ried and sad, and now and then one or another would cry a little. My gleeful tidings were received with horror. My father boxed my ears for being so happy on such a tragic occasion, whereupon I proceeded to outdo them all in my lamentations.

"What a dunce of a boy he is," said father. "Here we are, in terrible sorrow and distress, and he only rejoices that he is free from school. For us Jews especially this awful happening is a terrible calamity. God knows what will become of us."

The troubles that came upon the Jews following the assassination of Alexander II seemed to my child mind merely the background for the purely personal catastrophe that overwhelmed our family at this time. The forfeiture of a large bond posted on a contract brought father's business crashing to ruin. We were plunged into poverty. We moved away from the pleasant house with its sunny garden and set up our belongings in the dismal rooms of a tenement-house flat. Father struggled desperately to retrieve his fortunes before his membership fee in the guild should expire, for if it could not be renewed, nothing would remain but to leave Moscow.

My two older sisters, who were gymnasium graduates, helped the family budget by conducting a little private school in our rooms. By virtue of their independent position they sought their own friends and, to father's distress, found themselves within the circle of the "Intellectuals," those young folk upon whom officialdom frowned and concerning whom we youngsters heard mysterious whispers. Father pleaded with the girls to drop these dangerous acquaintances.

"They are arresting people wholesale," he said. "What good can come of identifying yourselves with these political suspects?"

My sisters and their dangerous friends immediately became fascinating to me. I looked upon them with a new respect. I would huddle in a dark corner of the room, listening to their

discussions, eager to learn their secrets. One day one of the young men asked me to carry a message to a friend.

I learned that they frequented the Turgeniev Library and I lost no time in following their example. I turned eagerly to the Russian classics, with a special interest in books dealing with the life of the Nihilists, those storied figures who loomed so largely in the discussions of young radicals. Turgeniev's "Fathers and Sons" carried me with it. I imagined myself the hero Bazaroff; I tried to imitate him in appearance, in mannerism. I refused to visit the barber, so that my hair might attain the proper length. I spoke little, I assumed the somber aspect of a man of deep thought. I acquired a cutting way of replying to questions.

Mother worried over my neglected appearance; father, weary and discouraged from the struggle for mere livelihood, yet found time to reprimand me for my neglect of the gymnasium studies. And well he might, for I cut my classes with increasing frequency; buried in the pages of a book in my beloved library, I pictured myself a revolutionist and thrilled over imagined adventure. It was during this period that I found my hero.

He was a quiet, unassuming fellow, one of my sister's friends, but I knew he was active in "underground" work. I had watched him reverently from a distance on the many occasions that he had visited our home, and when he called me to him and spoke seriously to me, as if I were his equal, I felt that my cup of glory was filled to overflowing. My admiration almost approached idolatry; I dreamed of the time when he would ask me to share in his dangerous undertakings, and I resolved over and over that I would not falter when that time came.

For a while, however, this new friendship was discouragingly uneventful. I got what thrill I could from walking by his side and listening to his grave discourse on life and ideals. Once we stopped at a stand and he treated me to some meat pie. Up to this time I had abided as a matter of course by the pro-

hibition against "treife" food, and the fact that my hero considered one piece of meat as lawful as another was a distinct shock to me. There was not time to hedge, however. I dared not tell him of my scruples . . . he might be angry . . . worse, he might laugh at me. So I picked up the forbidden meat gingerly and, without looking at it, stuffed it into my mouth. Despite my repulsion against the very feel of it, I could not but enjoy its savory taste and, as further it became less and less of an ordeal, a sense of triumph at my new-found courage overwhelmed me. My complacency held out for the rest of the day. But night brought repentance and fear; I could not sleep, and for hours I tossed about, pleading to an angry Deity to give me just another chance.

So began a veritable dual existence. By day the personality of my hero dominated me completely. By night I suffered the torments of the pious, recoiling in terror before the pit into which I was slipping. But as time went on those night sessions became shorter and less frequent and finally ceased altogether. Curiously enough it was just at this point that my friend introduced me to his companions and I was admitted into the storied world.

I was astonished to meet among the members of the circle many of the younger folks of friends of our family. But what astonished me still more was the free-and-easy manner in which the Jewish members chummed with the few Russians in the group.

That the activity in which the circle engaged was dangerous, as well as thrilling, was soon brought home to me. Now and again one of the members would fail to turn up and I would learn of a police trap or a sudden raid in a home, and then of exile and prison. The impulse to get out of this uncomfortable picture was apt to come at such times, but the heroism of these martyrs shamed me into emulating their courage.

The leader of the circle was working upon a treatise on Socialism and, when police surveillance became annoying, arrangements were made to have him admitted to a hospital

where the staff was sufficiently honeycombed with sympathizers to keep him there as a patient. Another boy and I were assigned to the task of calling upon him on alternate days, to bring fresh paper and take away the completed material. On one such occasion, just as I was about to leave the place, I was called in for information as to the purpose of my visits and other details. I thought I acquitted myself rather handsomely and left the building with considerable satisfaction. No sooner had I reached the street, however, than I realized that I had left the bundle of incriminating manuscript in the anteroom. I dared not return, lest it had already been found and would be traced to me. I rushed to my friend and told him of my predicament.

"Careless . . . you must learn better," said he, "but not to return . . . unpardonable sin. Go back and take your medicine; whatever happens, don't be a coward." So I returned to the hospital and there lay my bundle, just as I had left it. So I tucked it under my arm and came away. Nothing happened.

The necessity of earning a livelihood turned my mind to more prosaic thinking. There was a great field for private tutoring. Now I dropped all other interests and devoted myself to the task of preparation for this profession. I scoured the libraries for material dealing with this subject. I began to systematize my information on methods and programs. In time, I began to get pupils and gradually perceived results from my studies. These successes elated me beyond measure. I suppose that no one, observing that shabby young Jew, self-conscious with all the awkward lankiness of his fifteen years, would have guessed at the grandiose dreams that stirred him, dreams of a future spent in the worth-while, useful, and dignified profession of a pedagogue.

Crude reality shattered those dreams almost at their very birth. I was forced to admit to myself that there was no chance for me to follow that calling. As a Jew, nothing would be available for me except private tutoring; and I would have to live in the Pale, for without a university degree I would have no right to exist outside of it.

This realization, and the reasoning that followed it, finally led me to the conclusion that my one chance lay in securing training in some highly specialized and technical subject, the preparation for which would not only bring me the necessary university degree but would also equip me for public instruction. I decided to enter art school and study architecture and drawing with an eye to combining this training with my previous studies in pedagogy. I had no illusions concerning my talent for these few studies, and I had no especial liking for art, but if in this way I could overcome the handicap of my Jewishness, winning at one and the same time a means of livelihood and the right to live in Moscow, what more could one desire?

Despite my lack of previous preparation, I made a fair record and began to feel that perhaps I had accidentally stumbled upon a career in which success awaited me. Then the great sculptor, Anatolski, in the course of a visit to Moscow, came to the school; I knew he was a Jew, and when he examined the work of the Jewish students with particular interest I could hardly wait until he came to my drawings.

"You will never make an artist," he said. "Don't try. We Jews must never undertake anything that we cannot do better than well."

His words settled my aspirations for a career in art once and for all.

Although I did have some friends in the school, I felt more drawn to my former associates, whom I met occasionally at some affair in the homes of mutual acquaintances. From casual conversations we drifted into more serious discussions which interested us to the extent of arranging regular gatherings.

The Decree of 1884, prohibiting the library circulation of a large number of books and laying down stringent rules for the regulation of literary circles, put an end to our collective

reading and made it difficult to continue even our informal discussions.

It was then that young Wolfsohn, a brilliant and popular student at the gymnasium, suggested that we put our thoughts in writing and circulate the manuscript among those who had participated in our little gatherings. As first only one copy was put into circulation, but the demand for it increased as later issues made their appearance, and before long several hundred students, most of them Jews, were absorbed in the enterprise.

Then Wolfsohn died, and his friends, spurred on by the idea of honoring his memory by strengthening his works, bent their efforts toward extending those activities. Gradually groups of five to ten boys began to gather to discuss the subject matter of the journal, the idea increased in popularity, and finally representatives of these little groups came together in a central committee. Few, indeed, were the Jewish students in Moscow who did not participate in these groups. The purpose of all this was purely educational, as distinguished from the activities of the secret, illegal organizations which proposed actually to bring about the changes we merely talked about. But the time came when we could no longer be content with theoretical discussions; our interest and zeal demanded some practical outlet, and it was but natural that we should turn to the existing "underground" Socialist circles. Many of us did join forces with that movement at this point, but a new outbreak of anti-Semitic excesses in South Russia turned my attention anew toward the problem of my own people.

The attitude of the Socialist groups toward these excesses was a severe blow to the Jewish members.

"The masses are gathering to strike their blow for freedom," they said. "At last they are ready to turn upon their oppressors. They attack Jews not as Jews but as members of the exploiting class; soon they will learn to recognize their true enemy. It is the will of the people." The Jewish members of the groups found themselves at the parting of the ways.

The test came one night at a meeting of the central organization in an out-of-the-way neighborhood on the outskirts of Moscow. Two Jewish members stood near the door of the meeting room, stretching forth their hands and begging all comers to give for the relief of the pogrom sufferers.

"Give a kopek for the innocent victims," they pleaded in the monotone of the Russian beggar. Almost without exception the Russian Socialists passed them by without so much as a curious glance.

CHAPTER II

YOUTH

LOOKING back upon that period of emotional and spiritual transition, I can see now that what had seemed to me an intensely personal and unique experience was, in fact, a veritable renaissance of national sentiment on the part of Jewish youth. The sufferings of people whom we had never known, whose beliefs and aspirations had become a matter of indifference to us, and whose Yiddish speech was an alien jargon to our Russian-trained ears, suddenly moved us as we had never been moved by the miseries of those oppressed masses which motivated our Socialistic endeavors. The indifference and even satisfaction evidenced by our former comrades toward Jewish anguish left us shaken by a storm of pity and sorrow and rebellion. The political and economic problems propounded in our circles receded into relative insignificance; at the very moment, perhaps, that I was solemnly resolving to devote my life to the amelioration of the tragedy of the Jews, that same solemn vow became the goal of thousands of youthful Russian Jews.

A young lawyer, Leon Bramson, took the initiative in hitting upon a practical end for all this aimless groping. He issued a call to those interested in the question to gather for the organization of a study group for this purpose. About twenty-five of us made up the circle that resulted from this call.

The first systematic work undertaken by our group was the preparation of a guide to articles on Jewish subjects published in Russian periodicals. Our lack of foreign languages and of Hebrew and Yiddish limited our studies to the literature published in Russian and, as there were but few books in existence

on this subject, we early saw the necessity of listing the articles scattered here and there in periodicals. Gradually the scope of this task broadened and developed into the publication of a systematic guide to all Jewish literature in Russia. In the course of this work we had occasion to communicate with some of the prominent Russian savants and sociologists and through their influence our circle gained the legal right to existence; we now had no longer to fear interference at our meetings and we plunged into our work with renewed enthusiasm and courage.

While some members of our group were assigned to the preparation of the Guide, another group, composed of the lawyers, undertook a study of the special legislation affecting Jews in Russia. The ultimate object of this study was to demonstrate the contradictory nature of many of the measures, the existence of a whole series of legal anachronisms, and the simple justice that would demand the abolition of a special series of laws which affected one part of the population as distinguished from the rest of the Russian people.

It was in connection with my tutoring that I returned to the house of my childhood, for one of our former neighbors engaged me to teach his children. The comfortable, happy household, so bright a contrast to the poverty of my own home, delighted me, and I soon established myself as a regular guest and friend of the younger members of the family. The father, a somber, kindly gentleman, completely won me by his friendly manner, and when I learned his story he became a veritable hero of drama to me.

He had been a Cantonist, one of those hapless children who, at the age of five to seven, were taken away from their homes, brought into strange cities, and, by harsh and constant pressure, were compelled to renounce their Judaism. This program was instituted by Emperor Nicholas I. From the age of six to nine he remained in the military school to which he had been taken; then he was apprenticed to a barber, in which trade he became unusually proficient. As years went on he became assistant to

his master and finally the shop itself passed into his hands. During all this time the efforts at conversion had not ceased. Actual physical torture failed to weaken his determination. Years of this sort of suffering inflicted upon him by his officers almost shook his reason, but when, at the end of twenty-five years of military servitude, the ascension to the throne of Alexander II brought freedom to the Cantonists, he left the service, still a Jew. The liberated Cantonists were given the right to live outside the Pale, so he settled in Moscow, established a successful barbershop there, gained the distinction of Court Barber, and, embarking into other enterprises, accumulated quite a little fortune.

Now he was determined that his children should be given the religious training that he had missed. Since his liberation he had been a pious Jew, devoted member of the synagogue, never reconciled to the fact that he had no knowledge of Hebrew lore. Despite my admiration and deep affection for the father, I could not resist a certain sympathy for the children who were apt to grow impatient with this insistence upon law and ritual. I even connived at rebellion, for Lisa, the oldest daughter, was eager to learn about the elements of science and literature and we gradually drifted into more or less surreptitious study in these fields. I brought her textbooks, which she concealed most carefully, and it was through these study sessions, not included in the official program of my tutorship, that our companionship developed.

It was with Lisa, then, that I one day attended a lecture by the Russian pedagogue, Dmitri Tichomiroff, one of a series given by the Moscow Pedagogical Society. Tichomiroff was famous as the author of an important line of textbooks, as teacher at the Royal Court, and as director of the schools conducted under the ægis of the Tsarina. His subject upon this occasion was the crime of neglect in the training of teachers; he pointed to the cost society must pay for permitting untrained boys to teach children whose parents could well afford trained instructors. This attack upon the amateur in teaching

seemed to me directly applicable to my own case, and I wondered how he would regard my situation, where religious prejudice prevented me from acquiring the necessary training while economic necessity compelled me to undertake tutoring. Lisa suggested that I write to him and put the question. I remember how laboriously I edited and reëdited that lengthy epistle and with what misgivings I consigned it to the post.

The reply was an invitation to visit him at his residence. I imagine that the intense seriousness of my letter had given the impression of an older man; at any rate he certainly started perceptibly as I was ushered into his imposing study, and even as I approached him I reflected that my worn clothing and very evident youth did not show to much advantage in the luxurious surroundings of the mansion in which this learned man resided. However, he greeted me kindly and expressed his interest in the problem I presented.

This was the beginning of an intimate and precious friendship. Tichomiroff was director of a pedagogical course for women and he first tried to get government permission to allow men to attend these classes. Failing in this, he offered to conduct private classes in pedagogy at his home, with himself and some friends as instructors. All the students attending this course were Jews, probably because of the greater importance of private tutoring among the Jews and perhaps also because Tichomiroff's first contact had been with a Jewish group. His personal interest and sympathy in the difficulties confronting the Jewish students developed rapidly, and in every step which our little circle attempted, we came first to him, to lay our plans before him and to receive his judgment upon them.

It may have been the complete lack of race or religious prejudice on the part of this noble Russian that impressed us with the possibilities of education as a force for shaping the relationships of humankind. It occurred to us that much of the difference between Jew and non-Jew might be due to the exclusive nature of Jewish education, and that perhaps these

differences might be mitigated by leading children, from the very beginning, in the ways of secular education. That this idea was not original with us became obvious almost immediately. Indeed, was not this the solution offered by Tzar Nicholas? I remembered the heroic story of Lisa's father, and reflected, with considerable satisfaction, that he had proved the futility of attempts at forced assimilation. We discovered the extensive literature on the subject of Cantonists and delved into the accounts of the great suffering and bitterness caused by that experiment in compulsory education. It seemed that most of that minority who had yielded and had embraced conversion had left but poor account of themselves; many of them remained common soldiers to the very end, doing the menial work of the army, or serving as personal servants to the officers.

Still something might be done by introducing secular subjects into the Jewish schools. We decided to test this in the religious school (Talmud Torah) which pursued its illegal existence in the very heart of the Moscow Ghetto. Some of us succeeded in joining the faculty of this school and, when Professor Tichomiroff himself offered his services in directing the instruction, we had little difficulty in securing funds for the experiment from the many who sympathized with the scheme. We entered upon our work with youthful energy; we planned to do more than broaden the curriculum; we determined to clean up the surroundings, to establish sanitary standards for such schools, and, in general, to modernize the entire institution, even though it must continue its illegal operation. It was because of this experiment that our circle came to be known as the "assimilators," a name that we resented as a misrepresentation of our attitude of impartial inquiry.

My work in the school completed my initiation into the life of the Russian Jew. I became a part of the cramped, vivid, tense existence within the old stone walls of *Zariadie,* the Moscow Ghetto.

I learned with amazement that, while I had been planning

my whole life with a view to retaining my privilege of residence outside the Pale, thousands upon thousands dwelt within this Ghetto, living on without that privilege. Some of them had managed to secure registration under one of the privileged categories. Peddlers, students of Hebrew lore, teachers, and many another type of Moscow Jew were registered as artisans; merchants were registered as members of the first guild whose membership had long since lapsed. Thousands were not registered at all, living in comparative security, however, by means of police "taxation." Police bribery hung over the *Zariadie* like some insatiable bird of prey, demanding more and more, never satisfied, always threatening. The amount paid over to officialdom must have been enormous; there seemed no end to the thousands who were only too happy to find a police official amenable to inducements.

I knew that something was happening to me. My revulsion against the deception practiced by these people did not survive my first week among them. The scheming, lying, and pretending going on all about me no longer appeared abhorrent. As my identity with these hunted creatures increased, my contempt of governmental power grew correspondingly and I began to feel a sense of peculiar satisfaction at every new evidence of successful evasion of laws which seemed so wantonly cruel and futile. I accepted without further question an ethical system which held legal injunctions as completely outside the moral code.

My old attitude toward life and especially toward my own people had entirely changed. The critical, sensitive, anxious fear lest my Jewish friends might prove lacking in any way, lest their lapses in manners, achievements, or appearance might reflect upon me also, had given way to a new and thrilled pride in the talents and special genius of the members of our circle. I heard with elation of each honor or special accomplishment of Jews, even though they were not known to me personally. Gradually, without realizing the fact, I was coming to connect such achievements with the mere fact of their

Jewishness; whether this belief was based on the feeling that such accomplishments were given to compensate for the disabilities under which the Jews had to live, or whether it arose from the thought that the very persecutions might have sharpened and intensified the Jewish intellect and genius, the fact remains that my old shrinking from sharing in the humiliations and insults heaped upon the Jews now gave way to an almost aggressive eagerness to share in them in order to earn the right to participate in the pride of their honors. Imagine our delight when Zaydeman, an ardent member of our group, won the gold medal at Moscow University for his thesis on law. We looked forward eagerly to commencement day, which fell on January 12th, the anniversary of the founding of the university, and which was always a day of boisterous celebration on the part of the students, who practically took possession of the city on that day. We met just before the graduation exercises began and filed into the assembly hall in a body, for we meant to applaud properly when our man received his award at the hands of the Governor-General of Moscow. That dignitary was particularly imposing that morning; as he handed the medals to the prize students he shook hands with each one, complimenting him in well-rounded phrases on his achievements. But when Zaydeman came forward, the Governor gave him a single glance and, turning aside, handed the medal to another official for presentation. Words could not have made his meaning more clear; he would not stoop to grasp the hand of a Jew.

We waited only for Zaydeman to rejoin us and left the hall, furious and excited. Once out of doors, however, we decided that the best way to avenge the insult would be to pawn the now despised medal and spend the proceeds on a good time. We joined the crowds of students pouring riotously through the streets and presently came to a fashionable restaurant on the outskirts of the city. The place was jammed with students, drinking and singing and otherwise enjoying themselves. Most of them were too far gone, I suppose, to notice us, but a little

group of professors of the university and teachers of the gymnasium, enjoying themselves in little alcoves, hailed our approach with loud curses upon all Jewdom but with befuddled praises and compliments to the glorious exceptions they said we were.

"Come and join us," shouted one who happened to be the dean of the gymnasium. He pointed to Brutskos, who was our most talented student and declaimed, "Though he is a Jew, I love him."

This was too much for us. We saw ourselves as the defenders and avengers of our people and, without further ado, we seized the worthy pedagogue and threw him from his seat. He resisted and his companions tried to help him out, but we felt capable of fighting an army at that particular moment and it was only the interference of some bystanders that prevented a rousing good battle. Unappeased, we pushed our way through the crowd to the central hall. Zaydeman mounted a chair and made a speech, calling upon the students to put a stop to the insults heaped upon their Jewish comrades. We applauded lustily, but there was too much noise for any one else to hear him. However, the general effect must have been a rather stirring one, because some policemen came in and we barely succeeded in getting our champion through the lines. It was a great day for us, and our elation did not subside for some time. It may have been due to this, that, at a student's demonstration several weeks later, two of our members were arrested. In any event we appealed to our great friend, Professor Tichomiroff, to intercede in our behalf and he agreed to plead our case with Professor Bogdanow, the dean of the university. I went with him and was greatly cheered to see the friendly greeting we received, for the dean was a personal friend of Professor Tichomiroff. But when our defender introduced our mission by remarking that he came to ask a favor for two Jewish students, Bogdanow interrupted him with.

"Ask me anything else and I would go to hell to do it for you. But don't ask me anything for the Jews. I would rather

grant a favor to a dog." And having thus disposed of the unpleasant subject, the learned gentleman resumed his gracious manner and bowed us out with dignity.

We emancipated ones were wont to regard with profound indifference the elaborate ritual of the Jewish household. Our allegiance was not to Judaism, but to Jews. I was considerably disturbed, therefore, to find myself curiously elated as the holiday approached. It was but small comfort to discover my friends similarly affected. During Passover our effort to shake off this mood urged us to make almost a ceremony of our partaking of leavened bread. Yet I would not have dreamed of remaining away from the seder services in our home; I assured myself that this was because I did not want to hurt my father, but I knew this as a mere pretext. The ancient ritual had an unaccountable pull upon me; it seemed to draw me to the Jews of the whole world with an appeal so blended of sadness and pride and fear that it was impossible to tell where one began and the other left off. I yearned over my people with a curiously protective spirit; my imagination pictured fearful disasters in store for them, and each image fired anew my desire to do something to help.

The exodus of the Jews from Moscow presented opportunity for service.

CHAPTER III

THE EXODUS FROM MOSCOW

IN 1890 a terrible catastrophe befell the Jews of Moscow. The new Governor-General had ordered a clean sweep of all Jews illegally residing in Moscow. I remembered hearing rumors of some such action, but had discounted them as repetitions of the frequent scares that had been appearing in the Ghetto since the establishment of the Temporary Laws of 1885, which formally banished the Jews to the Pale. But this was no mere panic. Without further ado the police proceeded to check up on those entitled to remain. Tragedy gripped every house. The families of some of my pupils immediately sold all their belongings and left for their towns in the Pale. But the children in the Talmud Torah remained, for the parents of most of them had no possibility of gathering together sufficient means for the journey to the Pale. The Jews gathered in frightened groups in the streets and vestibules, scattering before the approach of a uniform. The stream of departing households seemed like part of a nightmare. We tried to convince ourselves that the execution of the order would not be actually as strict and complete as we feared. Many families made no move to go, hoping that the order might be revoked, or that some further exceptions might be made of categories that could remain. As the end of the period allowed for leaving drew near, terror seized hundreds of families, and they left their homes and threw themselves upon the mercy of those Jews who had the right to remain in Moscow.

Our little circle became transformed into a unit for the relief of the fugitives. We offered ourselves to the committee that

had been established to help in the emergency and were accepted. The committee had organized its work on a more or less systematic basis. There was a special department, to collect funds and provide transportation, food, and clothing to the many poverty-stricken families that had to leave. Then they had a legal department, to give advice and inquire into the rights of many Jews who had some shadow of a claim to residence, and to provide legal aid for Jews who were arrested in the course of the public raids in the Jewish district. We selected as our especial task the problem of finding shelter for those who could not leave within the prescribed time, and of helping these refugees to evade arrest.

We developed a special technique for this and, with a weary fugitive at his side, each of us would cover a regular route. First, we would walk the boulevards, seldom daring to rest upon the benches, lest we might attract unwelcome attention. Then, when our ward could no longer stand, we would go the rounds of the tea houses, never staying in one long enough to attract special notice; when the tea rooms closed for the night we would wend our way to the restricted district, where the houses of prostitution welcomed any one, even though he had no right to be in Moscow. The inmates of these houses came to recognize our purpose in bringing those tired, terrified Jews.

I remember one old gentleman who had come to the headquarters of the committee on the verge of collapse from utter weariness. He had lived in Moscow for years, had established a good business, and was highly respected in the Jewish community. When the expulsion order was issued, he had immediately sent his family out of Moscow, remaining alone in the hope that his special appeal for leniency might be successful. He had that day received notice that he must leave immediately, had finished winding up his business affairs, and had arranged to go out by the night train. He had missed the train and here he was, without shelter for the night. He turned to his friends; they dared not take him in. He had

money, but no hotel would admit him. The best we could do for him was to guide him to one of those houses of ill fame where, helpless from exhaustion, terror, and despair, the poor creature fell to the floor. The women surrounded him. One brought some pillows and placed them beneath his disheveled white head. Another hurried to bring cold water for him. The picture of this venerable old Jew, lying stricken, with those women of the street ministering to him is one that has etched itself on the memory and is outstanding in the pageant of Jewish misery that has passed before my eyes.

Our committee had been hard put to find some place to shelter the families who could not immediately start on their journey and yet could no longer remain in Moscow. Professor Tichomiroff came to our rescue by offering part of his own home; his palatial residence was not likely to be raided, and we were thus enabled to provide safe shelter for hundreds of Jews in turn. But this could not take care of the families, and we scoured the city for some secluded spot in which to keep them.

By sheer good fortune we discovered that a neighborhood called Marianna Roscha, just outside the city of Moscow and not under its jurisdiction, was blessed with an official who was not immune to the suggestion of a bribe. We immediately began to send our refugee families there; they soon occupied every available room, shack, and even yard. The bread-winners would come into Moscow by day and return to their hiding-place by night. We had no sooner gotten these people settled, however, than the bought official was transferred to another post and his successor immediately ordered his police to drive all refugees from the town.

The committee assigned to another worker and myself the delicate task of interviewing this official. We visited him at his home. We painted a pathetic picture of the plight of the refugees, and pleaded for mercy. The official could not see his way clear to modify his order. We mildly suggested that it would be made worth his while. He flew into a rage. He

berated us soundly for the mere suggestion. He was astounded and disgusted, he said, to find men of education, students, lowering themselves to the degradation of offering a bribe to a government servant. He really ought to report us to the authorities and let the law take its course, but he would spare us this time. With this magnanimous gesture he dismissed us, and we left his presence sick at heart.

A door off the hall stood open to disclose a pleasant sitting room and we caught a glimpse of a young woman within; she was a Jewess, that was clear, and we surmised that she must be the mistress of the official. So we established a watch over the house and on the third day we managed to get to her and pour out our story. She was deeply moved and promised us that she would use her influence to divert her master from his purpose.

She did not overrate her power. The official became surprisingly indifferent to the presence of our Jews. The police lost all interest in the hunt. The story leaked out, and the young woman became known as the Moscow Judith.

When this official was removed from his post shortly thereafter, he must have resented the intervention of his Jewish mistress. At any rate, I met her shortly thereafter at the railroad station in Smolensk. She told me she was about to try her fortune in Argentine. I muttered some phrases of regret that our appeal to her had brought trouble to her. She stopped me midway. Her one happiness, she said, was that her own dishonor had been the means of saving those unfortunate Jewish families from suffering.

Meanwhile the police search in Moscow itself became more frequent and persistent. They broke into our school one morning, demanded documents of all present, and arrested several of the teachers who had registered as artisans. They then turned their attention to the illegal existence of the school, confiscated our equipment, books, and records, and bore away in triumph a list of those who had been assisting us in our educational experiment. Only the fact that Professor

Tichomiroff figured so prominently in the enterprise saved us all from dire consequences.

The death of the leader of the committee which had carried on the relief work for the refugees was a severe blow. A noted lawyer, he had stood aloof from Jewish interests until the extreme cruelty of the expulsion order had roused him to service. He had plunged heart and soul into the work of helping the victims of the edict, toiling night and day until exposure and exhaustion brought him to the illness that ended his life.

All the Jews of Moscow mourned his death and thousands walked in the wake of his coffin as it was borne to the cemetery. But when the rabbi asked the children of this martyr to come for the final Orthodox rites of mourning, they refused to come, for they were no longer Jews. On his deathbed their father had called for a priest and had accepted conversion. He died hoping by this act to save his children from the miseries and tortures that were visited upon the Jews. No sufferings of the expulsion, none of the tragedies that had been enacted in those dark months brought such complete despair as did this—this craven escape.

I was glad to get away from Moscow, now the scene of such bitter memories and such utter hopelessness, and to accept a position as tutor in the country home of a nobleman's family. Upon my arrival at the imposing estate of my employer, I was delighted and surprised at the lack of any evidence of feeling against me on account of my Jewish origin.

By the end of a week I was heartily tired of the situation; I found myself passing from one embarrassment to another. I was expected to take up the study of the New Testament with my pupils; I managed to postpone this. When the family started for church, graciously inquiring as to my own plans, I felt myself growing flushed and miserable as I stammered some lame excuse and escaped to my room. I thought things had come to the end of endurance, when one day an itinerant photographer, a Jew, with an atrocious accent, happened to

strike the place. The haughty condescension with which my employers regarded him and the cringing humility by which he attempted to ingratiate himself with them, left me trembling and sick at heart. I determined to subject myself to my employer's contempt rather than to my own. I bluntly announced that I was a Jew and therefore could not continue to tutor his children. I do not know whether it was because he appreciated my withdrawal under the circumstances, but at any event he expressed his regret that I found it necessary to leave and bade me a cordial farewell.

Lisa and I married. We set up housekeeping in a little room that became the center for the gatherings of our old circle. They would saunter in at any and all hours, usually armed with a bag of fruit or some cakes or even a loaf of bread as a contribution to the general entertainment, for we were all living more or less on the edge of things and our menus were consequently rather meager; a little run of good fortune, some paying pupils, or perhaps a pawnable gift from some friend of one of us, and we celebrated joyously, feasting on the best the restaurants could offer and arranging merry theater parties and pleasant jaunts to the country. The very next day might find us intent upon discussion about our little table, cheerfully absorbing much tea, with only a fat black loaf of bread to fall back upon. We were rather crowded up there, even though the circle had dwindled to half its former strength, what with the loss of those who left with the explusion and the departure of several of our lawyer members. The latter had established themselves in St. Petersburg in the hope of getting to know influential people who might prove a force toward improving the setting of the Jews. The recurrent police "control" of the residence situation was a constant admonition of the impossibility of pursuing a normal life. Our own right to live in Moscow was small consolation; we felt at one with the helpless, miserable Jews who were hunted and persecuted because they had left the Pale.

CHAPTER IV

GOING TO AMERICA

AND so we began to think of helping Jews to emigrate from an intolerable existence. And where was the best place to go in the world? Our little circle was tired of the insoluble Jewish problem. Escape was the only way out of it, it seemed. Our friend had sought escape for his children by annihilating them as Jews. We would help our people to escape with their souls.

We organized a committee to write to certain men throughout the world. We drew up a list of questions concerning the economic, social, and educational conditions in every desirable country, with particular emphasis on the attitude of the government toward immigration and the attitude of the non-Jews and of the old Jewish settlers toward Jewish newcomers.

A reply from New York was from one whom I shall call Worth because that was not his name, and who, in addition to being a correspondent for numerous foreign publications, was a representative of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, the editor of a Russian paper published in New York, a teacher of English to foreigners, and the owner of a book concern. Mr. Worth replied to our questionnaire in great detail. He expressed his delight that the Russian Jewish intelligentzia had at last interested itself in the real and only solution of the Jewish problem. We made haste to strengthen our connection with this personage, evidently important, and were delighted when he wrote again, and yet again. And what was our joy when he announced that he was so impressed with our interest that he had made arrangements to go to

Russia and was leaving within a few days for a personal conference with us. And some weeks later he arrived and our rapt eyes gazed upon a Jew who was a free man. He had been in America for some years and his democratic manner thrilled us.

"Imagine," said we to one another, "a person of his standing and wealth carries a shoe brush in his suitcase and actually stoops to shine his shoes himself." He seemed to us to embody the very spirit of the freedom and equality of American existence.

Mr. Worth was a veritable mine of ideas. At his suggestion we hastened to gather material on the subject of immigration and to arrange for the establishment of an information bureau which might make special arrangements with the steamship companies and render personal service to prospective immigrants. When the time came for his departure to the United States, Mr. Worth again expressed his pleasure at having joined hands with us. He hoped that some of us ourselves would come to America and any of us who did so must call on him.

We plunged into our work with tremendous enthusiasm. The miserable persecutions of the residence laws, the continual recurrence of anti-Jewish declarations on the part of public officials, the shadow of the Pale in the background—all these seemed already a bad memory. We dreamed of the Jews as they would be in the New World, where there was freedom for all, where the schools opened wide their doors to all who would enter, where life was secure and hopeful and worth while. It was characteristic, indeed, of the broad sweep of our plans that our own personal situations did not enter largely in these dreams.

The idea came to me suddenly, one night. We had not turned in until well toward dawn, and I could not sleep. Phrases and arguments kept repeating themselves in my brain. . . . Pioneers. . . . Freedom to live. . . . Hope and striving. . . . Gradually my thoughts veered to our baby, already

a developing personality. To what future was I condemning it, to what life of fear and deceit and sorrow?

I could not wait for the dawn. I woke Lisa to tell her my news. We were going to America.

When my friends learned of it, they were dumbfounded. America, of course, was the answer to our problem . . . but how could I do it? How could I leave Russia, upon whose soil I had been born, whose language was the mother tongue to me? And how could I expose my wife and little one to the hazards of life in a new and strange land? My relatives and Lisa's family were even more at sea; for them America was not a refuge, but merely an escape.

"Who goes to America?" cried they. "Criminals, fugitives from justice, people who evade military service. But a young couple . . . just beginning to live . . . to run for no reason at all. . . . Insane!"

At last the day of our departure arrived. We stood at the railway station in the midst of our bundles, and surrounded by our friends and relatives. Our parents wept bitterly . . . standing there, begging us with their eyes to drop this mad adventure. . . . This is my last picture of them.

Our friends wrung our hands and showered wishes upon us. We were to be the pathfinders, they told us. By my success or failure in America would they gauge its possibilities as a new home for the tens of thousands who dreamed of it. But beneath these encouraging phrases I could see the heartache with which they saw me go, for who knew if we were ever to see one another again? The last good-bys were said. We had established ourselves in our seats in the train. We were leaning out the windows, shaking hands again, trying to cheer those whose tears flowed so uncontrolled . . . trying to impress on our memory forever the picture of that little knot of dear ones, the familiar sight of the Moscow roofs, and the sweetness and the color of that spring day. Then the train pulled out of the station, and we were speeding through pleasant fields on our way to St. Petersburg.

We went this way to bid good-by to our old comrades of the circle, who had gone there. Their unaffected sorrow at our departure and their earnest pleas that we give up this hazardous experiment and remain in Russia, at least for the time being, made our hearts ache with the thought of leaving these good friends . . . but we would go on. So again we stood in the station, attended by a little group of friends, and again we leaned far out the windows as the train pulled out, until the angry order of the conductor bade us draw our heads out of danger and settle back for the long ride to the frontier.

At Libau we sought the protection of a certain official who made a business of smuggling emigrants over the frontier, for my comfortably lined purse could not compensate for my lack of a foreign passport and our documents were stamped for travel to Libau and return. The dignitary who would undertake, for suitable payment, of course, to negotiate our passage to Königsberg, was by no means self-effacing. Indeed his existence had become known to us through no less a functionary than the governor of Libau himself; this gentleman, compelled to learn Russian in order to negotiate his official business in the required language, had engaged a relative of one of our comrades as a tutor and had quite casually informed her as to the proper official to approach for the purpose of avoiding frontier difficulties. So we were herded into one of a little string of wagons, piled high with emigrants, their numerous progeny, and their unwieldy baggage. All night we sat cramped in the jolting, rickety cart, that turned into a veritable steam bath from the crowded, hot bodies; when morning came we were dumped out at Palangen, just this side of the border. But there we left the wardship of the benevolent official, for we had been advised to get in touch with a cousin of young Brutskos who would see to our crossing. And when night came, we were safely across the border, with our baby wailing lustily as if to celebrate our escape from our birthland.

At Königsberg we were hustled into a car which I dis-

covered was especially detailed for emigrant transportation. Order . . . regulations . . . maledictions. But there were Russians among us, and Poles . . . a new grouping . . . no longer were we discriminated against as Jews, thought I, but as emigrants. Again we belonged to a special species . . . but the prize will be worth it.

It was near the approach to Berlin that we were hustled from the train with our baggage on our backs, and herded into a large hall where German ladies, with set, beaming smiles and a curious well-fed atmosphere about them, led us to long tables at which we were to partake of their hospitality. I was considerably nettled; I had money, I had no taste for their charity, and I didn't fancy being plumped down in this unceremonious fashion. I suppose the anticipation of my freedom was going to my head. However, I realized how useless it would be to try to explain all this in Russian to these German ladies, so we took the seats assigned to us, and waited for the next move. The hall was a noisy, disorderly place. Thousands of emigrants were crowded into it, seated at the long tables or being lined up to wait their turn. Most of them were poorly dressed, all of them looked tired and nervous and excited. The air was filled with a strange clamor. . . . Yiddish in various dialects, I surmised, but I could make out little if any of it. A weazened old lady, with a dirty black wig, crowded in beside my wife; a young woman, with an exceedingly bony infant at her breast, huddled down at my other side. We watched the little group of bustling German ladies and wondered what would happen next.

A gentleman, resplendent in frock coat, arose at the end of the hall and pronounced a blessing in a curious mixture, half Hebrew and half German. Then the workers gave us each a bowl of soup and a piece of bread, and the clatter of spoons and the splash of soup soon drowned the hum of voices. We were sitting there, mortified and disgusted, wishing for the ordeal to be over, when one of the ladies smilingly asked why we did not eat. We were not hungry, I managed, in my halt-

ing Yiddish. The lady became furious and proceeded to scold us in very loud and rapid German. "Verdammte Juden" was all I could understand of her long tirade—but that was quite enough. We sat dumbfounded and waited for the storm to pass. At last the meal was declared finished, the emigrants streamed from the benches and made for the trains. I managed to get the attention of one of the numerous volunteer workers with imposing badges, and gladly paid the fee he asked for helping us with our baggage and getting us into the train.

Hamburg . . . a glimpse of tall spars looming by the shore . . . a gangplank that led into the very bowels of the monstrous vessel . . . and then the narrow cabin, with shelf-like beds, which was to be our home until we reached America.

We shared the low-ceiled cabin with twenty-two other emigrants. The first day out found half of them deathly sick and the other half disgusted and irritable. The bundles and hampers made it almost impossible to stir within that room. I looked upon my fellow passengers with a strange thrill. They, like us, were facing a new life and new freedom; I tried to open conversation with some of them. They looked at me rather distrustfully, then turned to each other and spoke in rapid Yiddish which was completely unintelligible to me. I turned away in disgust. These people were dirty. They smelled frightfully of the herring and other food they had brought with them and which they were in the habit of unwrapping in the cabin. Their way of living, their interests, their language were more foreign to me than those of our Russian oppressors. Could I ever become a real part of these people and share in their way of life?

They, apparently, were as little pleased with us as we with them. I think they believed my ignorance of their language a mere affectation and they detested me for it. When, after one glance and smell of the rations served for steerage passengers, I hastened to the steward and made arrangements to secure and pay for food from the kitchen in the second

cabin, they reached the end of their control. When I brought the food down to my wife they fell upon her with curses for eating food not fit for a Jew. I beckoned to one Yankel, a gangling youth who seemed less unfriendly than the others, and whispering, hinted that perhaps my wife was not a Jewess.

"Don't you understand?" said I. "She is coming to America to become a Jewess."

Yankel looked at her blond braid, was convinced, and hastened to champion her cause. He called off the attack. He whispered importantly. The enemy fell away, with pleased expressions, and thereafter treated us with eager friendliness. They offered Lisa their own herring and potatoes and black bread, and with considerable gesticulations attempted to make it clear to her that they welcomed her as one of them.

On the hot, crowded deck I tried to mingle with the interesting groups of emigrants of other nationalities, but somehow I always found myself anchored to a little knot of Jews and my acquaintance with the others did not advance beyond the stage of casual salutation. So the days passed, and an expectant feeling began to pervade the passengers.

Land at last! . . . Just a narrow strip of black on the horizon . . . then small ships pushing about in the water . . . then real shore and little boats scurrying about. Officials come down into the steerage and line us up for inspection . . . the terrible edict is delivered . . . we cannot land because there is something that looks like cholera.

Suspicion centered upon one young Jew, and it was because of his condition that we were detained in the harbor for two full days, restless and impatient and worried.

"The dirty Jews," complained the German passengers, "they are always the cause of trouble."

I did not remonstrate against their disgusting and unreasonable attitude, but my heart bled when I contemplated that perhaps I had not escaped anti-Semitism. Here it was at my side in these Germans.

"To whom did you telegraph?" queried Yankel, who had

apparently determined to take us under his wing. I did not at first understand, and with a great show of officiousness he explained that they would not let me off unless there were some one to meet me. I retreated to the cabin and discussed our predicament with Lisa; fortunately, she remembered an uncle of hers who lived in New York, located his address which her father had tucked away among her papers, and I hastened to wire him of our arrival.

At last the ship was released and turned toward the river. Then the high gray skyline of the city . . . the great statue looming ahead of us . . . Liberty!

CHAPTER V

THE GREENER

My wife's uncle took us to the East Side. Tall brick walls of houses hemmed us in. The dingy discomfort of the steerage, the tremulous march up the gangplank, our terror before the admitting officers . . . these things belonged to another life. We were in America.

The people who hurried past us or stood in groups before doorways were not strange to us. The dark beards, the dusty caftans, and the animated gesticulation were bewilderingly familiar. The shops bore Yiddish signs, and Jewish newspapers and books were displayed on stands. Tradesmen, huddling beside market carts, called out their wares in the singsong Yiddish of the Pale. Only the heavy shadows of the elevated trains thundering above us spoke of another world.

Was this the America we had sought? Or was it, after all, only a circle that we had traveled, with *Zariadie,* the Jewish Ghetto in Moscow, at its beginning and its end?

The proprietor of the "immigrants' hotel" operated a saloon on the ground floor, and it was from behind the bar that he came to greet us and lead us to our room. It was five flights up; by a peculiar sense of the fitness of things, he set the price at five dollars a day. His fat, unpleasant body, his bright, bulging eyes, and the grim complacency with which he left us in the little stuffy room gave him a striking resemblance to a spider. We hastened to close the door after him to shut off the smell of stale beer that seeped up the stairways.

From my first exploration tour of the street, I returned with a big and cheerful watermelon. But as I started to mount the stairs with it, picturing to myself Lisa's pleasure at this

familiar and luscious object, the Spider pounced upon me. What? Was I mad? Watermelon . . . just after getting off the boat? It would make us deathly sick, if in fact it did not finish us altogether. And with this benevolent warning, he relieved me of my treasure and retired behind the bar, while amused snickers testified to the appreciation of his audience.

The next morning we were awakened by the sound of cannonading. It was the Fourth of July. Proud of our knowledge of the holiday we came down in our best attire. Children hurled explosives at our feet and passed on calmly, while we shrank in horror from the spurt of flame and the clatter of shot.

That evening we watched the celebrating street from our doorway. The sound of shooting increased. Great streaks of flame lit up the strip of sky that loomed between the roofs, Bonfires blazed in the roadway and men and boys rushed by us, dragging boxes, barrels, and boards to feed the flames. Somewhere in the distance martial music sounded. A red light flared up from the sidewalk and illuminated the bunting at a window. Lisa, my wife, lifted the baby, so that it could see the flag which we regarded as ours.

A passing boy pulled the tail of my frock coat and his companions nudged each other and laughed. Their derisive call echoed after them—"Greener."

The food and the price at the Spider's drove us to look for another room. We finally found one in a "dumb-bell" tenement, whose solid walls of masonry, extending through the block, were separated from adjoining buildings only by the central shafts upon which the windows of the inside rooms opened. But our room was on the top floor; where we had light and air that could never penetrate to the lower floors.

The poverty, the discomfort, the squalor of the Ghetto settled upon us like a dark cloud. We became used to the communism of tenement life, to the sound of family quarrels that floated in from adjoining rooms, to the sight of sickness and old age and tears. The houses were dark and dirty and hot; the street

noisy and relentless. At a street-crossing stood a gigantic figure in blue and brass whom we invariably passed in a great hurry and with averted eyes, for our neighbors had told us stories about the brutality of the policeman. And he was an American.

One morning the sound of children singing brought us to a corner where an old man, with a red-jacketed monkey on his shoulder, turned the crank of a decrepit organ. The children flocked from all directions, danced and sang. The bright summer sky, the happy, dancing children, the lively strains of the music seemed of another world. Here was America at last. We listened, rapt. "On the Bowery" sang the children. "The American song" we said to one another, and felt that our initiation as Americans had begun.

The process of becoming Americans absorbed us. I hastened to have my beard removed, for I had noticed the smooth faces of the Americans, whose independent swagger I had come to recognize. I searched the neighborhood for a place where I might learn English, and was thrilled to discover the Hebrew Institute, which we knew as the Immigrants' Palace. But when I came to an English class there, I learned to my dismay that the language of instruction was Yiddish which I should first have to learn. Then I was attracted by signs announcing immigrants' classes in other places, but my very first inquiries made it clear that these were simply a mask for missionary activities.

It was during that first week in America that I tried to use my scant knowledge of English. We had already learned to endure the sultry nights by climbing to the roof to sleep. These roofs, divided only by the ridges and chimneys of the buildings, stretched off on all sides like a battlefield, except that so many of the bodies lying there huddled in sleep were children, and women with babies at their breasts. We lay beneath the stars, with all the city beneath us, and the hot, tired bodies of strangers all about us.

So we lay one night, tossing, trying to forget the heat and the

whimpering of the children and the coughing near by, when a shout from below startled me: "Fire!" And we were seven floors up. With a frantic cry I seized the baby and hurried Lisa down to shout a hoarse warning to those near me. Whether my Russian phrase meant nothing to them, or whether they slumbered too sweetly, I do not know, but none followed me and I was too much in a hurry to contemplate that fact. We rushed frantically down the steep, dark stairs. Voices came from behind us. I did not stop until we had reached street level where I excitedly asked where the fire was. Only then did I realize that the sounds behind me had been laughter.

"Fire?" I asked. Where was it? The people laughed.

It wasn't "fire!" I heard but "fight!" There was a fight in the house and some one had shouted through the window . . . for reënforcements, I suppose. One old woman took pity on us and scolded the others for laughing at us.

"Go back to bed," she said to us in a curious mixture of Russian and Yiddish, and then she added gently in English: "Greener."

"Djid," that malignant Russian sneer, had been left behind us. We had become members of another group. It was not hated; it was not despised. But it was laughed at, joked about, pitied. Greener!

My new friends gave me careful directions about reaching the office of Mr. Worth, the American with whom I had become friendly when he visited Moscow. The imposing stone-front building, with its scrubbed steps and carpeted vestibule, was a far cry from the tenement. And, sure enough, there was the row of bell buttons, with a name printed beneath each. Suppose I should make a mistake and press the wrong button? But I could not hesitate; some one might notice me and if I should be addressed in English, what should I do? So I pressed the button. It was just as they had said; a strange clicking noise sounded and the door unlocked itself. This, thought I, with elation, is American progress, and I went in.

Up two flights of stairs, in a little office whose shelves were lined with books, I came face to face with the man whose visit to Moscow had encouraged me to leave for America. Now he sat before a desk loaded with papers and magazines, busily engaged with a manuscript. But he put it aside as I entered and greeted me warmly.

"Tell me," Mr. Worth said, "what are your plans for earning a living here?" I told him I wanted to be a teacher. He gazed upon me with evident sympathy and amusement.

"Forget it," he advised me. "An immigrant, and a Jew to boot, has no chance here for anything like that. You will have to begin like every one else . . . in a tailor shop or as a peddler."

And he went on to tell me of the hardships that he had had to endure upon his arrival in America. He told me of others who had gone through similar and even harder experiences. Still, he continued, he would do what he could for me. In fact it was quite possible that he could place me, for he was about to establish a Russian newspaper.

I left his office, treading on air.

Mr. Worth was as good as his word and within a few weeks we were started on the new enterprise. I was to manage the printing of the sheet, he told me, and I gladly consented to go to work in a printing shop to learn the details of my task. For I was not merely an employee; I was a full-fledged partner in the concern, and it had seemed quite right that, in exchange for Mr. Worth's services as editor and his experience and connections, I should furnish the cash capital, which amounted to exactly the sum we had brought with us, about $500. Mr. Worth's business acumen aroused our admiration. A basement floor was rented for our purposes and, to avoid waste of space, we took up our living quarters in the rear cell, while the two front compartments were devoted to our business.

How the days dragged by until we could begin actual publication! There was no Russian type to be had and, after frantic searching, we found a man who could make the type for us,

cutting out the molds and pouring the lead by hand. He was assisted by his nine-year-old son; he had gotten as far as "r" when the child died, and then we had to wait days and days until he found an assistant. At last the type was completed, the material for our first issue was lined up, and I started to set the type.

The Russian Review was made up mostly of a review of news, culled from the newspapers received from Russia, and of reprints and translations lifted from the Yiddish press. We all shared in the preparation of manuscript; Mr. Worth handled the editorials; I spent weary hours scanning old newspapers and magazines for possible material; Lisa prepared excerpts of Russian articles. We had an advertising department, too, and it was my job to solicit ads and to set them up as well.

The advertisements were my Waterloo. I set them up most carefully. But I did not pay particular attention to the addresses of the advertisers; I knew their locations by sight, for I had gone myself to solicit the ad and I would know where to call for payment. But when the first issue appeared, with streets and numbers most strangely confused, the storm broke. Advertisers came in, furious. They shook angry fists. They assured us that, far from paying for the advertisements, they intended to sue for damaging their businesses. All I could do was to make myself as small and inoffensive looking as possible and wait for the excitement to subside. And like all things, it passed in time, but it took uncomfortably long.

The Russian Review began to look important. Jacob Gordin consented to act as contributing editor, and his tall, proud figure, so completely the Russian intellectual, came and went in our dimly lighted rooms. Other literary lights in the Jewish world began to pay attention to us.

But profits were slow in manifesting themselves and the newspaper demanded constant expenditures. Mr. Worth expressed his regret that he could not advance any money to me; he pointed out that since Lisa knew how to sew, it might not be a bad idea to get work for her from some jobber so that

we might eke out an income that way. He himself found a jobber who sent in materials to be made into neckties. So, in the gray dusk of the room, Lisa bent over a board table piled high with ties and I sweated over the presses, and we both counted the days when the paper would begin to get on its feet.

I began to discover that Mr. Worth was not so important a person as we had believed at the time of his visit to Moscow and as his office had suggested. The books that lined the walls had been his stock in trade; he was trying to earn a living by running a bookstore. He was a teacher in the evening school for immigrants, receiving a small wage for his service. He secured his main income by working as an agent for a life insurance company. He was, in short, a poor man, struggling for an existence for himself and his family, and bending every effort to establish himself on a safe basis. As all this became clear to me I felt drawn closer and closer to him, though troubled at the thought that my patron was less formidable than I had thought and hoped.

And then I learned that arrangements were being made to sell *The Russian Review,* that Mr. Worth represented himself as sole publisher and owner, and that the paper itself, bearing his name as editor, bore no indication of my share in it. And while I demanded justice of my erstwhile protector, and he, suddenly indifferent and unfriendly, became more and more annoyed at my protestations, the purchasers of the plant prepared to take possession.

That night some friends forgathered in our little back room to discuss our plight. They decided to seize the bull by the horns and, going into the press room, proceeded to remove as much of the equipment as they thought should constitute my share of the enterprise. Suddenly the front door flew open and, like a miniature tornado, Mr. Worth came upon us. At the time, some one was lifting a type form with the next issue of the paper set up. Mr. Worth's hand came down upon his arm,

the form crashed to the floor and completely pied, the type scattering in all directions.

And then reënforcements from both sides proceeded to settle the matter among themselves.

When morning came, Lisa and I tied up our bundles and left our dream behind. I was richer, far richer, in experience; but our friend and protector had become our enemy, and our money was gone. We must continue our struggle empty-handed.

It was terrible for me and my wife to realize that we were penniless in a strange land. I tried to find work. My halting English, my lack of experience in any trade, my bewildered look that betrayed the greenhorn, seemed to shut all doors against me. Our friends gathered about us, a generous, eager little group. But they, too, had only recently come from Moscow (it was this that had drawn us to them) and they were poor people—peddlers, needle workers, and "hands" in factories and shops. They tried to cheer us, they invited us to share their congested rooms; and there they had to stop. New York, whose very strangeness and bigness had thrilled us, assumed a sinister, fearful aspect.

And then came a letter from my wife's uncle. He had gone to Baltimore and had a good job in a furniture factory. But he, being almost American, could easily get another job, he wrote. In fact, he intended leaving the factory anyway. Would I care to try my hand at it? The pay was good; I would be able to send for my wife, Lisa, and the child, and in Baltimore people could live comfortably. In the meantime Lisa could keep up her sewing; soon I would be able to send money from my wages. I went to Baltimore.

"When you go for the job," cautioned Uncle Matvey, "don't, whatever you do, act like a greenhorn. Say you are experienced in this line. That is bluff. In America one gets along like that." So I assured the foreman at the furniture factory that I

was an experienced furniture finisher; Matvey's departure had left an opening and I got the job.

They took me down to the basement and pointed to a newly built sideboard; I was to take it up to the second floor and there apply varnish. I seized the object in my arms and, staggering, tugging, and pushing, got it upstairs. I reached the first landing exhausted, but triumphant. But I dared not rest; some one with an air of authority was regarding me curiously. Panting, I took hold of the monster once more and resumed the climb. At last I reached the top. Looking down, I could not repress a shudder at the steepness of those stairs. I must have relaxed my grip. At any rate, my burden slipped from me and crashed down the stairs. I ran after it, with some desperate notion of beating it to the bottom and breaking its fall. The race ended in a tie; the sideboard was wrecked; I was terrified.

The boss expressed himself to the effect that as a furniture finisher I was finished. Before he was through speaking, I found myself on the sidewalk, departing rather rapidly. For want of something more profitable to do, I continued walking. As I walked, I resolved that I would postpone further bluffing until I had become more of an American and had improved my technique. I knew something about printing; I would look for work in a printing plant.

The supply of printing hands in Baltimore appeared discouragingly adequate, but my search was finally rewarded by a card bearing the legend "Boy Wanted," tacked upon a door. Since the loss of my beard I had several times been taken for less than twenty-three years; perhaps I might now turn my boyish appearance to good account. Of course the pay was correspondingly small, but I was only too happy to be on any payroll.

I was stationed beneath a machine that poured out squares of paper destined to cover packages of cigarettes. It was my task to dip a small brush into gilt and, as the papers fell in rapid succession, to gild each sheet and place it to one side before the next sheet fell. I worked in desperate haste. The

man at the machine above me, amused at my terror, would speed up that relentless mechanism. My day's work became a veritable nightmare of dip, brush, lift, and place . . . dip, brush, lift, and place . . . all in a blind furious rush to keep up with that swift procession of papers. This was not the precise, logical task of setting type and working a press . . . this was a terrible contest, my untrained hand pitted against the devilish skill of the machine.

There was one other Jew working there, a husky, swarthy fellow, whose task it was to set type for a Hungarian newspaper printed in our shop. At the stroke of twelve, when the men would drop their work and draw out their greasy parcels of lunch, Herman's voice would boom at me. "Boy," he shouted, and I had to go to him. Carelessly he would hand me a can and a coin and order me to fetch beer from the near-by saloon. Always, when I received the can over the bar, it would be foaming and running over; but always, no matter how I hurried, by the time I handed the can to its owner, the foam had subsided to a mere scum and the can was not full. Then Herman would fall into a mock rage, calling upon all present to witness how the greenhorn was robbing him by drinking half of the beer. In vain I protested. The joke was too good to pass.

But night brought me into another life. I discovered the existence of an evening school for immigrants. The teacher was Henrietta Szold, a quiet, earnest young woman, absorbed in her work with an almost painful intensity. My eagerness in class and my perhaps conscious tendency to introduce philosophic and learned subjects into my compositions won her interest. When I told her about my life in Russia, and about our circle there, she asked me whether I would speak on Russia at an evening entertainment to be given for the benefit of the school.

At last the evening arrived. I dressed myself in my cherished frock coat and hastened to the hall. At the doorway, collecting the admission fees, stood Herman! I had been told that

I would be admitted free of charge upon announcing myself, but I could not resist the opportunity to pause before my erstwhile tormentor and hand him my dime. And though I passed on without a backward look, I could feel the bewildered stare that followed me.

I must have done passably well with my lecture. At any rate, Miss Szold told me I did, and the chairman of the evening invited me to visit his home. So I spent a blissful hour in the luxurious home of an American Jew and returned to my drab room, my brain filled with a confused, dazzling picture of velvet curtains, mirror-like floors, and the thoughtful, kind face of my host. Pervading all, I felt the glorious freedom and security of those lives I had touched.

It seemed fantastic to go to work the next morning as if nothing had happened, to take up once more the wearying round of dip, brush, lift, place . . . dip, brush, lift, place. I wondered how Herman felt about last evening's encounter; I tried to picture his dark, coarse face rapt in thought, but I rejected the idea with a rueful smile. A shout called my attention to the heap of papers piling up before me, smeared with gilt from the one at the bottom which I had painted. The noisy, dirty reality closed in on me. I pushed the ruined sheets to the floor and resumed the dizzying contest.

Noon came. The men dropped their work and drew out their greasy parcels. Herman seemed slow in calling me today; I essayed a sidelong glance in his direction. He was not there, and with a sigh of relief I settled down to my own lunch. I ate, and as I ate, considered the curious state of things that bound me to Herman despite myself, that made me feel that I stood with him, as apart from the others in that place; for Herman was a Jew, too.

"Boy!" Herman's deep voice boomed through the loft. I jumped. The men about me snickered. The Jew had come in and was sitting in his familiar place, with the familiar can beside him. Puzzled, I came up to him.

He motioned to the can; evidently some one else, perhaps

he himself, had made the trip to the bar, for the foam was settling within the vessel. I glanced up at Herman's face. The roughly chiseled features were stolid, brutelike as ever; but the eyes held a startling expression. They were proud, tender, wistful. They spoke of pride in respect for learning; they spoke of brooding tenderness over the scholar, even a scholar as meager as I; they spoke of wistful yearning to feel kinship with him. A Jew can look like that.

He lifted the can, held it out to me, and asked me to drink.

A few days later Matvey came around at noon, brandishing a letter. His friend Dave, up in Connecticut, sent good news. He had a fine position as a weaver in a woolen mill; wages were high, living was cheap, the work was pleasant and not hard to learn. Matvey, himself, was entirely satisfied with his job, but how about me? My wages barely covered my living expenses; the time when I could send for my little family was as far off as ever. Certainly anything else was worth trying.

He told me about the Jewish charity organization; sometimes they would get you a railroad ticket for half-price, providing you really left the city. So I went to the office of the charities and sat in a room with forlorn, frightened men and women, until I was called into the inner sanctum. I suppose they treated me rather decently, because I don't remember anything about it. I got my ticket and left for Dogville.

Matvey's friend met me at the station. We went to his boarding house. I was plunged into a sea of noise and confusion and hurry, and felt as if I were drowning. Yet this was a tiny town, laughably so in comparison with New York's East Side. I could not understand what every one was shouting, and for one terrible hour I thought I had learned some other language instead of English, by mistake. Then Dave told me that the crowd was speaking French; this town was a sort of French-Canadian colony and most of the weavers spoke no English among themselves.

They are all greenhorns here, I thought. I am as good as they. But at the mill next morning I was placed under the

supervision of a young woman with snapping eyes and a clicking tongue. She was assigned to teach me how to weave and she seemed far from delighted with her task. Her disgusted look spoke volumes of scorn for the unskilled worker and I tried to fight against the sense of inferiority her glance evoked. My English was as good as hers. But I was a "greener," nevertheless.

Her hands flashed across the loom while she directed at me a rapid flow of mingled English and French that left me dazed. Then she stepped aside and I took her place; almost instantly the threads and spindles were a tangled mass in my fingers, and I called for help. Again and again her swift hands leaped across the loom; again and again my fumbling fingers tried to follow those quick movements. Just as I began to feel a glow of achievement as the threads shot through in rhythmic lines, the young weaver gave me up as a bad job and sent me to the boss for another assignment. And so ended the first day.

From that time on I was an ordinary mill hand. I carried great bales of rags from a barge on the river into a room at the mill. I spread the rags in layers on the floors, with oil between them, and then fed the slippery mass into a great gin that chewed it into fibrous piles. Then it went to the spinners to be made into yarn for the weaving of "shoddy." But I stayed with the rags and the gin.

Each morning at the boarding house we were aroused by a piercing yell. The noise of the awakening household was almost deafening. The clatter of crockery, the shrill talk, and the shouts of laughter mingled in a great roar over the long breakfast tables. The great platters of bacon and eggs, griddle cakes, and fried potatoes, all reeking with grease, and the tanks of steaming porridge appeared singularly unappetizing.

One night Dave remarked that there was a Jewish family a mile or so up the road. He was surprised and puzzled at my eager insistence to visit them that very evening. As we came up the road, the lighted windows of the little farmhouse seemed strangely alluring.

The head of the house greeted us jovially. He was a plaintive, bearded little Jew, who clung to his farm with grim determination. His wife and stepladder series of children shared in the farm work, tended chickens, gathered vegetables for the town stores, and milked cows. Real peasants, they seemed. The little man clutched at us when we rose to go . . . it was good to see a Jewish face and hear a Jewish voice.

It was arranged that we should board at the farmhouse. Each morning we trudged the two miles to the mill and, wearily, each evening we plodded home. Dave grumbled over the distance, but I knew that nothing could make him move back to town. The house had become our home.

So far, America wanted only my hand; beyond that, I must prove myself. I had seen some Russian magazines which, I had been given to understand, paid money for contributions.

I carried my lamp to my bedside and wrote, and wrote. I did not write of the America I knew. I wrote of the fair land conjured by my dreams and by the fleeting glimpses of happiness I had caught. I wove vivid phrases about the beautiful houses I had seen, the great spreading lawns of the villages I had viewed from train windows, the eloquent brilliance of billboards extolling patent medicines and cheap tobacco. I wrote with an air of calm authority. I mailed my manuscripts to several of the leading Russian magazines. I tried not to hope.

Passover was approaching and, despite my old indifference to the holiday, I wanted to have my family with me when it came. The farmer fed me well and cheaply and I hoarded my dollars. At last I could write Lisa to sell our few bits of household furniture and come to me. She should leave as soon as she got my letter; there was a through train direct to the town and I would meet her at the station. We would have our first day for ourselves, for it would be Sunday.

The mill seemed a kindly, familiar place to me now. I worked almost automatically, forking up the rags and feeding them into the great gin. I thought of my wife and baby soon to be with me, and of the happy times we would have together

out in the country. I was earning twelve dollars every week; we could live quite nicely on seven of them. That meant I would be able to save five dollars a week. I would keep my job until I had saved enough for at least one year at the university. Then, after a year of study in America, I would be in position to put my training in pedagogy to advantage. . . .

A terrible, rending roar crashed in upon me. The gin trembled, and then stopped. A piece of iron had become mixed with the rags and I had fed it to the gin. The machine was wrecked.

The mill rose as one man and swooped down upon me. The stopping of the gin meant there would be no material for the spinners, for the weavers, in our section. The machine could not be fixed until Monday, and this meant that they must lose the rest of Saturday's pay. I gathered all this from the imprecations hurled at me, from the furious shouts, from the raised fists and menacing eyes of the men who drove me from the building. I was running toward the station, and they were still at my heels, I felt, but I did not dare turn to look. I suppose I got into a train. But to me it seemed as if I had run all the way to New York.

I dragged my dusty feet down East Broadway, exhausted, desperate, masked in the grease and lint of the mills. Lisa and the baby were somewhere en route to Dogville.

CHAPTER VI

A DOOR OPENS

LISA had missed the train to Dogville. For some time she stood in the station, the child tugging at her skirt and her bundles still clutched in her arms, staring down the tracks toward where the cars had disappeared. Then she turned and wearily made her way back to the Ghetto. She trudged along, hoping that no one she knew would see her . . . tired . . . disappointed . . . but above all, ashamed that she was so much a greenhorn as to miss the train. Finally a friend did meet her and found her shelter for the night, promising faithfully to disclose her whereabouts to no one. Let them think she had taken the train; she would go the next day anyway.

So it was that when I reached New York, exhausted, grime-bespattered, and still terrified by my escape from Dogville, I could at first find no trace of my little family. My friends insisted that they had bade Lisa farewell that very morning; she must surely be in Dogville by now. I implored them to help me get back my wife and baby. The news of my frantic plight spread, until at last it reached Lisa herself. My failure to establish my family in the country of whose beauties I had so glowingly written, the fact that we were without the simplest household necessities, that there were no means of livelihood in sight, were forgotten in the relief and joy of reunion.

Our friends helped us to establish the semblance of a home. One brought a teakettle, another a few dishes, a third a saucepan. I tramped the streets, climbed stairways wearily, sought out dark-cellar workshops, looking for work. I could find nothing. We learned that the bread of charity, though it be the genial charity of friends, is bitter fare.

We could not go on this way much longer. Our little circle

came together to consider a way out for us. It seemed clear that I was not adapted for the struggle of life in America. Surely existence here could bring us only more hardships and repeated disillusionment and disappointment. They came to the conclusion that we must return to Russia. They agreed to collect among themselves the sum necessary for our passage to Moscow.

I did not even consider this solution. I could not give up my dream of a free life in America. I could not bear the thought of taking up once more the cramped, furtive existence of the Jew in Russia. I went out into the streets to take up the dreary round once more.

At Salvation Army headquarters, the "Help Wanted" columns from a newspaper were tacked up in a doorway. I studied them carefully, reading every word of each item, spelling them out desperately, hopelessly.

"Typesetter wanted. Temporary work." I copied down the address and started to hope again.

I did not sleep that night. It was still pitch dark when I started out the next morning, for my destination was Brooklyn and I had no money for carfare. The skies began to grow light just as I crossed the bridge. I remembered that there had been much talk about several recent suicides who had leaped from this bridge into the murky blackness below and I reflected, conscious of the drama of it, that if I did not get the job, I would come back this way and end it all in the popular manner. Luckily I was not compelled to put my determination to the test. I was the first in line when the shop opened, and I got the job.

I was setting up type for a placard when I was brought to a full stop by the word "Temmany." I was positive that the second letter was intended to be an "a" and, with considerable trepidation, I pointed out the error to the boss. He praised my alertness and his voice had all the sweetness of a heavenly chorister, for this was the first time since I had come to America that my work had gained an approving word.

Noon came. I remained at my task, trying to ignore the appetite I had no means of satisfying. The boss strolled over and asked why I did not go to lunch. I reluctantly explained; he tossed me a quarter and told me to go ahead. If one is hungry enough, he is not proud.

I made straight for a saloon. I realized my mistake as soon as I had passed through those swinging doors, for the counter was bare of aught but mugs and bottles. This particular saloon was apparently in the fortunate situation of being able to attract custom without the bait of free lunch. I thought of slipping out again, but dared not venture it. Suppose the man at the bar would ask what I meant by walking in and out without buying anything. So I shoved my worldly wealth across the bar and received a foaming mug in return. There seemed to be no question of change. The astute bartender assumed that I expected none and when I had managed to finish the beer, he pushed a glass of something else toward me. I was glad to make good my escape and get back to the shop.

At the end of the day's work the boss handed me a dollar. He said I seemed to be a hard worker and he was sorry he had no more work for me; this was merely a rush job that he had had to finish.

I studied my dollar carefully, debating my next step. If I walked home, I would have the whole of it to show to Lisa; but it would take me hours to get there and meanwhile there was not a scrap of food in the house and no money to buy it with. And Lisa and the little one had been hungry when I left in the morning. If I took the street car, it would cut into my dollar; but it would bring me home so much sooner. I was tired, and hungry besides. I took the car.

My heart was light as I reached our tenement and I took the last flight two stairs at a time. Absorbed in preparing the little speech with which to present my earning, I hardly noticed voices and laughter that drifted down the hall. I threw open the door to our room with a flourish—and stood blinking in the lamplight.

It was our landlady's best lamp that stood in the center of the table, its light reflected in the amber gleams of steaming glasses of tea. Great loaves of bread and platters of sliced meats proclaimed that nothing short of a feast was in progress. And Lisa sat feasting in the midst of our friends, quite certainly the hostess of them all.

They let her tell me the great news. A letter had come from one of the Russian papers to which I had sent an article while I was in Dogville; they accepted it and wanted more like it. They engaged me as their American correspondent at a monthly salary of fifty rubles and they enclosed the first month's allowance, to seal the bargain and pay for my first article. Of course, it was not much money, but I was to receive a regular income (only later events proved it to be not so regular, after all) and, above all, I was a writer, a man of thought. Was it not only proper that we should celebrate this victory of mine with a party? It was.

For me this stroke of good fortune meant just one thing. It would pay for a roof over our heads and something to eat now and then. It would give me a little breathing space . . . I would be able to learn English. I would lift myself, once and for all, from the tragedy of the unskilled laborer in a strange land.

I knew that the various schools teaching English to foreigners were not popular. The teachers had no special preparation for dealing with adults, and their attempts to treat us as children in the first grades of school, teaching us to read childish sentences and spell out little rhymes merely annoyed us. And I knew, too, that as soon as any one could afford it, even by sacrificing actual necessities of life, he left those classes and arranged to take private lessons, usually from a former immigrant who spoke his own language. This was my opportunity. I studied frantically to master a working knowledge of English. When I considered myself able to use the language without confusion, I made it known that I would give private lessons to those desiring to learn. I actually did get a pupil

now and then and although the pay was small and irregular, it gave me confidence in my new rôle. I decided to try for a regular position in one of the schools. But one had to pass an examination in order to become a candidate, and the preparation consumed precious weeks; the remittance from Russia arrived late and it became necessary to get money and get it quickly.

It was just as hard as ever to find work of any kind. I haunted printing plants and now and then managed to get some temporary work in one of them. This seemed the nearest to anything for which I had had special training and somehow farthest from the terrible drive of the labor machine. One of my temporary jobs was in a cigar factory. Later when I took the teacher's examination I was painfully conscious of the reek of tobacco emanating from me. But I passed the examination and shortly thereafter secured a position in a private school conducting English classes in the evening for immigrants.

About this time I renewed my acquaintance with young Rosenberg, in whose father's printing shop I had secured my first introduction to the trade. The youth was now a student at New York University. I confided to him that I was rather pressed for material to embody in my articles for the Russian paper; now that I was an American scholar it most certainly would not do to base my articles upon fantasy and imagination. He promptly suggested that I could get all the material I could possibly use out of the encyclopedia, which I could buy on monthly installments. It so happened that he was selling this very set of volumes to pay his way at college. The thing seemed reasonable enough; I got the books, he got the commission, and every one was satisfied. After that my contributions to the Russian paper were at least authoritative.

My friend held the job of assistant to the professor in chemistry at the university and so he naturally felt a sort of proprietary interest in the institution as well as in me. He urged me to enter the university; he himself would see to the admis-

sion formalities and now, with the funds from Russia and the pay for my work in the night school, I should be able to get along. He looked over my credentials; my studies in Russia had not covered all of the required subjects.

Then he came across a letter from Count Tolstoy; with this, and a record of my pedagogical studies in Moscow, he laid siege to the admissions office. Russian pedagogical methods and Russian innovations in manual training happened to be of particular interest to American educators just then. At any rate, they made much of my possible knowledge in these matters and, on the strength of this, and my acquaintance with Tolstoy, I was admitted to the university's School of Pedagogy.

A door that I had despaired of ever beholding had opened to me. But it was not as a Jew that I entered the university; they looked upon me as a Russian and it was as a Russian student that I embarked upon my studies. Troubled, I tried to find my setting among the Jewish students. I saw several of them in my classes and found occasion to draw them aside and ask them about our status. They looked about apprehensively, fearful lest we be overheard. Why should we go out of our way to make ourselves known as Jews? Why make our work in class all the harder for ourselves? Why run chances of being held back because of prejudice on the part of this or that professor? Why cripple one's opportunity to secure a position, after graduation, especially if one meant to go into teaching? They shrugged their shoulders almost resentfully.

At the university I came to know well and to love Professor Dubs Shimer who was humanitarian as well as teacher, a double identity that should be, but is not always, found in all teachers. From him shone the first genuine sympathy I was to see in America. Another like him was Dr. Saul Badanes who was a teacher at the Hebrew Technical School and who led my feet to a social-service career; for it was he who obtained for me the position of custodian of the reading room of the Hebrew Institute.

But an adventuring young man needs stern masters as well

as kind friends and it fell to me to have as master, in the Hebrew Institute, a benevolent tyrant, Dr. Henry M. Leipziger. He was like those good fathers who know how to use the rod judiciously and who, if they are not loved, are vastly respected, and thanked in later years.

If the ways of Dr. Leipziger were almost cruel at times, one came to understand afterward that his harsh discipline had the kindliest of purposes. Roughly enough, he kept pushing his subordinates toward higher endeavors.

"How long do you intend to remain on this job?" he would say to us. "Why don't you try for a higher position? This place is not a lifetime berth. There are other deserving young men who need a start. Why don't you vacate it?"

He understood immigrants and treated them as individuals and not as a crowd. The rich benefactors of the immigrants thought of them as a mass to be thrown into a melting pot and made over into Americans.

These philanthropists were of German immigration and in them was all the wealth of Jewry. They were proud Americans who thought the way to assimilate Europeans was to strip them of their inheritance of language and custom and bedeck them in a ready-made suit of Americanism. Yiddish must be stricken from the tongues of Jewish immigrants, though these protested, saying, "Is this America, where we may not speak our mother tongue? Even in Russia they permitted us to speak Yiddish."

Upon non-Jews who had immigrated to America, there was no such high-pressure Americanism inflicted by their countrymen who were already here, and even in the second generation German-Americans were speaking German in their homes, and they were proud of their Männerchor which sang German songs with resounding voices in public places, while in the Civil War there had been several regiments of German immigrants to whom commands were given in the German language.

I looked about the queer reading room, thrilled to feel that

I, but recently an immigrant, was already part of the great force for the Americanization of my people. Here, in the Hebrew Institute, one spoke English if one could—and if not, there were English classes available. American flags, American pictures, adorned the walls. American holidays were celebrated with a fervent gesture. American ladies and gentlemen, zealous in behalf of the newcomer, exhorted the children to love this new land of theirs, and to join the classes and clubs at the Institute. This great, stately building seemed of another world than that of the seething, clamoring, steaming street. I was impressed by the order, the beauty, the quiet of it all.

Then, suddenly, the quiet struck me as strange. The reading room was almost deserted, its well-stacked shelves undisturbed. Where were the eager immigrants, yearning for knowledge? Now and then some one drifted in, gazed about—and drifted out again. A member of the Board of Directors passed through and stopped to inquire about my work; in so crowded a neighborhood, and with people in the building all the time, there seemed no reason why the library should not be crowded; I looked at him helplessly. The well-bred voice, the faultless American attire, the cool, appraising glance, made me feel uncouth, barbaric. A queer loneliness oppressed me; I almost wished that I, too, could tiptoe from the room with the other immigrants.

To-day I can smile at the furious mixture of emotions aroused in me at that early encounter with a director. Humility, distrust, resentment—a faint glimmer of understanding. Here was an American gentleman whose forbears perhaps hailed not from the misery of the Pale, but from urbane West Europe. And he was established here, an American. He wanted to help us, to make us like himself, to have us shed our foreign speech, our old customs, our dark memories, as one might shed an outworn coat. And I, who had so longed to forsake that past, who had dreamed only of becoming part and parcel of this new world, somehow resented that proffered help. I wanted to

voice my resentment. I wanted to tell this fine gentleman that I, too, did not come bare and empty-handed.

But instead I decided to wait for an opportune moment to suggest the addition of Yiddish and Russian newspapers and periodicals to the reading room; I was thrilled when, shortly thereafter, this suggestion was put into effect and workingmen and students began to come in, to study and to read. This was not Americanization, perhaps, but it was bringing the people into the building and must not this, after all, be the first step?

I found a friend and kindred spirit in Isaac Spectorsky, who was superintendent of the Institute. He disagreed thoroughly with the inflexible Americanization policy laid down by the Board. I was won over completely by his disarming sincerity and earnestness. Within the narrow latitude permitted him, he was attempting to draw the immigrants into the Institute through interests and activities of their own choice. It could not compel the neighborhood to reflect its American spirit and culture; it must itself reflect the life and interests of the Ghetto. And here, in this palace of the immigrants, they would come to know the real America, the America of freedom, of tolerance, of justice. So, while the directorate attempted to emphasize the pure Americanism of the Institute by eliminating the religious implication in its name, transforming it into the "Educational Alliance," it grudgingly consented to the use of Yiddish in its adults' groups.

Mr. Spectorsky was respected and loved in the neighborhood. His office was a small room under a stairway, his records were not tabulated with that perfection that social workers to-day consider so vital, and he was perhaps lacking in modern technique.

My work at the university taxed my energies. I was doing rather well, not setting the world on fire—struggling to grasp the often rapidly spoken classroom lectures, wondering, the while, how we could make ends meet. I tried to eke out my salary from the reading room by giving private lessons in English. I scanned the newspapers, burrowed deep into my ency-

clopedia, and dogged the footsteps of notables to secure material for my Russian press correspondence. Somehow we must struggle along until I could qualify as an educator. I was no longer fearful of such a career, for I now realized that my future would lie among my own people.

The rich, older Jews were quite upset by the strange mixture that was pouring in upon them from Eastern Europe and which by a generous giving of money they were trying to make American. There were Socialists of several varieties who, far from consenting to be made over, were resolved to help make America over. When one Sunday I offered to a group of them a lecture on the need of Jewish education, terrible was the reproach that fell upon my head. I was denounced by various members of my audience. I was only an echo from a dead past. I was seeking to revive an institution which their superior minds had long ago rejected. I should not have been permitted to speak, they said.

These Socialists were most embarrassing to the bountiful German Jews who believed that the best interest of Jewry demanded that these new Jews be brought up to cherish the regular parties instead of bringing heterodox political doctrine to the new land. What would the neighbors say?

The shades of Jewish radicalism tapered to the deepest red of the Anarchists who were fond of scandalizing Orthodox Jews on the Day of Atonement. If for the Orthodox this was a day for fasting, for the Anarchists it was a day for feasting and dancing. They made their rendezvous in a restaurant on Division Street and on the day before a certain Yom Kippur they advertised that the restaurant would be open for the feeding of all freethinkers on the holy day.

And though there is no day in the Jewish calendar holier than Yom Kippur and though the time of pious Jews should be spent altogether in the synagogue on that day, many of the Orthodox Jewry went to serve Jehovah as pickets before the

Division Street restaurant. And whatever Jew attempted to enter was severely beaten, and the police sent reserves to quell the tumult of outraged Jewry.

Hearing of this, I hastened to the restaurant and persuaded the proprietor to close it; but mine was the unhappy lot of the peacemaker, for when I emerged from the restaurant, there were shouts of "Anarchist! Anarchist!" and the mob fell upon me and belabored me and it was only with the aid of the police that I escaped with my life.

The New York Ghetto was a comparatively new thing then and the hundreds of thousands were yet to be put into it, and the problem of what to do for the inhabitants had become a vitalizing factor in American Judaism. The American Jews of reform persuasion made contributions of money for the welfare of these immigrants and the immigrants in turn made contributions of new Jewish life and provided their benefactors with causes for new Jewish devotions.

While the rich patrons of Jewish charity were trying to make them over into Americans, these perverse immigrants insisted on living their own lives in their own way. Every night they were filling their theaters to see the plays of Jacob Gordin who was turning out new dramas at high speed. He had brought new ideals to the Jewish stage, which had fallen to a low estate in the United States. Gordin, tall, imposing, austere, was more Russian than Jew and loomed in the streets of the East Side above the heads of the multitude of undersized men.

It was disgust with the Jewish stage he found in America that prompted him to write plays of his own, and his success was almost instantaneous. He wrote in three days plays that live and are revived from time to time even to this day, and in a few years he had produced sixty of them. He was no steady worker, but in a few hours of inspiration his genius conceived and wrote a play for which a less gifted mind would have consumed months.

More amazing is the fact that Yiddish was not a familiar lan-

guage on his tongue when he came here, for his speech was Russian; he mastered Yiddish and in his plays polished it to the elegance of a classic tongue.

Israel Zangwill came to the United States and there was an occasion when he and Gordin were thrown together in a certain place of Jewish resort. Being told that Gordin was in the room, Zangwill desired to meet him.

"Gordin," I said, "Zangwill wants to meet you."

"I, the father of eleven children, should go to meet him!" exclaimed the whimsical Gordin. "It is he who should come to meet me—the father of eleven children."

Upon receiving this message, Zangwill straightway went to Gordin.

"You should have come to me," Zangwill said reproachfully. "You have only eleven children? Well, I have 'The Children of the Ghetto.' "

Never before had I seen the nimble-witted Gordin caught without a ready retort. He could only laugh.

Gordin gave release to Jewish life wretched in foul tenements. But with all its miseries, Jewish life in New York slums was more endurable than the life of the non-Jewish neighbors in the same environment. Jewish life had, at least, the comfort of Jewish tradition which was the only riches it had brought from Europe; it established Hebrew schools for the children and in the basements of synagogues old men studied the Talmud the livelong day. Saturday was still honored as the day of rest, and Zionists were in force, dreaming the timeless dream.

To me opportunities for educational work through the various groups seemed inviting. The Socialists had established their own school for workers; I was permitted to teach a class in English there. Abraham Cahan, leonine, unrelenting in his scorn of the unbeliever, was already a popular figure. I had met him first in his editorial room where I went to interview him for material for an article on the Jewish press in America. When he learned that I was not a Socialist he refused to be

interviewed. But now we became close friends and spent long evenings together.

Having graduated from the university, I became instructor of English in the Baron de Hirsch Trade School, and one of my duties was to hunt for pupils and difficult they were to pursue. Once in Brownsville we called a meeting to which no one came save a few leaders of Jewry. Then I went into the street to entice an audience by subterfuge, saying that men were needed for a minyon—the ten men without whom there can be no Jewish religious service. And where the cause of technical education had not served to inspire any, now many flocked to the meeting to partake of the mizvah of prayer.

The school had a rather dubious reputation, and pupils were few, and so I was glad to receive appointment in the Hebrew Technical Institute which, besides being a better field, offered more lucrative employment.

Now among the dreams of those who looked for a better life for the new immigrants was Woodbine. Woodbine, in New Jersey, was founded in 1891 by the Baron de Hirsch Fund, as a Jewish agricultural colony, on five thousand, three hundred acres of land which had been bought for seven dollars an acre. This was sold to colonists on terms by which a mortgage would be paid off within five years—provided the colonist had the capacity to pay.

There was a flaming spirit at the head of Woodbine, Professor H. L. Sabsovich, a Russian Jew educated for agriculture in Switzerland, who had been an agricultural chemist in the University of Odessa, and, establishing himself in the United States, had become a teacher of agricultural chemistry in the Colorado State Agricultural College.

The East Side of New York knew him well, for he was no cloistered scientist, content among test tubes. He was a sort of prophet who liked to journey frequently from the sylvan shades of Woodbine to the East Side in order to impart a portion of his spirit to the Ghetto. With him was often Dr. Paul Kaplan,

a warm-hearted, kindly fanatic who carried a dream of settling Jews upon the soil. They gathered groups of us about them in some East Side café and the night through they lectured us on the beauty of the outdoors and on the good promise of the soil where, they said, the manifest destiny of the immigrant Jew lay.

Dr. Sabsovich's dreams ran far ahead of reality at Woodbine, where the land was covered with a dense growth of scrub oak and pine and where settlers were housed in a temporary shack and where backs that had bent over sewing machines were almost broken struggling with a difficult soil. So before the end of the first year many of the colonists had deserted, while those who remained earned only the meagerest living.

Then it was suggested that if there were industries at Woodbine, its farmers would have wages to eke out the small yield of their acres. And so there was brought to Woodbine a garment factory and later a knitting mill which were protected against loss by liberal subventions. And there came to Woodbine also a machine shop and a hat factory. And now Jews settled Woodbine in numbers again to work in the factories, and it seemed Woodbine might become an industrial community instead of a farm colony. For the work of the factories which was done with swift machines was far less laborious than digging an obstinate soil.

Then it was said, "If we cannot make farmers of the old ones, let us work with the new generation," and an agricultural school was established for the children of the inhabitants of Woodbine as well as for others.

So five years passed, and, despite its difficulties, Woodbine had made a little progress as an industrial if not an agricultural community. The wheels of the mills turned swiftly, but the soil was stingy. Now the time had come when the pioneers of Woodbine, of whom there were few left, must pay their indebtedness for their farms to the Baron de Hirsch Fund.

And great was the shock in the East Side of New York when the mortgages of some of them were foreclosed and the farmers

evicted. I was dispatched by the *Jewish Forward* as correspondent to investigate, and reported that the land was unfit for farming and it was not to be expected of the farmers to pay their debts. And the result was that the evicted farmers were permitted to return to their lands.

This was the beginning of my association with Woodbine, for not long afterward I was sent there to settle a strike in the Baron de Hirsch Agricultural School and remained there as principal.

CHAPTER VII

A GOVERNMENT OF JEWS

THERE had come to my hands the materials with which I might help to create a new Jewish life in the New World. The feet of Jewish youth were to be turned toward a new destiny, leaving behind the peddler's packs and the sweatshops and the slums of their fathers.

The earth which was our laboratory was sandy and stingy, but the devoted spirits of our students wrung from it a rather good reward. They were elevated by the consciousness of a mission. They thought of themselves as pioneers blazing new trails for a people.

There was that first graduation when some thirty youths went forth to labor on farms, to suffer the discouragements of the beginning, to water with their sweat the acres of others before they could hope to have their own. But they were illuminated by a sense of being bearers of a new calling for their people. It had been said of the Jews that they were a non-productive people; these youths thrilled with the consciousness of being flaming messengers proclaiming to men, "Behold, the Jew is a worker!" Alas for Jewish dreams that must meet the facts of Jewish character!

It was not that we thought only of making things grow in the soil; even more we were concerned with planting a good Jewish life. If the farms could not give good harvests, we could establish here a wholesome and lovely Jewry. There came to join us devoted teachers and workers, bringing ideals. There was Bernard Palitz, who was the manager of Temple College in Philadelphia, a man oppressed by the world-wide tragedy of his people and looking for light in the darkness.

There was Mrs. Steinberg, who became the matron and was more than matron, and who remains a beloved memory in Woodbine. There was Mr. Hillier, a Christian, a former minister, whose soul embraced the good of all religions and who found himself at home in our synagogue even. To him Judaism was one of a number of good ways of life and in it a Christian might walk and even lead with a good heart.

The school had grown from a most unpretentious beginning to a large institution that the Paris International Exposition and the Exposition at Buffalo delighted to honor.

The inhabitants of Woodbine numbered some two thousand, all Jews, with few exceptions. Out of this waste land there had sprung a community with all the aspects of a good town—factories, stores, schools, and social life. We made the school the social center for the community. We linked the life of the agricultural school to the life of the community, hoping that the inspirations of the school would illuminate the town. For life was hard and work was not always to be had; periods of unemployment were getting longer and there were strikes against the injustice of employers.

Nor did civic virtue stand godlike in Woodbine, for some of its voting inhabitants were not averse to being corrupted on election days. So we thought of separating Woodbine from the hands of the surrounding politicians and making of it an independent political unit. As a self-governing community Woodbine would become conscious of its civic responsibilities and there would be a proud citizenship scorning the corrupter. It would no longer be dependent for its school system on the beneficence of the neighboring politicians and would maintain itself by a tax system instead of by the philanthropy of the Baron de Hirsch Fund.

And notable was that day when the Borough of Woodbine was established—the first all-Jewish political unit in America and, for that matter, in the world—and from New York and Philadelphia Jews came to celebrate the occasion, among them Jacob Gordin and Abraham Cahan and Joseph Barondess; and

sociologists and social reformers and soul-savers came to see this experiment, and among these were General Booth and Booker T. Washington and Edward Steiner.

The banner of political purity was forthwith raised, and only a few of the pioneers who, by reason of being old inhabitants, had enjoyed the prestige and the perquisites of political leadership were unhappy. There was the solemn day of election when the politically untutored Jew proved he was as good as any in all the technique of politics, save that he conducted this election with clean hands.

And so there was installed a Jewish administration in the borough government. A lawyer was engaged to instruct the officials in the rules of parliamentary procedure and to teach them the basic laws under which they functioned. A rather pretentious city hall was built and streets were paved, and a fire department organized, and the erection of a new schoolhouse begun. Thus Woodbine quickly acquired all the conveniences of an American city and soon, also, it became afflicted with those civic vices without which no American city was complete. For privilege seekers came to get what they wanted.

It was proposed by a promoter to build an electric tram line through Woodbine, offering opposition to the existing transportation system, and bitter was the strife between the two as they went about with substantial persuasions to win this leader or that to their respective sides. And Civic Virtue, being young in Woodbine and still pure, became sick at the sight.

Then that corrupter, the liquor traffic, came to Woodbine for privileges. Woodbine had been in dry territory, by local option. Now, being an independent political unit, it might determine for itself whether it wanted saloons. The agents of the brewers and the distillers massed in force in Woodbine, raising hopeful banners.

"Bring the saloon to Woodbine and wake up the town."

"An open town is a live town."

"The saloon will bring prosperity."

We argued with the people: What good would the saloon be? Why should a new community like Woodbine embrace the curse that afflicted other cities? But the population had become politically independent and no longer need lean on philanthropic advisors. So Woodbine, which was to have presented to the eyes of America a model of social and civic purity, went wet, and three saloons quickly were established. And with the saloon came all the attending evils.

But who might point scorn at Woodbine? Its civic weaknesses were the weaknesses of all American cities of that time when corruption reeked in every community large and small. It was the time of the Crokers and the Coxes, when the saloon was the source of American politics. Who might say "Shame!" to these immigrants when there was no exemplar of civic righteousness even in the cities whose foundations reached deep into the history of the land?

If we entertained dreams of a contented Jewish peasantry, we were soon disillusioned. In our school we were graduating young men who did not want to remain toilers of the field in all their days. Being Jews they could not be classified by a mere dictum: "You must be forever diggers of the soil."

After working a due period as laborers in the fields, our graduates began to look beyond the horizon, and reached for the less laborious stations of the agricultural industry. They went to agricultural laboratories, they entered higher institutions of agricultural learning, they sought positions in the Department of Agriculture at Washington; some deserted agriculture altogether.

Our directors were distressed. This had not been their plan. They had thought of a contented Jewry working in the fields, tilling the acres of others and, eventually, their own. They suggested, perhaps, our method of education was all wrong. We had put visions in the eyes of these boys and, as soon as they could, they lifted their eyes from the ground to follow these visions. There must be a change in the program.

They said we must simplify the course to avoid the false ideas which had entered the heads of the boys and were leading them to pursue ambitions far from the soil. Our course was three years long; we must cut it to one year. Our course was scientific; we must no longer expose the students to higher educational and social influences. Thereafter the work of education must be altogether in the field where they would become inured to the lot of the humble toiler and be content, not knowing any better. Thus we would bring up a toiling class.

Such a program was based on the social philosophy of a great many philanthropically inclined people in that time. The immigrant was a child who must be carefully kept in his place. His benefactors knew better than he what was good for him. These benefactors had made substantial business successes and, therefore, felt they were the competent guardians of the newcomers. These immigrants were distant relatives whom one must look after carefully lest they do things that might bring the family to shame. From their lofty elevations their benefactors looked down upon them and built settlements for them; but in the end they were to settle their problems for themselves.

To shut out light and to curb ambition is not the function of a teacher. My relations with my superior officers became strained. There were other discouragements as well. My young dream of a righteous American community had come to disillusion. My efforts to make the school a decent influence in the life of the community of Woodbine did not always receive that warm embrace that my enthusiasm thought they deserved. I resigned.

Disconsolate, I went home, and there the week's issue of the *American Hebrew*, just arrived from New York, awaited me. My eye fell on a conspicuous advertisement: "United Jewish Charities of Cincinnati, Ohio, wants a superintendent. Opportunity for the development of educational activities, etc." The opportunity for educational activity prompted me to try my fortune.

On the impulse I wrote a letter of application and forthwith

mailed it, but as I slipped it into the mailbox I felt as one throwing a pebble into bottomless space from which no echo would ever come.

And in the meantime peaceful relations were resumed at the Woodbine school, and I was asked to withdraw my resignation. But an echo did come after a few days in a telegram requesting me to visit Cincinnati that I might be looked over.

CHAPTER VIII

IN THE CITADEL OF REFORM

CINCINNATI! Amid the tenements of a congested portion of this city lies a small burial ground in which sleep the pioneers of Cincinnati Jewry, and some of the tombstones were carved a hundred years ago. Its oldest temple has passed the century mark. It was a seasoned and well-rooted Jewry that I found in this mid-Western city. The leaders spoke English with a decided German accent and the prominence and the prestige of Cincinnati Jewry were in their hands. The Jews of the Russian immigration were still weak, for the most part peddlers and tailors, and even the renowned Manischewitz was baking matzos in a small structure in a back yard.

The German stock of Jewry had come to Cincinnati years before, often with peddlers' packs, and by integrity and diligence had prospered enormously and had established great jobbing houses and clothing industries and distilleries. The American-born generation of them were already entering middle age and shortly the son of one of them, Julius Fleischmann, was to become the mayor of the city. And twenty-five years later another of their sons, Murray Seasongood, was to lead a sweeping political reform that was to elevate him to chief executive of the city.

Even in that time, when generous giving had not yet become a universal habit among the rich, the generosity of the German Jews was proverbial in Cincinnati, and they were the pillars of philanthropies and of the arts.

To Cincinnati Rabbi Isaac M. Wise had come in the fifties with the torch of reform and here he had founded the Hebrew Union College, the first of the Jewish theological seminaries of which there are so many now in the United States. Here

was born the Union of American Hebrew Congregations, the source of reform propaganda, and here served one of Dr. Wise's pupils, Rabbi David Philipson, who emphasized a strictly American Judaism, and who is the *bête-noir* of all good Zionists unto this day.

To Cincinnati there had been coming since the early eighties a rather steady stream of Russian immigration that was adjusting its early pieties to the new conditions. But there were a few of the older Orthodox families that were pointed to with something of awe, for they had been faithful in all things. Outstanding among these were the Isaacs.

This was an amazing American-born family that in the third generation carried on a European Orthodox life. The first of these Isaacs in America was Schachne, who had come here far in advance of the East European stream. By reason of piety and learning he came to be known as Reb Schachne, and many years there stood a synagogue called Reb Schachne's schul, and the small cemetery in which he sleeps is Reb Schachne's. By occupation he was a merchant. His sons were Moses and Abraham, who were born in the United States, and they followed the path of stern Orthodox tradition in which their father led them. Moses was childless, but the sons of Abraham Isaacs were no less observant than their grandfather, and though they rose to high places in their professions the service of the faith always came before any temporal duty.

Cincinnati Jewry looked up to the Isaacs as to courageous men standing on a summit unattainable to all others. There shone about them an aura of aristocracy which seemed far finer and rarer than the aristocracy of the richer German Jews.

When the Orthodox young went to the university and commenced to break away from the teachings of their fathers, their unhappy parents pointed to the sons of Abraham Isaacs: "See those Isaacs boys. They, too, are in the university and excel every one in scholarship and yet they are faithful. What a pleasure it is to see all the Isaacs boys sitting in the schul with their father on the Sabbath!"

At the time when I arrived in Cincinnati a portion of Cincinnati Jewry was feasting its eyes on a certain glamorous young figure—Judah Leon Magnes, who had graduated from the Hebrew Union College and was a teacher there. He was a sort of heretic in Reform Judaism, for he was preaching Zionism even though he had been brought up in the Hebrew Union College. The German Jewish leaders were quite sure he was ruining his career, while the Orthodox thought of him as a brand plucked from the burning and made much of him. Zionism then was scarcely more than an ache of the heart which people relieved by singing "Hatikvoh," and even the best of the dreamers would not have dared to fancy this young Magnes sitting in time as chancellor of a Hebrew university in a Jerusalem that was the capital of a Jewish homeland.

In this citadel of reform, Zionism was an enemy held in no respect. The Reform Jews were sure that to be a Jew was to be a member of a religious communion and nothing else. To suggest that to be a Jew was any sort of national distinction was altogether unAmerican; this had always been taught at the Hebrew Union College.

Being a Jew had to do only with membership in a temple, of which there were two, and with social service which was represented by the Jewish charities. Indeed, in Cincinnati Jewry there had developed a technique of social service which years later was to be accepted universally and be known as the community chest.

In this mid-western community the problem was not so distressful as in New York. Here were no slums. A few years before the older Jewry had begun to move out of its comfortable brick houses that stood row on row in that part of the town that was called the West End; to these houses came the later immigration, not crowding. The three-story house that had contained one of the old families now was the habitation of two or three of the new ones. Later we were to see the newer Jewry following the older to the suburbs, and it was to come to pass even that the newer Jews would be the neighbors of the

older ones, occupying mansions as lovely as theirs, and lo! building great apartment houses for their comfort.

And so, as I went about that first day in Cincinnati, I saw that in this mid-Western town there were no such depths of misery to plumb as in New York. The homes of this Ghetto lacked many comforts, but most of them were, at least, habitable.

My guide was Max Senior. He was the prophet of Jewish social service in Cincinnati; not a professional worker, but a business man whose feet were on solid ground and his eyes in the stars. We shall meet him more intimately farther along in these adventures. He charmed me; his depth was something of which one was always conscious in his presence.

To be looked over informally I was taken to the offices of the United Jewish Charities where a number of the community leaders were awaiting me for that purpose. They impressed me as a very devoted group of people, but I was conscious that they were sizing me up, and I did not like that. One of the ladies, Mrs. Moses Isaacs, however, attracted me. She seemed so kind and earnest and enthusiastic, albeit very reserved. She uttered a few Yiddish words and that made me feel at home.

Besides the scrutiny of the laymen there were also upon me the expert eyes of Dr. Solomon Lowenstein, the retiring superintendent who was going to New York to become assistant to Dr. Lee K. Frankel in the management of the Jewish charities there.

Nor was I soon released from this inspection. In the evening I must visit the homes of various of the directors who lived in the suburbs and were lavish with hospitality. And on the second day there took place that formal inquisition which was to determine whether I or one of a number of other candidates was to be the superintendent of the United Jewish Charities of Cincinnati.

This took place in the Federal Building office of Bernard Bettman, the revenue collector for Southern Ohio and chairman

of the board of the United Jewish Charities. And clever and meaningless questions were put and clever and meaningless answers were given, and after an hour of this I was dismissed and the next candidate admitted.

I left Cincinnati distressed by many doubts. If this place were offered, ought I take it? It meant more than turning over a new leaf; it was starting a new book. I had been a teacher; this was a new profession for me. But doubt quickly changed to decision when a telegram from Cincinnati notified me that I had been chosen. I accepted and left Woodbine after five years.

I went to New York to sit for two weeks under the tutelage of Dr. Frankel, to attend meetings of his committees, to go with case workers in the field, to study in the National Desertion Bureau and the Industrial Removal office. A group of my friends gave a farewell dinner in a Grand Street restaurant. They were rather sorry for me. They were sure I would not long remain in an institution of charity. They had no use for charity. "You, who were cut out to be a teacher, to go into charity!"

I departed with the blessing of Dr. Frankel.

"Do not hurry to introduce innovations or changes," he said. "Just do as your predecessor did. When you are absolutely certain that you have convinced at least a majority of your board that you measure up to their standards, then and then only begin slowly and cautiously to introduce your own ideas. I should say the first six months not a single new idea, not a single new measure, not a single change."

Now that the opportunity had presented itself, it seemed to me a logical and infinitely desirable one. My personal Jewish question no longer troubled me. My material needs, even with a growing family to provide for, were met, modestly. A full spiritual satisfaction arose from the fact that my work involved service to others and from the fascination of contact with youth.

I felt that, in entering the field of social work, I would find happiness and self-fulfillment for myself and my family.

Relief was the least part of our work in Cincinnati. We gave our afflicted bread, but our effort chiefly was to enable them to earn their bread, and so for this one we bought a horse and wagon that he might go about peddling, and for that one we established a small store.

When the public-health service in the city still was in a most elementary state, we were conducting a clinic for our people and providing visiting nurses. We went into the field of education to establish a manual-training school for our boys because manual training was then lacking in the public schools. By reason of a corrupt gang the public schools had fallen into neglect, and the newspaper that championed righteous government pointed to us, saying: "Because of the failure of the government, a private group must perform one of the functions of the government," and this was true; no sooner was manual-training in the public schools than our own school was closed.

We treated tuberculosis as a social disease, providing adequate relief not only for the patient but also for his family, and the Cincinnati Jewish community was the first to serve in this beneficent way.

The patient was not compelled to separate from his family; if he was sent to a sanitorium, the family was established in the city where the sanitorium was located. If he remained in Cincinnati, a comfortable home was secured for the entire family in a sparsely settled suburb. In any case, an adequate allowance would be provided and, as soon as the patient was in condition to undertake efforts at self-support, steps were taken to assist the family to reëstablish itself on a self-supporting basis in the place that had proved itself beneficial to the stricken one.

We experimented also with the "treatment" of deserted fam-

ilies, working on the assumption that Jewish family desertion has unique features. Any man may desert his family for love of drink, or of another woman, or out of plain good-for-nothingness. But when a Jew leaves his family it is apt to be because the endless struggle to make ends meet and the miserable surroundings have become more than even loyal devotion can bear; if he leaves, the family will be looked after by charity—they will be better off without him.

So we would refuse to give aid to a deserted family, allowing the non-Jewish relief agencies to handle the case. The wandering husband was notified through the press that, unless he was heard from, the family would be broken up; the Jewish Charities would not concern itself where the father himself was indifferent. In the meantime the National Desertion Bureau would conduct the search.

In most cases the man would return quickly and anxiously; we would take up his problem with him, and would try to find a way out of the material hopelessness. Desertion might be a way out for the father; it was no way out for the family. This was the thesis of the Cincinnati method of treating desertion. Within a few years family desertion had decreased almost to the vanishing point.

This determination to treat the family as the unit of our social-service thinking guided us in dealing with Jewish orphans. In an age of enthusiasm for bigger and better orphan asylums, we tried to provide for dependent children by placing them in supervised boarding homes. When one hundred and twenty-five pogrom orphans were brought to America for adoption into Jewish homes, the Cincinnati community accepted eight of them, only to discover that they were all of one family, brothers and sisters. True to Jewish tradition and Cincinnati policy, we determined to keep the entire family intact by boarding out all eight in one home. Finding the home was not, however, a simple task, finally my wife and I agreed to add them to our own six youngsters. Overwhelming though the

experience might have been, it certainly provided a laboratory in which to work out our own social experiments.

In addition to the work at the relief office, I shortly took over the direction of the Settlement House, which was located a little farther uptown, where the Ghetto was retreating before the invasion of Negro settlers.

The non-Jews in the neighborhood represented many lands and walks of life. There were Italian immigrants, old German settlers, "poor whites" who had wandered up from the South and secured a precarious foothold; poverty, the saloon, neglect, flourished unashamed. Here was a task for the Settlement; whatever might happen later on, it was important that in these surroundings the Jewish youth should be kept from assimilation with the cheapening influences of tenement life.

We must emphasize Jewishness as something worth while; we must encourage activities that might strengthen the tie of sympathy between the old generation and the new, bridging over the widening gap between them. In the midst of plans for club activities, organization of classes, promotion of entertainments and lectures, I sought continually for means of emphasizing this Jewish note. Jewish movements of all kinds were encouraged to make the Settlement their center. Jewish holidays were celebrated by community gatherings and festivities; at the seder table in the Settlement auditorium, families reserved places year after year and the neighborhood girls joined hands with the women of our board in serving the guests; at Purim the children's clubs conducted a public presentation of gifts to parents.

One year we staged a "Jews of Many Lands Exposition." The entire building was utilized for booths, each one representing the settlement of Jews in another land, and each presided over by men and women in the picturesque costume of that land. For months in advance the neighborhood had been preparing for the Exposition; family chests were ransacked for clothes brought over from the old country; young folks met

to paste letters on charts showing the story of Jewish settlement and life in different places; children's clubs conducted imaginary travel tours; Jewish homes loaned ceremonial objects for the special ceremonial exhibit which was an important feature of the Exposition; Jewish housewives prepared delicacies famed in their birthlands.

It was the pride of this Cincinnati Jewry to be known as the examplar of social service for the eyes of all other Jewries, and everywhere Jewish charities were being federated as ours was.

Social service was par excellence the medium of religion in the Reform Jewry of Cincinnati; it was religion. In the Hebrew Union College there was established a social-service course for the instruction of the embryonic rabbis and I was the teacher. This was a new thing in theological seminaries; since then social service has been put into the curricula of most seminaries, non-Jewish and Jewish as well.

That the devoted hands of Jewry would have enough work to do for many, many years to come in serving the immigrant was never questioned. Each year brought more of them to our shores, and our mid-Western city was getting a good share. The Russian pogroms were driving our brethren to us in vast numbers and our favorite altars were not in the temples so much as at their feet; and we made no end of serving them.

We could forecast quite accurately how many of them each year would bring to us; at that time immigration restriction was the vague aspiration of a few irresponsible organizations and it was a thing not to be thought of by politicians, since millions of the voters were of recent immigration and their American-born children were soon to be of voting age.

We had no international problems of Jewry on our hands, save that which had to do with the passport matter in Russia. Jews of whatever nationality were not admitted to Russia, though they carried the passports of their governments. This, however, was an academic issue, since so few Jews sought the pleasure of touring in Russia. Dr. Gotthard Deutsch of the

Hebrew Union College, Cincinnati, who loved liberty as much as he loved Jewish history, brought it to the conscience of the nation when he demanded of the Russian consul at Chicago a visa for a passport that the American government had issued to him. This was in due course refused and Dr. Deutsch made thunderous protest to the goverment in behalf of American Jewry.

But our chief concern was not to get Jews into Russia but to get them out and make a good life for them here; and this we did well. We were not then burdened with the worry of prepetuating Judaism in America, nor did we hear much of Jewish education. We knew that as long as these Jews from Europe came to us, Jewish life would not only be perpetuated but also enriched. These we would serve and in the serving our Jewish consciousness would remain vivid and alert. And we were sure that there would be no end of their coming to us; we never thought otherwise. In that time America still was cherishing the good tradition: it was the refuge of the oppressed of all the world.

So my work was cast in good fields during the Cincinnati years, and the horizon of my tasks stretched, for one may not be an active Jew in one place without touching Jewish life in many places; we are always divided but we are like the head, the heart, and the hands that continued to yearn for each other after they were severed and separated and carried to far corners. For though the head and the heart and the hands had often quarreled they secretly loved one another.

So, what with such activities, I drifted into the wider field of Jewish social service and, in 1913, became field secretary of the National Conference of Jewish Charities and my task was to standardize the methods of social service in the Jewry of the land. But it was about a year later that there began to transpire tragic events that were to send me upon distant errands in which I was to encounter the adventures that are the burden of this story.

Rabbi Stephen S. Wise of New York and a party of other tourists had returned from Palestine with appalling reports of the plight of Israel in Jerusalem. Something must be done about this, they said. Rabbi Wise called for some measure of relief. And so it came to pass that a commission of experts was appointed to go to Palestine, and it fell to me to be chosen one of the three, the others being Professor Milton Rosenau of Harvard and Meyer Blumfield of Boston.

This was the first of many missions that Israel was to send into the world on tragic quests, and Israel in Cincinnati especially had a sense of almost exclusive distinction because one of its number had been selected for this mission. And so the Cincinnati Jewry made much of him, what with farewell parties, large and small, and what with gifts of all descriptions—sweaters, trinkets, traveling bags, and cigars without end.

We were to sail July 29, 1914, and on the day before we were making ready, saying farewells, looking to those details that are put off to the last minute, when the newsboys came crying through the streets:

"War declared!"

Our generation had not seen war. Oh, we had had that excursion called the Spanish-American War and the Russian-Japanese War had been on the other side of the world. The Civil War in the United States and the Franco-Prussian War were remote echoes.

War? How could that be in this civilized world? How could the nations afford to make a war of any length? The machinery of war was too costly. In a few days, or weeks at most, this foolishness would be over.

But we did not sail on July 29th— We must wait a while— The ships dared not venture into the seas— But in a few days the frightened world would return to its senses— We would wait in Boston— Surely, it would not be long to wait.

And we waited. The Germans and the Belgians were at grips— The Russians were mobilizing on the frontier— The

French were marshalling for the defense of Paris— England was mobilizing— Japan was in— It was war.

And so the mission dispersed. The suffering in Palestine must wait until the war-makers settled issues the nature of which was not to be determined until some years later.

I returned to Cincinnati with the farewell gifts that only a few weeks before had been showered upon me.

CHAPTER IX

THE WAR TIME

Until this time life in Jewish social service had been simplicity itself, and social workers knew always what to-morrow would bring. To-morrow would bring to them another immigrant, forlorn and frightened, and they would put him in a card index and on his back they would place a peddler's pack or send him to some factory.

Jewish social workers were sure that they had come to a solution of all their problems. This case was to be handled according to this formula and that case in accordance with a solution already provided by precedent. Geometry could scarcely be more certain and exact. The social worker was a self-satisfied person.

From time to time our "cases" would return to us, one day to tell of being stoned by boys and another day to show their growing bank accounts, and in the evenings they would come to the community settlement house to learn English, and every day they would walk with firmer feet in the new land.

Social workers knew precisely to what happy end the client would come. One day he would come with a joyous announcement that he had saved enough money for the passage of his family to America, and they would help him to buy the tickets. There were no quota restrictions standing like sheer walls to separate parents from children; no interminable red tape to unwind.

And in a brief time his family would be met in New York by the Immigrant Aid, and in another day there would be a happy reunion in some railroad station in a distant city, and before the year was out the name of the family would disappear from the card index. Case closed!

So it went in that simple time.

And some years later the social worker would pass a prosperous-looking citizen on the main street of his city, in whom there was only the slightest resemblance to the forlorn, frightened man who had called at the agency office years before.

"Doctor! Doctor!" I frequently was hailed on the street. "Don't you remember me?"

And beneath a most prepossessing exterior I would recognize one of my clients of years back. He would tell me of his successes. A good store and so much in the bank. The children in high school! The oldest boy ambitious to be a doctor!

Thus it had been and thus, we thought, it would be in all our to-morrows save for infrequent difficulties. In these quiet and fruitful fields we social workers would live out our days, happy puddlers at the melting-pot, as it was called in those years.

But about the time the leaves began to fall in the year 1914, the snug castle of our security collapsed before the hot blast of the war sweeping around the world. The safe and sure things of the earth tottered and happiness perished even at our doors, although we were far from the battlefields.

At first we regarded the swiftly moving events with bewildered and somewhat detached interest. After all, the war was so distant, an interesting phenomenon that would come home to us only in the movies and in the rotogravures of the Sunday newspapers. We would be the comfortable spectators.

But soon the social workers saw the war at their own desks. It brought to them one after another of the immigrants whose feet already had become sure in the New World; they had been walking with joyous steps toward a fair destiny. Now they were back at the offices of social agencies weeping from hearts cold with fears.

"The war! My family. Not a word from them. Every week I heard from them. But now not a word for a month!"

This was the universal cry. The advancing months brought them no news. . . . Their remittances to Europe were not

accepted. . . . The receipt of money sent shortly before the outbreak of the war had not been acknowledged. . . . The drumfire of the war echoed dismally in their hearts by day and by night. . . . The contending armies were grinding under their feet the towns and villages of their beloved. . . . Warsaw, Lodz, Cracow, Lemberg, Przemysl were daily in the news.

We saw our simple and delectable world transformed and all the happy to-morrows had become distant storm clouds thundering.

And thus began those events that were to lift social workers out of the comfortable scene. Feverish years were to come and I was to be the witness of a vast tragedy in which death at times seemed the least, for death often was the end of hunger and death brought escape.

I was to see our people marching with full hands to the succor of their brethren, and Jewry for the while was to be united as it had never been before.

"We must go to the help of our brethren," cried a group of the Orthodox Jewry in New York, and organized straightway the Central Relief Committee for the Aid of Jewish War Sufferers. These were the first to raise the banners of brotherhood that the Jewry of America follows more or less even to this day, though sixteen years have passed since the tragedy fell upon us. They were well-meaning people but with no experience in the broader fields of philanthropy. They were still devoted to the conception of the quaint charity box that was nailed to the doorpost of one's home and to the itinerant charity collector who went through neighborhoods hunting Jewish homes.

They were courageous enough to go unprepared into such an enterprise; but here was an international endeavor calling for statesmanship. Mistakes might make new miseries for the Jews in Eastern Europe, for whom there was no love either in the armies of the Russians or of the Germans; but good-hearted Israel advanced with brave and eager feet where the

way was strewn with pitfalls. In the midst of these misguided efforts the American Jewish Committee entered to inquire whither Israel was going.

This committee was organized in the year 1907 to be the voice of all Jewry in the United States. Now this voice of Jewry spoke loudly and sternly, calling for American Israel to serve at the altar for his brethren.

And from these summons there sprang the American Jewish Relief Committee serving for the Reform wing of Jewry; so that now there were two helping hands reaching with bread for the hunger in Europe—one hand Orthodox and the other Reform. And across the paths of both marched the Jewish workmen's organization—the People's Relief Committee for the Aid of Jewish War Sufferers—which feared that its special interests might not be safe in the other two hands.

But the head of Israel eventually became as wise as his heart was good, and the Reform American Jewish Relief Committee and the Orthodox Central Committee shortly united in a single devotion, and a year later the People's Committee joined them for a common effort.

It was quite possible for these three agencies to work side by side, each among its own followers, in the raising of funds for relief. But it was obvious that if they attempted separately to transmit the money overseas and distribute it themselves, duplication, overlapping, overhead waste, and inevitable confusion must result. Some sort of central distribution system seemed called for. Yet the three relief committees distrusted one another, suspected that any surrender of authority might result in a neglect of their interests overseas. Finally, however, the Joint Distribution Committee, representing the three, was established.

This was not so easily accomplished as it is told, for Jewry is full of strong personalities, obdurate idealists, uncompromising zealots for principles who like to have their own ways. Among these was Albert Lucas, a Jew of English origin and of strictest Orthodox tendencies, an intense religionist, an

ancient Jew in modern setting. He had been contending furiously against the Sabbath School of the Reform type and had organized the rabbinate against them. These were not Jewish, he said; the Jewish youth of the land was being misled into the ways of the stranger. A sincere man with all the zeal, but lacking the vision, of the prophets.

Now his untiring religious ardor gave itself wholly to the Orthodox conception of Jewish relief in Eastern Europe. And with what energy he threw himself against the Reform group of the American Jewish Relief Committee! The bread for the hungry must come from the hands of Jews who were heart to heart with the sufferers, he said; the preservation of Jewish life must be in the hands of those who had cherished Jewish life. To his mind the Reform wing was outside the pale of the Jewish life that Albert Lucas cherished as an inheritance not to be defiled by change.

But the proud idealism of Lucas and of other zealots was not to stand unyielding before the cries of anguish that the irregular mails from Europe brought. He, too, came to see that only by unity of action in America could there be any measure of relief for the suffering in Europe, and he relented and became the secretary of the Joint Distribution Committee.

One remembers the amazement of Jewry when in the first year of the war there was raised a million and a half dollars for relief. A million and a half! Our philanthropies had been measured by hundreds until then. Philanthropy had been small finance. It was something for which one could dig into the pocket easily—and fish out a ten-dollar bill.

Now we were learning to give, and "serving" was almost like a new word in our vocabularies, and the meaning of sacrifice was becoming clear. A million and a half! Certainly, we thought, the hunger of our brethren now would be appeased, the naked would be clothed, and the homeless sheltered. In our safe and distant habitations, we had not yet come to measure the extent of the disaster that had fallen

upon mankind, and we were not to comprehend it fully until years later when we would give twenty-five millions as willingly as we gave a million and a half that first year.

Indeed, before the first year of the war was over something of the magnitude of the cataclysm began to dawn on our minds. We heard that the suffering of the Jews in Eastern Europe was unlike any in the long and bitter history of Jewish suffering, and our million and a half was only a crumb for the vast hunger, and that if we had made sacrifices we must now prepare to learn the full meaning of sacrifice.

American Jewry was still in an ecstatic trance by reason of the million and a half it had given when it was told to make ready to give five millions more. Then it was that American Jewry presented a spectacle of consecration unexampled in the land. More than a year was to elapse before America itself would go into the war and pour out its heart with a prodigious giving.

Up and down the country the pleaders of Jewry went and wherever they spoke multitudes of Jews assembled and everywhere women took jewels from their fingers to enrich the fund, and everywhere the weeping heart of Israel poured out a golden flood with its tears, and everywhere one heard of joyous sacrifice. In a mass meeting in the city of New York, the incomparable, Judah Leon Magnes, collected $400,000 in cash and nearly a half-million more in pledges.

At the close of the year 1916 four and three-quarter million of dollars had been raised.

But even while our eyes were filled with the grandeur of Israel, irritations were to be observed among the official committees.

There were suspicions and gossip, these having to do with the Hilfsverein, a Jewish organization in Berlin through which a portion of the funds was distributed, and it was at this point that the Zionists appeared as a faction.

Away with the Hilfsverein, they said. It could not be trusted to feed the hunger of the brethren.

Did not "the Doctor" himself expose the wicked machinations of the Hilfsverein? "The Doctor" was another of the interesting variety of Jews who strode the stage in that immense time. Shortly after the beginning of the war he had come to America from Germany and gossip clothed him with romance and mystery. He was reputed to be a German magnate of some sort, as one might well have believed, seeing his lavish spending.

An attractive gentleman he was, and one who soon endeared himself to the heart of every Zionist in New York, for he himself was a most ardent one. To the Zionist admirers he revealed that he considered it his mission in America to disillusion the American Jewry regarding the good will of the Hilfsverein. This organization, he was quite sure, was using American relief money for the purposes of German propaganda. And if it was asked why the Doctor, a German, should thus be casting aspersions upon a German organization, it was readily answered that he was a free-minded German out of sympathy with the purposes of the war.

Nor did he limit his propaganda to oral mediums alone but spread the news through a very pretentious weekly, *The American Jewish Chronicle,* which he owned and which was edited by a most talented Jewish journalist. This weekly devoted most of its pages to attacks on certain wealthy Jews who, it was said, monopolized the ownership of philanthropic enterprises in order to gain prestige and deprive the masses from participation. But its most bitter invective was reserved for the Hilfsverein.

Though the *Jewish Chronicle* was a costly enterprise, it carried no advertising and its subscription price was insignificant. People said that the rich Doctor was himself carrying the heavy deficit, and this belief served to stimulate the devotion of his admirers. Here was the noblest among rich men; he sacrificed wealth for a righteous cause.

Alas for human faith in men and things! What was the

consternation of the Doctor's friends when, at our entrance into the war, he was apprehended and interned as a German agent, and what was their desolation to hear that his furious attacks on the Hilfsverein and his *Jewish Chronicle* were masquerades for activities less benign.

And so the good Doctor went to an internment camp and the *Chronicle* ceased to exist, and the disillusioned sought new heroes to worship.

But before the American career of the Doctor came to this unhappy end, the propaganda against the Hilfsverein had taken root in the heart of Israel who seem never so happy as when they are unhappy. The Orthodox element said that Orthodoxy was not represented in the local committees of the Hilfsverein and the labor group was not happy because, it was claimed, the interests of labor were altogether ignored, and such was the dissension that the Joint Distribution Committee came almost to disruption.

It became imperative that American representatives be dispatched to the scene of Jewish misery in Europe, and it was Dr. Magnes who was chosen to lead a commission of three. Magnes the inspired; Magnes the rabbi who had left the wealthiest congregation in America for the sake of an ideal.

And it was no little cause for pride that Magnes invited me to be one of two social workers to accompany him; the other was Jacob Billikopf. A man may be forgiven for speaking rather frankly of the prouder moments of his life, especially if his pride comes to a comic fall.

I had felt rather restive; perhaps I was like a fireman who is on a vacation on the day of a great conflagration. The world was afire and though it was not in my hands to put the fire out, I felt, as a social worker, that I ought to be doing something to alleviate the pain of the victims.

Besides, my thwarted expedition of 1914 was still a painful memory to me. When I looked upon the gifts my friends

had given me on that occasion, I felt that some time I must make good and go somewhere. And now the opportunity had come.

We three were to go to Europe and organize the work of distribution to function under American auspices.

And so, once more bidding farewell, once more receiving the good wishes of my friends, I started for New York.

But it was to be no mere matter of going to New York, boarding a ship, and sailing away.

"Stop! Stop!" cried a large portion of New York Jewry. "And by whose authority are you going to Europe to represent American Jews? And wherein is the right of Magnes to choose his associates for this great mission? Is this the democratic way? No! If you are to go you may go only as the elected representative of this Jewry.

"And, moreover, is there any representative of the Central Relief Committee on this Commission? Or any representative of the People's Relief Committee? No! We must also elect envoys to represent these committees. The various shades of Jewish opinion must be in this Commission."

And there were protests and excitement and meetings, and Billikopf and I became candidates subject to the vote of the electorate of Jewry as represented in the membership of the Central Committee and the People's Committee. The status of Magnes was not questioned and away he sailed, Billikopf and I remaining behind for our campaign.

And no easy campaign it was, what with my having to see this one and that with influence in Jewry and what with electioneering among the people. When the votes had been counted and recounted, Billikopf and I were found to be duly elected as the "experts" of the Commission, while Judge Pankin of New York, a Socialist, had been chosen as the representative of the People's Committee and Rabbi Bernard Abramowitz of St. Louis for the Central Committee.

Content seemed to rest on the house of Israel when came a new voice of protest:

"What of the Zionists? They are not on this commission. Are not the Zionists a powerful section of Israel? They must be represented on this Commission also." And it was Mr. Simon Abel who was chosen for the Zionists.

So there we were six of us—Magnes, Pankin, Abramowitz, Abel, Billikopf, Bogen—the envoys of American Jewry, with Magnes on the high seas. It it still a pleasure to remember the tributes that were heaped upon us as our preparations went forward for the journey. If one day it was a meeting, the next day it was a banquet; if one day one constituent organization tendered a testimonial to its representatives, the next day another organization was feasting its delegates, and on the third we were all feasted together.

The Jewish press was fairly full of descriptions of the personalities of the commissioners and there was no lack of advice for us, what with hundreds volunteering their aid and comfort.

And so, under these most pleasant auspices, the day of departure came to hand, and, lo! the indispensable visa had not appeared. There was a scurrying for the German consulate. These American Jews, it was explained, desired to enter Germany to go to the aid of their suffering brethren. Would the German government be so good as to facilitate their entrance?

"Ah, yes, gentlemen, we shall give this our most earnest attention and notify you in time."

We felt no apprehension. The matter of a visa was a mere formality. We would get it the next day. . . . And the next day a communication from the German government notified us most politely that the German government was not anxious to receive us and would we mind postponing our visit indefinitely?

Some of the commissioners were not quick to recover from the sad blow and expressed their grievances openly. Doubts and suspicions were current and some even dared to believe that perhaps Dr. Magnes had used his influence to prevent a commission which had been thrust upon him from going over.

And so the commission was dissolved and I took the train

home where the jibes of my friends did not diminish my desire to go abroad on some worthy mission but only intensified it.

In the meantime, Dr. Magnes and his secretary, Mr. Dushkin, had landed in Europe, had made efforts to enter Russia and had failed, and after short stops at Stockholm and Copenhagen proceeded to Germany. Thence they went to Warsaw, Radzimin, Vilna, Kovno, Lodz, Lublin, Lemberg, and Vienna.

Those charges against the Hilfsverein that had so agitated us in America were duly investigated and found baseless. And so also were the fears that the Russian Jews, now under German rule, might later be punished by the Russians for receiving aid from German subjects.

Dr. Magnes reported, moreover, that he found the Hilfsverein had been efficient and had consistently refrained from unduly dictating to local committees.

CHAPTER X

THE MISSION TO HOLLAND

BUT in the United States we were already hearing the distant reverberations of the events that were to cast us into the war a few months later.

Events were moving swiftly toward the tragic end of peaceful relations between the United States and Germany. Ship after ship was sunk and note after note was dispatched, and in February of the following year Germany proclaimed its embargo on shipping from America, and then followed armed neutrality and then the declaration of a state of war, and we were in it as deep as anybody.

The posters on all the walls admonished the people to do their duty, and to "give till it hurts." As Jews ours were the duties of all the citizenry but with special duties besides. And we not only had to give until it hurt, for the nation, but for us there was an obligation of giving to distant brethren as well.

If great burdens were on the necks of all the people, upon us there were special burdens in addition. There arose new problems of relief in Europe, as if there had not been problems enough before.

Now Germany, perforce, could no longer serve as the base for distribution of American relief. Now there came new difficulties harder than the old. The Jews of Eastern Europe must be reached with relief by way of Germany, and how was this to be done with assurance that none of these supplies would fall into the hands of the enemy for its aid and comfort?

So there were negotiations with Washington, and the result was that the Joint Distribution Committee was permitted to forward relief through the neutral Holland government; and the Holland government was quite willing.

In order to make sure that the enemy would not be helped, the Joint Distribution Committee decided to dispatch a representative to Holland to transact any business there.

It was my great joy to be selected for this post. I had been until then much like a spectator who could do nothing but look on while the house burned; now I was permitted to go to the rescue of the endangered inhabitants. The day's work in American social service had come to seem trivial in the presence of the immense European tragedy.

But though I was determined to accept this grave responsibility that had been given me, I desired to reassure myself by seeking the counsel of my nearest friend and coworker, Max Senior of Cincinnati, who had long been my mentor in all matters pertaining to Jewish social welfare.

He was then in California and to my telegram for advice his answer was brief: "Will join you. Am leaving California to-morrow."

We left New York on one of the first military transports, a ship bound for England, and carrying but few civilians. We civilians soon made the disconcerting discovery that we were to serve as camouflage for the military character of the ship. We were ordered to remain on the decks while the military passengers were hidden below, thus to persuade any lurking enemy that this was a passenger vessel of commerce and thus, perhaps, to commend us to his more or less merciful consideration.

We paced the decks with a vast solemnity and I thought of condemned men waiting for reprieve. We might not smoke at night lest the enemy be attracted to us by the betraying glow of a cigarette or cigar. We might not display lights in our cabins and must go to bed in the dark.

The second day out I was surprised by the discovery that we were sailing west instead of east. At dinner I ventured to seek enlightenment from the captain at whose table we ate.

"Was I mistaken, captain, in thinking that we have changed our course and are going back?"

The shrewd skipper was quick with a reply that was not an answer.

"Ah," he said, "we have had some very fine weather."

But if we were oppressed by the importance of our mission, official London had not heard of it or us when we arrived in England after a journey of twenty days. Two Jews had sailed the seas to go to the deliverance of distressed Israel, and no one even was expecting them! Their names had no familiar sound to the ears of authority which seemed to be giving heed rather to the depredations of submarines and the winning of the war. Upon us would be no official sanction until authorizations arrived from America.

So we were for the while idle and unauthorized strangers in London where every one else was at the moment doing something, whether holding important office, or suffering war wounds, or stretching new lengths of red tape for people to disentangle, or making munitions, or nursing sick soldiers, or quarreling over the conduct of the war.

We might only join the busy populace in dodging air bombs which rained in no small profusion upon London during our stay there. We had entered London in a rather happy frame of mind after the twenty days on the ocean, what with the discomfort and worries we had at length escaped and what with still having our lives after passing through imminent dangers.

The atmosphere of the city itself was not unpleasing to the senses, if one expected to find it under the shadow of a dreadful brooding. Although London had suffered three years of death, disaster, and defeat, it hummed with a gay bravery in a dense traffic of military vehicles, taxis, private automobiles, and good-humored multitudes that well concealed the forebodings of their hearts.

Soldiers marching, and soldiers hobbling on crutches. Smiling nurses leading the wounded. Brass bands blaring the hope of victory. Women laughing bravely as they strolled with their beloved who must soon return to the front.

And this impression of gay courage was to be emphasized

the same evening. We had taken quarters on the top floor of the Piccadilly Hotel, rejoicing at our good fortune to be so distant from the din of the street and able to enjoy the illumination not only of windows but also of a skylight.

We had been happy, too, with the brightness of the day, having known of the evil reputation of the London weather; and when night fell we lifted our eyes gratefully to the starlit sky. But in the eyes of the populace there was seen no adoration of the stars; they rushed through the streets with fearful glances upward, and only we two were strolling.

And so with that serenity that embraces the human spirit after travail we walked the London streets, and returned at length to our rooms, and went to bed, and talked drowsily a while of the day's cheerful impressions; when of a sudden the horrific cry of klaxons assailed our ears.

To the windows for us on the instant, and if a moment before we were terrified by the shrieking of the horns now we were shaken to the depths of our beings by rending explosions.

We peeped through the heavy curtains and, lo! across the moon we beheld a ghostly visitor sailing, dropping death.

"Airships! Airships!" we heard in the hallways as hurrying feet scurried to the stairways.

Now the advantages of our lofty quarters were not so apparent; now the skylight became a deadly menace instead of a light-giving blessing; now the beauty of the starlit night contained no appeal to our senses, for it had served to uncover the city to the missiles of the enemy; now we hastily slipped bath robes over our pajamas and joined the hurrying feet in the corridors.

In the lobby a motley crowd of guests had assembled; ladies in déshabille, gentlemen in bath robes and some only in pajamas, waiting for what fate the hour had in store for them.

But though death was falling like the rain, we saw here the majesty of courage. They who might have been about to die went about with calm spirit to seek what shelter the hotel

afforded, self-disciplined people who feared only to exhibit the weakness of fear.

The reverberations of exploding bombs mingled with the rapid fire of anti-aircraft guns shooting at the visitor, and soon the police were bringing in the wounded, making an emergency hospital of the lobby, and one moment the sounds of explosion grew distant and the next they fell about our ears again.

Three hours of this and then peace again till the next starlit night. And we went to bed but there was no sleep. Ten successive air raids in time hardened us and where we fled from the first one, we did not even trouble to leave our rooms in the later bombardments. For almost two weeks the cloudless skies invited the enemy and we were like sheep under the butcher's knife. And whither might the sheep flee to escape him? One place was no more safe than another, and so we passed the dreadful evenings in our quarters, listening to death. But one night we visited Whitechapel which is the congested Jewish quarter, and saw a portion of inferno. For it was at an hour when the nightly air raid began, and death came booming out of the heavens upon the dense streets of Whitechapel.

And though our people had known violent death in all the generations and had lived under the shadow of it, they fled from this flying death like mad, shouting and fighting and trampling one another underfoot.

Before this cyclonic madness the weak were like saplings and fell and were crushed. The underground railway was the goal of safety, but here under the earth, not in the heavens, was death, for the subway proved a trap in which many were suffocated and many trampled to death.

So it was that fear killed many more in Whitechapel that night than were destroyed by the bombs of the enemy all over London. The newspapers the next morning were bitter with complaint, reproaching the inhabitants of Whitechapel for cowardice. But who may judge? In the misery of Whitechapel there seemed a more passionate attachment to life than we had

seen in the luxury of Piccadilly. In Whitechapel life was the only possession of most, a thing to be hoarded like the few pennies one managed to scrape up by the day's work; in Piccadilly life was a sporting proposition.

In Piccadilly life had always been easy, regulated by social discipline, satiated by the fullness of comfort and luxury; in Whitechapel life always had been a struggle with never a fulfillment, a precarious, disorganized existence, full of dangers and never a certainty.

So with the excitement of air raids and the uncertainty of our own status, we were in no happy frame of mind after several days in London. We had called on the American ambassador. Mr. Page was full of courtesy. Mr. Page was most friendly. But Mr. Page was sorry; he had heard nothing of our coming and, having no authorization, he could do nothing to speed us toward our goal.

Mr. Page had only admiration for Jews, seeing how they went to the aid of needy brethren, and, indeed, he told us some of his best friends were Jews. To be born a Jew is to hear this all one's life: "Some of my best friends are Jews." And now the ambassador was saying it.

Mr. Page was a busy man and soon we were being shunted, graciously enough, to another room where Mr. Page's secretary had his habitation. And polite enough the secretary was, though his eyes strayed continuously to the mass of papers he had on his desk.

And shortly we were on our way as empty-handed as we had come, with the secretary bowing us out. . . . We sat then for two weeks, twiddling our fingers, waiting for Washington to make us official, and one day we read in a London newspaper that the Lord Mayor was collecting funds for the fire sufferers in Salonika. This seemed to be a cause not foreign to our own purposes, since Jews lived in Salonika of whom many must be in need.

Let us, therefore, away to the Lord Mayor, for want of anything better to do.

"And, ah, gentlemen," says his secretary, "would you not like to contribute something to this cause?"

"Certainly, and since the Jewish population of Salonika is so large, our organization, doubtless, would be delighted to contribute a substantial sum."

"And how much, gentlemen?"

"If necessary, sir, five if not ten thousand pounds could be donated." And on the instant we saw the magic potency of cash, even of the shadow of cash. It opened the door of the Lord Mayor's innermost sanctum, for the secretary must forthwith hasten to the Lord Mayor to apprise him of the proposal of the two good strangers. And who issues almost immediately through the door but the Lord Mayor himself with smiles and handshakes? And we must tell him in full of our mission and we must go with him about his interesting mansion. . . . Here is a table from which Queen Victoria ate.

And had we seen Lord Rothschild? he inquired. Certainly, Lord Rothschild would be concerned with our mission and the Lord Mayor would not have it otherwise but that he himself must go with us to see him. And so, gloved and caned and high-hatted, the Lord Mayor led us to the office of this Rothschild, and quickly we were admitted.

He was lord and major as well, and wore the uniform of the service. Certainly, there must be no further waiting for us, he said. We must proceed to Holland at once, and forthwith he began to pull the essential wires. A letter from James Rothschild, since departed, introduced us to the British Foreign Office and in two days we had disposed of all formalities and were ready to leave on the first boat bound for Holland. And, as far as we know, the official notifications concerning our mission may still be on the way from Washington to London in this late year.

CHAPTER XI

DUTCH DAYS

AND so it came to pass that one morning the coast of Holland came out of the mist before the small and dirty vessel that had taken us over. A cold and miserable journey it had been, for we kept to the deck to be close to lifeboats which might momentarily be needed.

They had taken from us, before we embarked, all manner of papers and books, and even a Bible, as if the word of God had no business on this hellish sea in which the war had already destroyed many.

There were sad-looking sailors aboard, interned British prisoners in Holland, who, faithful to their paroles, were returning to their prison camps after a brief visit to their homeland; among the few passengers was a group of English actresses, army entertainers, and these sang and danced for us though their hearts must have been in their throats, as ours certainly were. And so our party was as jolly as it possibly could pretend to be, with the captain himself so uneasy and with no one ever straying far from the lifeboats.

And after twenty-four hours of this, there was Amsterdam, and soon we were in the hotel, and from our window we discerned close by the Amsterdam Ghetto widely known to fame. Thither we must go, and we saw a Ghetto where poverty seemed to be as old as the moldering houses, like a rotting old tree, like an ancient inheritance of misery. All the ugly children of poverty were there—dirt and congestion and sadness on the faces of the people and hopelessness on everything.

It might have been that we had suddenly and magically passed out of the modern world into a mediæval century, for

here walked Middle Age Jews in long coats that reached to their heels and with curling earlocks and small skullcaps showing from beneath their large-brimmed hats.

We felt at home. We had been strangers in the Old World, but now we were home. The bodies of these men pressed us all about on the crowded street and we sensed the touch of kinsmen. . . . There stood their synagogue and within was the Ark enclosing the Law of the empire of the spirit that is Israel.

I addressed some of them in Yiddish, but of Yiddish they had no understanding, and they spoke only the language of the Dutch. And though they were often ragged, and though poverty brooded among them like some ghost that was never to be exorcised, they bore themselves with the hauteur of aristocrats, for they were ancient inhabitants here and their history reached back to Spain and the Inquisition; and little use they had for the upstart Jews on another street near by who had come to Holland only recently as refugees from Eastern Europe.

And, indeed, the refugees held their neighbors in no higher esteem than they themselves were held by them. What sort of Jews were these neighbors? they inquired. Could they speak Yiddish? Could one think of them as brethren? They were like strangers in the world.

Then we felt even more at home, for this was Israel truly; this was Israel as we had known him in our own land; Israel, not knowing his brother.

We left the Ghetto and became strangers again. And strangers we were to the United States minister, Mr. Garrett, upon whom we called at The Hague, for he had not been apprised of our coming. And as for the organization we represented, he had heard nothing of that either. Mr. Garrett was courteous enough, but, having no official word of our mission, it was not in his hands to be of official assistance.

So we felt as superfluous in The Hague as we had in London, what with no place in particular to go. But one day our drooping spirits were lifted up by the comforting news that a

certain Jewish scholar whom I knew as a friend of old was in Holland also.

He had been a teacher in the Jewish seminary that was the citadel of Reform Judaism in America, and I had taught there also. He had married one of the Jewish girls of the city, and after the wedding had returned to Germany and engaged in business. It was years and years since I had seen him, and I must forthwith communicate with him.

"Hello!" I wired. "Let us meet to-morrow. Wire place and time." And within the hour the answer: "Will be happy to have you lunch with us to-morrow noon."

With what rejoicing we met! Old friends whom the fortunes of peace had parted and the fortunes of war cast together again, like a pair of dice out of a box. And there was the usual conversation of such occasions, reminiscences, inquiries about mutual friends, and, at length, the war. It was a brooding presence even in this peaceful land that was like an island entirely surrounded by a sea of blood.

I observed that he appeared ill at ease when we spoke of the war and the mission upon which we had come. He blushed and I remembered his old habit of blushing when he felt uncomfortable about something.

Suddenly as he was cutting the meat he stopped abruptly. "Gentlemen, you are under the false impression that I am an American citizen. The fact is that I am a German in the service of the German Crown, working here for the supply department. It is my duty to get in as much food as I can to help my own country."

More than ten years have passed since that unhappy hour and we may look back now to laugh at its solemn absurdity. Old friends who had not a thing in the world against each other, whose hearts were at one in affection suddenly sat facing each other—enemies. This charming lady who was of our own land must be shunned as one in whose company it was an embarrassment to be seen; her husband, the fine friend,

must be scorned as one with whom it was a danger to be discovered in conversation.

We arose and I spoke with that stern mien such as all serious-minded patriots assumed in that time.

"If this is the case," I said, "you will have to excuse us. We cannot remain here, for you are an enemy of our country."

Our host did not reply, but his wife began to cry. And, indeed, it was to cry over the whole miserable business of war —its falsehood, its cruelty, its denial of all that was clean and decent.

We left the house hurriedly and walked the streets, ashamed, saddened and distraught. We considered our mission. What damage might come to it if it were known that we had communicated with one of the enemy? That distressed us, for the injury, if any, would not be on us but on those we had come to help.

We must go to the ambassador and tell him in detail what had occurred.

To our relief he merely said, "You say you did not know the man was not American? Well, I don't think there is anything to worry about, but I would take the incident to heart as a good lesson. Do not make friends too quickly in such critical times."

And in a few days our work in Holland began. Having received the desired authorizations from America, we began to organize a Dutch committee through which our help to Jews in the occupied territories was to go.

We must provide this help in such a way that the enemy would in nowise be assisted.

We must be sure that the American help so given must reach every group of the Jewish population, and to that end our Dutch committee must be representative of every element of Jewry.

But what help to send? Food? Money? Food might come

to the same unhappy end as the packages the Red Cross sent to the prisoners of war. Even the boxes in which these packages were sent, being tin, were confiscated for the purposes of the enemy's ammunition.

We must send money. With money the beneficiaries could buy what they needed within the occupied territories. And it satisfied the current patriotism to believe that, buying foodstuffs within the occupied territory, our people would diminish the resources of the enemy to an extent, which was a consideration.

In organizing our Dutch committee we took careful account of every shade and tint of Jewry. And when we had listed all the varieties, we asked, "Have we forgotten any?"

Yes! The Poale Zion!

And little did it matter that in Holland at that moment there were no Jews who called themselves Poale Zion. If there was none, we would designate one to be the representative of Poale Zion.

"And you," we said to a Dutch Jewish Socialist, "you shall be the Poale Zionist on the committee."

"And what is that?" he inquired.

"It doesn't matter. Whatever it is, you are that for this occasion."

So our motley committee came into being, with a lawyer, who was advisor to the Queen, as chairman. We were happy that this man was not a Zionist, as so many of our Dutch associates were; a Zionist in the chairmanship would have brought down upon our heads the faultfinding of non-Zionists in the United States.

It remained now only to please the German government. Here, gnädige Herrn, are the plans by which it is proposed to feed the hungry Jewish populace in the occupied territories. Will your excellencies be so good as to approve of them? the Dutch committee asked.

We ourselves, of course, stood in the discreet background in these negotiations. In so far as the enemy was concerned, we had no existence, like the man in the German fairy tale who

walked about and even slapped the burgomaster on the back, but was never seen by any German.

"Ah, to be sure," the German government replied, if not in those words, "we welcome this assistance and, moreover, we will facilitate it. And lest there be any misunderstanding, we shall appoint a special official with offices in The Hague to whom you may at all times appeal for aid."

And what was my delight when it was made known that this official would be none other than my friend, the professor! Now we could meet under strictly lawful auspices. Our meetings over, we went our ways—enemies again. But within the meeting place we served together at one altar and our hands touched in the serving.

We must test our plan of relief. Would our gifts pass safely through the barriers of hateful steel that had been raised, through the suspicions that stood like barbed-wire entanglements around the Continent? To Warsaw, therefore, we sent a sum of money, and the prompt return of the receipt was proof that our plan would work, and we followed the first gift with more.

So Holland became the funnel through which we poured hundreds of thousands of dollars for relief. We saw we had performed rather worthily the task to which we had been sent, though whether we had the approval or the disapproval of our sponsors in America we did not know.

Months had passed since our departure from American shores, but no word from them had come to us. Every day we went to the American Legation, hoping for a postcard, at least, but never a line.

Once, indeed, an attendant at the Legation had come rushing to our quarters with the glad tidings that mail had arrived for us at last. And with what glad feet we went to the post office, only to discover that the mails had brought to us a set of books in which to keep our expense account!

So, in the absence of light from our chiefs in New York, we followed what lights God had given us, making policies and

decisions. But our drafts for relief money came through with regularity, a circumstance that quite comforted our stumbling feet.

Now our thoughts turned homeward, and only the lack of ships held us. Dutch ships lay interned in American harbors.

But it was no onerous imprisonment that we suffered in Holland during our enforced stay. The variety of the Jew who was in Holland as refugee was a spectacle at times tragic and always pathetic, and we saw in him the eternal being, forever wandering, stopping a while, building the semblance of communal life out of the meagerest material, seeking ways out of the evil road in which he had fallen.

There he was in Rotterdam, five hundred of him—refugees from Russia; interned Russian prisoners of war whom the Russian government remembered with compensation of a few cents a week. For the most part young men and women, they had assembled their miseries in a club which we found in a bare storeroom, with benches made of old boxes and tables swaying on their legs.

Here we saw the Jew at his ancient occupation of study even when the stomach cried for bread and the heart was sick. He was studying languages against to-morrow. To-morrow there might be an end of war; to-morrow might come another cast of the dice and the wanderer would be in another land; for to-morrow one must be ready.

Or he was learning to read and write. His eyes illuminated his pallid, want-pinched face when he learned to write a new word or to decipher one on a printed page, or to read a line of words.

"See," he exclaimed, "how well I read this," and every word was a triumph lifting him up for the moment above the desolation of all his defeats.

Or he sat and talked, continuing the discussion that his forefathers had begun and which they had handed down unfinished to their children, like some never-to-be-ended story: What are we Jews here for? And why do we live despite our sufferings?

And why do we suffer? And if we are a chosen people, for what have we been chosen?

Or he played chess and sat the livelong day moving pawns, and for a while he could plan the destinies of kings and forget his hunger and the chill that was in his bones, for the room was always cold.

The "blackboard" on which the untutored one inscribed his letters was an old white door that had been found somewhere and the "chalk" was a piece of charcoal rescued from the small oven that at rare intervals was lighted. The chessmen were pieces made of potatoes, cunningly carved.

"But, sir," said the young secretary of the club, shabby and unshaven, "might it not be worse? Would it not be worse for us if we were like those other refugees—the non-Jews? What have they of life? They live for the day and are content with to-day's beer and to-day's crust of bread.

"We live for to-morrows. We dream, we think. The only poor are those who have no dreams. Amid our miseries we dream and plan and study. What is the end to be of all this? Can it be worse than this? No, it must be better. We must make ready for the better time.

"Here we assemble our ideals. It is cold here, but is it not colder outside? Here is a roof and companionship and brotherhood. The brothers have little enough to share among them. From the Russian government we refugees receive five cents a week for pin money and of this each of us gladly gives three cents a week for the club. The non-Jew spends his money for drink.

"Here we share our poverty. We have four pencils for a hundred pupils who want to read and write, and four English textbooks for a class of forty."

As he spoke he introduced us to bystanders who seemed to be a cheerful lot, notwithstanding the poverty in which they lived, and the dreadful uncertainty that the future presented. But they were so young; and happy are the eyes of youth to see illusions in the mists.

We fell into the habit of frequenting the club and became a sort of honorary members whose counsel was sought. And so it was that we suggested a Purim entertainment by which to raise funds with which to equip the club. And certainly there never had been such a Purim since the first one, for this Purim delivered these Jews from the dreariness of their existence for a whole month, what with the preparations and the rehearsals for the play that was given and what with the joyous anticipation.

Then there was a wedding. Love had come into the desolation, being blind; and love had built gorgeous castles, being full of illusions; and two refugees resolved to marry.

And so on the appointed night all the club came to the wedding. And the guest with the tattered coat had made brave efforts to give the semblance of respectability to his rags; and she with the pallid cheeks had managed to borrow a bit of rouge; and he who had saved a white collar out of the happier past wore it on this occasion; and one and another who knew something of hairdressing had performed ministrations upon the heads of her sisters.

The minister of the occasion was a refugee rabbi from Galicia, and what a kissing there was and what a rejoicing and what a singing when the fateful words had been said.

And there was devout wishing:

"May this be the beginning of good days."

"May this be the end of all sorrows."

"May the happiness of this day be forever."

And refreshments! One apple for every guest. Four dollars had been collected among the members by special assessment, and half of this was expended for apples and half for an announcement of the wedding in the Jewish weekly of Amsterdam. It was for the eyes of the parents that this was printed. Who knew the ways of God? To the eyes of the parents in Russia this paper might come and bring them rejoicing for the marriage of their children.

In the meantime our fame had spread to remote portions of

the occupied portions of Eastern Europe. It was said that two rich Jews had arrived in Holland from America, and we became legendary figures, Aladdins with magic lamps who could change sorrow into happiness and cause prosperity to flow where poverty had been.

Letters came to us from cities, villages, and hamlets in the parts of Russia that had been crushed between the contending armies. Two women in God-forsaken places asked us to find their deserting husbands and persuade them to send money for their starving children. A mother inquired the whereabouts of her only son who had gone to the war. Many asked for assistance.

We were sorely distressed by these appeals. We had been hearing only the distant plea of the multitudes, but these letters brought to our ears the cry of a hungry infant, the weeping of a widow, the sobbing of an impoverished mother waiting for a son who never was to return.

We were glad for the occasional interlude such as the one that brought to our door a delegation of prominent Jews of Berlin who desired to see us. We turned them away, for we could not afford to compromise ourselves by communication with a group from the enemy land.

There came a Mr. Herschel Farbstein heading a delegation of Polish Jews who desired to reveal to us the precise condition of the Jews in occupied Poland. By permission of the American minister to Holland we agreed to meet Mr. Farbstein. He was accompanied by a German officer who would not leave Mr. Farbstein out of his sight for a moment.

But in order that Mr. Farbstein might feel free to speak without restraint we must be rid of this ubiquitous officer, and it was with no little effort that members of our Dutch committee at length persuaded him that a brief vacation in the country would do him no little good. The scenery about The Hague is wonderful to see, Herr Kapitän, and as a soldier weary from the war you are well entitled to a rest.

And so he went his way, leaving Mr. Farbstein to speak his

heart to us. We sent full reports of Mr. Farbstein's revelations to our headquarters in New York, and what was our consternation later to see them fully published in the official organ of the Jewish Distribution Committee.

We thought of poor Mr. Farbstein in Poland and of the plight in which he might fall should these reports come to the hands of the Germans; and it was with relief that we heard later no harm had befallen him.

By invitation of the Zionists we conducted our conference with Mr. Farbstein in their headquarters. There, too, we served with the German who in the good days was my friend in America, and now was my lawful enemy.

"Our headquarters," said the Zionists, "is neutral territory. Here enemies may meet without embarrassment. At our doors the war ends. Here is territory of the Holy Land where all Jews may meet as friends."

The Zionists insisted constantly that as Jews they were a separate people and were not at war with any of the combatant sides. To me the puzzle grew greater daily. For, while thousands of young Jews were giving their lives for one side or the other, these leaders in Jewry were equally sincere and zealous in the stand that the Jews were not lawful participants in the war. They refused steadfastly to recognize allegiance to any of the nationalities other than the Jewish and insisted on their own autonomy. They were willing to fight only for a politically recognized home for Israel. They could see no incongruity in the Jews from Russia meeting the Jew from Germany on the common territory of the National Fund. They could not understand our apprehensions in that dreadful hour of our reunion with a German.

And it was evident that the neutrality of the Zionists was not considered treason, for everywhere their cause was being considered as an important political issue, not merely to be looked upon as an ideal of dreamers. It was in that period that the Allies, and especially England, had realized the wisdom of a protective policy toward the Zionists.

Our stay in Holland came to an end with the arrival of the *New Amsterdam,* and a joyous occasion this was not only for us but for a number of the refugees who had been waiting these many months to take passage.

Only Rose was unhappy. Rose was seventeen or eighteen, and she had been in Holland a year waiting to go. At first she had been detained by reason of illness and then because the steamships had ceased to sail. Rose stood disconsolately by the rail, and while the rest of us looked forward across the sea to America, Rose was looking backward to Rotterdam.

"Rose," the passengers said, "forward you must look, not backward. America is ahead but you look back to Holland."

But Rose was not to be persuaded, having eyes only for Holland.

"Rose," they said, "happiness is there, not here."

And she answered: "What do you know?"

Then, at the moment we were about to sail, occurred that which was a calamity for all save Rose. The ship could not leave that day, since papers assuring safe conduct had not arrived from Germany. If gloom fell upon our faces, the countenance of Rose was an illumination in the darkness.

Nine days were to pass before the essential papers would arrive, and during that period there were certain hours when the passengers were permitted to leave the boat. It was on the third day that Rose left us for good.

"And where is Rose?" we inquired when we had returned to the boat after the daily recess period. The ship's officers were excited. They sent to the refugees' club and there was Rose. No! She would not go to America. She had become engaged to another refugee, and he had obtained work, and they were going to be married, and in Rotterdam they would stay.

The ship's officers were in distress. The steamship company had been supporting her for a year during her detention, and now she wanted to marry this young man and not go to

America. They appealed to me to intercede for them because Rose could speak only Russian.

"Rose," I said, "the officers say you must sail to America first and then if you desire you may return."

But Rose only snapped her fingers, laughing wickedly. What was a great steamship company to do with a girl in love? It could conquer the oceans with mighty ships, but the heart of a girl—ah, that was a difficulty.

So in the end there was a compromise: Rose was permitted to stay in Rotterdam after the steamship company had been released from responsibility for her and after a certain business man had guaranteed that she would not become a burden on the company.

But although this happy ending should have been the cause of rejoicing aboard the ship, Rose's friends among the women did not exhibit the elation that was due. Rose's young man was a goi (a Gentile), and her friend, Leah, said that nothing good ever came from mixed marriages. And, besides, the others said, what a fool she was! She had turned her back on the assured happiness that awaited in America for the uncertainties of a marriage with a goi in Europe.

They turned their faces toward the west, and they were luminous with hopes and dreams. The ship sailed. They looked back at the vanishing coast of Europe as if to watch receding forever their sad inheritance of poverty and prejudice.

Europe disappeared in the mists. . . .

New York again! And we parted from our friends, and they went their ways on their new destinies. And may these destinies have proved to be as lovely as their dreams in the days they sat in the bare clubroom in Rotterdam and studied and planned for to-morrow.

CHAPTER XII

ISRAEL EMBATTLED

IF we expected laurel wreaths there were thorns for our heads instead. We were made aware of this at the moment we set our feet on the earth. There Mr. Lucas was waiting. Mr. Lucas' face was not illuminated with those welcoming beacons for which a returning wanderer looks. On the contrary Mr. Lucas' face registered distress. Mr. Lucas was distraught. Pity was in Mr. Lucas' face.

"Why did you come back?" Mr. Lucas asked. "They are waiting for you at the office."

I sent my colleague, Senior, on his way with his wife who had been awaiting him. I myself would go before the sanhedrin of American Israel to learn what judgment awaited our work in Holland with which we ourselves had reason to feel more or less satisfied.

The good Mr. Lucas had the manner of one who was leading a lamb to a slaughter.

Now our master's voice was at last to be heard and I was rather eager to hear it. There sat the solemn leaders of Israel waiting, and it was evident on the instant that they were in no cheerful humor.

Israel seemed in a state of fright.

Israel is a timid soul. He is forever afraid that he has not done the right thing precisely. What will the neighbors say? He is constantly concerned with what people may think of him.

"Am I going right?"

"Ought I to be seen with that crowd?"

"What will people say?"

Poor Israel, forever haunted by Ghetto memories!

When people are expected to be patriotic, Israel feels he must be a patriot more circumspect than all others, lest there be any suspicion on him. When others sing national anthems, he must sing a bit more fortissimo than they.

His fears were rather vague. He had no fault in particular to find with us; he was not sure whether the things we had done were right or wrong. He was worried. He was not certain whether our return was well timed. There might be questions asked concerning some of our actions. In that patriotic time false interpretations were placed on actions most innocent. Besides, the Jews might misunderstand the meaning of our return. They might think the service in Europe was stopped.

The head of Israel was in a whirl of doubts, his heart fluttered with confused emotions.

It was Israel's fear that had paralyzed his hand during the months we were in Holland. Rather than write the wrong thing to us, or the thing that might be misunderstood by others, or the thing which was right but might be thought wrong by strangers, he wrote nothing.

Who had questioned his patriotism? But Israel was worried. He must be seen to hate the enemy harder than the others, but now people might think he had permitted his gentle heart to betray him into feeding hungry enemies. Israel wanted to be seen with a heart as cold as anybody's and even a little colder.

I attempted to comfort, console and cause the committee to smile by such mock heroics as I could command, for Israel's face was set with stern resolve.

"If I have to go to prison for this, well, I'll go," I said.

And the upshot was that Senior and I went, instead, to Washington to confess our sins and throw ourselves into the bosom of government and to get what little mercy was due us.

With contrite spirits we called at the State Department where the under-secretary, Mr. Davis, met us with such a welcome as no traitors were ever given before. Mr. Davis had read of our

work in reports from the minister to Holland. Mr. Davis was full of compliments.

He told us that not only had we fed Jews but also we had been helping the cause of the war. By sending money instead of supplies to the afflicted we had helped to deplete the resources of the enemy, since with our money the hungering Jews bought food which the enemy might otherwise be eating. By using American money instead of marks we were helping to depreciate the German currency and thus hastening the day when the Germans would get sick of the war.

We sensed the exaltation of great patriots. Two Jews had sailed the seas and delivered crushing blows at the heart of the enemy, without firing a shot. We sensed the glory of field marshals, a sensation not unpleasant, since we had just come from New York where we had sensed the pain of spanked boys.

Now we returned to New York for the deferred kiss of the Joint Distribution Committee which, however, was not yet for us. We were summoned to a meeting on a Sunday and found ourselves in the presence of a constellation of the lights of Jewry.

My friend, Senior, was in no pleasant mood. We had done our best in Holland in the vacuum of silence in which our mentors had left us, and we thought our best had been no mean accomplishment. We had set the machinery of relief in motion, we had caused the hand of American Jewry to reach safely through barriers of enemy steel to feed the starving brethren; without compromising our position as Americans we had negotiated with the German government successfully. It was a creditable job.

Senior felt something must be said to them about the neglect to which they had left us in the long, silent months. And to this effect he addressed the assembled leaders of Jewry. He spared no words, being quite filled with resentment. One must know Senior. A man of wealth, he had in the years of peace given a large portion of his time to Jewish social service; with

him social service was no profession but a devotion. He had come as a volunteer to this service of Eastern Jewry, leaving behind business interests and the comfort of a lovely home for the rather precarious existence in the midst of the European travail.

So he spoke and so plainly that the venerated Oscar Straus felt obliged to interrupt him. Mr. Straus said he had not come to listen to such a speech, but Senior was permitted to proceed.

And when he had gone on at considerable length, pouring out resentment, he was again interrupted. Straus said that if this were a sample of Senior's diplomacy one might wonder at the character of the diplomacy that was employed in Holland.

It was at this point that I interjected mollifying words with some effect, for mutual apologies followed in which Mr. Straus joined, and then came calm discussion and understanding and, at length, we went our way in far better humor than at our entrance.

Senior and I had come out of the bleeding heart of Europe with new Jewish inspirations. We had found a common ground on which to labor at our devotions. We had become conscious of Jewish unity that was above the hates of the earth.

But now, in America, these inspirations languished in the presence of the small dissensions of Jewry, its spites, its suspicions, its jealousies, and its politics. With one hand Israel fed the brother in Europe and with the other he jabbed the brother in America. One portion of his heart was filled with love and the other with venom.

Official Jewry had caught the popular hysteria and one Jew or group of Jews desired to appear a finer patriot than another. At first, suspicion was on the Zionists who were regarded as fellows who held a double allegiance and thought of themselves as Jews by nationality. How could they be one hundred per cent patriots? it was asked. How could they be trusted to participate in the strictly American purposes of the Joint Distribution Committee?

Then came the Balfour declaration and Zionists thought of

themselves as new allies come to help win the war. Now they enjoyed a certain official standing and felt themselves incorporated in the embattled commonwealths of the British Empire.

Now in their turn they could point the finger of patriotic scorn at the Joint Distribution Committee. Now who were the pure patriots? Were not the leaders of the Joint Distribution Committee men of German descent? And were not they, the Zionists, the beloved protégés of the British government?

The brethren came quarreling to the State Department. Who should do the work of relief for the Palestinian Jews—the Joint Distribution Committee or the Zionists? And there were bitter recriminations as these two played for advantage, and in the end the harassed State Department, which, in that time, must have had matters more important to trouble it, gave the decision to the Zionists. The Zionists felt the elevation of a new dignity; they had an official sanction.

Dr. Israel Friedlander, one might say, was twice murderously assaulted. Bandits at length did him to death, but his brethren delivered upon him blows no less vicious though they could not destroy him. He was a renowned scholar, author, Zionist, a man of singular devotion to Judaism and the Jews. Serving with the Red Cross in Palestine, Dr. Friedlander incidentally was to make observations on the Zionist relief administration.

A Zionist, he was, however, no party man. The politics of Zionism was not in his head, but his heart embraced Eretz Yisroel with a son's affection, and now he felt as one going home after a long absence. Since he was not of them he was not altogether acceptable to the closed circle of Zionist politicians.

One began to hear those foul whisperings of which the air was full in that dirty time. This one was called a pro-German and that one, it was said, had a wife who had a cousin whose brother was married to a German woman. Suspicion needed no facts and, indeed, was most effective when unhampered by facts.

Concerning Dr. Friedlander there was no definite accusation

of disloyalty, but only a wagging of vicious tongues, and in good time, after the insanity had subsided somewhat, he was exonerated, as if he needed exoneration. But in that period falsehood was accepted as purest truth without question and counterfeits among men who spoke the shibboleths of patriotism were respected as pure gold, while the genuine often was rejected. When he was about to sail, Dr. Friedlander was stopped by the authorities to whose ears the whisperings had been brought.

Now the choice fell upon another to represent the Joint Distribution Committee in the Palestine commission of the Red Cross. He was Dr. Solomon Lowenstein, at that time superintendent of the Hebrew Orphan Asylum in New York, a graduate of the Hebrew Union College, an ordained rabbi who had dedicated himself to social service. But when he had been approved by the Red Cross and had been accepted by the guardians of the current patriotism in Washington, protests were heard from the Orthodox element.

"Oh, Lowenstein!" they exclaimed. "Is not he the Lowenstein who once expressed doubt as to the wisdom of establishing a kosher (ritual) kitchen in the Hebrew Orphan Asylum? If he is that Lowenstein he must not be the one to go as the representative of Jewry with the Red Cross in Palestine."

Now there was embarrassment in Jewry. What would the Red Cross think? Dr. Friedlander had been rejected and now the Jews didn't want Dr. Lowenstein either. The Red Cross might think there was no unity in Israel.

It was seen that peace must be made with Orthodoxy and I was sent to Baltimore on a diplomatic mission to the conference of Mizrachi, the Orthodox wing of the Zionists.

Much to my surprise I was admitted to the hall of their meeting which was open only to accredited delegates, and what was my speechless astonishment when, as I entered the hall, the assembly arose to most respectful attention.

If for the moment I was tempted to be proud, the next mo-

ment I was reduced to humility by the presiding officer. There had been no little doubt, he explained, as to whether I should be admitted into the hall at all. But it had been brought to the attention of the delegates that I was none other than the grandchild of a rabbi in Lithuania whose memory was dear to them all. It was in deference to his saintly soul that I was permitted to enter their presence, and it was in his honor that I was given this tribute of rising respect.

So I was grateful enough to the shade of my grandfather who had caused these doors to open to me and had facilitated my errand. And even with his assistance, it was with the greatest difficulty that I persuaded the Mizrachi to accept Dr. Lowenstein.

Now the Joint Distribution Committee faced other difficulties. Relief had been flowing smoothly from the United States, through Holland, through Germany, to the hungry Jews in Western Europe. Now came an order from the United States government prohibiting relief to that part of the occupied territory known as the "Ober Ost" which embraced Lithuania, White Russia, and the entire region on the other side of the Bug River. And in that region the need was greatest.

Seeing the official esteem in which the Zionists were held in Washington, we sought their aid to lift this embargo. I went to Mr. De Haas, the Executive Secretary of the Zionist Organization, a friend of Herzl and a Zionist zealot. Mr. De Haas was delighted to be of help, and so together he and I went to Washington to see Louis Brandeis, justice of the Supreme Court and most distinguished of Zionists. We departed with empty hands; Mr. Brandeis regretted he could do nothing for us. He had no time to divide his public interests with matters that had nothing to do with Zionism. Besides, his position as a justice prevented him from taking personal action in matters of state.

From the justice I went to Professor Felix Frankfurter who was in the service, and he, being busy, sent me to another

major; in the end we reached the government and the restrictions against the Ober Ost region were partly removed.

The American portion of the war now was in full swing and we witnessed not only the best that is in the heart of humanity but also the worst, for humanity was seen as saint and devil at once. It could love divinely, but hell cannot know such hate and injustice as the hates and injustices of that time.

From the passions, inquisitions, and prejudices of the time, Dr. J. Leon Magnes withdrew. A consistent lover of peace, he felt superfluous in a hating world. Others had preached peace and later were heard praying for victorious slaughter; Magnes, faithful to his ideal, kept his head, though all the world of preachers lost theirs.

He kept his head, though revilement was heaped upon it and though to love peace was called treason. The ministers of religion prayed for bigger and better slaughter of enemies; Magnes prayed for the end of war. He was scorned in the house of Israel, for Israel feared what the neighbors might say if he were seen embracing a prophet of peace in war time.

New antipathies raged against Magnes after revolutionary Russia made peace with Germany. If others reviled the Russians, he found it in his heart to think gently of them, for of all the world they were the first to make an end of the murdering.

Now it was said that Magnes was a friend of Bolsheviks and though to be a pacifist was crime enough, this was the cardinal sin. Now even his friends feared his company, for what would people say? He was a lonely man in a hate-ridden world and even Israel passed him with averted face. Israel, the son of prophets, would not suffer himself to be seen with a man of peace.

I was one of several summoned before an inquiry of the attorney general to tell what we might know against Magnes. What did we know? We knew that Magnes was faithful to peace. He was an honest man in a time when it would have

been more comfortable to shout with the multitude than to stand aloof.

His eloquent voice no longer was heard in public places, for if it spoke it would have had to speak honestly and that was not to be tolerated. He fell ill and lay almost deserted by his many friends who feared to be seen visiting him. I am conscious of a certain pride in saying that I was glad to be called his friend.

But people cannot feed on poison and like it as a permanent diet. Rumors of peace were acclaimed on November 7, 1918, throughout the land, and the Armistice, on November 11th, was celebrated with such rejoicing as has seldom been given to man to feel.

An end to the slaughter! An end to hate! An end to vile suspicions!

CHAPTER XIII

WE START ANEW

THE world was tired of giving. Only Israel must continue to "give till it hurts." The war was over and the nations, brothers in war, now might go their several ways. Israel must continue by the side of his brother.

Allies now parted and came even to despise each other, but Israel was to learn that to be born a Jew is to be in an everlasting alliance of brotherhood with all other Jews however distant.

In the nation it was said, after the war: "We have no further concerns with the affairs of the rest of the world. Our obligations are ended." But for Israel there was no end of obligations. Indeed, there were new and more imperative obligations. They who had been fed while they lay prostrate under the feet of contending armies, now must be lifted up. Israel could not stand apart, saying, "I have no further concerns with the affairs of the rest of the world."

So for me it was back to Europe, to the gate of Russia whence I had come long ago, for I was to go to Poland as the agent of the Jewish Distribution Committee.

Seeing the approach of peace, the Committee had made ready, knowing there would be no peace for hunger and no peace for the East European Jew. He had escaped from the hands of ancient masters and there was doubt of the gentleness of the new hands into which he had fallen. Had he profited, for example, by trading Russian for Polish masters in Poland? In Galicia the Austrians had been fairly good to him, but what promise of decency was in the hands of the new Polish rulers of Galicia who never did have use for him?

The world was loud with cries of jubilation for oppressed nationalities set free and for old territorial wrongs made right.

Only the Jew could not rejoice; he had become inured to the oppressions of some of the old masters and had been comfortable under the rule of others. What bitterness were the new ones bringing to him?

His forebodings were not idle, as was seen in Lemberg, Galicia, when, a week after the Armistice, he suffered a pogrom such as was indigenous only to Russia in the old times before the world was made safe for democracy and for righteousness.

The carnival of death had come to an end for all save the Jew; death was still taking him for a dance.

Foreseeing that the Jewish travail in Europe was to be more bitter even in peace than in war, the Joint Distribution Committee had taken steps to dispatch a commission to Eastern Europe as soon as peace was established. And, shortly after the Armistice, Mr. Felix Warburg went to Washington for the government's consent for the departure of the commission.

Mr. Warburg is in my collection of Jewish portraits, some ugly, some noble, that I have saved from that time. In Warburg was the spiritual elevation becoming to the Jew. The small Jewish politics of the period raged about him, but he walked with his head high above it. For angry and envious men he set an example of sweetness.

He stood above the mean suspicions and cheap buncombe of war time and remained one of the true friends of Dr. Magnes when many deserted. Magnes was his ideal among Jews, and an ideal was not to be abandoned by him for convenience.

From the beginning of the war he had been devoting all his time to Jewish relief, putting aside his affairs as a banker. The war over, he did not relax from this service but applied himself with devotion even more eager.

His mission to Washington failed. He was told that Herbert Hoover was directing all relief problems in Europe and that for the time being no private agency would be permitted to enter the territories formerly occupied by the Germans, and, especially, Poland.

So it fell to my lot to be sent to Holland again to await a propitious time when I might enter Poland. But instead I went to London, because there for the moment the generals of Zionism were encamped, enjoying access to the ears of the mighty whose influence might help me to get into Poland. In London, too, I would be closer to the office of Mr. Hoover who was in Paris and who had a young Jew, Lewis Strauss, for his secretary. And it was to Mr. Strauss that I wired for an interview with his chief.

But there was no comfort in that direction, for Mr. Hoover already had had dealings with the Joint Distribution Committee and had broken with it. Mr. Hoover had asked the Committee to supply a million dollars for general relief through the American Food Administration in Poland and our Committee had answered: "No! Our funds were given by Jews for Jews in Poland and not for general distribution."

To Mr. Hoover all hungry stomachs looked alike, and the hunger of a Pole was precisely the same sort of affliction as the hunger of a Polish Jew; it was one hunger and one problem.

Mr. Hoover would not hear of any plan to send special emissaries for the comfort of any group in Poland; it was one hunger and there must be one relief.

So, it seemed, there was no help for me in Mr. Hoover and I must seek other ways of getting into Poland. I turned to the Zionists who had the ear of the British government and who might get for me a British visa to Poland.

I came then to meet Chaim Weizmann, the great chemist who became as great a statesman, a Moses who was permitted to enter the promised land. Since that time he has become a legendary figure in Israel and there is an apocryphal story told of him. As chemist he had invented a new explosive for the purposes of the war.

"And what," asked the British government, "do we owe you for this?" And he answered: "I ask only that in the proper time you restore Palestine as a homeland for the Jews."

The story already has become one of the treasures of Judaica

and is told often for the inspiration of small Jewish boys when it is desired to persuade them that to be born a Jew is to be born to a race of noblemen.

He was sympathetic with our purpose to have Jewish relief administered by Jewish hands. He commenced negotiations for my entrance into Poland with the British government, but soon he was called to Paris and left me in the hands of his secretary, and the processes of red tape were slow.

But now came a cable from Mr. Strauss in Paris, for Mr. Hoover was ready to see me, and straightway I went by diplomatic boat.

In Paris I found Israel had come into his own at the peace table and he was called a nation, and he was speaking the language of diplomacy, and his Zionist statesmen were strutting with the most glittering of them, and he had established his palace in the Hotel Maurice.

Oh, it was good to see Israel among the nations, even though one were not a Zionist. He walked with the conquerors after all the ages of defeat. He was no suppliant but a brave spirit demanding rights. Among those who were mighty for the moment he held his head high as was becoming to one who had outlived most of the dynasties.

Israel, inexperienced, nevertheless had the personality and technique of diplomacy. His spokesmen were as impressive as any in that congress of nations, having not only the superficial aspect of statesmanship but possessing, besides, gorgeously furnished minds and cultivated hearts such as were not always to be found in the clutter of rapacious statesmen who had assembled in Paris.

There was the urbane Sokolow, the only Jew I ever met who knew the art of the monocle as well as any Englishman. To meet him is to think at once of the word "nobleman" in the sense of a being of surpassing culture of heart and mind.

There was Dr. Bernard Flexner, the American, who seemed an incongruous figure among these Old World Jews steeped in the traditions of Zionism. In him was the zeal of the new

convert and the older Zionists could not keep up with him in rejecting compromises that were offered. He was the most non-conforming of Jews and yet the most devoted of Jews. It was said of him that while serving with the American Red Cross he had learned that even a Jew of the highest standing might suffer discriminations. It was then, according to the story, that he came to the conclusion that only when the Jew possessed a legally recognized homeland would he come to a footing of equality with other peoples of the earth.

These diplomats of Israel were joined by others who also spoke for Israel, but the latter were content that Israel attempt to make the best of his unhappy situation in whatever hostile land he lived. They were American anti-Zionists who came to Paris to speak for the minority rights of the Jew in the various countries in which he was scorned as an unwelcome alien.

They liked to say "Jews are not a separate people," but they had crossed the ocean to demand certain separate rights for Jews as a minority in certain lands.

I found a comforter in Sokolow who, being himself from Poland, fortified me with information and advice for my interview with Mr. Hoover. But Mr. Hoover was not yet to be moved. He was sure it was all "tommyrot" to speak of providing separate relief to any class in Poland.

If the Joint Distribution Committee desired to coöperate with him, it should yield to his request that it give of its funds to the American Food Administration, he suggested again. And would I be so good as to send to New York a cablegram to that effect?

At my suggestion he himself dictated the wording of the message and I dispatched it, though I was not sure it was really wise and doubted much that the Joint Distribution Committee would listen to it. Whatever misgivings I had were not dissolved by Weizmann, Sokolow, and others of the Zionists. They were quite sure I had made a mistake to recommend the appropriation, and so were the delegates of the Jewish

Congress, among them Dr. Stephen Wise and Mr. L. E. Kerstein of Boston. They feared that if our funds were given for general distribution, little enough of the relief would go to the Jews in a land in which they were encompassed by enemies.

But in the end the Joint Distribution Committee did accede to the request of Mr. Hoover and granted the sum of $3,300,000 to the American Food Administration for relief in Poland. Half of this was the contribution of the Joint Distribution Committee and half of the National Polish Relief Committee, but since the latter had no ready money for this purpose the Joint Distribution Committee had advanced the entire sum that relief might be expedited.

And now obstacles to my entrance into Poland began to fall away. Mortimer Schiff saw Mr. Hoover in my behalf and Mr. Hoover said I should be permitted to go to Poland but not as a member of the staff of his commission. Otherwise, there might be accusations of partiality from other organizations that might deem themselves equally worthy to be represented.

So it came to pass that in a few days I was on the special train of the American Food Administration bound for Warsaw, a sort of stowaway, feeling myself quite superfluous and ill at ease. I was without official sanction, a guest by sufferance, going, a strange and unauthorized Jew, into an unfriendly land.

I found no little comfort in the uniform I had stored in my luggage. It was the official olive drab costume of the Jewish Welfare Board. The war illusion was still like a mist in the eyes of men; uniforms were the sole credentials to their respect, and all my fellow passengers were wearing them. I would enter Warsaw wearing the olive drab of the Jewish Welfare Board and, at least, present the appearance of a soldier, an unhappy warrior who had no order to give and none to take.

Our party was under the direction of a Major Webb, an

old soldier and a hard-boiled proposition, under whose stern glance the young men of the mission—mostly recent officers of the army—quailed, while I, the excess civilian baggage, did my best to efface myself from his attention altogether. I felt I was in his way.

And yet, what with the friendships we established on the way, the journey was pleasant enough, save for Gorsky, a Pole, who directed the train as representative of the Polish government—Count Gorsky who rejoiced to have become a free Pole but was the slave of a timeless hate. Now, after a long residence in the United States, he was returning to his emancipated land.

He made it plain that he did not relish my going with the mission. And how did I manage it, without his knowing? he asked. He took pains to inflict irritations.

There was aboard the train as a member of the mission a young Jew from Chicago, James Becker. I had met him in Paris, but now we dared not to acknowledge our acquaintance lest we arouse the suspicion of Gorsky that we, as Jews, were in some secret understanding.

Having been made sure of the friendship of my fellow passengers, I told them about the uniform I had secreted in my baggage. But would I, the civilian, be permitted to wear it? We resolved that the major in charge should be consulted, and he was agreeable enough about it. He had melted no little from the hard exterior which he had presented in the beginning and, indeed, at intervals had shown himself a person of rather warm qualities.

And so, with some accessories borrowed from the officers, I was soon enabled to present a rather impressive military appearance. My friends were at pains to teach me the refinements of military behavior, and when, at length, I was fit to appear before the major in my new rôle, he was delighted at the change in me. He had felt that one civilian quite spoiled the looks of his outfit. Now I was an individual fit to be seen in such glittering company.

Only Gorsky was not pleased, but he was in no position to voice objections.

I felt comfort in the kindly Americans who were my friends, but there were disquieting moments when I asked myself, "Why is it that I am constantly being placed in situations in which I must turn to friends to extricate me or help me on my way?"

It was in my consciousness that if I were not a Jew I would not be confronted by the many difficulties that I had to overcome in order to accomplish the work I was sent to do. I was not on any business of my own but on a mission that expressed the noblest sentiments of our people, and yet I must go stealthily, in disguise, in borrowed garments. I must appear less a Jew that I might be respected.

Among us was a young officer, Novak by name, an American of Polish extraction with whom I shared a compartment. He rejoiced to be going to the native land of his parents with helping hands. American-born, he was free of the deep-grained anti-Semitism that is the vice of Poles; his attitude toward Jews was that of the average young American. He was full of admiration for us.

"What I like in the Jews is their persistence," he said. "No matter what you do to them they will find a way out." He told me familiar stories to illustrate his point, those whimsical anecdotes by which our friendly neighbors attempt to praise our qualities, but by which they succeed only in presenting our more disagreeable characteristics.

And so Warsaw was at last at hand after a five days' journey that had taken us through Italy. Count Gorsky became ominously solicitous.

"I wonder," he said, "how you will find a place to stop. I hear the hotels are all filled up now."

His manner suggested that even if there were a place he would see to it that there was none for me. But the major reassured me; his officers would find room for me. A short distance out of Warsaw we were joined by Polish officers and at midnight we were in Warsaw, and away into the frigid

streets. We had feared the machinations of Gorsky. What might he not do to stop me? And so under a covering force of American officers I was hurried into a car to the headquarters of the American Food Administration. There Colonel William Grove, the officer in charge of the Polish unit of the Administration, was awaiting us.

We passed before him, as at receptions, the colonel shaking hands with each officer in turn, but when I was presented to him he looked up with surprise.

"I do not remember your name on my list. You are an unexpected guest. . . . By the way, what kind of a uniform is this?"

Most timidly I explained my rather vague position, adding that, doubtless, he would receive some instructions concerning me from Paris in the mail pouch that had accompanied us.

And might I stay at the headquarters that night?

"You are a fellow American, and certainly you are welcome," he replied.

But the next morning the secretary of the Mission, a Pole, Count Zaimoski, told me he was making arrangements with a Jewish family to take care of me. I replied that I preferred to stay where I was as long as possible, and when a change was necessary I could, doubtless, find a place to stop without troubling him.

And though the mail pouch contained no information about me, I was allowed to remain with the Mission until I chose to move.

CHAPTER XIV

POLAND, 1919

THE great powers had laid down their arms, but the new Republic of Poland was still at war. Its eastern frontier was a long battle line, striving to reëstablish the eighteenth-century boundaries that had reached beyond the Dnieper. Against this battle line the forces of the Russian Soviets hurled themselves; in the south the followers of Petlura, dreaming of an independent Ukraine, waged war now on Poland, now on Russia. Poland was an armed camp; the city of Warsaw was general staff headquarters.

The olive green and drab of the Polish military, interspersed with the bright blue uniforms of French officers, instructors and advisers, were seen everywhere. The hotels were occupied by military and diplomatic personnel; the trains, incessantly carrying forces to the front and bringing in troops from the field, were under military control. The resources of a country that for five years had been a battlefield were now being concentrated upon the creation and maintenance of its army.

Ragged conscripts being marched through the streets, with desperate women trudging outside the line of guards, flaming posters warning patriots against the Bolsheviks or exhorting them to purchase the war loan, music coming from a theater or restaurant frequented by army men or war profiteers, whole streets of stores with windows boarded up and shelves and counters empty, beggars flocking after every passer-by . . . this was Warsaw in war time.

The hunger of the Warsaw Jew long ago had ceased to be proud. It stood about in hopeless tatters in the Jewish quarter,

begging, grotesque, like the scarecrows in our fields. Rags draped on figures of skin and bone. Emaciated hands reaching for the largess of rich Jews passing.

Fur-coated rich Jews to whose fat bodies no biting wind could penetrate, and ragged poor ones whose bones rattled in the bitter cold. Jewish women of wealth and fashion, heavy with jewels, and poor ones offering for sale pathetic trinkets they had saved from the good days of their lives. These made the tragic pageant of the Warsaw Ghetto in which a few had fattened on the war and many had been stripped and pillaged even of their pride.

"Zedakah! Zedakah!" they cried after the fur coats passing and occasionally a small coin was tossed from the capacious pocket.

They regarded my uniform with awe, and, I thought, with something of fear. They had seen a succession of uniforms in the four dreadful years—first the uniforms of the Russians, and then of the Germans, and then of the liberating Poles whose feet had trampled them no more gently than the iron-shod feet of the Russians and the Germans. If Russians, Germans, and Poles hated each other they were of one heart in their hatred of Jews. New uniforms had never boded any good in all the four years, and now had appeared this strange uniform that was unlike any of the others. What could it mean? New conquerors? New hates? New feet come to crush them?

They followed my uniform about until I was entirely surrounded by a wondering throng. But when I addressed them in Yiddish to ask to be directed to a Jewish leader, they fell away from me.

"He's a Jew! He's a Jew!" and there was something of disillusionment in their voices.

"He speaks Yiddish! He's a Jew!"

The uniform ceased on the instant to command respect. I was no goi. I was only a Jew, a kinsman, and they commenced at once to quarrel, and one said I must see this Jewish

leader and another that; and one said he must be my guide and another with equal insistence pressed his own claims upon my attention.

I saw that Israel in rags in Warsaw was like Israel in frock coat in New York, jealous for small honors; whether his stomach was empty as in Warsaw or full as in New York, he was ready to quarrel for petty leaderships.

In New York one must speak the language of diplomacy to frock coats, but to rags one may speak boldly. I spoke with a commanding tone.

"There must be an end to this nonsense."

And from the crowd I chose one to guide me and no little was his pride to have been made a leader, and as great was the disappointment of the others.

"We Jews never can live at peace," my guide observed. "This is our worst curse in Warsaw."

"Not alone in Warsaw," I answered him. "The Jew is embattled everywhere."

He led me to a house on which a sign read "Attorney Prelutzki." Prelutzki! This was the man against whom the Zionists in Paris had warned me. I must avoid Prelutzki, they had said. I must give no prominence to the leadership of Prelutzki, for whom they had little use. And now my ragged friend was leading me to Prelutzki.

Prelutzki had the look of Herzl, a tall man, about thirty years of age, well groomed, impressive, a member of the Sejm —the Polish Parliament—the representative of the People's Party which demanded autonomy for the Jews in Poland and recognition of the Yiddish language. It was the grievance of the Zionists that Prelutzki's program did not include Zionism and, besides, they demanded that Hebrew, not Yiddish, be recognized as the official language of the Jews.

He was despised by the government and reviled by a section of Jewry which had saved its dissensions though it had lost nearly all its other possessions, and which lived in a divided house though wolves of anti-Semitism howled menacingly at its

door. Prelutzki told me something about the bitter life and others told me more.

No Jew was safe on the streets after dark and it was the pastime of the Polish soldiers to drag Jews into their barracks and inflict indignities upon them for their amusement. Beards were shaved and the victims made to perform the vilest of menial tasks, and whoever protested was beaten.

It was not the hunger but the hate that was more dreadful, I was told by representatives of the Jewish press, though their faces were thin and pallid enough. After a long time hunger became endurable, with an occasional meal to assuage it. One could learn to sleep off hunger. One could drink much water and create the illusion of satiety.

But hate was like a shadow on the heart. It was in the contemptuous glances encountered on the street, in the rough shoulder pushing the Jew into the gutter, in the insulting gibe of the street urchin.

Hunger was to be tolerated, my friends said, for to-morrow there might be bread. The stomach was long suffering, but how was the spirit to endure this ignominy? Hunger will be fed in time, but this hate was of the ages.

"We have gone without food through days," they said. "It is far more bitter to be without hope."

I went to the street of the soldiers' barracks where no Jew could pass safely, having faith in the disguise of my uniform. And what a clicking of heels there was, and what a brave lifting of hands in salute as I passed the row of sentries!

To be born a Jew is to be the more respected in proportion as one appears less a Jew. In my civilian habiliments I might have been fallen upon by these soldiers and suffered the humiliations they had in store for Jews; in my American uniform, I, the Jew, looking less than Jew, was honored.

I made haste to tell the colonel in charge of the Mission what I had heard and seen. He was sympathetic and appeared much worried, and after dinner we went walking together on the Krakowski Predjmestia, the main street of Warsaw.

The colonel must see what I had seen of ragged hunger; but these Jews who crowded the sidewalks of the Krakowski Predjmestia this evening were not like those I had seen in the morning. Among these were well-fattened Jews, the speculators, the profiteers, the war rich. They were making merry on the streets and in the restaurants where they indulged generously in pastries and coffee with an abundance of cream, as we could see.

The colonel said nothing, but in his silence I sensed unspoken rebuke.

"Where is this hunger of the Jews?" I was certain he was thinking. "Where is their raggedness?—for I see only well-dressed men and women. You have been sent on a fool's errand. Hunger, indeed! Hunger with pastry and rich cream."

I was embarrassed and much relieved when at length he did speak.

"The Jews don't seem to be very much oppressed here. I cannot understand why they complain."

What was I to tell him? How explain the luxuries of these Jews amid the miseries of their brethren? A Jew is given to shielding his sinning brothers from the scorn of the neighbors. The Jew himself may scorn the sinner but the neighbors must not know. I was ashamed.

The Jew who had been enriched by speculation was feeding himself with pastry and nourishing the hate of the Pole.

"I spent this afternoon in the poorest district," I wrote in a report to New York that night. "It has been a nightmare—sights that hurt even to remember. Children sit in the gutters begging, singing their pitiful little Yiddish songs. Their tiny, half-starved bodies are covered with rags. I am told that begging is becoming the children's profession. They prefer that to going to school where they receive but one scant meal. Their eyes alone reflect a spark of hope, for the rest of their countenances bespeak suffering and privation."

It was the next day, I believe, that the Polish authorities ordered that no more pastry and cream might be served in res-

taurants. The colonel had seen to this, and I was glad even for this bit of enforced sacrifice levied on overfed stomachs.

And so I went about from day to day surveying the hunger of the Warsaw Jew and rubbing elbows on the way with Fat Contentment wearing a fur coat. And if one place the stomach of the Jew alone hungered, elsewhere his mind was famished as well, as in the Jewish Students' Club, for the university was closed against him.

I entered a dirty yard and up three flights of dingy stairs in a tenement house, and there was the Students' Club, a place of three or four rooms furnished only with bare tables and benches.

It was mealtime and an unsavory-looking soup, black bread, and a morsel of meat for each were the fare. A few had paid the nominal price for the meal, but, for the most part, they were penniless, and hungered nearly all the time.

It was not of this, though, that they complained, but of the doors of learning that were closed to them. They were the famished guardians of an ideal. They might enter the university if they acknowledged themselves of Polish nationality.

"But no!" they said. "We are not Poles, we are Jews. We are a nation in exile. We have a national heart through which flows the blood of all our people who have perished at the hands of our enemies."

The Poles answered: "Then you are foreigners and, therefore, you may not enter the university which is only for Poles."

"And yet," the students said, "we are citizens of Poland, even though we are not of the nationality of the Pole."

The Poles replied: "We cannot tolerate a divided loyalty. Polish citizenship assumes Polish nationality. One may not be a Polish citizen and a national of another country at one time."

"Citizenship is of politics," the students argued, "but nationality is of the blood and of history and of the soil from which a people sprang. Citizenship is a civil right, but to us our nationality is an ideal."

And though their heads were as hungry for knowledge as their stomachs were for food, they would not surrender their ideal even for learning.

"Shall we buy education with an ideal?" they asked. "Shall we sell our birthright?"

Their eyes glowed with the ardor of their youthful ideal, lads unbeaten by hunger; in their rags, figures of grandeur surpassing the fur coats walking unashamed amid the hunger and strewing small coins from well-filled pockets. But these boys were the exception in the desolated Jewish life of Warsaw.

When I had departed from them I came upon the wreck of a runaway in which a lot of fish had been strewn on the street. And over this sorry mess stood an elderly Jewish woman crying and wringing her hands.

"Here is my whole life gone."

This was her livelihood and it had come to a wreck.

"My whole life! My whole life!"

This had been life. Life was from hand to mouth. Life was precarious existence whose brief destinies might hang on the whim of a horse. It was measured by hours of hunger and its prospects were all fears, for to-morrow might be worse than to-day.

In America we had talked blandly of the economic rehabilitation of the Polish Jew. We thought we need but enter and lift the Jew to his feet and set him joyously on his old way. But it was more than the economic well-being of the Jew that had been destroyed; the spirit was in the dust and even the meaning of life had been forgotten, since life had not been seen these four years, but only existence.

The fish woman was a symbol.

"My whole life gone! My whole life!"

In the meantime the Polish secretary of the American Mission was getting annoyingly solicitous for me, reminding me one day that there was a hotel in which I could have comfortable lodgings and on another day that there was a Jewish fam-

ily that would be glad to have me. It pleased me, however, to continue my residence in the quarters of the Mission until my own convenience called for a change.

The various American officers of the Mission were leaving for their posts of duty and the place was becoming rather lonely, and it was then I sought other quarters.

There was a Mr. Natansohn who was reputed to be the richest Jewish banker in Warsaw for whom the Nationalists had little use, saying he was an Assimilationist and, indeed, an enemy of Jews. All the Natansohns, they said, were departing rapidly from Judaism and this one was the only Natansohn whose children had not been converted for the simple reason that he had none.

From Natansohn I must stay away, they warned, but if I were to serve effectively in this sadly divided house of Israel I must know all its elements, and so upon Mr. Natansohn I called.

Into his house I entered to live a while, for when Mr. Natansohn heard that I was seeking quarters he would not have it otherwise but that I must partake of the hospitality of his home.

He was a sadly puzzled old man. In his old age, in these parlous times, he had come to learn that to be born a Jew is to fall into a strange mixture.

He had thought that by seeming less the Jew it would be easier to live in a Christian world, and he himself had been a patriot of patriots; but he was welcomed no more than the ragged Jew who obtruded his Jewish quality in the public places.

This bitter experience had not quenched the fires of his Polish patriotism. Yes, he said, the Poles had committed outrages against the Jews, and Jewish life in Poland had become horrible enough, but the Jews were in no position to criticize the government. Must they not be patriots? Was it not really their government?

And when I took him to see the colonel of the Mission who desired to know from him something of the Jewish situation, his talk was all of Polish valor and Polish achievement.

After a few days I left Mr. Natansohn's house.

Seeking further acquaintance with the elements of Warsaw, I next sought shelter in the house of one who was described to me as a "schieber," the name of revilement that was applied to the profiteer and the speculator. It was said of him that he had lost everything in the war, but now he was rolling in prosperity. If this were true he was of that nauseating type I had seen consuming pastry amid the hunger of his brethren, and I must know his kind.

Into his house I went only to learn that I had been misinformed, for the man was an honest trader in wool and thread, and so humble was his business that he kept his stock in his house; a pious Jew who attended the synagogue with regularity.

One day I gave him my watch to keep, thinking he would place it in his safe which was in a conspicuous place in his house. But when I asked him for it later he went to a window and took it from a recess in the window frame.

"And why did you keep my watch there?" I inquired. "Why not in the safe?"

Then I learned again something about the fear that was on the Jew and the uncertainty that was in all his days; these hung with a menace over the head of the trader as over the fishwoman.

The safe, my host explained, was the least safe of places in which to keep valuables; for the soldiers came on frequent raids to search for ammunition and prohibited books, taking whatever of value they saw.

"I will show you something."

He brought his ledgers.

"Read this item."

It read: "To Bandits, 1,000 rubles."

"This was during the Tsar's régime," he explained. "These

were not bandits in the way you think. They were in uniform. They were soldiers. They demanded money. It was the price for my life. I paid it. One thousand rubles."

He pointed to another entry.

"To Bandits, 1,000 marks."

"These were Germans," he said. "Again I paid a bribe to be let alone. Oh, the glory and the gallantry of war!

"And here, you see, it reads again, 'To Bandits, 15,000 marks.' These are the Polish soldiers who now are among us. Our liberators! They come here hunting contraband, brave soldiers who are only thieves.

"This is our life. Uncertainty and fear."

Now, as the emissary of American Jewry to the hunger of Poland, I was besieged by many, and the parlor of my host became my office. But my position in Poland was still quite vague, for relief was not in my hands as yet and I was under no official sanction that anyone was bound to recognize; I was an observer.

That which I learned I quickly transmitted to the chief of the American Mission who had me frequently for lunch. Every day's observations enlarged the view of the catastrophe into which we had come.

And bad was made worse by a strike of employees in all the Jewish philanthropic agencies, and even the infants in a children's home had been abandoned and only a faithful woman remained to guard them; she was on her knees scrubbing when I found her, like some faithful priestess at a shrine.

Big Jews and mighty little ones I have met in the world, but Dr. Anna Braude Heller was among the great. Dr. Heller was the woman I found on the floor scrubbing in the Children's Home. She herself had founded this institution, and when the workers had struck and left her alone with the infants, she had taken up the labor of many, cooking and scrubbing and doctoring and nursing.

"Ah," she said, "what one loves to do is not work. Is it?"

And now she arose from her knees, for this child must be fed and that child must have his medicine, and then, stopping at a crib, she wept.

"This one is dying. Within a few hours he will die, and two others also. But what can I do for them, all alone with my fifty?"

But for the workers who had deserted she had no faultfinding. They had left, not by reason of grievances of their own, but in sympathy with the strikers of other institutions.

"It was downright cruelty," I ventured.

But she answered: "No, no, they are not cruel, they are right. The pay and treatment they get in the institutions they serve do not give them a chance to live. You cannot demand that people, particularly women with families, shall stand this suffering forever without becoming desperate. This was their last resort."

Resolved to do what was in my power to put an end to a dreadful situation, I went to Mr. Natansohn, who acted as Chairman of the Kehillah. Mr. Natansohn grew stern when he heard my plea. Mr. Natansohn was astounded that I, the representative of respectable American Jewry, should be discovered giving encouragement to dangerous radicals. This strike had been fomented by radicals, he said.

If there were any yielding to the demands of the strikers, what would happen? he inquired. Shortly they would return with demands even more unthinkable, particularly if they saw that the American delegate was their champion. "You must not listen to the talk of the radicals. They are the real trouble makers and cannot be handled with gloves."

Mr. Natansohn was moved to the depths of his patriotic soul, for in that period patriotic souls everywhere were haunted by the fear of radicals, real and imaginary.

Nevertheless, it was to Mr. Medam, the radical leader and editor, that I went next. It was said of him that he had been brought up as a Christian by his converted father, but at maturity he had returned to his people. So he was the strangest

of Jews in a world in which many were seen attempting to relieve themselves of the Jewish yoke in order to be more comfortable. To be born a Jew is to be the heir to the sorrows of a people, but, having in his infancy been deprived of this inheritance, Mr. Medam deliberately took it up again in his riper years. He was the leader of the Bund, the Jewish Socialist party. Mr. Medam might have been the most contented of Poles, for he had not even the look of a Jew. But now he was concerning himself with the humble destinies of underpaid Jewish scullions in the philanthropic institutions and striking at the proud heads of the managements.

If the strike was working hardship on the innocent inmates of institutions, the fault was on the heads of the few rich and powerful Jews who directed these institutions, he said. Amid a vast poverty they were increasing poverty by starvation wages; they were exploiting fellow Jews.

They could make an end of the strike within the hour by a showing of justice. Justice was of greater value even than life, he asserted; by justice only was life made worth living on the earth. Some might die in the institutions in consequence of this strike and many might suffer, but nothing mattered save justice.

To the eyes of Mr. Natansohn, Mr. Medam was a menace to the well-being of Jewry, a shame in the presence of all good Christian patriotic Poles before whom Jews must make a good appearance; to the eyes of Medam, Natansohn was the symbol of Jewish privilege crushing charwomen in institutions of philanthropy.

"Philanthropy, indeed!" Medam said. "In institutions of philanthropy workers are starved."

Between Natansohn and Medam there was no compromise, and I resolved on drastic action to force Natansohn to a settlement. I made it very clear to him that the strike must be settled immediately, if he expected to retain the good will of the American supporters of the Jewish cause in Warsaw. There must be no trifling, and within a certain time Mr. Natansohn

must make to the strikers such concessions as would bring about an end to the strike. And, moreover, if nothing were done within that time, I would myself go to the strikers and accede to their demands, whether they were unreasonable or not.

Through my reception room there daily marched the pageant of Jewry, and I saw that to be born a Jew was really never to know one's people, for the Jew is a rich variety like those kaleidoscopes into which we liked to look in our childhood. The arrangements of colors changed at every shake of the box and one could never guess what dazzling surprise was in store for the next look.

So with Jews. At home I thought I knew precisely what a Jew was. I thought I knew this because I had been taught we were all brethren, and the Jews who moved in my immediate circle made me sure of this. They thought as I did, they had the same sort of car I had, they wore the same kind of clothing, used the same brand of tooth paste, and at formal dinners we were all like so many crows in our black jackets.

But through my rooms in Warsaw marched an assortment of Jewry as varied as a circus parade. In America the Jew had become standardized; here he was often a mediæval man sitting before me in conference, and he seemed ages distant from the black jackets at Jewish dinners in New York and Cincinnati; he left and the next moment there stood in my presence an Assimilationist whose relatives had all been baptized but who himself still clung rather feebly to the ancient faith; he went and there entered Mr. Medam who, after he grew up, scorned his baptized father and returned to the woes of the Jew.

I saw that the Jew was like a picture that presents a new aspect at every inspection and is never to be seen fully at any one angle.

And one day the rabbi of Radzimin came to me. I knew of his type only from books and I had come to think of the

Chassidic rabbi as a picturesque figure in the past of Judaism, a mystical being of folklore.

Magic power was imputed to his hands and prophetic vision to his eyes, and he was potent even to alter the destiny of man; where meanings in books were dark to others, it was said of him that he could decipher the significance concealed in words that for others contained no cryptic messages.

When he walked on the street, throngs followed him, hoping for a blessing or for the privilege of touching his garments.

And now the Chassidic leader, the rabbi of Radzimin, was in my room. I beheld a mediæval figure in a long coat that fell to his heels (the kapota), his head crowned by an immense fur hat, over earlocks that had been grown in accordance with the biblical command and a beard that had been cultivated from the first youthful sproutings.

His approach had been announced by a servant, for a Chassidic rabbi never ventures forth without one servant, at least; about him hovers the sanctity of majesty. Ignorant of the etiquette that governs the approach and entrance of a Chassidic rabbi, I quite neglected those demonstrations of welcome that are due.

It was an astounding apparition that stood in the doorway when I lifted my eyes from the work at my desk. The rabbi was grossly stout, weighing perhaps three hundred pounds; his coat was of silk and in his hand he carried a red handkerchief and a very imposing stout cane upon which he leaned as he stood in the doorway. His beard was of reddish hue and I guessed him to be about forty-five years old.

Entering, he removed his fur hat and revealed a skullcap underneath.

I extended my hand which he took feebly and then, respectfully bowing, he seated himself. He looked about my humble quarters with an air of disappointment which, indeed, he was quick to express. He was surprised, he said, that a general should occupy such quarters.

"Evidently," I said to myself, "he believes I am a general."

"And what does the general think of Poland?" he inquired.

And I answered in the Yiddish style by asking a question in turn, "What should he think?"

"What shall happen regarding the Jews?" he asked then. "Does the general think a redemption will come?"

I answered, "Can a Jew live without hope?"

And after a few more questions of similar import, his huge mass departed from my door, and I thought of some monstrous emanation of the dark ages still hanging on.

This, too, was a Jew. His bulk threw a shadow on the confused picture of the Jew that had formed in my mind during those Warsaw days, what with the Natansohns, the Medams, the Prelutzkis, the pastry-eating profiteers, the hungry beggars, and, in the background, the black jackets at American dinners.

While I was still turning this picture over in my mind, the servant of the rabbi reappeared.

"Dear colonel," he said, "the Grand Rabbi would like to know why your highness did not deem it possible to allow the Grand Rabbi the opportunity of seeing the general himself."

So the rabbi had thought he was addressing only the subordinate of a general, and, little wonder, for even in my uniform I had not managed to present an impressive figure.

"Does not your rabbi know everything?" I answered. "Is anything hidden from him? Should he not have known, therefore, that there is no general here and that I have no title?"

The livelong day the procession of Jewry passed through my room, some with appeals for their own poverty and others to speak for their people; some with no message at all but only to shake the hand of the American emissary whom their tired eyes persisted in regarding as a messenger bringing good hope. He was America; he was bringing the good heart of America; he was bringing back the good days; he was friendship in a friendless world; he would change sorrow into joy with the magic of America that had performed so many wonders.

I felt humble and unworthy in the presence of their pathetic

faith, and at times I was frightened at the spectacle of poverty and prejudice which confronted us; each visitor brought new stories of Jewish hunger and of Polish hate.

But one day when I had seen all the Jewish suppliants, there remained a woman in the semi-dark hallway that served as my waiting room. She introduced herself as the Princess N—— and she had come in behalf of a medical unit in the army of which the Countess Potozki was the president. Would it be possible for me to donate something to the purposes of this organization? Would $25 be too much?

"Only $25?" I exclaimed. I would be pleased to give more and straightway sent a gift of money to the Countess Potozki personally, and my purpose did not come to futility.

The Polish prejudice against Jews was a social institution without distinction of class. If the rude soldiers in the barracks sheared the beards of Jews, the nobility regarded Jews with a contempt that was not even polite. While in America the upper reaches of society disdain to admit Jews to their set, they mingle freely with them in enterprises of common welfare and, indeed, delight to gain their moral and financial support and to be comforted by their zeal and idealism. The Polish aristocracy made no such compromises with prejudice and the Jew was held at arm's length in all his ways.

Frankly, the purpose of my gift to the Countess Potozki's enterprise was to make a bid for Polish sympathy for the despised Jews of Poland, to reach an aristocratic ear that was coldly disdainful, and in this I was not disappointed.

Indeed, it was in a day or two that appreciation arrived from the Countess Potozki in the lovely form of a pot of hyacinths. And I was quick to thank her in turn with a note:

"Your beautiful flower is standing before me. Had it ears to hear and could it understand the pathetic stories that are told here by my unfortunate people, it would wither and die of despair. I who am a stranger cannot bear to hear these stories without tears, and I often think that if a soul like yours were present, in place of this flower, my people, perhaps, would

get some relief in their seemingly endless sorrow and suffering."

This brought an invitation to tea and an opportunity to meet the leaders of the country who asked no end of questions, and to whom I described with great fullness the sufferings of their countrymen, the Jews, and the generosity of American Jews who had given millions that these Jews might be fed.

"It is amazing," they said, "that Americans should be so generously concerned with a people separated by the breadth of an ocean and a continent."

They themselves had walked within the walls of ancient prejudice, scarcely knowing the misery on the other side. I did not cause this wall to fall, but I persuaded cold eyes to look over the top, and cold hearts to be interested in our enterprise and to become warm at least to such an extent that during my entire stay in Poland I had the active sympathy of these friends I made that day.

Now American food began to arrive in Warsaw to be sold at fixed and nominal prices in the government stores. Now there were seen again those interminable lines of men, women, and children that had become familiar spectacles in war time. Now again those hours of patient waiting in the bitter cold, and for each there was only a fixed portion of food.

And many of the poor earned a bit by standing and waiting for others who were better off than he and could afford to pay something to escape the dreadful ordeal. Standing and waiting for the food of others became the profession of many Jews who were without livelihood, and with what they earned thus they eventually bought food for themselves.

When in my ignorance of this I suggested that more stores be established in order that the people might be enabled to get their food more quickly and with less hardship a protest arose.

"Would you destroy the only trade we now have?" demanded those who earned a pittance standing and waiting for their

more prosperous neighbors. "You will make it impossible for the poor to earn their bread."

Seeing the wisdom of this, I did not press my suggestion. Even those highly efficient Germans had for once sacrificed efficiency to necessity, and during the occupation had limited the number of official food shops in order that as many of the poor as possible might be provided with the employment that was for those who also served by waiting.

And so went the crowded weeks, and one day I found myself on a train bound for the western part of Poland to serve as interpreter for Lieutenant Pate, one of the young men of the American Mission. He was convoying four carloads of food and his task was also to organize committees in towns and cities for the distribution of other food supplies that were on the way.

Serving only as interpreter, I must take care to cause no suspicion among the Poles that the American Food Administration was partial to Jews. And together the lieutenant and I must be so jealous for the safety of the four cars of food that we must never leave them out of our sight.

When the train stopped at a station not far from Warsaw, we left it to telephone to our headquarters for certain instructions, being assured by the station master that the train would not leave for a half hour. What was our dismay, then, to see it start without us a few minutes later!

Our four cars of food! Our reputations! These vanished in the distance as the train gathered speed.

"What did this mean?" we demanded of the station master. Had he not said the train would wait a half hour? But the fellow had the insolence to deny this. The train must be stopped. No! No! It couldn't be stopped. Such a thing was never done. This, I pleaded earnestly with the station master, might mean the death of both the lieutenant and myself, for America was a stern country that tolerated no departure from duty on the part of its sworn officials. And, besides, it would bode no good for Poland if this incident became known in

America, and he as a patriotic Pole must come to the rescue of the good name of Poland.

He was immediately impressed by these humane and patriotic considerations and wired that the train be stopped at the next station, and for us he procured a special locomotive and sent us happily on our way.

Our destination was Cracow, the ancient capital of Poland, a city that had become dilapidated in the years of the war when the world was neglecting all the decent things to give itself with a whole heart to slaughter. Remembering my instructions, I avoided conferences with the leaders of the Jewish people of Cracow, though I came in casual contact with a number of them in the general meetings that were held.

The normal population of the city had been increased by thousands of refugees who had left their distant homes searching for bread, thinking that somewhere in the world it might be found. Numerous among these were the Chassidic Jews from Galicia, marked as a people apart by their long coats and dangling earlocks; hunger alone they shared in common with the world about them.

Everywhere in the city the fear for to-morrow was even more poignant than the hunger of to-day; in the hospitals and the children's institutions there was lack of most elementary necessities; the people regarded our uniforms with glowing eyes. This was hope.

But the places of amusement were crowded. In the fantasy of the theater the people found compensation for the bitter realities of their existence; here was forgetfulness and beauty after all the ugly years. We had difficulty buying seats in a theater and were accommodated with special seats only by reason of our American uniforms. The theaters were the only prospering businesses in the city.

And from Cracow to Dubrowa, a smaller town, where the rags of poverty at the station told us more than the contented Polish nobleman who was the magnate of this district. While we waited for his carriage to take us to his palace where we

were to be lodged, we spoke to a Jew who told us of the hunger and oppression which were like an old story to our ears.

At last the nobleman's carriage came for us and we drove fifteen miles through the desolation to his palace where there was the comfort of bathtubs for us and a lavish dinner in the gorgeous dining room.

"At the railway station," said the lieutenant in French, "we spoke to a Jew."

"A Jew!"

The nobleman was incredulous. He was astounded that we had given ear to a Jew.

"You are certainly democratic."

"In America," the lieutenant observed, "Jews are the equal of all others."

"Ah, but you have no Jews in America," our nobleman exclaimed with assurance. "I myself am quite democratic. I care not how poor or ignorant a person is, but a Jew—that is different. That is where I draw the line. The Jews are enemies of the country."

Then the lieutenant—this young democrat had no respect for the feelings of noblemen—said: "And do you realize, sir, that you are entertaining a Jew at this moment?"

Our host had no words. He looked first at one and then at the other of us as if to guess which of us was of the hateful breed. He turned to the lieutenant with unbelieving eyes, as if to say, "You are certainly mistaken, my dear lieutenant. In all the years of this, my ancestral house, no Jew has ever crossed its threshold."

The lieutenant waved a hand in my direction.

"He is a Jew."

I smiled and the count smiled and shrugged his shoulders like a man puzzled at an unthinkable happening that had fallen upon his house. But he managed it gracefully enough.

"As I was saying, gentlemen . . ." he went on, changing the subject. And we were fed well from the count's table, but

it was the next morning that we heard the horrid voice of hunger.

We were meeting with the representatives of Dubrowa and they were telling us of the courageous spirit that prevailed among the suffering populace.

"Gentlemen," the spokesman was saying, "it is wonderful to see the calm courage of the people, their faith, their willingness. . . ." He paused.

Outside there had arisen a voice the precise like of which I had never heard before. It was the voice of many crying as one; the voice of weeping; the voice of despair; the voice of hunger.

"Bread! Bread!" it was crying.

We went to the windows and now we saw the body of hunger as well. It was an emaciated giant in rags, for as far as we could see the despairing populace filled the streets in all directions.

"Bread! Bread!"

The officials of Dubrowa made light of this.

"Ah, gentlemen, it is nothing. Let us proceed."

But the voice was insistent.

"Bread! Bread!"

We hastened to the door and I spoke to the people, but my voice was quite engulfed by the voice of hunger crying for bread and denouncing the government with accusations of indifference to the sufferings of the people.

And when, at length, I could make myself heard I said it was no fault of the government that food had not arrived.

"My colleague and I speak for America. America pledges there will be food in a few days. The ships of America are coming with food and there will be bread for the hunger of all."

Thus assured, the people dispersed and we returned to our deliberations with the officials of Dubrowa, who made no end of assuring us that this which we had seen and heard was only an incident.

The emaciated giant sprawled all over Poland. In the neigh-

boring town of Bedzin to which I made an excursion by myself, I was followed on the streets by crowds.

"The Americans are coming!" they shouted. "Americans!"

"Bread is coming."

And they ran ahead, shouting to those who had not yet heard the news.

"Bread will soon be here. The Americans are here," and new crowds came to surround me, and old Jewish women showered tearful blessings on my head and reached out hands to touch my coat as if to make sure of my reality.

And when I spoke to them in Yiddish—for here I felt free to do this since this was in the main a Jewish town—there was a joyous acclaim as if a brother had returned from a distant shore with gifts.

"He's a Jew! An American Jew!"

They embraced me as one who must have touched elbows with their beloved in America. And had I, perhaps, met this one who lived in Chicago and that one who lived in New York? And had I seen this one's son and that one's husband? And it was with difficulty I managed at last to save myself from their eager hands and go my way on my errand.

And so to Lodz where a hundred thousand lived in a city without a sewerage system, and where the odor of the foulness filled the streets, and where there was a textile industry but no work, and where we saw that to sell food even at a nominal price would not provide sufficient nourishment for the children. They walked about like small wraiths, shrunken, pallid, pinch-faced. That night Lieutenant Pate and I wrote a report to headquarters recommending the special feeding of children in Lodz, as was done in Belgium. The American child-feeding program in Poland, rations distributed mainly through schools and institutions, later rescued hundreds of thousands of children from death or deformity by hunger.

About Lodz lay a textile district of which the machinery had been destroyed and the brass parts removed to serve as material for slaughter in the war, and if there had been machinery there

was no raw material with which to work. So the government gave the workers a dole which it called industrial compensation and which would have been small enough even had the cost of food not been high.

Now we proposed that the machinery be repaired and raw material provided by government subsidy and that the people work for the American Food Administration which would take their product for use in the institutions that required clothing and bedding; and great, indeed, was the need for both.

But the workers said they would work for us only for union wages, and whatever they received from us must be in addition to the dole. This was made particularly clear to us in the town of Chenstochowa, famous for its monastery, whither the faithful go to be healed by devotion before an image of the Virgin Mary.

I was to go back later to Chenstochowa when I was no longer the surreptitious Jewish observer but the director of the Jewish Relief Organization of America. It was on that occasion that I visited the monastery and was chaperoned by the prior himself, who felt that no little honor had been conferred upon his holy institution by the visit of America, for several of the officers of the American Mission were with me.

"The love of the mother of our Lord is itself upon the scene," the good prior said as his arm swept the peaceful loveliness of the valley in which the monastery stood. And, indeed, it was as if God had walked here touching with His love all things, save the hearts of men, as we were to see.

Not often in its hoary history had the tranquillity of the monastery been disturbed, the prior told us. There was that occasion when a culprit stole the diamonds that were the eyes of the image of the Madonna. The prior's countenance reflected the anguish that he suffered by the recollection of this sin, though centuries had passed since it brought such sorrow to the monastery.

"And," he added—the prior spoke excellent English—"I am saddened to relate that the thief was a monk who with the aid

of an accomplice perpetrated this most abominable act. Both were put to death and buried immediately before this image."

But he had absolution for the souls of the thieves.

"It was not their fault. It was the wicked work of the Jews who would not permit the monastery to do God's will and through the magic of their prayers to their God they polluted the thoughts of good Christians."

And even to this day, he said, the prayers of the Jews were potent for evil in the land, and the Jews were like a curse upon the country. Its sufferings were of their doing and there could be no peace until they were removed.

His eyes lifted to the heavens as if to summon the wrath of the Lord to consume this hated people.

He took us to a great book in which were inscribed the names of all of high earthly and priestly rank who had ever visited there—princes and cardinals, archbishops and counts.

"And now, gentlemen," he said, "it would please me if you would sign your names in this book, together with your official titles. Even among these distinguished names, the names of the representatives of the Republic of the United States will honor my book."

One by one we filed before the book and when my turn came I signed as "Director of the Jewish Relief Organization." The prior stared at the incredible name of a Jew profaning a book sacred to most Christian princes of the church and state. What was safe from the menace of the Jew? He had always been an intruder upon the Christian content of Poles, and now even into this book he had penetrated.

But the prior, like the count at Dubrowa, the sanctity of whose palace I had invaded, was most graceful in embarrassment and he was quick to direct our minds to other channels.

"Will you notice, gentlemen, the beauty of the scene? How the love of the mother of the Lord has blessed us."

As we went about from town to town in Poland, it became more apparent that the hunger of the Jew was a special prob-

lem, because the Jew himself was regarded as a being apart, an inhabitant by sufferance of whom it would be well to be rid, an enemy of Poland. It became evident, too, that I was regarded with suspicion by Polish officials. For my Jewish associations had become vaguely known, and the suspicions that were on me were reflecting against the impartiality of the American Mission.

Therefore, Lieutenant Pate and I reversed our positions. He made special inquiry of the Jewish situation while I limited my investigations to the general conditions exclusively.

Having distributed our four cars of food and concluded our investigations, we returned to Warsaw.

The ship *Westward Ho* had arrived at Danzig bearing food supplies, half of which were the gift of the Joint Distribution Committee and half of the National Polish Relief Committee, an organization of non-Jewish Poles in the United States. The ship had been convoyed by Mr. Smikowski, a naturalized American of Polish birth, and he hastened to assign his portion of the cargo to the Polish government agencies for distribution, and great was the acclaim Mr. Smikowski's countrymen accorded him, and many were the receptions. Mr. Smikowski was for the moment the national hero.

I wished that my problems were as simple as Mr. Smikowski's. Mr. Smikowski could consign his portion of the foodstuffs to the Polish government and forget about it, being sure it would reach the stomachs of his people. I, the Jew, could have no such faith, having seen the discriminations against Jews and having heard even more.

If I committed my half of the food supplies to the hands of the Polish government, how much would the Jews get? But if I did not do this, how much more would they get of hostility and hate? But happily my problem was solved by none other than Ignace Paderewski, who had turned from his piano to lead his liberated country to new destinies. He was the Prime Minister. Paderewski had left the piano, but when one met him in

his new rôle of statesman one thought of the Paderewski who loved so much to entertain his audiences with mannerisms as well as with music. A group of us had assembled for audience with the Prime Minister, and after a considerable waiting he appeared with one of those grand entrances that always thrilled audiences at Paderewski concerts. One expected momentarily a piano to arise magically and to see the great Paderewski seat himself before it with a flourish of hands that used to make him so adorable to the ladies.

Paderewski in politics was still Paderewski at the piano, conscious of playing to an audience. He had been chosen Prime Minister because of his renown as a pianist, for at that time Poland desired the good opinion of the world and who better than the universally known Paderewski could make an appealing presence for Poland before the eyes of mankind?

The Jews were not sure of him, for he was elevated by a party notorious for anti-Semitism and one which, indeed, embraced anti-Semitism in its platform. But Paderewski, sensible of his good repute in the world, stood with only one foot on the party platform to avoid that plank that had to do with Jews.

He had not forgotten the piano, and his speeches invariably began with a wistful reference to it. And thus he began on that day we met him.

"Ah, gentlemen," he said, "not since the war have I touched a piano."

Quickly he moved to that distressing problem of the Jews. To be sure, he observed, the Poles had grievances against Jews who had exploited them, but the past he was willing to forget. Poland had set foot on a new road, leaving behind the evil centuries. Liberty and equality must be for all men thenceforth.

The upshot was that he accorded me official recognition as representative of American Jewry, a position which until then I had been obliged to conceal lest I embarrass the American Mission. I had been a sort of Morano in Poland, scarcely daring to be seen meeting Jews. Now I might emerge in my

proper character, and it was rather comforting to be a Jew in the daylight again.

And, better still, Paderewski said he saw no reason why I could not have my own way and distribute the Jewish portion of the cargo of foodstuffs. The Polish government would feel no resentment if I confined the distribution exclusively to Jews and did it under Jewish auspices.

Now I had fallen into the incongruous position of a favored Jew in Poland, which was not to be scorned inasmuch as it enabled me to do more advantageously for my under-privileged brethren. My vanity was not overfed by certain social attentions that I received, for I saw the humorous side of this and could laugh.

One afternoon the Countess Potozki sent for me. It was a holiday of some sort and there was talk of an uprising. Hunger was getting restless, and wealth and nobility were afraid. Hunger was looking into noble houses and seeing well-laden tables, and hunger was getting envious.

The countess was afraid. She was obliged to cross the street to attend a social affair, and would I be so good as to escort her?

"You know if they see me in your company they will never dare to accost me," she explained.

I was wearing the protective American uniform. To be sure, it bore the emblem of the Jewish Welfare Board—the Shield of David—but its cut and its color were those of the costume of any general.

"To be sure, my dear countess," and so under the Shield of David the Polish countess advanced to safety through whatever dangers may have lurked on her way.

To be born a Jew is to be born to a satiric comedy, often to be the clown that is slapped, sometimes to be momentarily the courtier and the next moment the vassal, and always to be the immortal who laughs at the dynasties and empires and principalities that thought to destroy him and themselves perished.

By this time I had come to realize the tremendous impor-

tance of the position which the American Jewish relief representatives would have to assume in Poland. Every action would be keenly scrutinized, every ill-advised word carefully reported. Any mistake in expression of opinion, any failure to be always the American, self-assured, urbane, insistent upon human rights simply as a matter of principle, might result either in a curtailment of our own privileges of serving in this land or in reprisals against helpless fellow Jews whose sufferings tore our hearts.

When, therefore, I received word that three American commissioners had arrived at Danzig and were proceeding to Poland to assist me, I became considerably worried. I knew the commissioners and had no doubt about their devotion and intelligence. There was Isidore Hershfeld, who combined legal training and varied experience in public work with a rich Jewish background; there was Bernard Horwitz, a leader in the Central Relief Committee in the mid-West and a well-known Chicago business man; and Baruch Zuckerman, a representative of the People's Relief group, an earnest, almost fanatical, Poale Zionist, sincere and warm of heart. But suppose, before the commissioners reached Warsaw, some ill-judged observation, not exactly in tune with the diplomatic niceties required of Jewish visitors, were permitted to reach unfriendly ears.

Nor was my anxiety less when Captain Bachus, one of Mr. Hoover's American Mission, arriving in Warsaw ahead of our own commissioners, told me with amusement of a certain incident in Danzig. He had taken our commissioners to his rooms together with some of the Polish officials to pass the evening.

Now, in the captain's rooms, the three Jewish commissioners took up the timeless argument on the nature of Jews in which Jews like to engage. One of them had observed that Polish Jews were not the same as American Jews, to which another of them had taken bitter exception; and there was a dispute, and one had said that the Jews are a nation, like any

other, that they had been a nation before Poland and would remain a nation long after Poland was forgotten.

The captain was sure that the Poles had lightly dismissed the incident, but to be born a Jew is to look back at the shadows on the Jewish path even after one has passed them safely. And I looked back fearfully until the commissioners themselves arrived. They were quite unconscious of having said anything to give offense, and indeed, offered a version that was not like that which the captain had given me.

The commissioners had come to look over the land in behalf of the more or less united Jewry of the United States. I led them to the streets of the Jewish quarter where they were soon surrounded by such a mass of people that they could go no farther. Israel was fascinated by the symbol of hope and stood immovable in the streets, staring at the new emissaries from America.

Poor Israel! Hungry and unloved! If hunger was in his stomach his enemies were on his back. Now the newspapers were printing libelous defamations about him, charging he was getting undue advantage of food supplies. They directed their suspicions also against American Jews. American Jews, they said, never missed a chance of getting the better of their helpless Christian neighbors. Israel never can throw off the lies that pursue him, and he is pursued by lies almost as old as he is himself. Although Colonel Grove of the American Mission forced the newspapers to retract their falsehood, the lies were remembered long and the retraction forgotten the next day. And long afterward we were meeting the lies in unexpected places.

At length our distribution got under way, and we saw we had only crumbs to give for the hunger of the Jews of Poland, though it was a great cargo we received. And if one day we fed the hunger of the Jews in one village, the same day we heard of the hopeless hunger in another village. And in some places whither we sent food, there was no distribution of it, for

the officials would not permit the Jews to divide it in their own way; and in the town of Chenstochowa an attempt was made to take their food from the Jews by force, and there was nearly a pogrom.

In other ways as well my troubles multiplied. Our cargo of food must be distributed, but the existing Jewish relief bureaus were hopelessly inefficient for that service. Then, gathering efficient members of the community about me, I proceeded to organize an agency of my own; but when I commenced the registration of the needy there was a proud protest from the workingmen.

"Must it be inscribed in books that we took the bread of charity?" they asked. And it was with no little effort that I succeeded in persuading them that registration was necessary to avoid duplication.

Then the voices of rabbis were heard.

"Is this pesachdik?" they demanded, pointing to certain American vegetable oils that had been brought over especially for the use of the Jews. The Passover was approaching and had this oil been prepared in accordance with the ritual for Passover use? And not until I had the cabled assurance of rabbis in New York would the rabbis of Warsaw put their blessing upon it.

The business of organizing the distribution moved with leaden feet, and the hunger was growing, and children were swarming the streets begging food. The hunger of their parents might wait a while for the distribution, but these children must no longer be put off. They ran after one on the streets, they hung to one's garments, crying, "Something to eat, something to eat."

So we undertook to establish milk stations like those of Nathan Straus in New York and our first helpers in this enterprise were two women whose husbands had gone to America and forgotten them, and not since the beginning of the war had they heard from them.

These women had come to plead for themselves and some three hundred other deserted wives—unnoticed casualties of

the war. In the years of interrupted communication, husbands in America had suffered that amnesia that often seizes men when home ties are broken. And though, in the beginning, they had been anguished not to hear from their women, time at length healed the painful wounds and content had entered their hearts, and wives and children had fallen into oblivion; some men in their forgetfulness had even married again. Now some three hundred of the deserted ones in Warsaw had been organized in a sort of legion of the forgotten by these two who had come to me to speak for them. I must find their husbands for them and awaken them from the spell of forgetfulness into which they had fallen, like eaters of the fabled lotus. Two women of such enterprise seemed precisely the ones I needed to manage the first of the milk stations, and I appointed them for that function, and made no mistake.

We secured a store building, cleaned it, painted it a sanitary white, and installed stoves with huge caldrons fitted into them. Sweetened condensed milk, mixed with hot water, was served from this station to the children of the poor, who formed in line, each with cup in hand, before the station. And the cups were of our own devising, neatly manufactured out of the tin cans which had brought the milk from America. Our success with the first station indicated the need for at least fifteen more. The plan later spread to other cities and was adopted by non-Jewish agencies as well.

And though I had come to Warsaw in the unenviable rôle of stowaway, our work now enjoyed official recognition and support, and the commissioners were permitted to go for surveys in various directions of Poland—Mr. Zuckerman to East Poland, Mr. Hershfeld to the West, while Mr. Horowitz remained in Warsaw to supervise the distribution where twenty-three thousand Jewish families had registered for relief.

And it had come to be seen by our American authorities that the Jew was a separate problem in Poland; he was one of a people apart, shut off by walls of prejudice, an unwelcome guest for whom there would be only crumbs if he were made to take his food at a common table.

CHAPTER XV

A JOURNEY IN HUNGER LAND

A HOLIDAY in Warsaw! The gentle might of America had arrived in force, for on that day the American Red Cross had entered Warsaw, bringing twenty car loads of medical supplies; and there was a glittering military display and a parade, and a palace was set aside for headquarters.

In the presence of this spectacle I was filled with becoming pride. My country was reaching a gentle hand to heal the stranger. . . . But, alas! the Jewish stranger was not in the reckoning, as I was soon to learn. These supplies were only for Polish institutions and none for the Jews.

Inasmuch as most of this material had been bought with funds donated by the Polish Red Cross, he was bound to act in accordance with the wishes of the donor. So it was argued by Colonel Bailey of the Red Cross.

Now I spoke, not as a Jew, but as an American.

"As an American," I said, "I protest against such discrimination. Since when has the American Red Cross begun to be an institution of privilege and favor? Have we not told our people in America that the Red Cross knows no distinction of race, or creed, or color?

"The American Red Cross never has agreed to accept gifts which were to be distributed to certain groups only. In fact, it has refused to accept donations from the Jews unless it was first understood that the distribution would have no sectarian aspect. I protest against your ruling, and unless you reverse it I will be compelled to wire to America for a decision."

This stand had the desired effect, and the colonel acquiesced and pledged himself against any policy of discrimination. But I remained watchful, for though I had no doubt of the col-

onel's sincerity, I had little faith in the Polish officials by whom he was surrounded. I felt the love and charity and pity that were of the American Red Cross had fallen partly into Polish hands that were lifted against Jews.

But shortly my fears were to vanish, for the Red Cross was going on a journey of succor east of the Bug River, and had agreed to take some of our supplies and had invited me along to organize Jewish local committees. East of the Bug River the blood thirst had not yet been quenched and warfare was still in progress; the hunger of the Jews had not had even a crumb.

After one delay and another, a Red Cross unit started on its errand, bringing loving kindness where only hate had been seen in all the years, and healing for disease and bread for hunger. And though in that time men were arguing the question, Who won the war? and chauvinistic Americans were boasting the might of the United States, we saw that this was the might, the grandeur, and the glory of America—this generosity, this kindness, this charity that reached across the seas to serve strangers. We were proud to be servants of this America.

One must think of it as of the noblest work of man in all the dirty years that had passed. Wherever we stopped the sick came to the train to be served by the five doctors and the twenty nurses; and wherever there was greater need there was left behind a doctor and an apprentice nurse, one of the hundred Polish girls who had dedicated themselves to such service; and wherever there was hunger—this was everywhere—it was fed.

Disease walked with hunger and typhus raged; a Polish major who shared a compartment with me was seized by it and was taken to a hospital in Brest Litovsk. Brest Litovsk! A city that had been crushed almost to dust by the armies; skeleton of a city in which gaunt chimneys, standing alone above the ruins of habitations, looked like lifted arms summoning God to witness the unworthiness of man who had wrought this ruin. The people lived in dugouts like beasts of the field.

The ragged children surrounded the train, crying for bread; they had lived for weeks on grass and the leaves of trees.

So we came to Machievo, our first destination, where the people fled from us at first, for only hate had been visiting them in uniform in the four years past. Uniforms had come always with new impositions, new tyrannies, and new robberies; uniforms threw fearful shadows on the heart.

Now these new uniforms had appeared without warning. What new curse was this? They fled, falling over one another, up the steep, muddy road that led to the town, which was a mile from the station.

"We are friends!" I shouted in Polish. "Friends come to help!"

But their flight was not to be stopped, and we followed them up the road to the town where they had heralded our approach with frightened cries, as if a new scourge had fallen upon them. And later, even when we brought them food, they feared to approach us and ran to the shelter of their miserable roofs or to the church or the synagogue, for only God was to be trusted; and only after long coaxing were they convinced of our friendship.

We opened a warehouse and brought up stores of food from the train, and the people stood in masses with wondering eyes, as if decency and generosity were a miracle on the earth not to be believed. And we filled their hands with food.

A clinic was opened and the populace came there with a multitude of miseries. Such a thing had never before been seen in Machievo, where people had been suffering and dying in humble obedience to the will of God. Sickness and pain were a normal state in Machievo, like the everlasting mud on the unpaved streets, like the tumble-down shanties that were the homes, like all the miseries that beset people in all the days in all the years.

A pitiful commerce was going on, for the peasants brought to the market place their half-starved horses and cattle, their meager harvests to barter for shoddy remnants of cloth, for

clothing, for trinkets of jewelry that had been saved from the remote period that was called "the good times." But few had the means to buy; the market place was crowded with the hungry devouring the foodstuffs with famished eyes.

The town had Jews in large numbers who carried a double portion, being Jews in Poland and hungry besides. One heard laughter in the market place, but it was not the laughter of Jews who were like masks of tragedy; one saw flashes of color in the market place—a bright kerchief on a woman, a red shirt on a peasant; but the Jews in their long black coats were like figures of death in tattered shrouds.

The Red Cross had come into a mediæval town with the instrumentalities of modern science, but the inhabitants resented its intrusions on the established institutions. When it was proposed to them that the population and its habitations be cleansed there were incredulous exclamations. What did being clean have to do with being well? This dirt had always been, and the oldest inhabitant remembered it from his childhood. And why now, suddenly, should dirt be cleansed? What harm could it do?

From dirt, it was answered, comes disease. In dirt lies death. Were not the cemeteries becoming crowded with the dead? Never a day without some dying in Machievo and never an hour without some one sickening in Machievo.

But, they said, death was in the hands of God. Who could stop death by cleansing? Death had always been and always must be, and when the time of man comes death is not to be put off. What sense was there in this, to stop death by scrubbing and washing? Only the pious priests praying at the bedsides of the dying could stop death.

Machievo preferred not to intrude on time-honored institutions or to engage in impious attempts to avert the will of Providence. Nevertheless, the Red Cross succeeded in such a cleansing as Machievo had not known in all its years, and hair was cut and bodies scrubbed and filthy clothing replaced by clean garments and even beards of long standing were shorn.

But the mission to carry bread and illumination to the forsaken portions of Poland was temporarily halted when the chief of our unit decided to return to Warsaw for a visit, leaving the unit stranded, for he took the only locomotive along.

He was one of those persons whose eyes can look far into the distance but have no vision for the job at hand. He told me of great plans he had to put the Polish population to work in the fields and to cut the timber, so that plenty would be made again to flow in the land. But he seemed to forget that we would need the engine, and away he went with it, leaving word that nothing should be done until his return.

And what was the disgust of the workers having nothing to do, while I myself felt I could be of better use in Warsaw than stranded in the mud of Machievo. Fortunately I had brought an automobile on the train and one day I drove into the country to a village where I discovered not hunger but starvation. Hunger can stand up, but starvation lies prone or sits hopeless against walls.

This was a forgotten village, for it had been left out of the maps of the relief campaign. When the inhabitants went to one township with petitions for help, they were sent to another and so on until they could no longer walk and resigned themselves to death in their village.

The survivors were without strength to bury the dead, and they no longer had hope of bread but only of death. They stared at me with blank eyes and spoke with voices scarcely to be heard.

With all speed I drove back to our train and, as quickly, I returned to them with two sacks of flour. They could not wait for bread to bake but ravenously devoured a sticky mixture of flour and hot water; their fingers dipped into the pots for handfuls of this.

Sunday came and I drove the Polish group of the staff to a Greek Catholic Church where in that hour the priest was giving the last offices of the church to a man who had died of typhus. His body lay before the altar in an open coffin, surrounded by

small loaves of bread. And when the consecration had been conferred and the corpse had been enveloped in an aura of incense, and sanctified with holy water, the bread was distributed among the worshipers to be eaten at once.

It was holy bread with miraculous power to guard whoever ate it from that demon that had to do with cursing the earth with typhus. The body that took into itself this holy bread was made holy by its holiness and thus was endowed with power to repel the unholy spirits that do so much evil in the world. Thus by holy means one might drive off the typhus and not by removing the vileness of dirt with shovels. But our doctors saw no good in this, and they were for demanding martial law that the work of cleaning the filth might be done at the points of bayonets.

I was afraid of bayonets which had no fondness for Jews and which might find grateful entrance into Jewish bodies in Machievo. Bayonets had been here in all the bitter years—Russian bayonets and German bayonets and Polish bayonets—and none had loved the Jews. Bayonets might be more deadly to Jews than the typhus that came from the swamps.

And I was glad to divert the minds of my colleagues from this by proposing a dance. Was not the occasion opportune for a dance? Soon we were to go on our way, leaving behind one of the physicians, a Polish lady. For her we must give a dance. And so the talk drifted from bayonets to the dance, and several days thereafter the dance was in preparation, and minds that were distressed enough, rejoiced in the diversion.

We must have wine for the supper and I went to the Jews of Machievo, who from a secret place brought me two bottles of Carmel wine. They had saved wine for the avdallah on Sabbath nights and for the cup of Elijah in Passover times, though the shade of the prophet of peace must have been driven from the earth in the hateful years.

So to the supper and the dance, and a merry occasion it was. There was a moment when I might speak alone to our guest of honor, the woman physician whom we were to leave behind.

"And think what martial law would mean to the Jews," I said, for this suggestion still lay heavily on my heart. "Surely, you must understand."

She had been the chief advocate of martial law.

"I understand . . . I understand." And with that she gave way to such a flow of tears as certainly were an embarrassment at an affair so jolly.

"And what is there to cry about?" I asked.

And she answered: "I have been crying in my heart, but this is the first time I have dared the comfort of tears. I have been crying in my heart for the Jews, being a Jew also. I dared not confess I was a Jew; otherwise I would not be permitted in this service."

We sat quite apart from the others and she indulged not in a mere comfort of tears but in a luxury.

"But I really do not know whether it is for my people or myself that I am crying. It is one sorrow."

"But let us cry another time," I said, and led her away to the dancing, but within the hour I was myself to weep in my heart. The first train in two weeks had just arrived from Warsaw bringing mail. There was a packet of mail for me which I put away a while, saying: "If the news is good I can enjoy it just as well later; and if it is bad and I learn it now my disposition for the dance will be spoiled."

And so we danced while tragedy waited for me in the packet of unopened letters; and it was midnight before I came to it.

CHAPTER XVI

THE PINSK TRAGEDY

A LETTER from Zuckerman, the commissioner, evidently written by an agitated hand. It had come from Brest Litovsk bringing the news of horror. He had been in Pinsk and had organized there a committee to distribute food for the Passover in order that the Jews might celebrate properly one of those occasions when the hand of God reached out to deliver their forefathers.

And after his departure the committee had assembled with no little rejoicing. The Passover was to be observed in the old way in Pinsk, and there was to be enough of food for everyone. It was to be again as in the good times when even the poorest was not lacking. The committeemen were conscious of a holy joy at having been designated for the service of the distribution, for a mizvah (the privilege of a good deed) had been conferred.

Their deliberations were disturbed by an imperative knocking at the door which was suddenly flung open to admit soldiers; the committee was herded like cattle in the corrals of our ranches; and whoever protested was seized by rough hands.

So away with them through the city's streets, and in an hour not one of the thirty-four was alive. The soldiers were digging their graves where they fell; all had been shot without trial and without accusation of crime.

The next day an official notice in a Pinsk newspaper reported the tragedy coldly, briefly, and falsely: A Bolshevik Jewish organization had been discovered in Pinsk and a few of the ringleaders had been shot.

There was no sleep for me this night and the next morning I was returning to Warsaw, stopping at Brest Litovsk, where

trains were changed and where Mr. Zuckerman was waiting, disheveled, distraught, and weeping for his brethren.

"Would that they had taken me with those innocent victims," he cried. "Why did I leave them? At least, I would not be here just to tell the story."

There was no use for Mr. Zuckerman to remain longer in Brest Litovsk where the Polish authorities were following his every step and had searched his rooms and even his person. He left with me for Warsaw on the next train.

In Warsaw we found an eyewitness, a boy of fifteen, Zalman Lichevski, though by reason of privation he looked no more than ten, a pogrom orphan from the Ukraine. He had been a wanderer in the world with four brothers and sisters, living by begging and bartering. He had been in Pinsk that dreadful night.

"We lived in Pinsk, you know, on the grand street just a few houses from the Zionist Center," he began. "They had a meeting there that night and everybody knew about it because the American delegate had been in the city. He had come a few days before. Everybody was on the streets to see him because he was not like any of the Jews in the city.

"So they had a meeting and it was about Pesach. Everybody knew that. I was home taking care of the little ones, for Dweirke, my sister, had gone to visit our sick aunt. All at once I heard a noise of shouting and crying and the firing of guns.

"I knew what the sound of guns meant. The Bolsheviks had been in the city and there had been much shooting on the streets. I guessed the Bolsheviks were coming back, and I got the children up and was already beginning to think 'Where should we run?' when Dweirke came back wringing her hands and crying.

" 'What happened?' " I asked.

" 'Terrible! Terrible! The people in the Zionist Center are taken to the tlea' (to death), and then she cried and cried and couldn't talk any more. I asked her questions but she could not say a word.

"So I left her with the little ones and ran into the street. The houses were all dark and few people were on the streets except soldiers, and there were some shadows of people hurrying home under the dark houses. I, too, went the same way in the shadows.

"All at once I heard shots again and again, and there were thousands of echoes, as if from all the walls.

"Soon automobiles were coming toward me, maybe three or four, and I hid in the doorway of a house, and when they had passed I ran. At last I came to the big wall, and a few soldiers were there who were burying dead men, and some officers were watching them.

"I did not wait any longer but ran back toward home, but on the way I went into the house of one of the men who I knew had been to the meeting. He was an old man and I wanted to know if anything had happened to him. I knocked at the door and when they had found out who I was they let me in. There were candles on the floor and I knew somebody had died. The old man had escaped, but they had killed the one who was to be his son-in-law.

"I asked how it happened, and the old man said, 'We were sitting in the room making out a list of the people who were to receive flour for matzo which the Americans were bringing. But black was the hour that we learned that we should have matzo this year, for at once shooting started. We wanted to run, but where could we run?

" 'The house was surrounded by soldiers and we were beaten into line and told to go with the soldiers. We did not know where we were to go, but we thought to the prison, for who should think they were leading us to the tlea?

" 'I escaped on the road in the darkness.'

"And the old man and his family cried and wrung their hands and tore their clothing. And the kahle, the one that was to have been married to the man who was killed, sat over the candle and was like crazy.

"I thought, 'What should I do?' And I said, 'Home I should

not go, for what could I do there? I shall do better if I go to Warsaw and tell everybody what is happening in Pinsk. Maybe we can get help before all the Jews are killed.'

"So I left Pinsk without telling anybody and went on the road to Warsaw. I walked all night and in the morning I came to a little Jewish place and told the people what had happened. These Jews were afraid themselves for their lives and they gave me a little food and money, and I stole a ride on a train and so I got to another place, and then here."

The child spoke with the mature intelligence of one far beyond his years; his truthfulness was not to be doubted. I hastened to Colonel Grove of the American Mission, who had already heard about this catastrophe. He was perturbed and at first could not believe that the victims were entirely innocent. They must have been guilty of some flagrant crime against the government. Such wanton slaughter was beyond the comprehension of a civilized man. . . . Surely, there must have been a good cause. . . . To destroy men wholesale. . . .

I told him of the boy. He must himself hear the story from the boy at once, he said, and without adding or subtracting a detail the lad repeated to the colonel the story he had told me. The next day the colonel had him for luncheon and for this occasion we removed his rags and gave him new shoes and clothing.

The colonel had managed a dramatic setting, for when I arrived with the boy we found ourselves in a glittering group of Polish officials and noblemen who were likewise the colonel's guests that day.

Here sat this and that proud noble and there this and that pompous official, and among them the Jewish boy Zalman Lichevski, who had just come out of his rags. And one and another inquired who he was and soon it was known about the table that he had come from the slaughter at Pinsk to tell the world. And though no word was spoken of that tragic event it brooded at the table, as if the haunting ghosts of the thirty-

four dead were themselves in attendance. Zalman Lichevski was the silent accuser.

But justice was only in heaven with the dead, for the smell of Jewish blood had whetted the thirst of newspapers and stimulated the appetite of the multitudes. Whoever spoke other than compliments of Poland was denounced by the newspapers as an agent of American Jews. Such was a former member of the Red Cross who had left Poland and had spoken with no flattering words of the Poles; such was an American correspondent who had failed to burn sweet-smelling incense for them. In all Poland there was no voice of the press lifted to cry down the murders at Pinsk, and if it were mentioned at all it was only for justification.

These dead were Bolsheviks, it was said. There was no room on the earth for Bolsheviks. Bolsheviks must die. Was the killing without semblance of trial even? For Bolsheviks there must be no processes of justice.

Even our own Americans were not to be persuaded otherwise than that these dead had been Bolsheviks, plotting against the government. One of them had gone to Pinsk to find the truth; but truth, the immortal bird of legend, was not to be found in the fog of prejudice and fear which lay heavy on Pinsk and all Poland, and all the world, for that matter. Even in America we were pursuing phantoms of Bolshevism, and whoever could not feel the current hates, and whoever spoke for constitutional liberties, and whoever forgot to lift his hat for a patriotic hymn, were Bolsheviks.

But there was an ounce of satisfaction later on, though sad enough it was. A Parliament commission had investigated the killing of the thirty-four at Pinsk, and had reported that the slaughter of these Jews was not justified for any reason. A terrible mistake had been made, it was confessed.

It had been alleged that a shot had been fired from within the building in which the Jewish committee was assembled. And, to be sure, there was a hole in the door. But Mr. Gruene-

baum, a member of the commission, found the bullet imbedded in a wall within the house and directly opposite the door. This was the proof that the shot had been fired from without.

The thirty-four dead, shot without trial, were vindicated and justice came to weep at their graves. But there was justice only for the dead, and the persecution of Jews continued with increasing fury and Jews lived in fear of to-morrow.

When in the tragic circumstances of the time courageous voices were needed, only the Zionists were to be heard. The Assimilationists spoke in deprecating whispers. "Ah, gentlemen, we must be quiet. We must not embarrass the government." . . . The Orthodox raised their voices only for flattery of the authorities.

A few months later I myself visited Pinsk, which was then still an island surrounded by bayonets. I called a meeting of the Jews of Pinsk, but few came, for the fate of the thirty-four was still a horror in the hearts of the people. They had died because they had gone to a meeting—a Jewish meeting that had to do with the hunger of Jews. Another such meeting I had now called, for the hunger of the Jews of Pinsk was no less; but only the boldest dared answer the summons.

They sat under a loaded machine gun in the hands of a soldier standing on the platform of the hall. With one sweep of its barrel he could have wiped out the pitiful handful that sat before him; and little would they have cared, for death had become the least of afflictions in Pinsk.

What mattered death for Miss S—— who had seen worse than death? She was in the meager audience and I observed her particularly because she seemed a figure of tragedy. She was one of four women who had attended the meeting the night the thirty-four men were shot. The women had been spared for tortures that caused them to envy the swift death of the men as a happy end.

Imprisoned, they suffered degradations until the day of their release. Daily the officers amused themselves by threatening them with death; daily they were undressed and flogged until

they lost consciousness; two of them became insane, one had disappeared, and only this one was left in the community.

Her friends said: "She thinks only of death."

And I replied: "We will give her something to live for."

I made her a member of the local committee and I saw the aspect of tragedy fall from her face. Life had been an evil, haunting past; suddenly there had been set before her a hopeful future with work to be done, with the promise of relief for the suffering that was on Pinsk.

"I thank you," she smiled. She entered the discussion, full of plans. This must be done and that, she suggested. . . . Then, suddenly, the soldier spoke. Curfew time had come. The meeting must disband.

The girl came to my side with a young man. Would I remain in the city a while? I must depart early the next morning, I answered. But could I not find time to stay at least until the evening? Very well!

And early the next morning they were at my door, and a lovely speech the girl had.

"Our good friend," she began, "you came to us when there seemed no more hope of good on the earth. Since that terrible time the Jews had not been permitted to meet, until last night. And we had passed each other on the streets like strangers, not daring to meet two together. And each of us must suffer alone. You see, suffering is less when many suffer and each can share his suffering with his neighbor. But it is dreadful to suffer alone.

"But last night you made it possible for us to meet for the first time since the murder, and merely in touching each other's elbows was comfort. We felt there was goodness again in the world and hope had come again. Various visitors have been here to ask about the murder, but these only opened up the old wounds and only despair was left after they departed.

"You have made us forget the past and think of the future. We wanted to present you with some gift, but you were in a hurry and our stores were closed and there was nothing we

could get here. So we went to a Jewish farmer, a distance from the city, who we knew had something hidden away, and here it is."

Before me they placed a package in a rag which upon being unfolded revealed an inkwell, a pencil, and a penholder. It was not a thing of value nor of great beauty; but now, ten years later, the little glass inkwell stands as the loveliest ornament in my house, a precious belonging.

One day about this time the walls of Warsaw became gay with gaudy placards summoning the people to a pogrom. The Poles had liberated themselves from the hands of their Russian masters but had saved their masters' worst habits. It was Passover week and the Warsaw Jews sat at their meager Seder feasts thanking the Lord, with choking voices, for delivering them from the Egyptian hands.

For the Jew there is always something to be thankful for in the past.

The walls call for the slaughter of Jews, but once upon a time the Red Sea parted for the passage of the Jews while the Egyptians were destroyed after they had suffered nine plagues. The blood of the thirty-four cries from the earth at Pinsk, but once upon a time the hand of the wicked Haman was diverted from its purposes by the grace of God, and Haman himself was hanged. The enemies assembled on the streets muttering against Jews, but once upon a time it was given to the hands of Judas Maccabæus to defeat with a feeble army the great power of the Syrians.

The Warsaw Jews, awaiting pogroms, were not without faith in the Most High who had destroyed the Egyptians and caused Haman to be hanged and had made the Maccabean strong enough to defeat the Syrian hosts with a handful; but they were afraid. There were ominous assemblies on the streets, and though the government, at the request of Colonel Grove, had removed the incendiary placards, the welcome summons to a pogrom had remained in the heart of the mob.

The fear of violent death haunted every Jewish house, made bitter the bread that the generosity of America had provided, and drove sleep from the night.

It was early in the morning after the night of the first Seder that I was awakened by the screams of a woman in the Jewish house in which I lived; and I heard a loud knocking at the front door with the sound of clubs, and a voice crying, "Open, or it will be the worse for you."

In the street I saw a clutter of shadows.

"Open! Open!"

"This is the end," the father of the household said with the calm courage becoming to one who was the heir of a history of unhappy ends.

"This is the tlea," the mother cried, gathering her children about her.

I ran to the telephone which, since I became a member of the household, had been installed as a special privilege by the government; I called the police.

"Oh," they said, "it is only some of our men who are hunting a fellow who has evaded military service."

So it came to pass in that unhappy time that the noise of a window rattling, the cry of a child in the street, a shout made the hearts of Jews cold. And one day a deafening noise in the street brought me to the window before which all the rabble of Warsaw—beggars, loafers, soldiers—was running and shouting and throwing stones in a pursuit of Jews. It was like a mad wind of hate suddenly let loose, before which Jews were driven like straws.

A Jew in a long coat running and now and then turning his blood-streaked face to his enemies to cry for their mercy; a woman with an infant, now felled by a stone, now rising again to run; a whole family, now holding one to the other, now scattered and trampled.

The mistress of the house cried to me: "Go away from the window, for God's sake!"

But other members said: "No, let him stay. His uniform

may save us. They will not dare to come in here when they see him."

I opened the window and shouted to the crowd. I spoke with that stentorian authority that military men like to affect.

"Stop! What does this mean?"

They stopped and regarded most respectfully my uniform, for the world had not yet come out of the nightmare in which uniforms were respected even more than life; and the while they lifted their eyes in adoration of my uniform, the Jews ran to grateful shelter.

I scarcely knew what to say or do next, but the police themselves relieved my anxiety, for down the street there was heard the rattling of a police wagon and the sound of shots fired in the air, and the mob dispersed.

But if a fear stays long enough it ceases to hurt any more, like any pain that in time becomes a familiar experience. And soon Jewish life in Warsaw was moving again in its rather sluggish course, although the talk of pogroms was still whispered and although Easter came, when to the glory of the risen Christ it was the custom in old Russia to make a sacrifice of Jews.

CHAPTER XVII

THE PATH OF POLISH GLORY

In Warsaw the police held the mobs well in hand, but from the towns came alarming reports. In the territory east of the Bug River where the Poles were advancing they were celebrating their victories with pogroms.

They had occupied Lida and Jews had been offered up, it was reported; and now they were advancing upon Vilna which was in the hands of the Bolsheviks, whose economic theories were ascribed to Jewish inspiration.

I thought that the presence of officers in American uniforms with the advancing Polish Army might serve to restrain the Poles eager for bloody celebration at Vilna; and this I suggested to Colonel Grove. But the Polish authorities would not hear of it, and so there fell to me another of those adventures with which my life was becoming quite crowded, for I went on to Vilna by way of Kovno in Lithuania, with two officers of the American Mission.

This was at the suggestion of the colonel, who proposed that, inasmuch as we were not permitted to march with the Polish Army, we might meet it at the gates of Vilna. And away we went by auto, and lost our way, and blundered into Suvalki which was in the hands of the Germans—and were arrested, for our chauffeur was a Pole, a breed for which Germans had no love.

Now there had fallen into the hands of the Germans in Suvalki a French colonel who had been hurt in an automobile accident. Having no relish for nursing a French colonel, the Germans were glad enough when I volunteered to see him safely to Kovno in Lithuania; and thereupon they released us after a day.

The newspapers of Kovno were full of dire reports of Jews massacred by thousands in Vilna by the victorious Poles making a murderous holiday. And the next morning we were on the road to Vilna, accompanied by Colonel Dailey of the American Political Mission, and in the afternoon our automobile was weaving its way among dead bodies in Vilna streets.

Dead bodies and dying ones; ransacked stores, their stocks scattered on the sidewalks as if by drunken thieves; windows smashed. War had passed through a few hours before and we saw the vileness of it. Whereas patriots were celebrating the glory of its victories, we saw it only as a common thief plundering stores; and although in Warsaw, as we heard later, flags waved and bands blared for the victory, we remembered it only as the thing that had marched through and left dead men in the path of our automobile.

When we had registered at military headquarters, Colonel Dailey went at once to the commanding Polish general to learn how dreadful was the news. While I waited for him a committee of the Lithuanian Red Cross came to weep into American ears about the wanton killing of civilians that was still going on and about the hunger of Lithuanians whose proud city Vilna had been until this day. And would the good Americans feed the hunger of the Lithuanians?

I asked them about the Jews. How many of them had perished? They knew only what they had heard, and this was terrible enough. Thousands of them had fallen, it was said.

Now the colonel returned and he was full of admiration for the prowess of the Poles. Like the Greeks at Troy they had entered the city secretly in the early morning; and, whereas the Greeks had entered Troy in a wooden horse, the Poles had come into Vilna by train. They had been met by their friends, had distributed arms among them, and had surrounded the sleeping Bolsheviks. And not a Bolshevik leader was left when the slaughter was concluded.

"They certainly did a fine job," the admiring colonel concluded.

"And, Colonel," I inquired, "what did the general say about the killing of innocent Jews?"

The colonel blew a contemplative ring of smoke.

"I do not want to interrupt your conversation or change the trend of your thoughts," he observed, "but what do you think of this cigarette mouthpiece that I bought the other day in Kovno?"

The colonel's reply admonished me that I must not be too inquisitive and I was submissive, but the next morning I made stealthy inquiries on my own account.

There passed through the streets a pageant of Jews, beaten and bloody, ragged and almost naked, driven by soldiers. They were like the figures our artists like to make when they paint pictures of the Jew in exile.

In Paris the Versailles statesmen were talking of liberated minorities and distributing their benedictions among the oppressed; in America the people still believed that the world had been made safe. The rapt eyes of mankind were fixed with adoration upon Poland *resurgens* and even those who had come to entertain unpatriotic doubts about the war, said, "At least Poland is free."

But revelry must give way in time to serious business, and by the next day assaults on Jews had ceased; and we left the city that evening. But before I departed I sought an old friend of my childhood who had some difficulty for the moment in knowing me because of the changes that thirty years had left.

And when we had fallen on each other's necks and kissed, after the Russian fashion, I put in his hands a sum of money.

"This," I said, "is for the Jewish people of the city and you may distribute it as you like."

The poor man regarded me with dismay as if it were a trouble instead of a blessing I had put into his hands. When he had found speech he spoke with pleading. Why did I put this responsibility on him? How could he give satisfaction to all

the groups of Jewry in Vilna? I must remain in Vilna and myself distribute the money.

But the colonel was waiting outside the house in the automobile, fretting to depart for Lida, and there was no time. I gave my friend a parting kiss and left him with the money in his hands and upon his face the aspect of distress. So my journey to Vilna had not been altogether in vain.

It was evening when we came into Lida, where the commanding general would not have it otherwise than that we must dine with him at the officers' club. And a choice array of delicatessen he spread for us.

"Excellent herring, General," I observed.

"Oh, those herring!" he exclaimed, smiling satisfaction. "An interesting story about the herring! We got them the other day when we found a store belonging to an old Jew. No wonder he wouldn't let the soldiers in and was ready to die rather than give up his wares. We certainly got some fine stuff. This wine is also from the same source."

He drank of it.

"Ah!" . . . The general punctuated his satisfaction with a smacking of lips.

He was at a loss to understand why we had so suddenly lost our appetite for his delicatessen, and why did we not finish the wine? The general guessed we were tired and desired to go to bed. A lieutenant had gone to find quarters for us, and after some delay had returned to announce he had found two rooms.

So with the general and his subordinates, who had become quite merry on the dead Jew's wine, we made for our rooms, through dark and lonely alleys, through a yard, to the second floor of an unpretentious dwelling.

In our rooms we smelled the freshness of floors recently scrubbed, and on our beds clean linen was spread, and on the doorpost. . . . I went closer to look. . . . Yes! So it was. . . . A mezuzah! . . . The sign of a Jewish habitation. . . . One of those small tin cases, containing a passage from Deu-

teronomy, whereby the Jew literally follows the injunction to keep the law on his doorpost.

I was alarmed rather than elated to find myself in the house of brethren. What had become of the Jews who lived here? I called one of the American officers aside.

"This is the home of Jewish people," I said, pointing to the mezuzah. He was no less alarmed than I. They had killed the Jew for herring and wine. . . .

"I'll bet they killed these people to give us a bed," the officer said, and when our hosts had left us we looked about the house. There was another door in the corridor and at this we knocked, and after a while it was opened halfway by a woman. What did we want? Did we want another pillow, perhaps?

I answered in Yiddish. We wanted only to speak to her.

"We are not military people. I am a Jew. I represent the American Jews, your brethren."

At this she showed no more elation than I had felt at the sight of the mezuzah. She drew back as before some fearful presence and all but shut her door.

"Please have pity on us and let us alone," she pleaded. "We cannot speak to you. You know what you did in Pinsk."

Pinsk! The thirty-four whom we had organized to be a committee of distribution there had perished.

The door closed sharply as if the woman were shutting something dreadful out. We retired and for a long time there was no sleep for us and our talk was of the Jews in this unhappy land for whom death was an imminent presence as for the condemned. For other people death was a remote shadow; for these its smell mingled with the breath of life.

It was after midnight when we heard a door in the corridor open hesitatingly, as if by some one afraid; then cautious footsteps as of one on tiptoes; then in the shadow of our door stood the figure of a man. We turned up lights and called him in.

He was the owner of the house. Once he was called the

richest man in town, now he was of the poorest, he said. Everything had been taken from him, first by one party, then by another. One of his sons was under arrest and he did not know what would become of him. Two days before the house had been raided by soldiers who left nothing they could carry away. He had come to us to speak for his imprisoned son. Perhaps we could persuade the hearts of the authorities.

"We were terribly afraid when the Polish officer came with the command to give up our rooms," he said. "He threatened and demanded this and that. My wife is sick, but he made her scrub the floor twice. He told us Americans were coming to our rooms. But we did not believe him. How could we? Long ago we gave up hope that any good would come to us in this world again."

It was two o'clock when he had ended his story of bitter travail, and when we arose his wife had breakfast for us, and when we hesitated to share with them their meager fare, they would not hear refusal, and when we offered to pay they were offended.

"You are our friends," our host protested, "and I should take money from friends?"

But, please, would we not go to see the old rabbi of Lida whose heart was so desolated? And this we promised to do, and went our way and fell again into the hands of the general who insisted we must see the town under his guidance. He was the law in Lida and he took us about that we might see the perfection of his authority.

"You see we keep our streets clean, gentlemen."

He pointed to a gang of old Jews sweeping and removing rubbish under a guard of soldiers.

Public hygiene was enforced by bayonets or by fists, we observed; in another portion of the market place soldiers were mercilessly beating a screaming woman for violating the regulations.

"Good morning, Pan General," said an old, white-bearded Jew in the market place, bowing.

"Is your highness now satisfied with the cleanliness of my stand?"

But the great general pushed him away, as he might flick a speck of dust from his gorgeous uniform.

"These people," he said, "do not know what order and cleanliness mean. It is only by rod and punishment that we can direct them."

At last the general left us to our own devices and we sought the rabbi who changed from Yiddish to exquisite German when I told him my companions did not understand the mother tongue.

"Oh, life had become so hard to live, gentlemen, but was not suffering always for the Jew? Blessed by the Most High who preserves life even in the midst of death.

"First the Bolsheviks came who took everything, but they gave receipts for what they took. They had no pity for the old or respect for learning or piety, and religion was trampled upon and the children taught in pagan ways.

"They wished to destroy the soul of the Jew, and we prayed for the victory of the Poles. And after much fighting and killing the Polish Army marched into the city, and while the Bolsheviks wished to destroy the souls of Jews, the Poles destroyed the bodies of numbers of us in the pogroms. And they died—men, women, and children—though they had committed no sin.

"It was like an old story told over, for thus it had happened to the Jews in all the centuries. And I said, 'Often the bodies of the Jews have been destroyed, but the soul of the Jew has never died.'

"Then at last quiet fell upon the city and I praised the Almighty who always gives peace to His children. But I had committed a sin. When the Bolsheviks were coming to the houses and taking everything, I hid nothing of my own and gave them all I possessed. Only one thing I had hidden but it was not my own. It was two hundred rubles that belonged to a widow and which I buried in the cellar, not even telling my

wife about it. God punished me, for this was the first time I had kept a secret from my wife.

"When I saw that peace was again in the city, I said, 'Why should I hide things that were entrusted to me? Why ought I not keep them in my safe?' I dug up the buried rubles from the cellar, and an hour later soldiers came and told me I was wanted at headquarters.

"My wife felt at once it was not for nothing, and she began to cry and to plead with the soldiers. But they dragged me from the house and drove me to a small street. They told me to take off my shoes and my overcoat and my small coat. But how shall I tell you? They took everything away and dressed me in rags and the officers laughed. And so they sent me home.

"My house had been ransacked, the safe opened, and the two hundred rubles that belonged to the widow taken.

"I ask you, which is better? It is bad when an enemy comes to destroy Jewish souls and it is bad when another enemy comes to destroy Jewish bodies. Perhaps the Poles will in time learn mercy."

The Poles were making ready to advance farther into Bolshevik territory and soldiers in Lida were looking forward to new pogroms. Pogroms meant plunder; they were the reward for heroes. Upon the victims of pogroms often were jewels; in their houses money might be found.

Soldiers went about the streets of Lida exhibiting the trophies of victory. This one had a gold ring taken from the finger of a woman and that one a fine watch pilfered from the pockets of a dead man.

The officers were quite in sympathy with their soldiers. Soldiers must have reward. Soldiers could not march by the inspiration of patriotism alone. Soldiers must have the promise of plunder to keep them strong on their weary way.

But it was evident that the presence of Americans in uniform gave pause to the lust of the army. It was no secret that sporadic attacks ceased in Lida during our visit there. As we

went from Lida to Bialystok we heard that peace came for a time to every Jewish community when our approach became known. We agreed that the only hope of reprieve for Jews under doom of death was in American officers marching with advancing Polish armies.

Upon my return to Warsaw, I found bad news; but bad news no longer had the power to shock by reason of the vile evils I had seen. Anti-Semitism had grown more arrogant in the Polish Parliament. From everywhere in Poland reports had come of the abuse of Jews who were accused of all manner of crimes.

There was a May Day parade in Warsaw, in which Jews marched in a division of their own bearing banners with inscriptions voicing revolutionary aspirations. The Jewish population knew it would be made to suffer for these extremists and Jewish stores were closed and Jews remained within the shelter of their homes during the progress of the procession. And there was no indignation in the Jewry of Warsaw when it was heard that the Jewish marchers had been driven into a side street by a charge of soldiery and beaten and dispersed.

A new enemy had arrived on the Jewish scene—the lusty troops of General Haller, a sort of foreign legion in which were many inspired Polish-Americans who had joined to make Poland safe from Bolshevism. In the larger cities these valiants delighted to seize Jews on railway trains and at stations and cut their beards, and where instruments were lacking for this purpose, beards were plucked out by their roots; in the smaller communities their enterprise was more bloody.

The Hallers had become a dread in all Poland. They were men steeped in four years of blood, devils come out of the war hell. Death and, worse still, torture were in their hands; the Polish regulars were playful children compared with them.

Colonel Grove of the American Relief Mission had sent automobile squads of his officers to follow the advancing Haller legion and other Polish military units to serve food and set the

example of mercy to Poles. And wherever these went the victorious Poles felt restraint and withheld their lusts; but the front was long and the supply of American officers small, and for the Jews there was no abatement of death and torture in many portions of the land.

I went myself to Eastern Galicia and the road to Lwoff was a *Via Dolorosa* of hunger and death and sickness and fear. Jewish refugees were tramping the highways, going God knows where, living in abandoned barns like cattle, crowded often many in a room in houses that gave them shelter, but often driven even from barns to sleep under the stars.

"And where are you going?" I asked one.

And he answered: "Somewhere in the world there must be life for the Jew. I go to find it."

Lwoff was a desolation. The Jewish district had been given to flames. Now peace rested upon the remains of Jewish life in Lwoff and now Jewish refugees from the neighborhood of the Ukraine front were coming for shelter to its ashes. They had come in hundreds and were crowding Lwoff where habitations were in ruins and where the surviving Jews had little enough themselves to eat.

The next day I was on the way by auto toward the Galician front over a road set awash by heavy rains, through deep holes and ruts that skid chains could scarcely manage. A few miles out of town we beheld a seemingly endless procession of vehicles of every kind, filled with men, women, and children—Jews. As far as the eye could see the caravan stretched over the difficult road, and now and then it paused to lift up a family that had been spilled into the mud, and now and then a horse, slipping, fell.

And now and then the people looked back, as if pursued; and when the horses no longer could pull their heavy loads through the mud, the families descended from the wagons to plow through the slime, knee-deep. And women fell on the road and children wept beside them.

My orderly, an American soldier, was deeply affected. At

Rawa Russki was the headquarters of the Hallers and there we had seen motor trucks when passing through. The sympathetic youth proposed that we turn back to Rawa Russki and ask the Hallers for trucks to carry these wanderers to Lwoff.

"The Hallers!" I exclaimed. "Do you know the Hallers? Don't you know that these people are running from the Hallers?"

"They can only turn us down," he answered and turned the machine toward Rawa Russki.

And, seeing our American uniforms, the officers at Rawa Russki offered us welcome and we must dine with them, and the bottle of Benedictine that I carried with me was vastly appreciated. To be sure we might have the trucks and, moreover, we might have soldiers to help us.

And when, at last, we returned to the road in which the feet of the fleeing Jews were held fast by the mud, they lifted their voices in a cry of horror, seeing the soldiers. And some threw themselves face down, to smother rather in the mud, and many voices arose in prayer, feeling the presence of death.

"They are friends! Friends!" I shouted in Yiddish. "They have come to help you, to carry you to Lwoff."

It was as if a doom had been canceled, and where there had been prayers for deliverance there were now praises for the Most High in whose hand is saving and who sends even the enemy to rescue His people. And some said it was as in the time after Mizraim when the Red Sea parted to let the children of Israel through; only then the enemy was destroyed, but now the enemy himself had been used by God, blessed be His name, to save them.

It was just getting dusk when we had the two trucks loaded with passengers and their belongings. The rain had become a steady drizzle and the wanderers were wet to the bone. The soldiers stowed everything and everybody possible into the trucks, covered them carefully and skillfully with canvas, and started off toward Lwoff.

We remained with those who were left, about a hundred

in all, and when later in the evening we arrived at Lwoff with them—they had managed, at length, to pull themselves out of the mud—we found a throng assembled in the market place.

The arrival of the Jews in the trucks of the Hallers had been the cause of great amazement. The hands of the enemy had delivered them. The Jews had shared with the soldiers the meager food supplies they had brought with them in their flight. And it was seen that the Haller troops, whose name was a hissing, could be directed to works of mercy instead of to pillage and murder.

I was rather solemn when I thought about this. In the uniforms that the young soldier and I wore were the might and the exemplar and the persuasion of America that had caused this to come to pass.

When, on a later occasion, I told Prime Minister Paderewski of this incident, he was glad to learn I had discovered the merits of his soldiers.

"You see they are fine fellows and mean no harm," he said. "They cut beards. But this cutting of beards is an American importation. Is it not true that in the United States beards are not tolerated? I am told that anyone who does not conform to the American custom of shaving is molested and ridiculed. If this is the case I see no reason why you Americans make so much ado about it here."

"Ah, sir," I said, "it is not a custom they are attacking, but the Jews."

CHAPTER XVIII

THE AMERICAN MINISTER ARRIVES

FROM seeing much pain, the mind and heart after a while become dulled to the spectacle. I had seen much of death and rapine and hunger and these had become routine facts of existence. And even the sufferers no longer could feel pain acutely; pain had become a normal state.

Only those who came fresh to Poland were capable of being appalled. Among these were two new representatives of the Joint Distribution Committee, one of them Jacob Billikopf, head worker of the American Jewish Relief Committee, and Henry Alsberg, a journalist, who had been secretary to Ambassador Elkus in Turkey. They were desolated, seeing and hearing what I had heard and seen these many weeks, and, being new in this dreadful situation, they could not understand why I did not interfere for justice.

They themselves soon discovered the futility of immediate interference; for, after conference with the American authorities in Poland, it was seen that even though they had willing hearts, these Americans were limited in the sphere of their activities. To venture into other fields, which the Poles might regard as political rather than humanitarian, might impair their usefulness in the service for which they were sent. But soon the Minister of the United States would arrive and from him we might expect friendly intervention.

And shortly he did arrive and when I spoke to him, at a reception given by American representatives, I felt we had a friend in Hugh Gibson. Mr. Gibson had heard of our work and was eager to know the true status of the Jews in Poland. After an evening with this man, who was so charming and refreshing, I was full of hopes for the future.

With Mr. Billikopf and Mr. Alsberg I went on a tour for their enlightenment. They learned what difficulties beset my path, for to feed the Jews to the exclusion of the general population was to stir rancors which were always ready to fall on the heads of the Jews. And if in one place the authorities demanded that our food supplies be distributed throughout the population, in another place they were confiscated altogether.

In one town, Garmolin, we stopped to speak to a group of Jews and after we had left them it occurred to us that the non-Jews might be resentful that we had spoken only to Jews. Was the friendliness of the stranger only for Jews? So we turned back to speak also to non-Jews, for which the Jews were happy, because they had seen already the indignation our partiality had aroused.

Now there were coming to the ears of the American Minister the protests of American Jews and non-Jews shocked by the horror at Pinsk. Mr. Gibson had heard also from the State Department, which wanted verification of the reports of pogroms and other atrocities.

Mr. Gibson sent for me. He had made inquiries of the Polish government. Ah, yes, there may have been murders, they said, but these were such things as may happen in the best regulated military forces. And, besides, those who had been killed were few indeed.

Mr. Gibson determined on an investigation of his own and, having received the blessing of the State Department for such an enterprise, he appointed Colonel Bailey of the Red Cross and me to go with him. And soon we were on our way with a Polish official to serve as interpreter, a Frenchman who was of the French embassy and a few others. And shortly we were in Lida where the investigation commenced.

"Precisely what took place here?" we asked the commanding officer whom we met earlier in this narration.

"You see," he replied, "these irregularities occurred between the time when the military power was in force and the civil

authority was established. But they were nothing as reported. . . . Just a dozen or so. . . . The stores were plundered, but it was just accidental that they were Jewish stores. Had they belonged to non-Jews the same thing would have happened. Then, again, the Jews are Bolsheviks and as such they must be treated as enemies, and there is no time for discrimination."

The aspect of Lida had changed somewhat since my former visit. The arrival of a division of soldiery had revived commerce and Jews were profiting; now the coffeehouses were crowded and Polish officers danced with Jewish women; now there was the revelry of military towns.

And the old rabbi who had wept because first the Bolsheviks had tried to destroy the souls of Jews and then the Poles had come to destroy their bodies, now wept with a new bitterness.

"What has come over our people? Jewish daughters in the company of soldiers! A fine comradeship. What will become of them? Drinking and dancing and playing cards and what not, and the parents seem to encourage them for the sake of the piece of bread they may get. But they will pay for it dearly. To me it is torture. No happiness can come from it. I wish I would not live to see it all."

Mr. Gibson himself came to the impression that the woes of Jews were not so heavy as he had heard; that what outrages there had been were those incidental to war which, it must be admitted, knows no refinements; that the conduct of Jews themselves may have been cause for some violent resentments.

The Minister and I drove ahead of our party the next morning through the lovely countryside bathed in the sunlight of a perfect day. We came to a cottage and the Minister proposed that we stop there for a glimpse of the life of country folk. As we approached the house a Jewish girl came out. Mr. Gibson suggested that we exchange identities for this occasion, I to be the Minister of the United States and he the representative of the American Jews.

The girl invited us in. There was her father, a sickly man, and her mother, ill in bed.

And, as usual when one spoke to Jews in Poland, there was a tragic story to be heard.

They had lived there many years, keeping a road house, and before the war had been quite well-to-do. They had a son and two daughters who were in Vilna studying, the boy to be a pharmacist and the girls preparing to become teachers. When the Bolsheviks invaded the territory their younger daughter came to live with the parents while the other children remained in Vilna.

The parents at first heard frequently from them and sent them food, but after the Poles took Vilna all communications stopped and they did not know what had become of their children. From travelers had come vague reports. The daughter had gone with the Bolsheviks to Moscow and the son had been killed by the Poles.

The home of the parents was on a main road of military communication and they had been like dust under the feet of passing soldiers; it was as if death were always parading before their door. A week before soldiers had come demanding ransom. They promised death if money were not given, and the daughter pleaded with them for mercy for the sick parents.

They had an old servant who had saved twenty dollars from long years of drudgery, and with this she purchased from the soldiers their lives. And when they had taken her money, they stripped the parents of their clothing and took even the pillow from under the head of the mother.

The father turned to Mr. Gibson as the representative of American Jewry.

"But tell the Minister that we do not complain. We are satisfied that our lives have been spared. You know it is dangerous now to say anything that the government may construe as criticism. We must suffer in silence. I have no complaint but only a favor to ask."

He hesitated. Life had been without privilege or favor in all the terrible years. He scarcely dared ask to be favored.

"Would it be possible," he asked at length, "for you to give to the goia (the Gentile woman) the money she advanced for our lives? She is a poor woman and gave all she had for us."

And this we did gladly enough, and went our way.

So to Vilna, where it fell to me to serve as interpreter for the inquiry. The Polish authorities told us of the troubles that follow conquerors. To capture Vilna which, by the way, had been a Lithuanian city, it was first necessary to dislodge the Bolsheviks who had it. Then, having driven out the Bolsheviks, it was necessary to discover the secret enemies, for the heads of conquerors rest uneasy. To this end they had equipped the friendlier portion of the population with weapons and ammunition.

The Polish spokesmen told us at first that the Jews themselves had called down disaster upon their heads by firing on soldiers from windows. But later they revised this. It was not the Jews who fired first, but this was the way it happened: The higher command of the Polish Army had gone on in pursuit of the fleeing Bolsheviks and the soldiers who had been left behind had lost control of the armed portion of the populace.

Thereupon Jews were set upon and stores ransacked, but, they insisted, only a few of the noncombatant Jewish population had been killed and order was restored as soon as civil authority was reëstablished.

These things were heard with sympathetic ears by some of the members of our commission, notably the Frenchman and Colonel Bailey of the Red Cross. These looked at the Polish Army through the mist of romance, and every Polish soldier was a Kosciusko, a liberator striking righteous blows for freedom and justice. If Jewish lives were lost, let such tragedies be accounted to the evils that go with warfare.

Representatives of the Jewish people who were summoned as witnesses brought little enlightenment. The commission had resolved to limit its inquiry to happenings that occurred after

the city had been taken and subdued, since, it was argued, anything might happen during military action and even innocents who were not Jews might suffer. But the Jewish witnesses knew only of killings that took place during the bloody process of subjugating the city.

There was killed a widely known Jewish writer, Witter by name.

"And why was he killed?" we asked.

"Because they took him for a Bolshevik. Every Jew was accused of being a Bolshevik."

Now after these hearings, the commissioners argued that there had been no pogrom in the sense in which they thought of it. But I contended that to define a pogrom was not a wise basis for their consideration. Was it our business to say there had been a pogrom or there had not been a pogrom? Our purpose was to discover whether Jews had suffered outrages at the hands of Poles.

And so after the liveliest discussion it was determined that we would not use the term "pogrom," and report simply that excesses had been committed against the Jews.

But it was in Augustowo, rather than in Vilna, that our commission learned of the bitterness and the fear and the danger that beset Jewish life in the Poland that the liberals of the world had been applauding. The Jewry of the city still wept for the two innocents who had been slaughtered by the soldiery, not in battle but under law and order.

One night one of the representatives of the Jews was summoned to the headquarters of the regiment that was billeted in Augustowo. The next morning a Jew, having gone early about his affairs, came upon the man's body in the street. It lay a few feet from the house to which he had been taken.

"And why had he been shot?" the Jewish community inquired respectfully and fearfully.

"He had tried to escape," was the reply. "And a soldier had shot him."

Some thought of asking from whom he could have been

escaping. He was not under arrest. He had been summoned as a representative of the Jewish people. What reason could he have, then, for attempting escape?

But these rash spirits were silenced by their brethren. It would be regarded as insolence to ask these questions, and even greater woe might fall upon the house of Israel. Better it would be to grieve in silence. Better still to buy the good will of the soldiery with gifts. And a collection was taken in the Jewish community wherewith to buy cloth for new uniforms for the soldiers.

If the dog bit he might be appeased with a bone. From old times their fathers and fathers' fathers had purchased peace in such ways. The Jewish populace presented its gift of money for the soldiers' clothing and the commanding officer was profusely thankful, and the Jewry of Augustowo felt the world was safe again.

But a few weeks later a young Jew, popular in the city, was taking a walk and was careless enough to go outside the boundary line of the city, a prohibited area. He was arrested and taken to prison, and the next day it was announced that he had been shot.

Oh, it was an accident this time. It was all in fun. The merriment of officers! In pure jest they had told the young man he would be shot. And in mere gay deviltry they had ordered him to stand against the wall and had summoned a squad of soldiers to aim their rifles at him but not really to shoot. It was all only a good-humored joke. Soldiers must have their fun.

Well, by purest accident one of the soldiers had touched the trigger on his gun and a bullet had sped to the heart of the youth. Oh, it was all done in jest. There was no serious intention. Just gay soldiers having their fun.

But the Jewry of Augustowo was sad, nevertheless, and wept. And many said, "We bought peace only for a few weeks. Is it not better to cry our grief aloud that the world may hear?"

And they cried their grief to us for the ears of the world.

Back to Warsaw, where I was beset by the Jewish press demanding to know what our conclusions were; but these I must guard, for it had been agreed there was to be no publication until after the Minister had made an official report to the State Department. And bitter were the criticisms of me in the newspapers and I was glad enough to continue the journey of inquiry.

Now we went to Lwoff and what we saw and heard left no doubt that hundreds of innocents had been burned and slaughtered, not by reason of military operations but by liberated lust. The living victims of excesses, crippled for life, were before our eyes, in hospitals and on the streets.

But our inquiry suddenly came to an end, for on our return to Warsaw, Mr. Gibson found dispatches announcing that a special commission was on the way from the United States and that our own investigation need go no further; the Minister himself went to Paris where there was published an interview in which he was quoted as saying that no pogrom had taken place in Vilna.

And straightway the denunciations of Jewry were on his head, and Mr. Louis Marshall, who was in Paris, turned upon him one of those devastating statements for which he was well known. Nor was my head spared. The reporter who was responsible for this interview—a protagonist for the Poles—had insinuated that I, as the representative of the American Jews, had signed the report exonerating the Poles at Vilna.

Now I felt the fury of the Jewish press of Poland. I was a traitor to the Jewish people. I was another of those Jews who betray their people for the favor of the goi. I had made common cause with the enemy of the Jews. I had given a blessing to the murderers.

But I must, perforce, remain silent under these denunciations, for I could answer them only by making public the report of the commission, which I was not at liberty to do. I could point only to a statement of the Minister. He had said that all discussions of the contents of our report were unauthorized

and premature; that the nature of the report was unknown to anyone save the investigators and the State Department.

Israel remained bitterly reproachful. The anger of Israel flames like a burning bush that is not extinguished. Who may stand before its heat? Who may stand in comfortable defiance before its withering blast?

The Jewish press in America exclaimed that American Jews who came to Poland only to excuse Polish excesses were worse enemies to Jewry than the Poles themselves. Echoes of this bitter denunciation came from the Polish Jews; my couriers, driving into the provinces bringing relief monies from the Joint Distribution Committee and remittances from American relatives, were met with veiled hostility and suspicion. The office of the Joint Distribution Committee itself in New York appeared depressed by the developments.

It became clear that unless I could regain and hold the confidence of my organization and of the Jews in Poland, my usefulness to them would be at an end.

I arranged for the conduct of the relief activities for some weeks in advance, and left for Paris.

CHAPTER XIX

WITH MORGENTHAU'S MISSION

PARIS, and the loveliness of summer days which in Paris are more lovely than summer days anywhere else in the world. Perhaps I imagined this.

Even cloudy days in Paris would have been perfect to my eyes after that which they had seen in Poland—the misery of poor Jews and the rich ones fattening on pastry; the insolence of Poles; the fears of Jews who lived life by the day; the bogged wanderers on the road; emaciated faces crying, wolf-like, for food; Jewish girls dancing with Polish soldiers for the sake of bread; the ruins of Jewish homes; the dissensions of Israel; the furious anger of Jewry burning unquenchable.

I was almost a continent apart from my well-meaning but unreasonable accusers. I felt comfortable. But now when I sought those to whom I could explain, Louis Marshall and Dr. Cyrus Adler, they were not in Paris, and I became impatient. A man's own unhappy situation seems for the moment the most important thing in the world.

This must be the end of my adventure. I had done my best in a most difficult situation. To be born a Jew is to know only the comfort of one's self-satisfaction; for the brethren are slow with praise and quick with faultfinding. One never expects praise and can live without it; but their faultfinding, often unreasonable, hurts.

I resolved to return to America and began to make arrangements for transportation and bought civilian clothing, getting rid of my military uniform which had become but an unpleasant symbol.

But when Mr. Marshall and Dr. Adler returned two days later I saw that my difficulties were only specks of sawdust

when compared with the heavy beams of tribulation that were on their necks. My aggravations were limited to the boundaries of Poland and theirs had to do with the Jews of the world. The matter of the minority rights of Jews was before the peace makers of Versailles and Jewry did not know itself what it wanted, being hopelessly divided; and the group of it that demanded minority rights was itself cut into small sections, differing on details.

The Jewry of the world was massed in Paris, and the world looked with amazement on the spectacle. After all the centuries of dispersion, after all the destructions, here stood Jewry, immortal, a nation, speaking to the assembled statesmen of the earth. The world marveled at the deathless Jews, scattered over the earth, citizens of many lands, speaking a variety of languages but seemingly united. And those who were not amazed were frightened, or pretended to be, at the homogeneity of the Jew, for it was about that time that there was revived the fable of a world conspiracy of Jews.

But it was only an illusion of unity that the world saw. The representatives of the Jewry of the world had come to Paris on a political mission having to do with the protection of Jews in lands of oppression, and had resolved themselves into a debating society that could come to no conclusions. Some were Zionists who would have nothing to do with any sort of a compromise, and some were groups of English and French Jews who bitterly stood in the way of any decision, being satisfied with nothing, and there was Louis Marshall.

American born, a resonant voice in American Judaism, Mr. Marshall belonged by birth and rearing to that group that regards Jews as a religious entity only. A Jew is an American, an Englishman, a Frenchman, a German; he is not a nation apart; he is a Jew only because he is an adherent of a religious profession called Judaism. He thinks of himself as an American who is a Jew, just as there are Americans who are Catholics or Protestants.

Among uncompromising and fanatical individuals Mr. Mar-

shall loomed, a most admirable figure. Though through all his days he had stood against any separate identification of Jews, he yielded to the realities of the time. It was idle, for example, to speak of Jews in Poland being Poles. They were a people set apart by the Poles themselves, and walls of prejudice stood against them. They were regarded not of the people but as a minority of the population, and their sole protection was in guaranteed minority rights. Mr. Marshall, yielding an opinion that had been a part of his consciousness as a Jew, was seen in Paris as the champion of minority rights for Jews.

By prodigious labors, over bitterest opposition, he brought about at last the appearance, at least, of a united Israel standing before the peace makers with a demand for minority rights; and the guarantee of these rights was put into the Treaty of Versailles and was given the solemn pledge of the assembled nations.

Now when the American Jewish delegates at Paris heard of my intention to return to the United States, they said this was not to be considered. I must return to Poland. Henry Morgenthau had arrived in Paris with an American mission to investigate pogroms in Poland and I must go with him as expert interpreter. I myself had no relish to go back to Poland, but it was rather flattering to have been chosen, inasmuch as it indicated that my record in Poland was not unacceptable to those who ought to be the best judges.

Upon our arrival in Warsaw, Mr. Morgenthau was handsomely and comfortably established in a palace. Counts and countesses came to him, leaving their tributes of respect and their calling cards, and, indeed, it was none other than Ignace Paderewski who called one day.

Mr. Morgenthau was impressed.

What was there to this talk of the Polish nobility being bigoted? he asked. It was all tommyrot.

But if in one hour it was a count who visited with Mr. Morgenthau, the next it was some Zionist. And if in one ear he

received from the Poles expressions of their desire to be kind to the Jews if the Jews would only behave, into the other ear the Zionists poured the woes of Israel.

And if on one day he would pledge stringent measures for the protection of the unhappy Jews, the next day, or perhaps the same day, the Polish officials reconverted him and he promised them to see to it that the Jews acted differently.

So it came to pass that in one day the Jewish newspapers lauded his courageous stand for afflicted Jewry while the Polish press praised him as one "who fully appreciates the faults of the Jewish people and realizes the necessity of changing their attitude."

But as the Jews gained courage from his presence, the acclaim of the Poles began to turn somewhat from him. The press, at first enthusiastic, began to get cold and the anti-Semitic writer, Niemojewski, shot a bolt at Mr. Morgenthau, suggesting that his mission had to do with some Jewish conspiracy.

Mr. Morgenthau resolved that the good name of Jewry must be defended. He must go to see Niemojewski. He must speak to him. He would persuade him of his righteous intentions. Thus he would lay the foundations for permanent Polish friendship for the Jews. His willingness to lay aside the dignity of his office for this cause was admirable indeed but quite quixotic, as it turned out.

Morgenthau went to Niemojewski. They had a long and friendly discourse, but the next day in the newspaper *Dwa Grosha* the saddened Mr. Morgenthau discovered Niemojewski had not repented. He had hurled another bolt at Mr. Morgenthau in comparison with which the first one was only a paper wad. Morgenthau had failed to convert Niemojewski.

It was a sad disillusionment for Mr. Morgenthau, who had liked to believe in the basic justice of the Poles.

Now preparations were set afoot for the trip of investigation, but at the outset the ambassador had fallen into a maze of

contradictions. How could it be otherwise? He was between the Zionists and the Assimilationists. Such distinguished Assimilationists as Professor Ashkenazy, the best known living authority on Polish history, attempted to vindicate the position of the Polish government by explaining that persecutions were due to the attitude of the Jews themselves.

Then came the Zionists with factual reports of cruelties and with assertions of the innocence of the Jews.

Mr. Morgenthau devotedly and indefatigably sought to find the truth between the two and was willing to change his views when he discovered that he was wrong. He listened with patience to whomever had information or opinions to offer. Mr. Morgenthau's chief fault was that he did his thinking aloud. Such a fault leads a diplomat sometimes into undiplomatic speech. The frank Mr. Morgenthau was given to expressing his views in public and, consequently, was put to the embarrassment of contradicting himself as his views changed. And thus the mess became even more complicated.

If Mr. Morgenthau was torn between the Zionists and the Assimilationists, he had besides to contend with the views of the Orthodox group who had not much use either for the Zionists or the Assimilationists.

Eager to help the Jews, he desired also to be just to the Poles. Quite lost, Mr. Morgenthau groped his way in the confusion and it was difficult to predict what his next move would be.

The journey of the mission was an ovation of flowers and flags and massed Jewry cheering and Zionist boy scouts leading processions into towns and banquets and mass meetings. Mr. Morgenthau was the symbol of the justice of America come to guard the Jew in Poland. Sometimes he delighted his audiences and then again he disappointed them.

In Bialystok the Poale Zion and the Bundists boycotted the meeting arranged by the Jewish community organization and

sent a frank note explaining their hostility. It carried faint praise for the ambassador, and for that matter it had little good to say of the Joint Distribution Committee and their representatives.

Mr. Morgenthau's admonition that the Jews should first of all be loyal to Poland was not received with any acclaim and there were those who saw in it proof that the representative of American Jewry had gone over to the enemy. To be a Jew and a loyal Pole at once was an incomprehensible anomaly to people who had been set aside as hostile strangers in the land of their birth.

But it was to be seen that great good had come to the Jews of Poland from the presence of Mr. Morgenthau's mission. In the mind of the Polish population Mr. Morgenthau and his associates represented the public opinion of America which was then still held in high esteem in Europe. Mr. Morgenthau's voice was the voice of Mr. Wilson. The official hospitality extended to Mr. Morgenthau made it evident to the non-Jewish population that the Jews had the concern of the Polish as well as the American government. The good will of the government was contagious among the population, and reports of outrages against Jews diminished.

While the members of the mission were obliged to go about meeting people and receiving social attentions, the staff, particularly Captain Gross and Captain Guthardt, were busily engaged in collecting data, and this they did very carefully and devotedly.

In Lida the commanding general had no welcome for me. He had met me before with the American Food Administration and as a "military expert" later. And now he was disappointed. I had turned out to be nothing but a representative of the Jews.

When he went into executive session with members of the mission I was left out. I sent word demanding whether my presence was objectionable and finally was admitted.

They were discussing the wording of a circular to be signed by Mr. Morgenthau. It was to be thrown from an airplane

over the city of Minsk which was the next objective of the Polish Army. It was to be for the eyes of the Jews of Minsk. It was an appeal to the Jews to support the flag of Poland.

"By shooting from windows," it read, "you are jeopardizing the lives of the rest of your own people. The Polish government will do all it can to protect your lives and the lives of your dear ones, but all will depend upon your conduct. If you take the part of the enemies of Poland you will be treated accordingly, and, with the best of intentions on the part of the authorities, pogroms, under such conditions, become unavoidable. Listen, therefore, to the advice of your friend, the representative of the American people and the entire American Jewry. Signed, Morgenthau."

"And what do you think of it?" they asked me.

My heart protested, but it could not speak before the general. Therefore, I must play for time in which to place before Mr. Morgenthau the danger of this appeal, and the unjust suggestion that it conveyed.

"It is pretty good," I said, "but don't you think that this ought not to be done without inquiry or permission from the military authorities in Warsaw? After all, it is their field and on similar occasions Colonel Grove preferred to have the sanction of the authorities."

But I was answered, "You need not worry that the President will not side with me. I need not waste time for permission. I can do it on my own responsibility."

So the circular was signed and the mischief done. When, later, I spoke to Mr. Morgenthau he wanted to know what my objections were.

"Why, your excellency, you have practically admitted that the Jews on previous occasions shot from their windows. This is a Polish accusation and altogether false. And you have further given the impression that you justify as a military measure the excesses that were perpetrated, and I am sure that your own investigations will prove the injustice of such a conclusion."

Mr. Morgenthau was quick to see the mistake that had been made and quick to make what amends he could to the Jewish people. The representatives of the Jewish press of Warsaw had just arrived in Lida and Mr. Morgenthau gave them a frank statement, attempting none of the concealment that is the vice of most public men when they make mistakes.

"I want whatever I do to be known to the people," he said to them.

"I do not want to do anything on the quiet or in secret. I want you to give all publicity possible to what has happened."

He proceeded vigorously into the investigation of outrages against Jews in Lida; witnesses were summoned; for two days the mission was in almost continuous session; the testimony was an indictment painful to the pride of the Poles, who had been anxious to make a good appearance before the world as a people who had come into liberty and knew how to use it.

And on the third day we went on to Vilna, and our progress through towns and villages was a triumph in which Mr. Morgenthau was the hero of all Jewry. They made a holiday wherever he went, and where on previous visits I had seen Jews bowed down by burdens of atrocious miseries, now they stood with lifted heads, like men looking to the stars.

On our arrival in Vilna we heard that American and European newspapers were reporting that "Mr. Morgenthau finds the news of pogroms to have been greatly exaggerated." By promptly denying this, he brought to himself even the faith of those who had stood aloof, saying, "He is an American Reform Jew. He can have no genuine sympathy with us."

If the living victims of the Vilna outrages derived great satisfaction from Mr. Morgenthau's most thorough inquiry, the Polish authorities were far from happy. There were brought to us the stories of many horrors.

There was the Jewish family—I believe there were seven—which, seeking refuge, was taken in by a peasant on the road to Vilna.

And this way came later a Polish battalion, and when they

heard of Jews concealed in the peasant's house, they battered down the doors which had been locked against them, and seized the seven of the Jewish family, and shot them, and buried them in one grave.

But the aim of one of the soldiers was bad that day and his bullet did not enter the heart of his victim, who fell wounded but not dead. He was buried as dead with the others in the shallow grave.

This one sat before us on the witness stand. He had come from the grave. With his hands he had dug his way out over the bodies of his kinsmen.

"I felt bodies move," he said. "There must still have been life in some of them."

But the worth of the Morgenthau mission was not so much in the revelations of the bloody past in Poland, but more in that it served as an admonition for the future. The mission was the hand of America lifted in a warning that said to the Poles: "An end to these outrages. If you desire the good opinion of America, you must behave in a manner becoming to civilized men."

And the Poles were quick to heed this warning, and shortly, when Polish troops entered Minsk, they behaved with fairly decent restraint.

The mission went on to Minsk and at this point I returned to Warsaw to resume the labors I had left off when I departed that time for Paris.

I found that the American Food Administration had come to the end of its work, and Warsaw was preparing for a great event: Herbert Hoover was coming for a visit to receive the homage of the people.

In the tragic years the conquerors of the earth had received their tributes with a blaring of brass bands and saluting of the soldiery; now the day came for the glory of a humanitarian, and Hoover heard the acclaim of children marching past in thousands and singing songs to him.

The eyes were weary with the sight of glory lavished upon the killers and the ears heavy with the sound of raucous trum-

pets; now the eyes were refreshed by the sight of glory laid at the feet of a savior and the ears by the sound of the children's voices singing, and the heart inspired.

I counted myself happy to be a witness of this great moment, for it is a great moment when, after years of glorification of military might and the celebration of slaughter, a portion of mankind sings the glory of a gentle man.

No Polish king ever received such a tribute of love as that which was for Hoover. The people never tired of feasting their eyes on him during the time he was in Poland, and wherever he was to appear, multitudes assembled. And there seemed no ending of singing and bands playing and children strewing flowers in his way and women lifting tearful eyes to him.

He made a tour of Poland which was a triumph such as no conqueror ever enjoyed, and it was my privilege to follow him. A savior was among them and the people gave their hearts to him. During this tour I had a number of meetings with him and though in the beginning he had been loath to permit us to carry on our work apart from his mission, Mr. Hoover now rejoiced at what we had done.

While the American Food Administration was preparing to depart from Poland, we found ourselves at the crossroads. We had entered the land surreptitiously, unwelcome guests, and the Joint Distribution Committee had come to enjoy the good opinion of the Polish government; we had found a vast hunger, and by the goodness of the Jewry of America we had fed it, not to satiety, perhaps, but the children no longer were running in the streets begging for crumbs; we had averted a catastrophe, and Israel, or a portion of his house, had again been saved in the moment of direst peril.

But we could not now abandon the Polish Jew. Our presence had protected him. Now what could be done to make our protection even more effective? We had spent large sums for his succor. What further ought we to do now to help him?

Our work was only beginning. We were supplementing the food subventions of the American Relief Administration with

other aid to the Jewish institutions, with funds for the purchase of fuel for the coming winter, with means to render emergency aid to the refugees who poured into the cities with each crescendo of hostilities upon the battle front, with special allowances to extend help to the unemployed and the destitute through "communal kitchens" and through subventions for money relief. Near Warsaw we had provided for the establishment of a summer colony where the hunger-crippled children from Dr. Heller's clinic were being transformed into happy runabouts by the magical aid of sun and nourishing food. Throughout Poland, under the devoted skill of Mr. Hershfeld, an effective Remittance Department had been built up, delivering to families in towns and cities the money sent them by relatives and friends in America. But prices were high and supplies hard to get; could not some way be found to have these remittances come in the form of the actual food itself?

Another problem presented itself. What would happen when the time came that the American Jewish relief organization would withdraw from Poland as the American Relief Administration was now doing? We had been careful to avoid, wherever possible, the creation of new institutions, preferring to maintain and increase the already existing agencies, which had behind them the devotion of local groups. Now we must begin to prepare for the inevitable withdrawal of relief; we must invite Poland's Jewry to become partners with us in the task of relief, and later in the work of reconstructing its shattered existence.

To counsel with American Jewry on these questions I now prepared to return to the United States. I had seen the spirit of the Jew reviving at the touch of the comforting hand of his American brethren; he was no more the figure of sorrow I had seen in the beginning. Where he had been desolated, he had now come to a certain self-respect. I felt that from the strength of his brother's hand he could gain the faith to build a new and good life for himself.

CHAPTER XX

AND SO ANOTHER START

AND so, after nine months in Poland, I turned my face toward the United States, leaving Mr. Hershfeld in my place. Having organized a system for the direct transmission of funds from citizens of the United States to relatives in Poland, he had performed a task of greatest beneficence; for thousands now were being maintained by the prosperity of their people in America.

No sooner was I in Paris than I fell into the solicitous hands of the agents of Petlura whom some called bandit and others patriot and who for the moment was the power in the Ukraine. Indeed, even before Paris I was pursued by them and on the train I was approached by a stranger, a Jew, who was full of plans whereby the American Jews might throw their influence to the side of Petlura and make him solid in the land.

Food sent to Ukrainian Jews from America would be regarded as the token of American faith in the intentions and capacity of Petlura.

People would say: "Ah, even America respects Petlura. America as much as recognizes Petlura."

The power of Petlura would increase and his enemies would be humbled, seeing the good will of America behind him. And Petlura would be grateful to the Jews and cause them to be favored.

"In the Ukraine and in the Ukraine only Israel's dream of content will be realized under Petlura!" the stranger exclaimed, and it could be seen that his heart was elevated by his hopes.

"But what of the Petlura pogroms?" I inquired. "Should the Jews of the United States give moral support to a murderer of their people?"

The reports of Petlura pogroms had become a stench even in the nostrils of those nauseated by the Polish pogroms.

"Terrible exaggerations," he replied. "Excesses have occurred here and there, but this was the work of Cossacks who were severely punished by the government."

But I saw that if we gave moral support in the least to Petlura, whose stay in the Ukraine was likely to be brief indeed, the Jews would be made to suffer for it when he was driven out; we might assuage their hunger for a day, but on the morrow they would get death from their enemies. Nor would it profit the Jews of Poland any if we were seen to negotiate with Petlura who, in Polish eyes, was only a rascal whose destruction good Poles devoutly wished, as I heard from Mr. Paderewski. Mr. Paderewski was on the train also bound for Paris and to him I spoke of the unhappy lot of the Ukrainian Jews. He was quite sure that the only good way to save them was to send Polish troops into the Ukraine and take it from the impious hands of Petlura and the Bolsheviks.

So I was not unprepared for the siege of the Petlura lobby in Paris. No American lobby seeking the favor of an unwilling American state legislature ever was more persistent. It possessed a pleasant address and the manners of diplomats. Its most faithful and energetic members were Jews. It visited me daily at my hotel in the persons of two young Jews to sing the praises of Petlura and the hope of Israel that was in him.

It followed or preceded me to Holland where I was to meet Felix Warburg of the Joint Distribution Committee and whom I found to be already under its pressure. One of its number had waylaid him on the boat from the United States. It approached us in The Hague with a sort of ultimatum. We must give an immediate answer: Would the Jews of America do this for Petlura?

The Petlura lobbyists denied vehemently that their idol had sanctioned pogroms; Petlura was the sincere friend of Jews; Petlura would see to it that the Jews were given a just portion of power in the country.

I was not to be persuaded that it was safe to deal with the precarious Petlura, nor was Mr. Warburg. Had we not seen too often how the Jews making peace with one enemy suffered even more at the hands of the enemy who succeeded him? This had happened at Lwoff where the Jews were accused of having been too friendly with the Ruthenians. This had happened also in Vilna where the Jews were accused of being the friends of Bolsheviks. Could we now make friends with Petlura whose victory even then seemed only a bubble, though its gorgeous colors held the eyes of the Jews of his lobby in rapt fascination?

Mr. Warburg postponed his answer, but the lobby pursued us to Paris and later to London.

In Paris there was going about the perennial rumor that the fall of the Bolsheviks was imminent in Russia and, indeed, long afterward it was going about in the world, the wish always being father to the thought. This time the hope of *émigrés* was founded on the issue of a battle that was being fought by revolting sailors at Kronstadt.

We visited the old Russian embassy where the remnants of the Kerensky time were maintaining the shadow of a Russian government. There was a meager treasury of money rescued from the old days; there were the pathetic trappings of official dignity; there were solemn servants standing like statues at doors and in corridors; there were guards; there was the long wait such as one is always made to suffer in chancellories, for the shadowy rulers without a country went through ponderous motions of being absorbed in world-shaking matters of state.

So we came at length to Tschaikowski, who was called the "Father of the Russian Revolution" and who had been a member of the Kerensky ministry, and who still maintained the dignities appertaining to his former office. This was only an interlude; the Russian government merely had moved to Paris for a while; soon it would return; Tschaikowski sat at his desk playing statesman.

Momentarily, he said, the call to Russia would come. . . . Even now the decisive battle was in progress. . . . He was

not the stern democrat of old. Once he despised tsarism, but now he did not even care who ruled Russia after the defeat of the Bolsheviks. . . . To remove this curse, this Bolshevism . . . only that mattered. . . . He was sure the days of Bolshevism were numbered. . . . He turned to the clock. . . . It might be only a matter of hours.

He and his colleagues were certain that the battle was already won; only the inadequacy of communications had delayed the glad news.

Though the presence of imperial grandeur was maintained, and though the livery of the servants was as gorgeous as any government could desire, there was that in the appearance of the Kerensky remnants that suggested that an invitation to luncheon would be gladly accepted; and so it was.

"But let us wait a while, gentlemen," they said. "We are sure to get a telegram from Kronstadt. Then we will be only too glad to go and celebrate our victory with you."

Mr. Warburg, however, was pressed for time and could not wait for the news of victory, which was fortunate, considering that to-day, ten years later, *émigrés* still wait hopefully for the downfall of Bolshevism.

We returned to America with a plan for the more efficient feeding of a large portion of the hungry of Poland. The money that American Jews sent to their people in Poland was a poor commodity to get food with in a country in which food was scarce and high in price.

Therefore, we would propose that these Americans send standardized packages of food which would be more useful than money was in Poland. The Joint Distribution Committee would serve as agent to handle and distribute the packages. And in order that there might be no accusation of partiality, it would handle packages not alone for Jews but also for Gentile Poles. Thus we might gain for the Jews of Poland the good will of their neighbors. Thus, too, we would enable ourselves to put in Poland a corps of uniformed workers to act as agents

of distribution. Any uniform of American Army cut and color would serve for the protection of Jews, inasmuch as it would seem that the puissance of America was behind them.

The Joint Distribution Committee in New York was quick to accept the plan, and money for administrative expenses was granted, and fifteen thousand food packages at $12 each were forthwith purchased, and the enlistment of a personnel to go to Poland was begun.

Shortly, however, the American Relief Administration launched a similar plan, on a much greater scale. Great quantities of food would be shipped in bulk to Poland, where it would be packed as needed; the warehouses of the American Relief Administration would be utilized; the Joint Distribution Committee was invited to join in this plan and, where there were no American Relief Administration warehouses, we could make available the express system which we planned to establish. Coöperation with this larger enterprise appeared highly desirable, and so the Joint Distribution Committee did not press the sale of its own food packages, although many people in America did purchase the coupons which entitled their relatives overseas to the packages.

Now came the difficult business of selecting from a multitude of willing Jews precisely the right ones to go to Poland, wearing the uniform, and endowed with something of the prestige of the highly respected United States. Since, in a way of speaking, their functions would be semi-military, they must have a certain appearance; they must be neither too fat nor too lean; they must be of mature years and yet not too old; they must be fellows upon whom the yoke of discipline would fit. Since they would serve as organizers they must possess certain personalities, and something of Jewish feeling and high intelligence and considerable of the social mind.

Large were the numbers of Jewry who were sure they possessed all this equipment, and bitter was the disillusion of those

who were rejected, and unhappy were those upon whom fell the duty of saying "No" to them. There arose that dissension that we had seen so often before; the three collecting agencies demanded the right to choose men of their own for this service in Poland.

The Orthodox group wanted strict conformists, and for them it was enough that a candidate was a pious Jew, regardless of his lack of qualities to be desired in organizers and leaders.

The professional social workers also felt aggrieved. They thought they should have been exempted from the fastidious requirements by reason of their experience in social service, and they asked, "Do not our past services entitle us to special consideration?" It did not sit well with them to be told they could join only as others did, receiving as modest pay, starting at the bottom and by merit working themselves up to higher ranks.

But, at length, after no little persuasion the various contending groups resolved to leave the business to those who, it seemed, ought to know best what kind of representatives were needed in Poland. And so, twenty-three men and one woman were chosen for service in Poland, and three to go to the Ukraine for investigation—Judge Harry Fisher of Chicago, Max Pine, and Dr. Israel Friedlander. Later these three were to be joined by Mr. Joseph Katz as the representative of the Ukraine *Verband.*

And it was rather a solemn hour when this first unit set sail from New York, early in January, 1920, and a party of Jewry bade them Godspeed. Though they had come to see them off with joyous cheering, their throats became filled with other emotions as they lifted their eyes to these Jewish youths going away for a dedication of themselves.

They thought of them as messengers bearing their love to the distant brethren, and each of them had been asked to be sure and seek this one and that who was beloved—the mother in Warsaw, the brother in Lwoff, the sister in Vilna.

For those to whom the implications of this pilgrimage were

less personal, these youths were glamorous knights going away on errands of peace and mercy. They offered a heart-lifting spectacle to men whose eyes were still sick from the sight of youth leaving to kill and to be killed.

America had come to think of sacrifice as something that had to do with war. War had said, "Give till it hurts." War had said, "Give all." But now we saw a giving for peace and a giving for love, and we beheld a sacrifice that was new in a world that had been marching to sacrifices to the sound of trumpets and the waving of flags and the commands of generals, colonels, captains and lieutenants.

These young men had put aside good employment for a service that could bring only meager pay. They were leaving behind ambitions, successes, comforts, all the safe and sure things of life in America for the uncertainties and hardships of an unfriendly land; and for two of them death was to be their portion.

There were Judge Fisher, eminent in the law and in the social service of America; and Dr. Friedlander, profound scholar and scientist of international repute who put aside his books at the call of this service, and Dr. Peiser, a distinguished social-service worker, the superintendent of a large institution for the care of children; and Elkan Vorsanger, a rabbi who had already been a chaplain in the army in France.

We had among us a young Orthodox rabbi, Ichel Kowalski, whose devotion to this service was to last five years; and various social workers who had resigned from most comfortable places; and a variety of young men who had come to the threshold of careers and had turned away to go to Poland for a work in which there was no promise of material gain, or of careers, or even of glory.

As a special commissioner on health work, we had with us Dr. Charles D. Spivak, founder and secretary of the great sanatorium at Denver, a devoted, dynamic, and fiery protagonist of social work for and by the masses, an ardent nationalist, a lovable personality. When the call for overseas workers had

gone out, Dr. Spivak had wired for details as to what his position would be and what the conditions of the service were. I replied rather tersely that we were not concerned with positions and remuneration, we wanted workers who desired to serve the sufferers overseas without thought of honor or reward. And Dr. Spivak, finely and greatly, had implored me to take him on any terms, so that he might atone, through service, for the moment that he had hesitated.

And he who had been prominent in the United States and he who had shone with the illumination of learning was no more among these pilgrims than the youth who had come from an humble place. The judge whose authority could send men to jail fell under the same discipline as the youngest and callowest of our recruits.

It was a new experiment in Jewry. Had it not been said?—"Jews cannot work together." "Jews as Jews cannot be put under discipline." "Every Jew wants to express his individuality." "If there are three Jews in a social project, there will be at least four opinions among them."

But we were a unified corps. Perhaps it was the semi-military uniform that each wore which imposed a sense of obligation to discipline. Even more, it was the feeling of sacred duty in our hands.

We looked over the ship's rail at the multitude of our brethren on the wharf. There was something worshipful in their eyes, and we knew it was not for us but for the work. We felt ourselves to be the keepers of some ark in which was a portion of the heart of each of these who had come to say farewell.

And so the ship sailed.

While the main portion of the unit went to Paris, the three men who were to be commissioners to the Ukraine sought London in order to learn how to reach their destination; for there was no easy access for messengers of peace and mercy to that unhappy land where guns and barbed wire still marked boundary lines. The Petlura agents were eager enough to help them through, but there was no assurance of safety in their promises.

Nor was there any protection from our government for those who might venture there, for Petlura had not received its blessing. And, for that matter, the protection of the United States would have meant little in a land infested by outlaws without respect for any institution, human or divine.

It was determined, therefore, that the entire unit would go to Poland and there the Ukraine commissioners would await the opportune time and circumstance

CHAPTER XXI

WE ENTER WARSAW

So it came to pass that one day in February, 1921, there entered Warsaw a uniformed corps of Jews who were embraced by Jewry as might have been the Maccabeans when they entered Jerusalem to drive the pagan from the Temple.

Nor was the Polish government behindhand in greeting us, for we were embraced by the Foreign Minister, who gave an official reception for us. And I could not help but recall the wretched day when I myself had come into Warsaw somewhat stealthily, feeling uncomfortable in my borrowed uniform, being not at all sure of my right to wear it.

But though the Warsaw Jews were a unit in welcoming us, their unity ended there. They could cheer us with one voice, but no sooner was the cheering over than they divided into many voices. But this is an old story in Jewry whether of Warsaw or New York.

We plunged into the work at once, scattering ourselves over Poland, each to his place and his task. But, oh, what a task it was to bring this Polish Jewry together in representative committees. It was in four main parts—Zionist, Orthodox, radical, Assimilationist—like that divided mountain that no giant could hold together. No sooner was a representative committee organized than one group, by the play of politics, gained the ascendant, to the disadvantage of the others.

So we resolved to take our work out of Jewish politics. We organized functional committees in the various communities. We placed health service in the hands of doctors; child care went to those who had been in social service, such as it was, and so on. This worked.

We introduced the American "drive" to Polish Jewry. Amid the widespread poverty and misery were some to whom the war had brought wealth, and others who had managed, in the chaos, to maintain their economic comfort. The Jews of Poland must begin, there and then, to carry their share of the burden.

We used all the familiar campaign methods: Full-page advertisements in the Jewish press, calling on the Warsaw Jewry to do its duty; the ballyhoo of teams and quotas, and the competition of teams to attain 100 per cent.

For every mark contributed in this drive, a dollar would be given in America, we announced. A week after the campaign had closed a contributor wrote to ask when and where he would get the one hundred American dollars that had been promised in return for the one hundred marks he had given.

But the enterprise had to be brought to a quick end; the Jews became afraid that the public announcement of contributions might prove dangerous. If it were seen that Jews had money to give away, there might be a special levy of taxes upon them; if it were seen that the Jews had money for their charities, the government might withdraw its subsidies to Jewish institutions. Above all, it was dangerous for Jews to be seen giving large sums at a time when the government was attempting to float a loan to which, it was said, the Jews were not subscribing in sufficient measure.

I doubt if the abrupt end to the drive was a disappointment to the Polish Jews themselves; they seemed to believe that the drive had been started only for moral effect, just as a kind father sets gentle examples for his children.

Soon after this, Judge Fisher and Max Pine returned from Polish Ukraine, bringing a report of unrelieved tragedy. There was no bright spot anywhere in this Ukraine, they reported. The orphan asylums were crowded with anæmic, scrofulous, underfed, and ragged children.

"One goes into a hospital," they said, "only to be aghast at the very appearance of the place and at the absolute abandon-

ment to fate of the poor creatures there. And when you go to the intellectuals for courage, you find them in such an abnormal state of mind that you become more hopeless than before, and the thought takes possession of you that nothing can be done with it all excepting to wipe everything out by some power or other, and create entirely anew. Men of all creeds hate with unrestrained passion. Lying, cheating, stealing have become virtues. Giving and taking of bribes has become an art, and one who lacks this accomplishment is likely to lose whatever means of livelihood he might have; bribery has become almost the very essence of existence."

We had established headquarters for the Polish Ukraine at Rovno and from this center our men sallied out on repeated "raids" to the far-flung towns, bringing food and medical supplies, money relief and individual remittance funds, and the protection of their presence where fear of excesses had been reported.

Judge Fisher and Max Pine shortly left Poland to proceed into Soviet Russia and thence to the Russian Ukraine.

In the meantime we prepared to welcome to Warsaw Dr. Julius Goldman, who had been made Director-General for the overseas activities of the Joint Distribution Committee, personally directing the work in all countries outside of Poland. He was coming for a short visit accompanied by his wife, his daughter, a student of archæology, and Dr. Harry Plotz, a research physician who had made special studies of typhus and was now to undertake to grapple with the epidemic in our territory.

Through long months among the Jews in Poland I had ceased to wonder at the anomalies of their existence, the inconsistencies in their ways of living, and the bitterness of their setting. Perhaps these things had never appeared really strange to me, for they seemed an echo of things I had sensed in the old Russia of my youth. Now I had the interesting experience of introducing the Polish Jew to a cultivated gentleman of the Western

world, a fine representative of the type of Jewish philanthropist from whom so large a part of our relief funds came.

A man of independent means was Dr. Goldman, one whose conception of service in Jewry was strictly humanitarian. He had little use for Zionists who dreamed a Jewish nation; a Jew, he asserted, was always of the nationality in which he lived. He was an American Jew, an English Jew, a German Jew, or a Polish Jew.

Dr. Goldman, long absent from the antagonisms of Jewish life, was now coming into a world of Jewry that was to puzzle him sadly, in which Jews considered themselves no part of the people among whom they lived and who, indeed, set themselves apart in groups from each other.

For most of his days Dr. Goldman had lived in the comfortable American scene of New York where Jews had come to share a goodly portion of the government and to direct a large portion of the commerce, and were politically the equal of all others.

Dr. Goldman was devoted to the principle of one country and allegiance, one people, and he was to be sorely troubled at the sight of Jews in Poland whose hearts were not of Poland and who wore distinctive clothing that set them apart.

Soon the education of Dr. Goldman was to commence. He observed Jews walking about the streets of Warsaw in the traditional garb and with dangling earlocks. Dr. Goldman became impatient. Why do they not clothe themselves in the modern raiment that their neighbors wear? Why must they look different?

The historic significance of their clothing was appealing enough to Dr. Goldman, but why do the children dress that way? A boy of twelve came by, wearing the long coat, the unsightly skullcap of tradition, the earlocks of biblical command.

"Why do you wear this clothing?" we asked him.

"Because my father wants me to."

"And what do you think about the clothing you are required to wear?"

And he answered: "What shall I think? I have my own opinions, but a child must hearken to his father's wish."

Always American Jews new in Poland were asking the question, "Why do the Jews of Poland dress that way?"

And patriotic Poles likewise asked: "Why do they not clothe themselves as we do? Why do they set themselves apart with these ugly coats?"

Once with several American Jews I came to the town of Lowitz, and as we traveled through the country we saw numberless Jews in their distinctive garb which marked them among their neighbors as people to be despised. Now at Lowitz the people were on that day celebrating a holiday in colorful garments of red, yellow, and green—a gay background for the sad, drab raiment of the Jews who were in the midst of the feast but not of it. They wore those long coats that had always been an irritation to the Poles.

The gaudy raiment of the people of Lowitz was unlike any other in Poland. While they were fond of pointing scornful fingers at the distinctive apparel of the Jews, they were proud of theirs, though its history might cause prudes to blush. But time and custom may give the fragrance of sanctity even to that which sprang from the illicit passion of a monarch.

It is related that in the forties the Tzar Nicholas I, happening to pass through Lowitz, laid eyes upon one of its maidens and took her away with him as his mistress. And it was the pride of Lowitz that though she had become the favorite of a Tzar she put on no airs but, on the contrary, kept Lowitz in her heart with undiminished affection. Indeed, it was she who persuaded the Tzar to adopt the town and endow it with his fatherly care.

She thought that, as the protégé of the Tzar, Lowitz should be permitted to clothe itself in a manner that would proclaim its special distinction. For this the Tzar gave his imperial permission and Lowitz blossomed red, yellow, and green and is gorgeous even to this day. And to this day the historic raiment of Lowitz is the pride of all Poland though its origin had to do

with the shame of one of its daughters; but the equally historic raiment of the Jew who wore it even before Lowitz gave its daughter to the Tzar, is despised, and Poles say, "Why do Jews insist on being different from us? Why are they so obstinate, holding to outworn customs?"

Oh, to be a Jew is always to be more puzzled than other people are about life. And the puzzled Jew of Poland, holding fast to his garments, asks: "Why is it that which is a glory for others is regarded as a shame in me? And even the clothing that sprang from the shame of a woman is held in esteem while my clothing is reviled, though these are the garments of my humility."

Dr. Goldman came to a Talmud Torah in Grodno. The Jewish quarter was in a deep hollow in the worst part of the town and the Talmud Torah was in the worst house thereof. Here was instruction for the children of the poor, and this school had gone on even when there was no bread, for the hunger of the spirit for the Torah must be fed even when the stomach languishes.

The class was at the moment studying the difference between "treif" and "kosher" and, desiring to impress his guests with the quality of his teaching, the teacher asked his pupils rather complicated questions:

"If a fish were given you, how would you know whether you could eat it?"

"How is a blind man to tell whether or not food is kosher?"

"May you eat milk dishes after you have eaten meat? But what if the meat is that of a chicken?"

The room was foul, lacking ventilation; the children were in rags; their faces were swollen by reason of undernourishment, faded, with the gray pallor that enduring hunger puts on the faces of children; they had the look of weazened little old men. . . . Little old men who had lived a lifetime only on the fruit of the tree of life which is the Torah.

We hastened to terminate our visit, fleeing from the

foul room as from a plague of death. Dr. Goldman was appalled.

"This is an impossible situation," he exclaimed. "This must be stopped. These children will grow up imbeciles. I suppose by this time they have lost their interest in play and everything."

Dr. Goldman spoke from the fullness of knowledge. He knew a child must have fresh air to thrive; he must have play for full development; he must have freedom. Long ago the scientific pedagogues cast into the oblivion of Middle Ages methods of education like this at Grodno where the child sat the livelong days at his desk under a rod.

But the Jew is always an exception and a contradiction. The laws of nature, as set down by the scientists, say distinctly, "Children cannot thrive in such an environment as this. What kind of men can come of this?" But the Jew arises to answer: "From just such schools as this have come many of our noblest, our most learned and accomplished. They suffered the same harshness, they sat the livelong day in rooms as dark and as foul as this, they were bound to desks by the same hard restrictions, they were instructed by teachers as unscientific. But they survived for finest manhood. Wherein is the immunity of the Jew from afflictions that would crush others? Is it that centuries of oppression and suffering and denial have made him enduring? Have his enemies in seeking to destroy him succeeded only in hardening him for survival?"

And even these underprivileged children of Grodno were not lacking, for, as I was to learn on a later visit, there were among them prodigies of chess players against whom the expert chess player who was with me, the champion of a large city in the United States, was a poor bungler.

It was on a Friday night that we approached a small Jewish community, and from a distance we saw the town bright with lights shining from many windows. The Sabbath was at hand, the Sabbath that is called the bride was about to enter; and no home, however mean, must fail to display the welcoming lights

and no heart, however oppressed, must fail to embrace the lovely spirit.

And we knocked at the first hut to which we came, and we were admitted to the misery of a Jewish household in which two small candles threw large shadows that hung there like evil portents.

A few broken chairs, a table, a bed, a heap of straw in a corner—these were the furnishings. A mother, a father, a son, a married daughter, her husband, their infant, another daughter reading a book, a grandmother—these were the inhabitants.

The Sabbath had come and now were rest and peace. Sophistication asks: "Rest from what? And what peace? Was there rest from hunger? Had fear made peace with them?"

But sophistication is insensible to the mystical peace that the Sabbath bride brings to those who welcome her. The men had been to the synagogue and each of them had been accompanied home by three angels, as it is told, to be the guests of the household, and to drive away what evil, what hunger, what sorrow, what strife lurked there. Peace and rest were in the hut.

"And whither come the strangers in the night from the road with the Sabbath?" they asked in Polish.

And I answered in Yiddish: "We are Jews from America," at which the women made haste to dust the broken chairs for our comfort.

"From America you have come to us."

"From America you have come and found us."

"What wonders are in the hands of God!"

And we must stay and eat with them. They had only milk to offer, they said, but God is good. How long ago was it that they had not even that? In the darkest hours He shows his goodness.

"Come, you must share with us the goodness of God."

"We carry our food with us," we replied. "You need not worry."

"But," the father pleaded, "shall we let the strangers pass without sharing what we have with them? . . . The goodness of God is in all things. When darkness had fallen upon our Sabbaths He brought us light. These candles were sent by the American brethren. We get a candle a week, but we don't use it week days, saving it for the Sabbath. We save it for the blessing of the candles on Friday, and it is again as it was in the old times when there were always candles for the Sabbath."

And after talking a while we went our way, sensing the elevation of men who had stood at an altar and perceived something of the divine presence. We drove solemnly through the night toward Brest Litovsk.

My visits to Brest Litovsk had been casual and hurried. There was the time I passed through it with the Red Cross and the other time, that unforgettable day, when I was hastening back to Warsaw, having been apprised of the Pinsk horror. Now we came to Brest Litovsk for a day and were in the city of dreadful nights and days; there were no lights nor water save that which was carried in barrels from the river a mile or more away; the torn-up streets were swamps of green ooze in which offal decayed with vile exhalations.

We passed the night in a small inn bearing the fashionable name "Hotel Ritz," which was droll vanity for a shack which was divided by wooden partitions into cells that were called rooms.

The Jews of Brest Litovsk lived in the ruins of their old habitations, for the most part in the cellars with hunger and sickness. The children were in rags and on their faces was the emaciation that assumes a gray color when hunger becomes an old story.

Jewish life seemed as prostrated as Jewish houses, and yet even amid its ruins Jewish life had vitality enough for argument and dissension. Amid their physical miseries the Zionists found no little comfort in the supremacy they enjoyed in Brest Litovsk Jewry; the Orthodox were in a quarrel with their rabbi

and yearned for a new one, the son of the great Rabbi Berlin, who was a refugee in Warsaw.

Hunger was in his stomach and rags were on his bones but the spirit of Israel was strong; and I saw that even his strife was good, for it was life.

Since it was Saturday the Jewish leaders prepared for us a special meal from their meager supplies and made of it a festal occasion with all the ceremonial that goes with the Sabbath feast and with songs afterward. And with what vast gusto they sang "Hatikvoh," the Zionists' anthem; their eyes glowed with the vision; their voices rang with the yearning of their hearts.

Dr. Goldman was affected. He had come to perceive at least why the loyalty of impoverished Jews reached out to a land far beyond the one that gave them shelter.

"Their life is miserable enough," he said, "and I suppose it is a blessing that they are naïve enough to believe in the future of the Holy Land."

But the more comfortable and fatter Zionists of Warsaw were not understood by Dr. Goldman. Many of them lived in good houses, they ate regularly, their clothing was often as good as ours, they had European educations.

This distressed Dr. Goldman.

"How can they be tied up with a movement so terribly impractical, even harmful to the welfare of the entire Jewry?" he inquired.

Dr. Goldman's puzzlement was soon to be somewhat enlightened, for on our return to Warsaw a meeting was arranged in which he was to come face to face with these incomprehensible Zionists.

He came well prepared to tell them precisely what he thought of them and to admonish them to recede from their "pernicious practices"; they were prepared to convert Dr. Goldman to Zionism and, if not that, at least to persuade him of the futility of opposing them.

But if he came to lecture Zionists, Dr. Goldman stayed to

marvel at their ability and intelligence; and if he was not converted by them, he at least came to see their side and from seeing became less aggressive in his opposition to them.

And from Zionists Dr. Goldman turned to a study of Assimilationists. They were more understandable than Zionists to American Jews. They were a cultured class, exhibiting, at least, the externals of culture; their manners were European; they had poise; in them was none of that excitable nature of the East European Jew, so irritating to the self-possessed American.

But they offended the American's sense of right and justice. The American, however far from pogroms he lived, could feel horror and indignation at reports of anti-Jewish excesses; he damned governments that tolerated them. But the Assimilationist in Poland was not so sensitive to wrong inflicted upon his brethren who were his neighbors. Their cries of distress were in his ears but seldom in his heart. He gave thought to his own business and political standing and his active sympathy was rather with the government than with his brethren.

"The Jews are themselves to blame for these things," he said, at times, and was rather resentful of American-Jewish interference in a matter that he regarded as his own business; but weakly enough did he attend to it.

Then there was the Orthodox branch, in particular the Chassidic branch, which was no more comprehensible to American eyes than might be some survivor of the Middle Ages who had been walking on the earth all these years. They lived amid mediæval shadows which colored their philosophy of life; they walked in a world of fantasy illuminated by the teachings of the ancients, for there was no other knowledge worthy of the mind of man.

Theirs was the only world of reality and light and beyond it was only darkness. To be sure, the outer world must be dealt with for, unhappily, one must always be rubbing elbows with its benighted inhabitants. One need not scruple in dealing

with them, and that which might be sinful among pious Jews might be righteous dealing if done to the stranger.

So if they were proud, unbending people in their own world, they were cringing and compromising outside; if they honored a stern code among themselves, they were untruthful and even treacherous in the dark realm in which, perforce, their physical entities must at times endure.

But we Americans could not be without appreciation for these people who adhered so faithfully to the religious ways of their ancestors, who preferred an ancient piety to the comforts they might acquire by abandoning it, who were so stubborn in their convictions and so content with themselves amid surroundings so hostile.

Even their privations were not felt by them as poignantly as by those who came to help them; their religious exaltations elevated them beyond the feeling of want.

The radical Jews were next examined. To be a radical was not to entertain any one set of ideas; radicalism was kaleidoscopic and of many patterns. Like radicals generally, the Polish ones were class-conscious but not coöperative.

Though they accepted the bread that was for all the population, they nevertheless insisted on getting it apart.

When Dr. Goldman was preparing to meet their leader—the chief of the Bund—his mind, doubtless, conjured the fearsome figure of an anarchist as popularized in American newspaper cartoons. Instead, there advanced to meet Dr. Goldman a surprisingly genteel-looking person, Mr. Medam. Mr. Medam's manners were as exemplary as those of any cultivated European; Mr. Medam was of the gentlest.

From casual conversation, the talk came to the business at hand. It was the desire of the American Committee, Dr. Goldman said, that all the work of relief be in the hands of one local committee in which the radicals would be represented.

Mr. Medam was polite but firm.

"I am sorry. This can never be. We shall never work with

our enemies. To do so would not be in accord with our principles. Therefore, we cannot serve on the committee that you propose."

"But," Dr. Goldman argued, "don't you see the advantage of coöperation? Can't you explain to your people the unreasonableness of their position?"

Mr. Medam was not to be moved. He spoke softly.

"This is our ultimatum and further discussion is superfluous." And so ended the discussion, with Mr. Medam bowing us graciously out of the room.

Dr. Goldman had seen the varieties of Jewry and stood quite puzzled, as in our childhood we were puzzled by the cut-up pictures we were given to put together.

Even the various groups of Polish Jewry were in parts and there was no unity even of the group.

I believe that it was about that time that the money of an American millionaire was reviving the old story of a united, world-wide Jewry, acting together to bring about terrible consequences to mankind, the more terrible because of the relentless solidarity of the Jews.

Although dislocated, horribly mistreated, suffering want, these Jews would not unite for the common good, because each group feared that by union some opposing group might be made stronger. Their prejudice prevailed even above their miseries.

Just at this time the Polish Army commenced a strong offensive against the Soviet forces in the south; the Russians retreated toward Kiev with the Poles advancing upon them. It was rumored that May 3d, the Polish national holiday, would be celebrated by the capture of Kiev. The thought of what fate might await the Jews in the captured cities troubled us; they had been under the Bolshevik régime for several years and now they would be at the mercy of the vengeful and victorious Polish soldiery.

I instructed Captain Voorsanger to proceed to Rovno and from there endeavor to penetrate through the Polish lines into

the newly occupied towns. Dr. Spivak offered to go with him; as a physician he might be enabled to move more freely into places where need for his services might exist. They got as far as Berditchev, were stopped by the military patrols, and returned to Warsaw under guard.

Immediately upon learning of this, we communicated with the government; we were certain the civilian populations in the captured towns would be found to be in dire need. Would the military staff permit us to send six carloads of food supplies, clothing and medicaments for general distribution to the institutions for the poor in Kiev? We received official sanction to load the cars and send them on; transport facilities were placed at our disposal.

The authorities at Warsaw had been gracious, but in order that the Jews might be protected from pillage and murder, it was necessary that on the very front the officers and even the common soldiers should feel well disposed toward the Jewish people. With this in mind, we had seen to it that the cargo accompanying our men contained fifty thousand American cigarettes.

Voorsanger and Spivak reached Kiev shortly after it had been taken. They reported to the military command there, and presented the cigarettes as the gift of the Jews of America. Immediately they became important officials; they visited with the local Jews undisturbed; they left funds with the Jewish institutions; they established a mixed committee of Jews and Gentiles to distribute the supplies brought with them. When they returned to Warsaw, they brought back with them thousands of letters addressed to people in America from relatives who had been cut off from communication for years.

Thus we gained admittance to a forbidden territory; we fed and clothed many; we negotiated communications between thousands of Jews in Russia and relatives in America who had not heard from them for two years and did not know whether they were dead or alive; we established a sort of post office

through which thirty thousand letters were transmitted to relatives in America; and in performing this epic task our men exposed their lives to gravest dangers.

I went back to New York to report our achievement to America Jewry whose drooping spirits constantly needed stimulation, and to ask for additional funds for the alleviation of miseries in the Russian territories that the conquest of the Poles was opening to our hands. But in the United States the Jewish press lifted its voice in a chorus of condemnation.

"Cigarettes, indeed! Cigarettes for the Polish bandits! The Jews of America give their money for bread for their people and they buy with it cigarettes for the bandits!"

Our chiefs in New York demanded explanations.

"What did this mean? With the money that is given for bread you buy cigarettes for the Polish soldiers!"

From their comfortable chairs in New York skyscrapers they could look across the ocean and find fault with those who, in a difficult time, in a difficult land, were doing their best with whatever means were at hand. We did not answer them. To have answered them would have been to make public motives which at that time were better concealed in our hearts.

If we expected no appreciation we, at least, wanted no hindrances; but these were constantly being thrown in our way by our American sponsors. What about this? And why have you not done that? And why did you do the other thing? So it went, and our work which was difficult enough was made the harder.

But momentarily the Jews became united brethren again in the shadow of a tragedy that fell upon us. The voices lifted in dispute and recrimination suddenly were silenced by the news that two of our workers in Poland—Dr. Israel Friedlander, professor in the Jewish Theological Seminary, and Rabbi Bernard Cantor—had been murdered. In the service of mercy they had perished, and the eyes of men, sated by the spectacle of sacrifice in war, now beheld the glory of those who lay down their lives for their brethren. And when the first

shock of sorrow had passed, there was indignation and people asked: "Why were these men exposed to danger? They were not enlisted for active service but for counsel and leadership, for their knowledge of the Jewish people in Poland, for the inspiration of their characters? Why, then, were they sent into a zone of gravest danger to lay down their worthy lives in a needless sacrifice?"

And blame was hung on leaders by men whose judgment came from their sorrow and not from knowledge of the facts.

One may say of the noble Friedlander that he chose the post of danger, motivated by a certain pride that is often in men who are by nature timid. A man of books and of the cloistered halls of learning, he was neither by nature nor by training prepared for the hardier exploits of a relief worker in Poland. His gentle character was respected and where there was the least of danger he was never sent.

Our solicitude annoyed him. Why was he the exception? Why was he guarded from dangers? he demanded. If there was hardship he must share it with the others. We saw a timid soul struggling manfully to overcome its weakness.

When the Petlura portion of the Ukraine was opened to us, he insisted on going there. Gently we attempted to dissuade him from this, but he was not to be moved. He must go. Why should he be exempted from dangers that others must suffer? he asked.

In the end it was decided that Dr. Friedlander might go but not alone; he was to be accompanied by the military captain of the unit, a doctor and field worker. And so he went. But at a critical moment the group separated and Dr. Friedlander chose to go alone. When he was preparing to depart, fate brought Dr. Cantor who was passing that way, and he offered to accompany Friedlander, and both were killed on the road to Lwoff. Who killed them was never to be known, though some surmised that the murderers were bandits who then infested that region and others that they were killed by Bolsheviks who took them for Poles, and still others that

the murderers were Polish soldiers who thought they were Bolsheviks.

Polish Jewry wept for them in the streets of the cities, and in the synagogues memorial services were held and their martyrdom still is a story in Poland.

And on top of tragedy came reports of demoralization within our unit in Poland. We had been very proud of our discipline. Here, at least, we said, was one unbroken section of Jewry. Behold, with what machinelike precision it functions! See how each part fits well into its neighbors, and all working in a perfect unity!

Reports were that our machine had begun to crack, and it was a horribly inopportune time. The tables had been completely turned on the unhappy Poles and from conquerors they had become ignominious runners, retreating before the swift advance of the Bolsheviks and giving up even Polish territory to them. We were caught between the armies, for here and there we had followed the victorious Poles into Russia and had established bases of supply. And now what were we to do?

Should we evacuate with the Poles or should we hold our ground and continue our distribution? We had immense stores of supplies everywhere in Poland, and there was no telling where the Bolsheviks would be next, for they were advancing like some swift-moving machine.

So in a time when our unit should have been functioning with a clear head, it scarcely had a head at all, and two of those from whom leadership might have been expected fell into a quarrel.

Dr. Goldman was in despair and cried out his hopelessness over the ocean in a message:

"Getting reports of the utter breakdown of the Polish unit. Grave dissensions have broken up unit. Those remaining, however, said to be doing their duty under adverse circumstances.

"Scant precautions are being taken to save bank accounts, warehouse supplies, and records. All American organizations

have long since packed all or greater part of their supplies in cars ready for evacuation. We have done substantially nothing and large stores valued at hundreds of thousands of dollars are in danger of being either appropriated by Polish authorities or by the enemy capturing the city (Warsaw). Whether the city is evacuated or not, preparations should be made for removal of present head and entire unit reorganized and replaced with new head and personnel as soon as feasible. Present personnel exhausted and badly needs rest. My going to Warsaw impossible due to military situation and would be of no avail."

But from the faithful members of the unit who had stood their ground came the brave assurance of youth not to be dismayed, but between the lines of their message more of the dreadful truth was to be discerned than in their courageous writing:

"The activities of Overseas Unit No. 1 for the past few weeks will go down in the history of the Joint Distribution Committee's work as a marvelous achievement. The tragic death of two members of the unit has added to the general danger of the political situation and has necessitated that each and every member of the unit exert himself to the utmost in order to meet the conditions successfully.

"The attention of Mr. White, American *chargé d'affaires,* was called to a number of clippings of propaganda and agitation against the Jews. He promised to interest himself and do all in his power to prevent the pogroms that were threatened.

"The political situation is becoming more acute and the successful drive of the Bolshevik troops have put cities like Warsaw, Lemberg, etc., in the danger zone. . . . A great number of refugees, fleeing from all parts of the territories invaded by the Bolsheviks, have created quite a problem on our hands.

"Financial transactions are becoming more and more difficult and while the people clamor for money that had already been sent them by their friends in the United States, these remittances cannot be delivered for lack of Polish or

foreign exchange. The banks have practically stopped operating."

So the Jew had taken up his burden again and had resumed his timeless rôle as wanderer fleeing before enemies; and so the pitiful semblance of well-being that we had been able to establish was crumbling under the feet of armies; and so we must make a new start to rebuild our house of cards; and in America there was consternation and fear and indecision.

Some said: "Why keep these young American Jews in Poland to risk their lives and come, perhaps, to the same fate as befell Friedlander and Cantor? Let the Polish Jews themselves undertake the distribution."

And others said: "Let us not waste any more money in an impossible situation. Let us wait for the more peaceful future when we may apply our money to constructive effort."

There were few to say: "Let us see this through. Shall we leave our brethren to their fate because it is unsafe to help them?"

But in Poland the brave handful of our unit continued at its devotions without fear. Notwithstanding instructions from superior officers they stood firm at their posts of duty, refusing to run. Two had perished, but this admonition did not hold the survivors from going about their duties, unprotected. Were two dead? And had some failed? Well, then, this meant only that those who were left must serve even more faithfully. And this they did with a valor that should be sung if Jewry, which likes rather to throw stones, ever erects pedestals for the elevation of its heroes.

The sorry state in which affairs in Poland had fallen caused me to return to that land in September, 1920. Again Felix Warburg was a fellow passenger; he was going to Europe for a visit with his people. He had earned a vacation, considering the travail that is on the head of anyone who attempts to lead Jewry, especially a Jewry as heterogeneous as were the elements that composed the Joint Distribution Committee of which he was the head.

Mr. Warburg had held the parts of Jewry together as no other man could have done. Unity in Israel was his ideal, and he rejoiced to have in his hand the instrument by which the semblance of unity, at least, had been created in America. Where others were obstinate, he was willing to compromise; where others pointed with scorn to the weaknesses of some of the elements, he respected their merits and was their friend.

The unity of Israel was not always a symphony and, at times, a dissonance was heard, but he knew how to restore harmony.

Now, however, the brethren were getting tired of peace as the burdens and complexities increased; and those in the work from whom help was expected had become only causes of anxiety; and where there should have been discipline there was rivalry for leadership; and where there should have been leadership that commands respect there was arrogance that earned contempt.

Mr. Warburg was saddened by these manifestations and the burden of responsibilities became almost a crushing weight. He had begun to feel that the time had come for some other to take them up, or, perhaps, that the time was at hand for the Jewry of America to lay aside the tragic load altogether.

And though he had gone on a vacation, Mr. Warburg was not one to leave his burdens behind, and they oppressed him on his journey. He thought of what might be done to reorganize the service and he saw that drastic things must be done. Feelings might be hurt and Mr. Warburg was concerned with ways to make changes gently. If these workers had made mistakes, they had, at least, meant well, he said. He respected them for their good will.

He might have been accused of weakness, but this which might have been called weakness was the nobility of him. He was capable of overlooking the faults of men and seeing only their virtues. He was misunderstood by those natures that magnify small faults to beams and diminish the virtues of men to motes.

And so we came to Paris where Dr. Goldman, being close to exhaustion, was given release and James Becker took his place as temporary European director; and I went on to Danzig, where most of the members of our unit were awaiting me.

A year before Danzig had been German; now it was predominantly Polish. Polish was the official language; the railroad porters spoke it; the buggy driver spoke it; the servants in the hotel spoke it. The streets were dirty. A free city, Danzig had nevertheless been Polonized.

The city was full of refugees awaiting their turn to sail to the land where there was never a pogrom and bread was plentiful and where a Statute of Liberty filled the eyes of the wanderer upon his entrance; but many of them were never to sail by reason of faulty papers.

Now the tide of Bolshevik invasion had stopped and fallen back, the Russians and the Poles having patched up a truce. Now, it seemed, we might return to Warsaw and resume our work amid the ruin of our past accomplishments and the prostration of economic life that had followed the invasion. There had been pogroms. Hundreds of thousands of dollars sent by citizens of the United States to relatives in Poland through the Joint Distribution Committee were in an almost hopeless tangle, because the records were mislaid and nobody knew precisely where to go to find them. And so a prodigious job of untangling was ahead of us and weeks and months would pass before the last knot was cut.

And so our men saw that this was no time to quit but rather to begin again; and within forty-eight hours we were on our way to Warsaw.

The fault had not been in these glorious young men, but in their leaders who had no sense of the moral value of encouragement and appreciation. Now as courageously as on the day they left New York they turned their faces to Poland, where they had already seen disappointment and sorrow enough.

CHAPTER XXII

TRANSITION

WE returned to Warsaw to be besieged by a clamoring multitude demanding remittances from America that were in our keeping, and in such confusion. And why did we not pay them at once? they asked, weeping, shouting, cursing, and threatening on the street before our office. And where was the honor of the American Jew, withholding the just due of his Polish brethren? And what tricks were we up to? And the scene was like that of a run on some American bank, and anguished was the fear of many, and almost futile our assurances that in good time all would be well. And, goaded by the pleadings of the crowd, we were disentangling ourselves sooner than we thought we could, and after two days and nights we opened the office for payment. And then it was that fury broke on our heads, like a wild, hot wind.

Large amounts of these remittances had been changed from dollars to Polish marks. So that now we had only vanishing marks with which to pay our people. And great was their lament and just their protest. For many of them this disaster was the end of hope, since their remittances were to have been used to buy tickets to America; and these were left homeless as well as hopeless, since, anticipating the happy journey, they had sold all their belongings. There were others who had come long distances to Warsaw to get their money, and now their remittances had diminished so that they had not enough to pay the train fare home.

They stood at our doors, calling upon Heaven to witness our wrongdoing. We who had come to feed them were taking the bread from their mouths, they said. We had come as friends, but what enemy could do worse to them? they asked.

We had come as brethren, but was this the way of a brother? To give them less than half a loaf when their just due was a loaf!

But what could we answer them? Our anguish was no less than theirs, and we spoke to them to no avail, not even convincing ourselves. Then the Jewish press opened a ferocious attack on the Joint Distribution Committee, accusing it of taking improper advantage of the poor whose money had been entrusted to it, and we became the villains of the scene. We saw that justice, if not our good names, demanded that we make adjustments, and this we did; and peace returned to Jewry in Poland and comfort to our hearts.

But shortly the Jewish press of the United States heard of our unhappy situation and, trained in the American school of journalism, they knew how to let loose blasts far hotter than those of the Polish press; and a new Jewish newspaper vastly increased its insignificant circulation by charging flagrant robbery and imputing other crimes as heinous. And such was the distress of the directors of the Joint Distribution Committee that, despite our cabled assurances, they sent a group of auditors to us.

Auditors must impress the layman with their wizardry with figures and scarcely had ours been there a day than they cabled to New York that the loss would be about five million dollars. Then desolation was heavy on the hearts of our sponsors in New York.

Auditors must be fellows who work by rules of a stern system, as cold as their rows of figures, and now the warm-hearted devotion of our unit fell under their icy spell. System! System! System is a body of death crushing the spirit of social service, and the sacrificial enthusiasm of our workers diminished and their faith was less.

System came now to Poland as god of the spirit of social service in Poland; a jealous god that had no sense of the ideals of our work, and desired no familiarity with them. It established itself apart from us, as an institution that was not

to work with the spirit of social service but over it, a brooding, critical god that soon came to be despised. If it set itself apart from our workers, they preferred also to stand aloof from it, reluctant to give any information, lest they be distrusted. They knew only the shadow of it, and the shadow fell like a scourge on their hearts.

"In what bank," asked the head of the accounting department, "do you keep the money?"

And one of our workers answered: "We do not have any money on deposit in the banks. We usually keep the money under the bed or in suitcases when we are on the road."

The consternation of the accountant was pathetic to see. Money under beds! Money in suitcases! He could scarcely conceive of a situation in which banks did not operate, save those of the government, and even these were not safe depositories. But he learned that sometimes System must be tempered to the facts of a case, however disagreeable and unthinkable the facts are in an efficient world.

Now System cast its cold eye on the payments we were making of remittances sent from America. In this we were following the rule of justice, inasmuch as the mark had fallen since this money had become snagged in our hands. It was no fault of the unhappy recipients that there had been unfortunate delay and confusion in the distribution. Certainly it was only just that the Joint Distribution Committee should make up somewhat the loss in the value of their marks; certainly it was not right that a man should receive the equivalent of ten dollars for a remittance that was worth a hundred dollars in the first place.

The amount that each was to receive was determined by a local committee and their determinations were based on the needs of the recipient.

But System said: "Is this the way of business? Does business stand losses? Does business give money away? No! This must stop. This is not regular."

And when the people came to get their just due, they were

turned incontinently away. No! There would be no more adjustments. They must take what their remittances are worth to-day. System! System!

But the eyes of the people were not enraptured by the glory of System, but, on the contrary, they wept, and women fainted in our offices, and men cursed, and in the day and in the night they beseiged us, and the press attacked us, saying: "Woe is forever upon us. If it is not our enemies who cause us to suffer, it is our friends."

Then System changed its mind and said: "We will resume these payments. But this isn't business. It isn't regular. We guess we must pay them, but it isn't regular."

To be sure it was not regular. It was not good business. But it was decent; it was just; it was humane; it was nobly Jewish.

So System learned that sometimes regularity must be tempered to justice. In the end when all the records were complete the accountants were obliged to admit that their estimate of $5,000,000 loss was slightly exaggerated; no money was lost.

Their panic proved without foundation, but the injury it caused was not to be calculated.

CHAPTER XXIII

AND AFTER THREE YEARS

WE were now in the year 1921 and some three years had passed since I had entered Poland on suffrance. The time of direct need was over and many of those who had been in this work of relief through all the bitter years since the beginning of the war were tired, and others were disgusted, and the people whom we had been feeding now asked for something more lasting than bread, wanting a chance to get on their feet; and, besides, our funds were running low.

So now James Becker, who had been serving as European director, summoned a conference in Vienna to determine what to do next and to prepare to liquidate the relief work within six months, save in portions of Poland, in the Ukraine, and in Palestine. Not that we were to abandon the brethren; for the bread program we substituted a plan of construction to include the care of children, medical activities, a loan fund, and the subvention of trade schools.

These determinations having been made, Mr. Becker returned to New York to get the blessing of our sponsors for his plans, and Howard Ganz of New York volunteered to go to Europe to manage the liquidation.

Mr. Ganz brought to this service a talent for business, an orderly legal mind that could not tolerate slipshod methods, and a keen scent for irregularity which had been developed when he was assistant to the famous Mr. Jerome, the district attorney of New York, and a great human sympathy that made him acutely aware of the social emphasis of our relief problems.

Mr. Ganz proved a unifying influence at the head of the European Council and in a short time rapid progress was being made toward liquidation. This was accomplished with little

protest on the part of the beneficiaries. Relief moneys that had been placed in the hands of local committees were transferred to constructive purposes. If we had feared that this withdrawal of relief might cause pain we were agreeably disappointed. We withdrew gently and gradually and with the consent and coöperation of the local committees.

And thus, in Poland, it came to be known that American Jewish generosity was not a perpetual fountain. The people were gradually to be taught to help themselves, to take over the responsibilities we had carried, to walk without crutches. The lesson could not always be easily given to people who had been walking only by support for some six years and who had lost faith in their power to walk alone.

But this difficult business was slowly learned and, indeed, the Polish Jew was happy to be on his own feet again.

I remember the time when the Mizrachi, the Zionists of the Orthodox wing, were notified that from a certain date we would reduce the sums they received for the support of their orphans' home and school and that after a certain period they must go without American help.

Great was the lament at this, and the Mizrachi leader, Mr. Farbstein, threatened to bring all the children to the office of the Joint Distribution Committee to present a sort of pageant of helplessness to our hard hearts. Thus he would say to us: "Here are the children. Now they are in your hands. Do as you like with them, but if you turn them into the streets the crime is on your heads."

But in the end Mr. Farbstein thought better of his plan to leave his orphans on our doorstep, and a while afterward he came with accusing looks behind which he was unable to conceal a quizzical smile.

"Come with me," he commanded, "and see with your own eyes how miserable and neglected are the children that you Americans scorned."

And he took me to a new orphans' home recently built and full of well-nourished and most cleanly children.

"You see," he said, beaming, "we exist better without the Americans and I tell you it is much better so. We know this is our own."

So it went, and other institutions as well continued to function long after outside assistance was withdrawn; some of them flourish unto this day; a few perished. Israel was learning to walk alone again, and this was better than anything that had been seen in all the sick years. This was better than our successes in supporting him, and nurturing him and raising money for him. Israel's soul had become courageous again and he was getting faith in his capacity to do for himself; Israel's pride lifted his heart again and he was happy to do without help.

And though we had served him well through years that in retrospect seemed the length of ages, we saw that now in withdrawing our help we had served him even better. He was being reconstructed.

But we must not leave Poland without having built the machinery by which these people might help themselves. They must be organized as self-governing bodies and for this purpose there appeared on the scene at this time one who was eminently qualified. Alexander Landesco had had a varied career in social service and in business and even had had a fling at municipal politics. A Roumanian by birth, he had studied law in the United States and had engaged in social work in Milwaukee and Cincinnati and in the latter city had had his hand in municipal government, being the secretary to the mayor of a reform administration.

And from the City Hall he had gone into a bank of which, eventually, he became the managing director. But in the presence of the East European tragedy he had become conscious of the unimportance of the routine of a bank; then he abandoned the comfort and security of the cages of the bank and enlisted with the Joint Distribution Committee and was sent to Roumania whence he had come.

Alexander Landesco was put in charge of reconstruction and

organized local committees and brought before the eager eyes of Jewry a plan for economic rehabilitation, through coöperation, and Israel rejoiced in the happiness of being permitted to do for himself. The feeling of independence revived him. He was no longer to be the passive recipient of dollars; he was to be the partner in a business enterprise with his American brethren.

That which was proposed was fundamentally a Jewish bank, financed by the Joint Distribution Committee and the Jews of Poland for the purpose of establishing a loan fund by which Jewish business and industry were to be resuscitated.

To this plan Mr. Landesco gave the expert knowledge of a banker, the counsel of a lawyer, and the vision of a social worker. And everywhere committees were elected and officers chosen and constitutions and by-laws drafted. And where Jewry had quarreled over bread, it now behaved with the dignity becoming to strong and independent men who walked on firm ground after many years of helplessness on uncertain sands. Everywhere the people began to raise funds on the shareholding plan and everywhere those who had saved anything from the wreck of the tragic years came forward with money to invest.

But in America the business men of our committee were cautious, and though they had been generous even to rashness in the years of relief, now they became the stern bankers they were accustomed to be; this was business. And some were skeptical, and others asked who would be responsible for damage suits and other liabilities such as are always likely to fall on a business venture, and still others wanted to know what would happen if at any time the Joint Distribution Committee withdrew from the partnership.

Unhappy was the situation of Hebert Lehman, idealist and banker in one. He was the chairman of the reconstruction committee.

Idealist Lehman said, in effect: "Ah, this plan is a splendid thing. It contains the germ of a new and good life for our

brethren. It is the noblest of philanthropies in that it will enable the recipients to find bread for themselves."

But Banker Lehman replied: "We must be careful. This is a business venture. We must carefully study this as we would any other purely business enterprise. What is the possibility of loss and what is to be the gain for those we desire to help? We must be careful."

Mr. Lehman was torn between his overflowing heart and his inhibiting banker's head. Mr. Lehman was unfortunate among bankers. If other bankers have only strong heads he had also a soft heart. Mr. Lehman's heart was always challenging his head.

But to whatever doubts were offered, there were those in New York who answered quickly: "Well, will it matter if all the money we invest in this is lost? Is philanthropy ever a loss? We will charge the loss to philanthropy."

And if in America Jewish business men hesitated to enter this venture, in Poland it was the government that objected. The government was not happy to consider giving a license to a bank that would be controlled by foreigners. It was proposed then to acquire an established bank and no sooner was this thought of than a new difficulty was seen. The Polish mark was falling at a frightful rate and the assets of the bank that was bought might be less the day after the purchase.

But a good time was had by Polish Jewry spinning gorgeous dreams and holding business conferences and talking and talking of prosperous times to come. Even dreaming had been a luxury in the past years and only the most profligate dared indulge in them in the hopeless time. Now these Polish Jews reveled in the delight of dreaming; they played at business.

Business had been like a cold corpse; now their believing eyes looked for signs of life.

They were fascinated by the prospect of big affairs. Life had become limited by many disabilities in the new Poland; it had always been limited more or less. The hands and minds of Jews might concern themselves only with the smaller

structures of commerce and industry, and hands and minds hungered for large work. This new Poland was to be built and for them were only the odd jobs.

But here, at last, was something worthy of their willing hands and alert minds. They dreamed a towering structure of finance in which all might have a share; an institution of business and philanthropy both, from which would flow the lifeblood for this corpse. Financial power would be in their hands in a land which might respect the financial power of the Jew if it did not respect his manhood.

Respect! That is what they wanted above all else. They had been despised and persecuted and had been like sheep under the menace of the knife. But now they would be as giants, respected if not beloved. To be loved did not matter. When and where was the Jew loved? But to be respected was even better than to be loved.

So they dreamed and the dream lifted their hearts.

This structure was to be only the base for a vast enterprise. On it would rise a coöperative organization for buying and selling and great manufacturing plants and a commerce that would reach across the oceans. Even if this proved to be only a mirage it was beautiful and enheartening in the bleak wilderness in which they had wandered since the beginning of the war.

Under its spell they bent with enthusiasm to the tasks of social reconstruction that we had put in their hands. They assumed responsibilities that formerly they were reluctant to take, and where once they were divided they were now one under the common dream of a better life and good work to do and respect.

To these social enterprises the Joint Distribution Committee gave a percentage of maintenance only where the community agreed to provide the remainder; and while numbers of American Jews were "adopting" impoverished Jewish children in Poland, by agreeing to pay for part of their maintenance, the communities in Poland took to themselves the obligation

for the balance. Social reconstruction had become a partnership of American and Polish Jews.

There arose a demand now for medical reconstruction, for hospitals and bathhouses; the Polish Jewry gave full-hearted coöperation to the medical services. Spiritual Jewish life must no longer be sickly; if Jewish life is to be effective it must function in healthy bodies.

A medical service, such as Poland never had seen before, was established; from the United States came some twenty physicians and the enterprise was directed from New York by a committee of which Bernard Flexner was chairman.

And so, at length, charity departed from Poland leaving the Jew with hands stronger to do for himself. But the book was not closed; we had come only to the end of a chapter, as we were to see.

CHAPTER XXIV

LAME MEN AFRAID TO WALK

BUT the formula by which the Jewry of Poland was made self-helping did not work elsewhere in Europe. Elsewhere Jewry was afraid to relinquish the sturdy crutches we had provided. And in Vienna there was indignation when it was announced that after a certain date there would be an end to American support.

"What," it was asked, "will become of the beneficiaries?"

In Vienna the Joint Distribution Committee had established an orphans' home for five hundred children. Now, in the course of liquidation, it was proposed that these children be transferred to the responsibility of the authorities of a Jewish orphans' home of long standing.

But they answered: "You founded the institution, you will have to close it if you discontinue your support. We were not consulted when the institution was established; we shall have nothing to do with the liquidation."

What to do?

It was argued that the American Jews had been giving and giving without stint. They had performed a service of unexampled philanthropy. But now the time had come when the Americans could no longer continue this. Was it not only proper that the Jews of Vienna should now assume these burdens?

It was easy to argue, but difficult to persuade a dispirited people who besides being Jews were Austrians living in a land that had been partitioned and brought to economic ruin. If there was discouragement in all Europe here was utter prostration, and men who had once been proud and successful had lost faith in themselves. They felt like cripples from

whom their crutches were about to be taken. They protested pleadingly.

The problem was not one to be solved offhand by ruthless action. So a meeting was summoned at the request of Mr. Felix Warburg who came to Vienna for this purpose, and we met in the office of Baron de Rothschild.

This was the same economical Rothschild who, in 1919, upon receiving a cigarette from me, cut it in half with a small scissors that, it appears, he carried in his pocket for that purpose. One half of it he placed in his meerschaum cigarette holder and the other half in his empty cigarette case to be saved against future need.

The baron was still in the same economical mood, it seemed, and together with other Europeans at this meeting, was willing only that the Joint Distribution Committee continue to bear the burden of whatever relief still was to be done, as in Austria. However, eventually, they made a concession: If we would provide the funds they would see to it that the money was properly expended.

Various special groups likewise came with generous offers to help us spend the American funds. There were those whose special concern was the "bashful poor," those poor but proud Austrians who would not take money or free food, but who saved their pride by buying meager fare at nominal prices in soup kitchens. It was proposed that we supply the provisions for these kitchens.

Then there were those who had to do with the care of adolescent girls. They said that if we guaranteed the money they would be willing to continue to serve these girls until they became old enough to support themselves.

All were enthusiastic for any enterprise for which we would pay the bills, and none was willing to accept a personal responsibility. Responsibility had been off their necks so long that their sterner fiber had weakened. Here were men who in other times had carried the burden of their needy populations, but now they shirked, and were quite unabashed in their shirk-

ing, and there was none to say, "Perhaps for some portion of this relief we ought to pay."

True, they were not as well off as they used to be. They had lost no little during the bitter years, and the means that were left to them had diminished much in value. It was true, also, that in the good times their giving had not come from generous inspirations; they had given because there was a legal obligation to give, for charity funds had been levied by the government by direct or indirect taxation. Voluntary giving was something in which they were not practiced, and, besides, those rich Americans seemed to have no end of money and of generous sympathy. But the milk of American kindness was beginning to curdle; the reluctance of our brethren in Europe to take up any portion of the money burden made it sour.

But we were not left altogether holding the bag. The upshot of our conferences was that the European Jewry took over the work we were leaving behind while we were to continue to pay the bills.

Nor was the shirking only in those countries in which Jewish life had been prostrated by the war. This was offensively evident when we came to Paris. In France we found the native Jewry standing quite apart from the thousands of Jews from Eastern Europe who had found refuge there, and knew them not as brethren. If the French Jews were conscious of them at all it was to know them only as embarrassing relations. The French Jewry was very proud of its position in France; it was an old, well-rooted Jewry, often with aristocratic traditions. Now these ragged, uncultured hordes from the East had poured in; France had never seen their kind before, at least not in numbers. And they, too, were Jews. What would people think? What would people say? The French Jews were distressed more on their own account than by reason of the miseries of their brethren.

In fact, people were already thinking and saying things. There was some sort of epidemic in Paris and the press sug-

gested that its source was among the Jewish refugees who were living in unsanitary conditions. This suggestion mantled the cheek of every proud French Jew with blushes of shame and indignation, not against disease-breeding conditions but against these foreign Jews. Why did they have to come to France? They were most embarrassing.

Some five hundred of them—men, women, and children—were herded in the immigrant home in Paris in which no more than two or three hundred might decently live. There most of them spent their nights and days standing up, for there was no room either to sit or to lie down. The atmosphere was foul as of some black hole, and the children were for the most part sick, and all were ragged and dirty.

One day we called together the representatives of French Jewry in Paris, and there was that elegant formality that Frenchmen like, and that pomp without which nothing official may be done, and eloquent speeches. And though the Joint Distribution Committee offered our Frenchmen a sum of money with which to provide decent shelter for these refugees, and though they were full of demonstrations of their acquiescence, time passed and nothing was done.

So, at length, we thought of reaching the French Jews through respected Jews of Paris who were of other nationalities. Among these was Baron Ginsburg, who had been a famous philanthropist in Russia and who, reduced in fortune and health, had fled to Paris from the wrath of the Bolsheviks. He had gone into retirement to nurse his sickness, but his wife, herself independently rich, was active in Jewish enterprises.

She might sympathize with refugees, having herself come to Paris as a refugee, having stolen through the Russian border with her family. There was an apocryphal story that to save their diamonds from the Bolsheviks various members of the Ginsburg family swallowed them.

To her we went and straightway her sympathies were enlisted, and she was joined by Professor Hafkin, another *émigré* from Russia, and by the sculptor Aaronsohn and by an

American Jew who had adopted French citizenship and by others. Now it became respectable to acknowledge the miserable existence of the shabby relations and to do something for them. The French Jewish community now came with tardy assistance, if not with sympathy, and from the Rothschild estate there was set apart a building for the shelter of refugees, and the Rothschild hospital became a feeding place for them.

Such a benefaction, having to do with alien brethren, was quite new to the feelings of French Jews who had always been a self-sufficient entity, Jews apart and sensing only vaguely any kinship with world Jewry.

They surrounded themselves with a chilling aura of exclusiveness, and Jews from other lands felt that the Jewry of France was like some Tibet, not to be entered or even approached.

There was Kritchevski, a Jew born in Russia and who had studied and practiced dentistry in the United States, and who, at length, had established himself in Paris and made a successful career and was a professor in the Sorbonne. France had accepted him and had admitted him to the Legion of Honor and the intelligentzia of Paris to his salon.

But the Jewry of Paris was a forbidden circle. He knew the teeth of this Jewry well but was never admitted into its heart. Not that Kritchevski was *déclassé* among them and not that he himself cared to scale the high walls behind which they guarded themselves. But they were a people to whom all other Jews were profane and to be set at a distance and to be tolerated when necessary; and other Jews respected their desire to be let alone and never sought their chilling presence.

To help these refugees was a devotion to which Kritchevski gave a whole heart; but to the native Jews of France it was one of those painful duties that must be done and, the thing done, they must retire behind their forbidding walls. They must on occasions mingle with outer Jewry, but no more than the need requires.

Those of us who expected gratitude were pained by the attitude that regarded American generosity as a debt that was due and by the attitude, in some countries, that said: "We did not get our share. Other countries received larger subventions than we and now we ought to get not only the per capita allowance that is coming to us but also compensation for what we missed in the past."

Such was the spiritless state into which Hungary had fallen, and to Hungary we went to see what comfort might be given these heartsick brethren. There lived a desolated Jewry that once was prosperous and respected. Ruffians bestrode the scene in the guise of patriots and to be a Jew had become a precarious existence.

"In modern times there probably has not been a more remarkable development among Jews than that which has occurred in Hungary," Dr. Goldman had written as early as 1920. "While finance, commerce, industry, and journalism have for many years been in the almost exclusive control of the Jews, and while, until quite recently at least, the standing of the Jews in Hungary had been an exceptionally favorable one, so that pogroms were unknown, a change occurred almost overnight."

When we arrived in Budapest we were warned not to stop at the Bristol Hotel which might not be safe for Jews.

"But," we protested, "we will fly our American flag from the window and thus we will be safe."

"But you do not know the 'awakened Magyars'," we were answered. "There is nothing to protect Jews from their rapacity. Do you know the life of Jews here? We have lived in terror and scarcely a day but a Jew is beaten, maimed, or killed. Once in a while the body of a Jew is found in the river, and no one asks any more how this happened, or dare ask. We know. He was robbed and killed and cast into the river. And we know who did it.

"We know the blood thirst of the 'awakened Magyars.' Alas, what have they awakened to? They are cutthroats mas-

querading as patriots, murderers respected and feared by the authorities.

"Now it is the *ausländer* who are being marked for special persecution. A few days ago a decree was issued for the arrest of all of them. They are Jews who are not Hungarian citizens, though many of them have lived here for decades; their children were born here. The prisons are full of them."

. To one of the prisons we went to see these, and though I had seen evil enough in all the years since the war began, this sight was a scourge on the eyes long afterward. A large stone floor in a freezing prison. . . . Hundreds of men, women, and children packed together there, finding comfort only in the meager warmth of each other's bodies. . . . The clammy cold shivered our bones. . . . The children cried . . . the cold gnawed their bodies through their rags. . . . A woman on the bare floor in a corner about to give birth to a child. . . . We spoke to the warden about this. . . . There would be so many formalities to get her out of prison into a hospital, he said. . . . A thin soup and a morsel of bread once a day was the fare.

The Magyars had awakened!

Once this was a proud Jewry in Budapest, boasting of their institutions for the sick, the aged, the handicapped, and children. These had fallen to a shabby state and were like damp tombs, lacking fuel. Once the Budapest Jewish institutions for the deaf, dumb, and blind were renowned in the world, but now their inmates were in hunger and in rags.

Famous had been the scholars of the rabbinical seminary of Budapest. We found them hugging the scant warmth of a small stove, over their books. This misery was of the day; this body that suffered was like the grass that withereth after a day, but the Law was everlasting and it may not stop either for hunger or for cold; they must study. At times their fingers became numb when the fire in the little stove died out and there was no more fuel to feed it; but their hands must hold up the books of the Law.

The offices of the Joint Distribution Committee were closed because the day before the awakened Magyars had committed a daylight burglary there, breaking in, demolishing furniture, ransacking records. There were *ausländer* who had been spared the torture of prison, principally because the jails could hold no more. They were crowded by hundreds in freight cars, awaiting an order of expulsion that would send them wandering in a world of enemies.

These things we saw and in the evening we were to hear what being a Jew in Hungary had come to mean. To be a Jew in Hungary in the good days had been a far more comfortable state than that in Poland. To be a Jew in Poland had never been the happiest lot, since, before the Poles, the Russians were the rulers. If Jews in Poland suffered now it was not with a sense of happiness lost, since there was so little to be lost.

But in Hungary there was a sense of a world having toppled and crashed, a world that had been thought safe and sure and everlasting. In the evening, we met the representatives of Budapest Jewry at a meal in a synagogue, and where formerly the divisions of this Jewry were far apart, having nothing in common socially, religiously, or economically, this night they broke bread together.

There had been a Jewish aristocracy in Hungary, a proud people that boasted of ancestry dating back into the far reaches of Hungarian history. A common suffering had reduced all to a common denominator as Jews, but none the less they liked to cherish patriotic emotions, thinking of the Hungary that was and hoping for a good Hungary to be. They would hear no ill spoken of it. This unhappy time was only as a passing sickness, they said.

The awakened Magyars were disgusting ulcers that soon would be healed.

But there was one among them who exposed the bitterness in her heart in a confidential exchange I had with her, for she sat beside me at the table. She was one of the Jewish aristocracy of Budapest and even now was gorgeously arrayed.

"I was quite active in all the philanthropic enterprises of the city before the war, and my work never knew sectarian boundaries," she began. "We were Hungarians first and last. Between Hungarian Jews and Hungarian non-Jews we were conscious of no distinctions. My late husband enjoyed an honorable government post and we were received in the best Hungarian society as equals.

"During the war I closed the house and gave my entire time to the Red Cross, being the vice president and one of the founders of this organization in Budapest. My only daughter went to the battlefield as a nurse.

"Then, after the war, came the Bolshevik government and we suffered with the rest of our class, losing our possessions. We prayed for this unhappy time to pass and were grateful when our country was delivered from this foreign invasion. Then the Roumanians came and we suffered and were delivered again. I speak of all this that you may understand the position that Jews used to occupy here and their loyalty as Hungarians. There were Jews with the Bolsheviks, but so were there others who were not Jews.

"A few months ago a meeting was called to reëstablish the Red Cross and I was to be selected again as vice president. Besides myself there was one other Jew present, Dr. Deutsch. He had made a career of welfare work in this community, and most distinguished honors had been conferred upon him.

"Just before the meeting the hall was invaded by a group of five awakened Magyars in glittering uniforms. And they bowed this way and that to the assemblage, making gallant gestures, as is the custom with these bandits who pose as brave knights.

"Then one of them spoke. They had been informed that certain Jews were present at this meeting.

" 'This,' he said, 'is an insult to the honor of Hungary and cannot be permitted. The Jews must either be thrown out of the hall immediately or the assemblage dispersed.'

"Silence ensued. Then I arose and asked, 'Is there not one

among you, gentlemen and ladies, courageous enough to protest against this outrage on the part of these self-elected authorities and perpetrators of crime?'

"But for my question there was only silence. There was none among them—they were the people who are called 'the best' in Hungary—to say a word against this outrage of a gang of hoodlums.

"Finally the president said: 'Madam, do not get excited. We have provided for your safe conduct to your home. Nothing will be done to you on your way there.' "

It had been a whispered recital, but now the lady's voice rose loud enough for those about her to hear; it trembled; her clenched hand struck the table.

"I shall not serve with them or for them any longer. All that I give I shall give to my people—my money, my time, my energy—all! I am going to be Jewish from start to finish and will not be ashamed of it either. If there is any shame it is upon those who have made us the target of undeserved hatred."

I had been hearing of awakened Magyars; now I saw an awakened Jew. It seems that to be a Jew is not always to be conscious of it, especially where Jewish life is comfortable, and often only the lash of enemies awakens Jews. We eat the lotus of comfort and forget we are Jews and stray far from our people. But suddenly in the pleasant path we feel a stinging blow, and we awaken, and exclaim: "We are Jews!"

But it seems that not all Jews are sensitive to stinging blows, and from Zionists and radicals we heard sad information about some of the Budapest Jews who were associated with the work of the Joint Distribution Committee. These, they told us, were taking advantage of their American connection to establish their own prestige with the government and to further personal political aims. In consequence they did not sufficiently protect the groups that needed protection most; nor did they insist upon the government's taking a more just attitude toward the Jews as a whole. Most in need of aid were the *ausländer,* but for them there had been little comfort, since to appear

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sembled that of the American Army. And now Mr. Hughes wrote, in effect, that he sometimes wondered whether the fault might not, to some extent, lie in the fact that of those sent abroad by the Joint Distribution Committee, a very large proportion are not American by birth, and perhaps have not completely absorbed American ideas.

This gave great pain, considering how circumspect the Joint Distribution Committee and its workers had been in their relations with the Russians. Jewry fancied it could read between the lines of Mr. Hughes' note. It was said that his animadversions were not merely against the overseas workers, but all immigrant Jewry was included in the sweep of his observations. Jewry likes to take the sins, fancied and real, of all its brethren upon its shoulders.

While there was no foundation for the apprehensions of Mr. Hughes, our directors were in a panic of distress and thought of means to mend the evil of the workers' ways, and it was deemed advisable to send another representative of the Joint Distribution Committee with authority in his hands. Howard Ganz had returned to the United States. I, too, had come home.

It was James Rosenberg, a renowned lawyer, who volunteered for this service; a man of energy and zeal who, upon assuming his duties, resolved to lay aside his practice for a year.

Mr. Rosenberg's mission was not to be a departure from new enterprises but rather a winding up of the old ones.

Mr. Rosenberg was an interesting gentleman, highly cultivated, brilliant and talented. In his home I saw paintings, done by himself, that even my critical old masters in the art academy in old Moscow might have exclaimed over. He knew and loved music. The beautiful gardens in his summer home had been planned in their smallest detail by him personally. Yet he had the quick, analytic mind of the successful lawyer. He seemed gifted with a sharp zest for living. Now he had found a new creative pleasure—the opportunity for service to his own people.

No sooner had James Rosenberg agreed to represent the Joint Distribution Committee overseas than he asked me to come out with him to his summer home, and to bring a good stenographer along. And there, for two long days, he put me on the witness stand about the work overseas. With the stenographer taking down each question and each reply, he questioned me about the problems, the program, the history of the relief activities in each country separately. He asked about each man in the field; what were his capacities, his weaknesses. He delved into the social, political, and economic background of our labors. He inquired as to the exact meaning of Jewish phrases, applied to special activities in the field. Not until the youthful stenographer began to droop sleepily over his notebook did the interrogation cease. And the next day it went on.

He gave me the transcription of the "interview" to read over. And with a cheery, enheartening word of farewell, he was off on his adventure. His work at the head of the European Executive Council, in that critical period of "liquidation," proved this gifted American gentleman to be a real Jew as well.

CHAPTER XXV

ISRAEL RALLIES AGAIN

WEARY men in the Joint Distribution Committee in New York wanted to quit. They were for liquidating the Committee itself and transferring its funds to the various functional departments. They were quite sick of the job. Holding Jewry together had become like the task of the giant who for punishment was condemned to holding a crumbling mountain together.

But as New York is not America—despite the impression of its insular natives—so is New York Jewry not American Jewry, and American Jewry lifted its voice against those in New York who were ready to quit.

Julius Rosenwald said "No!" Judge Fisher said "No!" Mr. Becker said "No!" At least, Mr. Rosenwald's opinion was to be respected. He had given a million dollars for relief.

The West asked: "Why should New York alone decide whether the work should carry on?"

And Mr. Rosenwald called a general conference and Jews from almost all the states responded, and there were all shades of Jews, from the radicals of New York's East Side to the ultra-conservatives of Park Avenue, and the assembly of Jewry was the largest that had ever been before seen in the United States.

From New York Jews came with firm resolutions to stand against going on with the Joint Distribution Committee, feeling, as they did, that no more funds could be had from a Jewry bled dry; from other sections of the country came Jews equally resolved that the Committee must live.

I journeyed to Chicago with the New York delegation which was quite sure that the conference was a waste of valuable time

which might better be given to private affairs. They were fellows ready to retreat and surrender and now these mid-Western generals wanted to send them on to other battles.

And it was no figurative general who took them in hand in Chicago. Abel Davis had started with a lieutenancy and had come out of the war a general of brigade; he was the idol of Chicago Jewry. A man of dynamic personality and charming as well, he was precisely the man for chairman of a conference in which large numbers sat with lukewarm hearts ready to quit.

General Davis marshaled the forces of sympathy and action. These were men who had been in Europe and had seen the misery and had been appalled by the prostration of a Jewry that even in hostile lands had made a livable life in the old times. He called on Mr. Warburg, on Mr. Ganz, on Mr. Becker, and they spoke from hearts that had brought back portions of the anguish they had seen. Mr. Louis Marshall challenged the Jewry of America: Either fifteen million dollars more must be raised, or American Jewry must say: "We are through. We have given our brethren a morsel and our consciences are clear. We have no more to give them that they may rebuild their shattered lives."

When these speeches had been given, there was none to arise and say "No!" Those who had come to quit stayed to offer pledges of renewed devotion. Now the conference turned to Billikopf, the wizard among money raisers. And how was fifteen million dollars to be gotten from the weary Jewry of America? What magic was there to stir it now that the inspirations of war time had receded into history? Where was the prophet who could quicken its ears already deaf from hearing insistent appeals? Where was the idealism of other days that caused Jews to take the jewels from their fingers to buy bread for their brethren. The glamorous old heroes had lost their glitter by reason of long service, and what leader would Jewry now follow?

Then Billikopf, the wizard, produced the hero. He offered

David Brown. The people would follow Brown, said Billikopf. Brown was the one to raise the fifteen million dollars. Brown was the one who could revive the tired idealism, who could cause Jews to take the jewels from their fingers, who could make them feel again.

But who was Brown? He was unknown to most of the assemblage.

David Brown had been locally known as the leader of drives in Detroit and had helped Mr. Billikopf in New York. He had come to the conference humbly enough, and of a sudden he was the man of the hour.

"Brown! Brown!" they called. They welcomed new leadership. The vision had almost fallen from their eyes and they rejoiced at the sight of a new man who might lift the banners again. Brown must be the leader.

Brown was reluctant. . . . His private affairs needed attention. . . . He had been planning a vacation. . . . His wife must be considered. . . . He had been away from home so much already.

Then Marshall and Warburg went to the telephone and called Mrs. Brown. Was it the will of the conference that her husband be the leader? she asked. Well, then, she must not stand in the way. Her own comfort did not matter. And when these words were brought to the conference, the wave of enthusiasm swept Brown into leadership.

"Brown! Brown!" And Brown accepted.

"How many of you are going to be heart and soul in the game?" he asked. "Can you speak for yourselves and the thousands of others who are not here? Of those who are here let us see one hundred per cent rise."

And the whole assembly arose and cheered and was thrilled when the new leader, having surveyed the standing multitude, said: "This is the same as giving your word of honor. Now you have to live up to it."

And they did!

So we saw Jewry once again under the spell of a leader

who was part super-salesman and part preacher, part high-pressure business man, part prophet. He had come an immigrant from Scotland, though farther back his people were from Russia. He had been a newsboy and this he never forgot, and once a year it was his custom to summon into the streets of Detroit all former newsboys to sell papers for charity. He had accumulated a fortune and in his home town they called him "ice king."

And the campaign began and everywhere in Jewry the slogan was "Let us do it up Brown," and everywhere they called for Brown and where Brown went there was success, for everywhere the heart of Jews melted before his eloquence, and the spirit of Jews, tired of drives, rose to the impulse of high pressure. I remember the tragic disappointment of Jews at Birmingham when instead of Brown, Billikopf and I came to speak there.

There was a large delegation at the station to meet the hero, its throats filled with cheers ready to be emitted, its hands set for applause.

"And where is Brown? Where is Brown?" And it was with ill-concealed dismay that they accepted the substitutes.

The campaign was pressed with all the drive technique that was learned in war time, with all the tricks of sentiment and the ballyhoo and the advertising and exaggeration. If there were thirty thousand orphans in Poland, our skilled orators quickly swelled the number to three hundred thousand; if tragedy walked in rags in Russia, they stripped it even of these meager garments and let it walk naked before the eyes of Jewry; if the truth was bad enough, they made it worse; if they lacked a pathetic story to adorn a point, they invented one. For the good end justified the means. And Israel rejoiced to follow Jewish banners again, and to have his heart lifted by Jewish inspirations, and Jews were happy to meet with Jews for Jewish purposes at those noon-day luncheons without which no drive is complete.

Only New York was unwilling at first; the Jewry of the

West was illuminated by inspirations. At first not even a leader was to be found in New York, for no one wanted the responsibility, but at last David Bressler accepted it. He had once been a leader among social workers and now was in the insurance business, a prosperous but not a rich man.

New York had always been almost vulgarly boastful of its leadership in all things and regarded with envy that rising young city, Chicago. New York must be made to feel the shame of its delinquency, and to the banquet that opened its campaign Jacob Loeb of Chicago came as the principal speaker. Chicago's Loeb did not spare the feelings of New York. This and that the Jewry of the country expected of New York, he said, and such and such would be thought of New York if New York failed.

The proud Jewish citizenry of New York bitterly resented even the suggestion that it might fail. And what right, indeed, had that upstart Jewry of the West to challenge the substantial, the well-grounded, the powerful, the highly respected, the rich Jewry of New York? Mr. Loeb was criticized severely, but his challenge nevertheless was accepted, and when, in time, New York raised the entire amount assigned to it, David Brown offered a speech of congratulation.

"The time has come," he said, "for New York to tell Chicago that the challenge has been accepted and met and that Chicago can go to hell."

And so the fifteen millions were raised and American Jewry was again pledged to its brethren, though the rest of America had all but forgotten the time when, under patriotic impulses, it was giving and giving. The Jews still must give. Now our work of reconstruction in Poland and elsewhere might continue; now we might turn our faces toward Russia.

CHAPTER XXVI

WE GO TIMIDLY TO RUSSIA

RUSSIA! Our people had been hearing about Russia from Judge Fisher and Max Pine, who had returned from a melancholy expedition in that land where rapt Marxian prophets were attempting to create a proletarian heaven.

While Pine, who was a radical, was in desolation on account of what he had seen there, Fisher, a mild liberal, was full of faith in the Russian experiment, believing that it boded good for the Jews.

They had seen the ruin of private fortunes and those who had been rich were among the poorest; they had witnessed the cruelty and the ruthlessness of a new government and a new order destroying enemies. Poverty sat beside the dictator, ruling the land, and to get enough food to hold body and soul together was a stealthy enterprise.

But in the ruins of all that had been, of private wealth, of hereditary aristocracy, of social caste, of sodden contentment and insolent pride, Judge Fisher beheld the sprouting of loveliest hope for the Jews. Old hates and old prejudices seemingly had fallen with the rest of the evils of the old Russia, and the new order, however ruthless toward its enemies, had asserted the equal rights of all men who were friends of the new ideals.

Jewish life had become safe in Russia, even though Jewish religion, in common with all religions, had been consigned to the limbo of furniture unworthy the new social house that was being erected. Therefore, to organize relief on a sectarian basis was impossible. Jews were not to be considered as a separate people any longer; they were Russians who must be

concerned with the task of creating this new and beautiful proletarian society. There must be no recognition of one religious group above another, and the hunger of a non-Jew was no less than the hunger of a Jew. The Jews might not be isolated for separate feeding.

But Yiddish was recognized as a language and there was a section of the Communist party that had to do with the Yiddish-speaking population; and then there were pogrom victims who were the special concern of the government, since pogroms were regarded as counter-revolutionary. And so Judge Fisher and Mr. Pine approached the authorities not as Jews, but as persons interested in the welfare of the Yiddish-language group; not as Jews coming to help Jews, but as individuals desiring to be of aid to the unhappy pogrom victims.

The Communist Jews were not delightful personalities to deal with. Even as the old Russian masters had persecuted Jews, they persecuted Judaism. They had put Zionists in jail and desired to suppress the Hebrew language.

With these our commissioners managed an understanding by which Yiddish-speaking Communists organized for relief were to be assisted by funds from the United States, and this arrangement was not unwelcome to the Russian government which was very lonely in the world then and was happy to be on terms with a portion of the outer world, however unofficial.

But non-Communists were not to share in what blessings we had to confer, for these were people whose sufferings were only a just desert for their perversity. Therefore, with these Judge Fisher and Mr. Pine agreed secretly to send them funds of the Joint Distribution Committee.

And with what trepidation our American Jews had approached the State Department to gain its sanction for these meager enterprises. It was as if permission were asked to do some treasonable act, and those who had to do with asking this sanction went about it as ponderously as if the name and fame of Jewry were in their keeping. And what joy there was when, after a week, the State Department announced that the

Joint Distribution Committee might proceed with this service on its own responsibility and in a limited way.

Any small attention of the State Department was valued as a great favor warming the hearts of those who felt that it was only their personal reputations that saved the Jews from the wrath of the government. Far more admirable was the attitude of the radical and orthodox elements, who were not ashamed of their desire to be helpful to the brethren in Russia; the Yiddish papers carried the advertisement of an organization that offered to forward packages to Russia for the relief of friends and relatives of American citizens.

The Quakers had courageously begun relief work in Russia, feeling none of the inhibitions that seemed to freeze the generosity of the Jews. And so with them an arrangement was made whereby the American Jews might serve their Russian brethren second hand; it was arranged to put into the hands of the Quakers a small appropriation for distribution among the Jews. Thus we timid Jews could be kind and keep our patriotic distance from those Bolsheviks at the same time.

However, this timidity was not in all American Jewry, for the People's Relief Committee, quite disgusted with the Joint Distribution Committee, was coöperating with the Communists on its own account and sending parcels of food and clothing to Russia through Dr. Dubrovsky, Communist representative in New York. We were then still in that sorry time when sincere fools and scheming hypocrites measured Americanism by percentage and the foolish portion of Israel desired to be counted at least 101 per cent American.

But the post-war hysteria had subsided and at the time that we made our $15,000,000 appeal in the United States, it had become respectable to regard hungry children in Russia with merciful consideration; the forces of Mr. Hoover himself had gone into the despised land with food. Now we Jews might be generous and still save our reputations as 100 per cent patriots, and gentlemen who had been timid became bold

spirits eager to serve the Russian brothers. Russia was the burden of our appeal in the $15,000,000 campaign.

Mr. Hoover's mission, toward which the Joint Distribution Committee was generously contributing, had brought little comfort to the Jews, for his efforts were limited to the famine area of the Volga where the Jews were not numerous; nor did Mr. Hoover's hands reach to the Ukraine, from which we were getting distressful reports.

The Quakers, to whose willing hands we had entrusted the work we should have been doing, were not in sufficient numbers in such a large area of misery. And so, feeling ourselves to be on safe and respectable ground, we had come to see our manifest duty, and five millions of the fifteen to be raised was to be used for Russian relief.

And we felt comforted that Mr. Hoover himself took us under his wing, for the Joint Distribution Committee was to become a division of Mr. Hoover's American Relief Administration serving in the Ukraine. And this was balm to the wounded feelings of our leaders, who still ached with the displeasure of the State Department that they had felt. Mr. Hoover set down one condition: Our relief must be for Jew and non-Jew alike. And this we accepted, since common sense indicated that it was better that the brethren divide their loaves with their neighbors than that they have none at all.

Our mission was to be known as the American Relief Administration in the Ukraine and to its leadership General Abel Davis of Chicago was called, but he could not accept. Then there was summoned Colonel Grove, who had been the head of the American Relief Organization in Poland, and since the colonel was not a Jew he must have a Jewish assistant who would be consultant. This post was bestowed upon me.

There was no time to be lost and shortly we were on our way to Russia with two secretaries, leaving the New York office to organize a staff that was to follow us. But in London we were stopped. Mr. Rosenberg was there and also Mr. Joseph Rosen, noted agronomist, who as representative of the Joint

Distribution Committee had been attached to the staff of Mr. Hoover's mission in Russia

Mr. Rosenberg as European director was not in accord with our plans. If we were to feed Jews and non-Jews alike how much were the Jews to get? Ought there not be a definite proportion set in order that it might be made certain that the Jews would get at least half a loaf? And Mr. Rosen, too, was doubtful whether Jews would get their just share if there were a free-for-all scramble.

And we heard also from Mr. Frank Rosenblatt, who had gone into Russia for us as investigator. Did we intend to feed all the Ukraine? he asked. What of the East Ukraine where the Cossacks lived who had no mercy for the Jews? Would we feed them also?

"Are you going to feed these bandits so that they may be kept alive to kill your men and children and shame your women?"

And, moreover, we were told that Colonel Haskell, the head of Mr. Hoover's mission in Russia, had objected to a separate mission to the Ukraine which he considered to be of his own jurisdiction.

So after losing three days in London and, having made certain compromises which did not materially alter our plans, we proceeded to Moscow.

We carried rather heavy hearts, since we felt there would be no open arms for us when we came to Colonel Haskell. For me it was a homeward journey, for I had left Russia in my youth and had gone far and had seen much. Thirty years had passed and I was sensible of the thrills a returning son feels after the long wandering. I carried gifts for my brother's wives whom I had never seen.

CHAPTER XXVII

AND SO TO MOSCOW

YES! This and that dilapidated house I remembered from my childhood. Their shabby shutters hung upon them more loosely and the grime was thicker now. And this and that yard I remembered well. Even in my youth their sad aspect used to depress me when I looked into them.

Once this city had seemed a vast immensity and these houses had reached to the skies, and I had carried a spacious memory of Moscow; but now all dimensions had shrunk.

What seemed more solid on the earth than the dynasty of the Romanoffs in the time that I left this city? We thought of it as an immemorial tree rooted deep. Its ruthless authority was on these streets; its Kremlin brooded as the ancient symbol of its power.

But now the seed of the Romanoffs was extirpated or scattered to the winds, and they who had been of the oppressed were in the high places and the Kremlin was the citadel of a new social and political order. And now the famous house of Count Usufoff was our lodging place, the widowed countess having been permitted to keep for herself one room of it, as a great favor. The name of the count was still to be seen on the remnant of a sign on the gate.

And where the countess had been the stately ruler of her household, she was now the humble servant of officers of the American Relief Administration who were lodged there. And where she had been the hostess at banquet boards, she was now the menial whom our Americans did not see fit to invite to table with them.

But she was grateful. How good it was that she was given

this boon of one room in her own house, she said. She spoke English. Others had been driven from their homes and had no roof. She, at least, had this one room in her old house; it was pleasant to live if only in one room in the old house in which tender memories hovered in every corner.

The Americans, she said, were good. They gave her tips. "Ah, sir, when the earth falls from under the feet, pride falls with it." She had saved ten dollars for her sister in the Crimea. She alone worried her. The countess herself had drunk the cup of bitterness to the dregs and knew there could be no worse for her; only fear for her sister was in her heart. She must be starving, if not already dead from hunger, and she had saved the ten dollars to buy food for her. But how could she send it?

I visited my relatives and in their wretched dwellings I saw the misery to which even those who had once been comfortable had been reduced. They who had lived spaciously were now crowded with others in unsanitary dwellings, for Communism would not tolerate the unequal division of space on the earth that there used to be.

Everywhere stovepipes protruded from windows, for nearly all chimneys were out of order and the stovepipes carried through the windows the smoke from the little brick stoves that were to be found in almost every room. These were for heating and cooking both.

Water was carried in pails and barrels from tanks situated here and there in the open spaces of the city. And where there were lights in the streets they burned only until midnight, after which no one might be seen abroad without a permit. The streets were covered with melting snow, knee-deep, and the sidewalks were slippery and dirty, and the misery of the streets was no more than of life indoors.

It was just then that the New Economic Policy was being inaugurated and timid merchants could be seen trundling push-carts laden with their wares through the streets. In the morning they pushed their goods to their stores and in the evening

they pushed home what had not been sold, fearing to leave the goods unguarded through the night.

And life itself was none too safe in those days in Moscow, and one heard stories of murderous holdups and stories of the ruthlessness of the police and especially of the secret Cheka which hunted counter-revolutionaries.

Colonel Haskell was not obdurate. Since he had received no reply to the protest he had made to Mr. Hoover, he was willing that we should make a journey of investigation to the Ukraine, the matter of authority to be determined later.

And so we went and it took forty-eight hours to negotiate the four hundred miles to Kiev, what with red tape that had to be unwound on the way. And our feet were encumbered by the hundreds prostrate on the floor of the Kiev railway station, refugees, fleeing from famines which had pursued them and stretched them prone. Somewhere in the world must be bread and thus far they had come in search of it, and no farther could they go. Only the vermin which covered them fattened; it was a feast of vermin feeding on their sick bodies.

"We have walked a long distance looking for bread," said one of a group of women, "and nowhere is there bread."

"These months I have been on my way to Riazan," said a man with a sick child. "In Riazan are my people; but the child has sickened and where am I to go with him?"

But for the most part they could voice their suffering only with moaning, and the room was like some stage on which the sadness of the earth had been assembled to cry its anguish in a chorus. And now and then the soldiers came to carry away one who had come to the end of all sorrow. For the dead there was no sadness but only envy; death was the good brother who came in the bitterest moment and brought peace.

Oh, he was good to men! Of two thousand, four hundred starving refugees who had started for Kiev a month before only twelve had survived. The others had perished on the roads and in the city.

One hundred and fifty children in a home established by the

government were rapidly diminishing, for death was coming every day to the home where the daily fare was only a morsel of bread and, on occasions, a thin soup.

And, as witness to this vast tragedy, it was very difficult for us to say: "The Jewish money must be only for the hunger of Jews. Only the suffering of Jews concerns us. We will permit our money to feed only Jews. We have no care for the suffering of this Christian child and the anguish of that Christian mother holding fast to her breast her dying child."

In the lap of death Jew and non-Jew were brethren and the moaning of hunger in the Kiev railway station was one voice.

But we saw that most of our relief must of necessity go to Jews since, in many places in this area, Jews were in the majority; this was the old Jewish Pale. There were such towns as Proscuroff with thirty thousand inhabitants of which eighteen thousand were Jews. Proscuroff! It must stand forever an evil memory in Jewish history. There is a community grave there in which rest one thousand two hundred and sixty victims of one pogrom.

The tragedy of Proscuroff had been officially reported by our commissioners, Judge Fisher and Mr. Pine:

"In February of 1919, troops of the Third Haidamacki Regiment spread through the different parts of the city and then the slaughter began. The plan had been to execute quietly, so that one quarter of the city would not know what was happening in another. There was, with few exceptions, no shooting.

"The soldiers simply went from house to house and in cold blood murdered all the inmates. Those who ran out into the streets were followed and killed, their bodies being left where they fell. The soldiers, though grouped separately, all carried on the same kind of slaughter: Either by cutting the throats of their victims with their swords, or driving their bayonets through their mouths. In the case of women and children, they were bayoneted through the bowels. Witnesses who escaped related that some of the women were violated and then

killed. Many of the bodies were mutilated and divided into parts. Whole families were wiped out."

So hunger had no terrors for the Jews of Proscuroff, for they had suffered far worse, and there was scarcely a family that had not lost at least one member in the pogroms of which there were several. And when hunger tortured them, there were those who said: "Let us give thanks to the Most High that we live."

But others asked, "Should we be grateful for life? Is life a blessing?" for they were tortured by dreadful memories of murder seen and of cries heard when the pogrom came through their towns with bayonet and sword.

"What have we to live for?"

The quaint reasoning of the Communists made it more desirable to be a child orphaned by pogroms than a child that was merely starving. The orphaned child was a victim of counter-revolution and, therefore, deserved the special favor of the Communists; but, while the hungry child was to be pitied, he was only sharing the common lot of suffering.

So it was seen that institutions that sheltered pogrom orphans were in a fair state compared with those that took in the children of refugees. I remember a house with one hundred and ninety-four young skeletons covered with skin, sitting almost naked on the floor, dirty, motionless, looking up at us with blank eyes, like frightened animals. They were the children of refugees who had fled from famine, hunting bread.

Now they sat on the filthy floor waiting for bread. Happier by far were the children whose parents had been slaughtered and whom the beneficence of American Jews was permitted to feed, though little enough each got, considering how vast the hunger was.

We passed hunger on the road, wandering in mobs, from the Volga district. Freight cars packed with emaciated beings! Only their eyes seemed to live, glowing with the ravenous longing of hunger. Their train which had crawled these many miles in the search for bread, had stopped. Some of its freight

was to be unloaded. . . . The trainmen walked over the forms of the sick, carrying four dead men.

Out with them! Their search for bread was ended. They were cast into the ditch by the road, and the train crept on its way to hunt for morsels. Somewhere in the vague beyond bread might be found. The dead lay in the ditch, four ragged corpses whose faces were twisted in horrid grimaces that seemed to laugh at life which they had escaped.

"Congratulations, dear fellows," one had it in his heart to say while he looked with pity toward the living in the retreating train.

And so, proceeding on this melancholy journey, we came to Berdicheff which was more Jewish than Russian. The richest there had fallen into the depths of poverty so that they who had been beggars now were no poorer than their neighbors. There was a festive air in the streets, nevertheless, for it was the Sabbath, which brings content and peace to the troubled spirit. Like work, sorrow had been dismissed for the day and the people strolled in the sunlit streets, laughing.

The revolution had turned Berdicheff upside down and the Jews who had been the oppressed were now the rulers of the town, holding the principal offices, and they loitered in and about the town hall with an air of familiar possession, though in former times they entered its portals only by suffrance. Where the portrait of the Tsar once hung they had placed an image of Trotsky.

But the rabbi of Berdicheff was unhappy.

"Justice," I said, "in the end evens up all scores. Here where the Jews were the last, they are now the first."

He shook his head sadly; he felt no joy in political power. Political power was only the might of men that perishes and goes to the dust with men. His eyes turned from the town hall to the heavens.

"They are driving God out," he said. "The Communist Jews have enthroned themselves and are reviling God. I could understand this if they were goim. In the old days we had no

strength in the town hall, but God ruled among us and we were content and felt strong."

He pointed to a group of Jewish Communists strutting through the street. "Yesterday they were shunned by the best of us, for they were least among the Jews. To-day they are our rulers and less bitter was the government of the old Russians. The old Russians respected our faith, but these oppress the religion of their fathers and mislead the children from the old teaching. What have we gained? We have only political power and it has fallen into the hands of the worst of us."

The Communists were puffed up with their new importance and made display of their authority, and if the Orthodox and Zionist groups had no use for Communists, the Communists had no more for them. The Communists regarded the rest of Jewry as benighted people given to religious worship. Themselves, they were only Jews by the accident of birth, a group in the racial mixture of the Russian proletariat. To the minds of the others, the Communists were fellows to be despised even more than the old Russian rulers, since they had turned their hands against their own people.

The differences between the groups were not to be composed, for each was obstinately intolerant of the other, and, indeed, enjoyed its intolerance. In dissension was the savor of life in a world in which life generally had become anæmic. Where the concerns of men had been reduced to the sorry business of getting the day's morsel of bread, a dissension was to be welcomed and cultivated and magnified.

Now to Odessa, our destination, once called the loveliest city in Russia. But we came to a city where the gaunt ruins of city blocks stood as memorials of the war, for these had been destroyed by explosions. The ruins of houses in the slums testified to the hunger and desperation that had come after the war. Their inhabitants had perished from hunger and their neighbors had come and torn their houses apart to get wood for fuel. Only the bare walls remained. So the dead had

comforted the living who, dying in their turn, left warmth for their surviving neighbors.

This had been a rich and proud city, the great seaport of Russia, through which had passed the grain from the steppes and through which had come the products of the world to adorn and comfort the privileged portions of the population of old Russia. Here the Jews, forming sixty per cent of the inhabitants, had lived comfortably and, indeed, many had expanded to great wealth. And here they had suffered a pogrom when their wealth and comfort had become noticeable enough to be envied.

But now all had been reduced to one hunger, and a common poverty had united all in brotherhood, a ghastly comradeship of emaciated beings. Some of them had fallen on the streets, and we counted seventeen dead on the sidewalks in the distance of a mile, a fraction of the numbers who daily perished on the thoroughfares. The dead were grotesque heaps of skin and bones. We saw the litter of them in all the streets later. They lay on steps where they had stopped to sit, too weak to go farther; they lay beside curbstones and in gutters. And the numbers of dead in the streets were beyond the capacity of the officials to remove them immediately, as had been ordered, and they lay there for days, heaps of corruption.

Once the Odessa railway station had been the throbbing heart of an eager life; now it was filled with a starving multitude waiting for trains to carry them somewhere. Somewhere there might be bread.

Once the hospitals of Odessa were renowned; now the countless hundreds lay in them waiting for death and praying for it, since life had become an agony that only death could heal.

Oh, there was hope in some of them. These had heard that relatives in America had sent them food, and they came every day to the headquarters of the American Relief, asking for their packages. But distribution was slow and deliveries were delayed, and the people stood there the livelong day, waiting

and hoping. And when the package at last arrived, the name of the recipient would be called.

"Yanofsky! Yanofsky!"

Where was Yanofsky? He had been there day after day, through the weeks, but where was he now? Here was his package. Food for Yanofsky!

"Yanofsky!"

Yanofsky had fallen dead and his body lay in the street.

And numbers thus died in the solace of hope for food that came after they were dead. Five hundred was the daily number of the dead in this city of a half-million.

An introduction from New York brought me to the house of a certain physician to whom was permitted a wretched fragment of the comfortable place he had once occupied; for he and his wife and two children had the lower floor of the pretentious two-story house that was once theirs. And though this, at least, was shelter it was also a torture; for the shabby remains of the old elegance served to remind them of the stately times that they used to enjoy, and to remember that once one was well off is more bitter than never to have been well off at all.

The tarnished splendors of candelabra and chandeliers, the fine decorations hanging ragged from the walls, the parquetry of the floors torn up in part, the gilded furniture fallen into shabbiness, the broken mirrors, the pictures in cracked frames offered the mute testimony of the comfort that had been theirs and of the desolation to which they had come.

Through these rooms the revolution had tramped with hobnailed boots in the hour of its young enthusiasm, a lusty revolution that delighted to try its power in smashing things; it smashed an ancient political system and a social order and furniture and chandeliers and most of the other comfortable old things.

The doctor was alarmed when he discovered that I had come to his house in a droshky, the familiar cab of Russia.

"A droshky! You must not do that. You must know that

these droshkies are being used for conveying the dead bodies that are found in the streets, and the city is full of typhus."

The doctor and his family were Jews who in the old times—they spoke of these times as of a distant age—had lived quite apart from the life of Odessa Jewry. The doctor had occupied a prominent position not only professionally but also socially in the city, a practitioner who served the aristocracy, and he was rather proud to remember that once he had been called to the bedside of a member of the Tsar's family.

If in their privacy the doctor and his wife must have been tortured by the memory of their former elevation, they delighted to tell the stranger who they were once and what life they lived. They restored for my eyes the lovely villa in the Crimea to which they went for many summers and were full of memories of trips abroad. They had been privileged people, despite the handicaps that encompassed Jews generally, and were admitted to the society of non-Jews, and for them the sorrows of Jews had been only sad stories that they heard about.

During the war they had continued to live luxuriously, being of the privileged classes, and the doctor had been permitted to practice in Odessa instead of being called to the battlefields. Oh, it had been a good life that seemed as lasting as social privilege seemed in that time. What could change this? There were dreadful defeats in the war and armies were wiped out, but the ground on which the good doctor walked with well-shod feet would always remain solid.

Then came the Bolsheviki and the earth rolled and sank like some fluid thing, and the doctor's feet slipped from under him and the good house of his content fell upon him. And nothing was left to him; all his possessions were confiscated; his country estate was demolished; his land was taken by the peasants, and workmen came to occupy his city house. And he went to the new authorities to plead with them for a place to live, and at last they granted him a boon: He might occupy the first floor of his own house—but it was no longer his

house—and this must serve him not only for living quarters but also for office.

The soldiers had come through the house roughshod, tearing the carpets, and smashing mirrors and pictures in this playful mood and smudging the walls with dirty hands. They had no respect for the established decencies, and the doctor said the revolution was like some foul wind that blew over not only a social system but all the niceties that used to comfort well-conditioned people.

Ah, but in time life adjusts itself to any bitterness, he observed, and a pain may become endurable if it lasts long enough, especially if there was hope of relief. Yes, yes, there was good hope. Soon the Bolsheviki would be going and soon the Tsars would be back. How could a world go on in this way for long?—a world without private property in which no man could call anything his own! The year was 1922.

The doctor and his wife were the only Jewish monarchists I met during my entire stay in Russia. The Tsarist system had been good to them and, like most people, they appraised the merits of an institution by the benefits they had derived from it. They had no consciousness of being any part of the body of Jewry, and they spoke of Jews in the third person—"the Jews," "they," never "we."

The doctor worked for the Communist state which provided him with a modest living, and wherever he was sent to serve the sick, there he must go, though once he had carefully confined his practice to the privileged bodies of the rich; fat, indeed, his fees had been. The talents of a good doctor were no special privilege in the Communist state, and must be given to the service of all. And the unhappy doctor whose healing had been only for the palaces, now must climb to the bedsides of the poorest.

But if the Tsar was in the prayer of the hearts of the doctor and his wife, quite the contrary was the prayer of another Jewish family I visited. If the doctor and his wife bemoaned their own desolation, so also did these others, but they could

see farther than the doctor and their eyes embraced the common good.

Of this family the man was a teacher and his wife a physician, and though the Bolsheviki had dissolved the Society for the Promotion of Education among the Jews, of which he had been the head, and had taken over the schoolhouse, he had obtained permission to continue his teaching within the school under the new government. He was not fond of the Bolsheviki, but learning must go on, youth must be educated for new responsibilities.

The schoolhouse was in a dilapidated state and dreadfully cold, lacking fuel. Some of the children were without shoes and insufficiently clothed, and the teachers were thinly clad. But school must go on; existence might survive on a morsel, but there could be no life without learning.

Oh, there had been woe enough, what with the ruthlessness of the Communists, their destruction, their disrespect even for institutions that had been good, their tearing up of old educational systems. But this, the teacher observed, was only to be expected of a revolution that had torn out by the roots an ancient order, that sprang from the seeds of wrath that had long ago been sown.

Much evil though he and his wife had seen since the new order was established, they thought not of their own deprivations but of the general good. They hoped the new régime would continue, if only for the sake of the Jews. Even in direst privation life had become bearable for Jews, for their manhood was respected. Life would become a hideous nightmare for Jews and few would be left to tell the tale, if the Bolsheviki fell.

They prayed only that the ways of the Bolsheviki would mend, for there was still much to be suffered; the revolution was still young and rough. Gentleness would come with time, they said; the birth pains of a new society must be endured.

"It is hard," they said, "and at times it is sad to the point of desperation, but things are getting better. There is good

hope that the future will be brighter if nothing happens to interrupt the present course of events."

They felt themselves of the body of Jewry and yet were conscious, too, of their portion in the new society. The Bolsheviki had taken them into their rough embrace, but even this was comforting to people who had been under the powerful fist of the old régime; they no longer were alien to the body of Russia. And so their grief was not only for hungry Jews but for all Russians, and they asked how we could think of feeding only Jews.

"Is it not like one hunger? Should the hunger of one group be privileged above another? And will it be of any good to the Jews to be fed while their neighbors starve? What will they say of us? And is it fair? Food should be for all of us, knowing no creed or race. The hungry stomach knows no distinctions."

But some among the Zionists of Odessa were not conscious of the community of the hungry stomach nor would they submit to the national embrace of the Communists. They were Jews, a separate people, and Jewish hunger was a separate cause requiring the beneficence of Jews, and it would be treason, they said, for Jewish money to feed also the alien.

"And can we forget the wrongs we suffered at the hands of Russians?" they asked. "Can we put the Cossacks out of our minds? Can we forgive the pogroms? And now we should feed them? The victims should come to the succor of their enemies, the murderers of their people?"

In this stand they were obdurate, even though they were being persecuted by the government as counter-revolutionaries. When it was pointed out to them that Jewish hands feeding Jews and Gentiles alike would gain a good opinion for Jews, they answered: "Yes, but that would also strengthen the hold of the present government."

And what if the government had strictly forbidden special relief for any group and what if to attempt to do so would only serve to endanger the position of the Jews which had

become rather favorable? These zealots must have their own way. They were like those men who walked always with their eyes on the stars and, never seeing the ground, they stumbled into pits and were grievously hurt.

And a bad fall these Zionists had, for, despite our admonitions, they organized for the separate relief of Jews, and later they were arrested and the food in their possession confiscated. And their fall would not have been so grievous had they not dragged along with them a number of young men and women to a tragic pass.

For the encouragement of youth they had planned to distribute a portion of their secret supplies among the Young Zion Group. This group, stirred up by the unhappy fate that had fallen upon their imprisoned elders, met in a surreptitious conference in Kiev. And when they had made hostile speeches, and had passed resounding resolutions inimical to the government, two young men who had posed as sympathizers arose.

"In the name of the secret police," they said, "you are all under arrest." And the police poured into the halls, and the assemblage—boys and girls in their teens—were led off to prison, and there followed a sensational trial that resulted in exile for some and imprisonment for others.

And foolhardy and altogether futile though the sad business was, there was tragic beauty in the courage of these children and their elders caring more for their ideal than for their safety. The secret police shadowed them, spies were among them, and imprisonment or exile was always the certain prospect, but their cause was not to be abandoned in the face of danger.

But their contention that food bought with the money of Jews should feed only Jews arose constantly to harass the conscience. And always the conscience protested, even though it sympathized with the universal hunger.

"True," it said, "the government has commanded that there must be no favoring of any group. But in the case of the Jews is this right? You will feed also their enemies. The food

that the Jews of America have given for their brethren will go, in part, to their enemies, and there will be less for the Jews.

"And when you return to America, what will you answer when they say to you, 'We gave food for our brethren, at a cost of many sacrifices, and you took from their mouths and gave food to their enemies also.' Will they be content with your explanations? Must you accept without protest the order of the government that Jews may not be fed separately?"

I feared to voice these misgivings to my associates in the American Relief Administration, lest they might misunderstand and misjudge us, saying that we were clannish. But they themselves were thinking with me and one and another of them protested against the unfairness of a rule that required relief given by Jews for Jews to be generally distributed.

And why, they inquired, should the Jews be lavish with those who only yesterday were their enemies? Is not this asking too much of human nature? Is not this straining the quality of mercy too much?

It is difficult to love an enemy or to pretend to love him, even though he proves to be a fellow charming enough when not engaged in murder. I was to meet him in the Zaporojie area where Jews had suffered as nowhere else, what with the terrible bandit Machno who had ravaged the country, making special prey of Jews.

His was the most powerful gang of brigands in the country, and often entire villages joined his banners, and those villages that did not join him were counted against him, and were destroyed. And so as I journeyed through Zaporojie I came to desolated villages, and here and there was only rubble to tell the passer-by that once a village lived on this spot. And many communities that Machno had not wrecked were wiped out by the soldiers of the government when it took hideous reprisals against those that had stood with Machno. Houses and inhabitants went in one destruction.

My chauffeur was prostrated by fear. He was sure that we would not live through this journey, for he had heard many

tales of what had happened to travelers in this country. In some places, he said, the inhabitants had turned to cannibalism and lay in wait for travelers, who, being well fed, might make juicy morsels. This place and that which we passed had horrid significance to him, being associated with reports of unspeakable atrocities which he had heard. He sped madly over the rutted roads, for he said we must make Ekaterinoslav before dark; to be caught on the road after nightfall was sure death. And though I made light of his fears, my heart sent up earnest prayers.

It was already toward sunset when my chauffeur made the dreadful discovery that we were almost without gas, and this was no matter for joking. In the distance a village, and this we must chance, and thither we went and came to Kazanka.

"Kazanka!" my chauffeur exclaimed with chattering teeth. Kazanka had been the headquarters of Machno. The chauffeur was full of tales of the horrors of Kazanka. The inhabitants were all desperate characters, the lustiest of the Machno bandits. After all, he said, we ought to be able to reach Ekaterinoslav on the gas we had.

"Let us go," he pleaded.

But on entering the village I observed a new brick structure and over its doorway the six-pointed shield of David. A synagogue!

"Surely," I argued, "if Jews are permitted to live here, this place cannot be unsafe."

The streets were deserted save for an old man, and he directed us to a field beyond the village limits, and there we found a gay assemblage of the inhabitants of Kazanka, dressed in the colorful attire that is shown on Ukrainian holidays. A football game was in progress and the officials of the town were directing it and the chief of government was the umpire.

And with what warm-hearted acclaim they embraced the strangers, especially the American.

"An American! An American!"

The shout ran through the field and soon I was surrounded

by the multitude eager for the sight of a specimen from that wondrous land where there was no hunger, and bread was for every one. Yes, they said, there was gasoline enough for us in the town, but they would not hear of our going so soon. We must stay at least a day with them and enjoy their holiday which was three days long. And when I told them that the nature of my duties prevented me from lingering anywhere more than a few hours, they simply answered, "Well, you will have to stay here a day," and there was no arguing with them. But my chauffeur was certain this was the last of us.

Now I could laugh at his fears more sincerely than on the roads. How could these kindly people be bandits and murderers? They were like children at their game and evil seemed an alien in this lovely scene.

And, the football game over, I was escorted to the house where I was to spend the night and the entire population followed, for there was no end of wondering at the being from the amazing America. The house to which I was taken was that of a German and my escort explained that it was the cleanest house in the village.

My host was regretful, for he had only milk to offer, but I had brought my own provisions and my own bedding. I shared my fare with him, his wife, and their child, and my host was particularly grateful for the hospitality of the bottle of cognac which I carried with me, for it had been years since any liquor had warmed his heart. And he became voluble.

He had come to Kazanka as a colonist from Germany in his youth, and had acquired a place of his own and had gone into the manufacture of sausage, employing five to ten men.

A German, he was a suspect during the war, and he bought peace with bribes and suffered the imposition of special taxes. Then a variety of bands of marauders inflicted themselves on the village from time to time, and one band and another pillaged him until he had nothing.

"But, sir," he said, "it is not robbery which was the worst.

It is that which I saw with my own eyes that was most terrible, and to this day I am sad. Let me tell you what I saw."

Kazanka, he began, was the headquarters of Machno. So my chauffeur was right. About a thousand Jews lived in Kazanka before the dreadful events. The inhabitants of the village, led by Machno, inflicted upon the Jews tortures and deaths of which my gentle host could speak only with pain. These young fellows I had seen at the football game had on their hands the blood of Jews.

"These kindly people!" I exclaimed, unbelieving.

"They burned some alive," he went on. "Some were maimed for life, women were outraged, and then, perhaps, buried alive. There was no torture beyond their imaginations to devise.

"A few were not killed or maimed. These had managed to run away, leaving behind all their possessions. This is what I have seen."

His story was interrupted by the appearance of the Kazanka officials who had constituted themselves my escort and I must go with them to a holiday entertainment in an improvised theater.

And, entranced by the loveliness of their native music and fascinated by the grace of their dancing, my amazement grew. What charming people these were! . . . This handsome lad dancing. . . . He was one of the football players of the afternoon. . . . Were his hands soiled with blood of innocents? . . . This young one with the rich voice. . . . What horror was on his conscience? About me sat a joyous, laughing multitude of kindly people.

The next day the youth of Kazanka exhibited to me their skill with horses, for they were Cossacks from their birth. But Kazanka was not untouched by the revolutionary convulsion that had uprooted a social system. If the Cossack inhabitants were still proud of their horses and their skill with them, they also boasted of their new schoolhouse.

"And," said the officials, "we are making plans for child-feeding and by wintertime we hope to have here a gymnasium."

"What about the synagogue?" I asked. "Have you no Jews here?"

They were abashed for the moment, like children questioned about a wrongdoing that was better forgotten.

"The Jews have left us," the spokesman replied at length. "They could not find any more trade here and they left. This was their synagogue, but we are afraid to use it."

I moved as if to enter it.

"Maybe it would not do for us to go in there," they protested and directed my footsteps elsewhere.

And so I left Kazanka with mixed emotions. One could love these people if one did not know what outrage had been done here; but how could one love them, knowing? How was I, as the representative of American Jewry, to put gifts in hands stained with the blood of brethren?

And yet could we not be kind to our enemies for the sake of the greater good of our own people?

Thus the conscience debated with itself as we sped over the roads to Ekaterinoslav.

I was rather happy in Ekaterinoslav, for here were many Jews and I had been for a day a lonely Jew among the enemies of Jews. Once it was a prosperous town, but now it had come to a shabby state and half the population had gone, seeking food in the world, and many had died of starvation and typhus.

Here I found Dr. Chaness, a Jew, a physician, a social worker, a man of great merit, the representative of the American Relief Administration. Though he was the just servant of the whole community, he was conscious of special Jewish problems.

He was a realist. Though the talk in the new Russia was of equality for all, he was no rapt dreamer in paradise and knew that even in a fifty-fifty heaven the Jew would not get his half of relief. The food that the Jews were sending to Russia belonged to the stomachs of Jews, he said, and if, for reasons of policy, there must be a division, it must not be equal

between Jews and non-Jews; for the non-Jews there should be only a nominal percentage.

Being on excellent terms with the Communists, he was converting them from their stiff-necked opinion that deemed only Communist organizations institutions and individuals worthy of their blessing. They could pity only children in Communist orphan homes and the hungry who had taken the Communist label. The respected Dr. Chaness was kindling a new illumination in their hearts.

So, from being at first inclined to love the enemy and feed him equally with the Jews, I came, through many questionings, to the resolution that it would be folly to distribute the charity of American Jews to the entire population in the Ukraine. To divide our limited provisions over an entire population would be only a division of crumbs. And though it was the commandment of the gods at Moscow that there must be no special feeding of Jews or any other group, Dr. Chaness was actually doing it in Ekaterinoslav with the approval of the authorities. American foodstuffs for Jews, sent to Ekaterinoslav, were going to the Jews almost wholly.

And, indeed, it began to appear that in the Ukraine the stiff-necked authority of Moscow did not altogether prevail, and when I came to Charkow, the Ukraine capital, I found a most tolerant attitude toward independent Jewish relief activities. Here the Jewish Kehillah was maintaining public kitchens for Jews and conducting homes for the homeless, and though these homes were scarcely fit for human habitation they had the virtue of providing roofs for heads without other shelter.

In Charkow lived a rare optimist named Berger, who had fallen from riches to the universal poverty; but if he could not have a world that suited him he was resolved to do the best with the world that was at hand. If wealth were no longer to be had, he looked about to find a means to make a good life out of the humbler existence to which he had come.

The passing years were healing the pain of loss. He had possessed fields and houses and money. But now he was asking

himself: Were these things really worth having? If in this new life I have a living for my family and there is required of me no more toil than my needs require, what more do I want? In the old life I toiled to accumulate far more than I ever could use. I was forever afraid of losing that which I possessed. But now, having nothing, I am without these fears which poison the mind and restrain a man from the pursuit of his ideals. Now I am free. Perhaps this is the better life.

In his new freedom, Mr. Berger looked about for ways in which to use the time that he formerly employed for his own aggrandizement, for the increase of his fields, for the enrichment of his house. Mr. Berger found this in an enthusiastic service by which he embraced all the elements of Jewish life in Charkow. He was the leader of Jewish life where, in the earlier days of the revolution, Jewish life had been all but prohibited; indeed, he was a builder of Jewish life where Jewish life had all but fallen apart in the universal convulsion. Thus Mr. Berger used the time he had formerly used for himself.

He was no worshiper at the feet of Bolshevism. Its crimes and mistakes distressed him grievously; he had little respect for the ability of the Communists to govern; but he was sure that time would mellow their fanaticism and that experience would teach them. He desired no radical change, and was trustful that the passing years would polish the rough hands of Bolshevism.

Secretly he was a Zionist; to be a Zionist publicly was to be a counter-revolutionary. Zionism animated his optimism. He dwelt in a happy future when the Jews would be gathered in and Palestine would be their goal. The present was only a transitory phase during which the Jews must maintain their life, and to rally Jewish life for the great time to come was his work.

Mr. Berger was not of those fanatical Zionists who were always laying themselves on the altar for immolation. He saw that he could serve Jewry better as a free man than in prison,

and he had served with such good purpose that Jewish relief was going on in Charkow with official consent.

Seeing Jews being permitted to serve Jewry for Jewish purposes, it seemed to me that no difficulties stood in the way of the Joint Distribution Committee putting its hand to the same service. And, indeed, the government officials at Charkow were without objections. We might administer help in any part of the Ukraine, but the government was averse to paying administration expenses.

Only the Evobkom stood in the way. The Evobkom was the Jewish Communist Committee that had to do with Jewish relief.

"No!" the Evobkom protested. "You must look to Moscow for permission." Without sanction from Moscow the Evobkom would have nothing to do with us.

And, besides, the Evobkom representatives argued, what need was there for separate negotiations with the Joint Distribution Committee since that body was only a part of the American Relief Administration? This was rather a sound question. And, under these circumstances, what need was there for special Jewish representation? And so back to Moscow to have the questions answered.

CHAPTER XXVIII

MOSCOW—TWO MONTHS LATER

GREAT changes had come upon Moscow in the two months that had passed since the melancholy days of my first visit. One marveled at the power of the human spirit to rebound from depths of despair. For the desolate city of two months before was gay and eager, and I thought of some man who, bed-fast a long time, was at length permitted to walk in the sunlight. The streets were crowded; the stores were open and their windows glowed with fine wares; the traffic moved again in a steady stream of horse-drawn vehicles and even automobiles. I thought of some city that had been held under the magic spell of a wicked sorcerer and had suddenly been released from the enchantment.

The people were much better dressed, and shoes and stockings were on the feet of the women who for the most part had gone barefoot. New hotels were open and cheerful-looking restaurants extended savory invitations to the passer-by and places of amusement intrigued his purse on every hand. I went to a public garden which, though the price of admission was something like a dollar, was crowded beyond comfort. The operetta theater within the garden had been sold out, though it had seats for two thousand.

The restaurants thrived, though prices were almost prohibitive. A dollar for a cheese sandwich and a cup of coffee! Their appointments presented a certain comparative elegance, for now snow-white linen was on their tables and silverware glistened and waiters wore Tuxedos, and restaurants in Paris could not be more inviting.

Now the gypsies sang and played and danced again and night life in Moscow seemed again the vivid thing I remem-

bered from my youth. This was the old, roystering Moscow that loved good food and had it.

But by what magic had these amazing changes been brought about? Who were these people who were so carefree this night and who had full purses with which to pay the high prices, though only two months ago Moscow was a city in which ragged poverty walked on all the streets?

And I asked, and heard about the Nep.

The Nep was the new economic policy. Private trade and enterprise, prohibited since the first hour of the revolution, was being revived. Private profit was going into pockets long empty. This was the magic that had broken the enchantment which had held the city in desolation. These good spenders were Nep men—the private traders—and public officials coming to Moscow from the far-flung reaches of the Soviet Republic. The latter had money, too.

And where do these visiting officials get money to spend so generously? I inquired. Certainly, there are no princely salaries for them. And when I asked, people winked knowing winks, or regarded my naïveté with open-eyed wonder or made sarcastic observations.

In the end we made partners, *nolens volens,* of the Communist Evobkom, granting it considerable sums of money for relief purposes in order that we might be enabled to pursue our own enterprises. Our efforts were extended toward the maintenance of Jewish institutions not reached by the American Relief Administration food distribution nor by the subventions of the Evobkom, which, of course, limited itself to Communist agencies and to pogrom victims. Under the terms of our partnership we were permitted to grant subsidies to institutions conducted by the Orthodox and nonpartisan elements. The old institutions established by those groups, that had almost fallen into disuse, could now be repaired, and their inmates fed and clothed. The houses for the sick and infirm, the homes for the aged, and similar agencies were rehabilitated;

independent groups instituted medical services through our help. Jewish social forces, hunted into inactivity, were now being revived against the day that the official anathema against them might be removed.

I was now in position to establish direct contact with Jewish leaders and social workers, to ascertain the needs of their institutions and to apprise them of the help that I could bring them from American Jewry. Not that this arrangement had the approval of Russian Jewry, many members of which were embittered against the insolent young Communist Jews who stood remorselessly on the neck of Judaism. Bitter was the lament of the chief rabbi, Maze, of Moscow, who saw in the revolution only an exchange of enemies; for the stupid old enemies there had been substituted more intelligent new ones who were themselves Jews.

I remembered him from my youth as a brilliant lawyer of Moscow and a scholar both in the secular law and the learning of Judaism. For him the step from the law to the rabbinate had not been difficult. Now he was an old man burdened by sorrows not his own, for his grief was for the sad state into which Judaism had fallen, though he himself had suffered no little; as a rabbi he was pronounced a counter-revolutionary; he had been deposed; he had been dispossessed of his home and with his large family occupied a few rooms on the top floor of a shabby tenement and he lived in daily fear that even from this he would be driven. He had saved his library and was grateful for this; even in the worst times there is always some good for a man, he said.

He was deeply touched that we had called on him.

"I thought it wasn't allowed," he said. "Nothing is permitted these days save to those who have the power. And how do they use their power? I understand their principles. Is there anything new in their principles? They are the same as the concepts of Judaism, only applied to modern conditions. There can be no argument against equitable distribution of wealth. I for one stand for the equality and happiness of all

the people. But, sir, is this equality? Is this a better distribution of wealth? Is this happiness?

"But I am not an enemy of theirs. I may not like their ways; I do not approve of violence; but I keep my thoughts to myself. I realize that whatever the situation may be now, we Jews do not want a change of régime. We want peace; we want rest; we want deliverance from our sufferings. They tell me I am an adherent of the old régime. This is not true. Do I not know that as Jews we had little to hope from the Tsar's government? They say that the church was the chief comforter of the old régime, but this cannot be said of the synagogue.

"It is of no use, however, to say these things to the lads who are the leaders of the Jewish Communists. The leaders of the government probably would listen, but to these sons of our own people—immature youngsters—there is nothing sacred.

"They have destroyed the schools and the institutions; they have ruined our best people; they have ridiculed our religion and made it a crime to speak our holy language. These things are worse than the Spanish Inquisition.

"In the old régime I was recognized as the representative of the Jews. They wanted to know my views; they counted on my opinions. But not now. I am an outcast, an enemy of the people, and when I desire to speak for the Jews I am turned away."

The relief of Jews as a separate group in Moscow had been a law-breaking enterprise and among the outlaw leaders was Mr. Fuchs, the President of the Moscow Kehillah. Time and again the police raided the colony for the homeless he conducted on the outskirts of Moscow and after each raid Mr. Fuchs continued his philanthropic outlawry unabashed. But he was getting tired of resisting Communists and was not averse to having them bought off by us with a subsidy.

"We are persecuted by our own people who pretend to be more Communistic than Lenin himself," he said. Drawing upon the past to which, bad as it was, Jews liked to look back as to a fond memory, he told of a time in Orsha when a new

governor was appointed who, being a new broom, proceeded to sweep clean.

"He prohibited the slaughter of animals until new men had been appointed for service in the slaughterhouse; he closed the Mikveh (the ritual bathhouse) until sanitary equipment had been installed.

"The Jews saw that they must do that which Jews in Eastern Europe always had to do: They must buy peace. And this they duly did, putting a substantial sum into the hands of the new governor.

"And the next day the governor summoned the schochet and asked him what his work was.

" 'I am the slaughterer,' he replied in a quavering voice of fear.

" 'Well, then, slaughter, my friend. Slaughter!' the governor said sternly.

"And when the keeper of the bathhouse had been called, he asked, 'And what do you do?'

"And she answered: 'I minister to the patrons of the bathhouse.'

" 'Well, then,' he said, 'minister, my dear woman. Minister!' "

"And that," Mr. Fuchs continued, "is the only privilege we ask for. To be permitted to do our work; to look after our institutions; to feed our hungry. We want to be let alone to do these things, but whether by direct bribery, as in old times, or by compromise with principles, as in these times, we must pay to be let alone."

There were other outlaws, as well, the former "modern workers," Social Democrats, who had been rather important in the Kerensky government and were in ill odor, therefore, among the Communists. There was the Ort, the organization devoted to the promotion of technical training and productive work generally among the Jews; it had been the life work of my boyhood friend, Leon Bramson; but its leaders were Social Democrats, who had hailed the entry of Kerensky with high

hopes. Some of them had been rather important in the Provisional government. They were therefore now regarded with open suspicion and hostility, and the activities of their organization watched carefully lest they prove subversive to the cause of Communism. A similar fate had overtaken the Oze, established in the war days for the purpose of promoting health and medical service among the Jews; when at length this agency had succeeded in obtaining permission to conduct a children's sanatorium, it was subjected to restrictive regulations that rendered its existence impossible.

If the Communists were uncompromising zealots, these men of the Ort and the Oze were no less. To the leader of the Ort, to live up to a principle was of more importance than to live by bread, and he was opposed to any manner of dealing with Jewish Communists in whose agreements he had no faith.

I went to Leningrad and there the leaders among the Jews were more realistic and were willing to compromise and walk with those irritating Communist Jews. The stifling influence of the Evsectzia—the Jewish section of the Communist party—which almost choked Moscow Jewry to death was not so oppressive in Leningrad, where independent groups felt free to call and discuss with me the Jewish problems.

Though most of the lights of Jewry in Leningrad were not Communists they were working for the Communist Government, which respected them for their abilities and their characters, while elsewhere work in the government was only for those who were guaranteed to be deep Red that would never run.

So I found Dr. Abraham Bramson, who before the revolution had been the national president of the Oze, running the tuberculosis section of the Petrograd Board of Health; the famed Professor Broude, who for thirty years had been in the Imperial Library under the Tsars, was still in his old place. He was like some giant whose luminous head reached to the stars and whose feet were planted deep in the earth and was not to be upset by any such convulsion as a social revolution. The revolution which tore out by the roots the oldest and most sacred

institutions passed Dr. Broude by, respecting his character and his learning.

And if in Moscow Jewish learning languished, in Leningrad there was a Hebrew University for the promotion of Jewish culture and on the faculty thereof the Communists had placed an instructor to teach the obligations of Soviet citizenship; and if in Moscow the rabbi was a pitiable outcast in the new society, in Leningrad the rabbi, Dr. Eisenstadt, was lecturing at the university; and whereas in Moscow the Hebrew language was forbidden, in Leningrad it was taught in the Hebrew University.

When I came to Professor Tan Bogoras his mind had little use for the troubles at hand and his eyes were filled with dreadful calamities to come. Long, long ago Bogoras had been a revolutionary and had been many years an exile in Siberia, and had beguiled the time by scientific research among the Siberian tribes. And when he was free again he published a book announcing that these tribes were of the same breed as the American Indians. Now he was the director of the ethnographic museum in Leningrad in which place he brooded upon the future of the human race, being sure that the white section thereof had no future whatever.

"The future," he said, "belongs to the yellow peoples."

"And is there no escape for us?" I inquired.

"Ah," he answered sarcastically, "do whatever you can. Feed the hungry, just as you are doing now. This is important, and this is all you or anybody else can do. But in the long run it makes little difference what you do. History will take its course. Those of us who do not succumb before our time will live to see upheavals that will cause the late war to appear a fight of boys playing in a schoolyard. All Europe will be involved in the cataclysm.

"The Caucasian race has finished its run and the time is at hand for the yellow peoples. There is only a certain longevity for everything and no power can make it perpetual."

And he had only shrugs of the shoulder for the temporary alleviations in which I was interested. And, indeed, none of

the Jewish scholars of Leningrad cared greatly about our efforts against hunger in the Ukraine. The hunger of Jewish bodies did not concern them.

"Can bread alone sustain Jewish life? Learning, culture—these are the sustenance of Jewish life."

And when I spoke of the hunger of the Ukraine, they spoke rather of their library with its rich collection of Judaica that was almost destroyed.

"And where shall we get money to restore it?" they asked.

When I told them of the dire needs of Odessa, they answered me with the needs of the Jewish Historical Society and the Jewish Ethnographic Museum.

The rapt philosophers of Leningrad presented me with autographed copies of their books upon my departure that I might be sure to recognize their importance in the realms of learning. They had arrived at that happy state where the mind, being in the stars, was too far away to note or care much for the needs of the stomach; but it was also a selfish state to be in, for they were equally impervious to the crying needs of their neighbors whose heads were closer to their stomachs and, therefore, knew the pangs of hunger.

The type of these stargazers is not rare in Jewry, and in Moscow I found a large group of Jews who had dedicated their lives to dramatic art and were utterly without sense of their physical needs, to say nothing of the needs of their neighbors or of their brethren in other parts of the country.

These called themselves the Kiev Culture League of Dramatic Art and had come to Moscow to conquer the capital with a new art. Sixty of them, young men and women, lived together in two rooms, without heat, light, or sanitary facilities, and the floor was bed for most of them, and bags of straw were the bedding. If any stern guardian of morals had exclaimed, "Is this proper? Sixty young men and women sleeping in two rooms?" he would have been answered that each young woman had a husband in the crowd.

Some of them worked and their earnings went into a com-

mon pot for the feeding of all; lacking nourishing food and being scantily clothed, a number of them had been stricken with tuberculosis; two had gone almost barefoot into the streets to peddle and their feet were frozen.

But their eyes shone with the reflection of the stars among which they lifted their heads, and if hunger was in their stomachs, they were scarcely conscious of it, and if tuberculosis was in their lungs, it was only a cough, and if feet were frozen, what did it matter as long as heads were safe in the clouds?

Only art mattered and they were living their art.

"You see," their director explained, "up to now the Jewish theater has been very morbid. It reflected the everyday atmosphere—the dark, dreary, and monotonous strain of Jewish reality. But that is not art; that is mere photography. The true purpose of art is to cause a person to forget reality, to give the audience pleasure. This the Jewish theater has not heretofore offered its people. . . . But you can understand our mission only if you see us at our work."

And so I went to their hall and beheld an amazing and incomprehensible series of movements which were gymnastics more than normal human motion.

"This," they said, "is our medium of expression. There is art in every motion. The way you come on the stage, the way you bow, the way you take a chair, or, for that matter, the way you walk—everything expresses character. We are trying to make the specific, awkward Jewish gestures plastic, rhythmic, and beautiful. Don't you see it?"

But my dull eyes saw only the pathos of deluded people, starving, sickening, and dying for an impossible ideal. In this new society there were, indeed, various groups that were elevated by the ideal of art for art's sake, since there could be no art for private profit. But if in some instance the object of this ideal was most absurd, in others it devoted itself to the finest purposes.

There was the Habima, the Hebrew theater of Moscow, a group of consummate actors who would have adorned any

stage. They could have lived fatly elsewhere but they chose the privation of Moscow. Hebrew was prohibited in Moscow, but their plays were spoken in Hebrew, and time and again the theater was raided and the actors arrested, and after every arrest they promptly returned to their stage to speak their parts in Hebrew. In Hebrew they produced "The Dybbuk."

But little did these annoyances matter to them; they were worth enduring in a society that seemed to offer the opportunity to serve art only for its own sake.

And so I saw that Jewish life in the new Russia was not all a prostrated body for the Joint Distribution Committee to pick up and feed but a flaming spirit seeking expression in new media. When one was depressed on account of Jewish life in the Ukraine, one could go to the Habima and see a Jewish crowd applaud superlative Jewish actors speaking a language that had been dead and now had come to life in the mouths of Jews; then one was glad that Jewish life is not all in the stomach and that the food of Jews is not exclusively bread and meat and vegetables.

Judaism might not have been in a flourishing state in Russia, but Jewish life was and Yiddish had become the medium for new dramatic form offered by the Communists. They took old Yiddish plays and revised them in order to laugh at social and religious customs of old days, and the pious were shocked, and the young, irreverent ones had a good laugh.

They laughed from the depths of empty stomachs, and the Jewish painters of whom Shagal was the leader forgot their privations while they pursued their fancies and caught them on canvas, and Jewish sculptors, themselves weak from hunger, created the loveliest images of vibrant life, and Jewish singers, organized to foster Jewish music, sang with the joy of the new life though they knew not whence their next meal would come, and a Jewish opera was offered at a financial loss, but what did that matter in a world in which art lived for its own sake?

The Moscow Orchestra, composed mostly of Jews, being without a leader, was performing brilliantly by the self-disci-

pline of every player—a leaderless orchestra! And though their music provided them only with the meagerest sustenance, so that they were obliged to accept food from the relief agency, these musicians were content. They had overtaken and captured an ideal and as a leaderless orchestra had demonstrated the perfect unity.

So I who had come to offer bread to Jewry found large numbers who were above bread, living apart in worlds of loveliest fantasy, following one and another ideal, caring nothing about the hunger in their stomachs and still less about the hunger that gnawed the stomachs of their earth-bound brethren.

Indeed, not many Jews were conscious of their immediate distress. The minds of most were beguiled from their privations by dreadful anxieties for the future. When I spoke to them of any task to provide for the needs of the hour, their eyes were directed toward remote horizons. But while Moscow's stomach was never altogether well filled, Moscow was not in that unhappy domain called the famine area. Where famine left dead bodies on the streets, there was no stargazing and the people concerned themselves with the needs of the hour and coöperated with us.

Soon famine was brought under control by American food supplies even though satiety was not complete. Under the official auspices of the American Relief Administration our work developed on a rather extensive basis. In the Ukraine and in White Russia the activities were administered by our men, recruited from among the tried and experienced workers of the First and Second Units. In Great Russia itself, through our subsidies to the Evobkom, we were left free to give relief funds directly to Jewish institutions and to groups of "intellectuals" and others whom the new social order classed among the nonessentials.

The Communists were faithful enough to their contracts with us, though the non-Communists had warned us that they were faithless people. Though Communists had stood sternly against the relief of any but Communists and pogrom victims,

now the Orthodox and the nonpartisan Jews were permitted to receive our aid for their institutions. And so these non-Communist Jews rehabilitated their houses for the infirm, the blind, the deaf, and other handicapped and dependent people, and independent groups instituted medical services with our help.

Our work had to do with the support of Jewish institutions, for the distribution of food was being administered by the American Relief to which the Joint Distribution Committee contributed large sums. And it must be said that the Jewish population was at no disadvantage in this distribution, for it got its just portion. Nevertheless, there was criticism in some quarters of this non-sectarian division by those who thought that Jews ought to be fed by Jewish agencies; the participation of the Joint Distribution Committee was not generally known and the American Relief Administration was getting all the credit.

The Orthodox were unhappy because, while the Communists were permitting us to look after their children, they were being looked after only in the Communist way, and were without religious education. And they said: "They give the children life, but what manner of life is it that is not Jewish?" And they added: "The people are being fed and made content, and thus you have strengthened the hands of a government that persecutes Judaism and rabbis. So what has been gained? Is it not better to hunger than that Judaism should suffer?"

Echoes of this were heard also in the United States, as we were apprised from time to time by the American Jewish press. Strife had broken out in the radical Jewish group of New York and there was a section of it that demanded we must have no dealings with the Evsectzia. The cause of this had to do with incomprehensible politics, and for a time the distress of thousands in Russia was quite forgotten while the radicals played with joyous bitterness at their political game.

In this unhappy pass unselfish devotion remained in the

hands of the capitalistic Jews, who certainly were without any sympathy whatever for the works of the Soviet Republic. They said that the work in Russia must go on and if it could not go on otherwise than through the Communist Jews, we must serve with them.

There had been a demand in Europe for constructive measures now that the hunger had been to an extent assuaged. So a commission of seven was sent by the Joint Distribution Committee, three of them—David Brown, Professor Milton Rosenau, and Mr. Wolff—going to Russia. They came to Moscow and we took them about the various institutions. In Moscow children that had been emaciated were already fattening, and our commissioners asked, "Where are the starving children?" or they exclaimed, "Why, you can find children like these in every large American city!" Their stay in Moscow was short and it was in the Ukraine that their eyes were appalled.

In Odessa they met for the first time a representative of the government—Citizen Artimonoff, an ex-nobleman of Poland who, abandoning the security of a nobleman's life in Poland, had joined the Communist party and because of his linguistic accomplishments had been promoted to the position of special liaison officer to the foreign organizations in the Ukraine.

His elegance of deportment seemed quite incongruous in a proletarian state and our commissioners sought a Communist representative who more nearly resembled their conception of what a man of the people ought to look like.

He proved to be a young Jew named Kapustianski who wore medals for bravery and devotion to the Soviet, for it was he who had directed the business of liquidating, as they called it, the bandits of the Ukraine and a good job he had done of it. He was a man of limited education, loud of voice and rather crude of manners, and not in the least shy about telling of his exploits.

And a bloodthirsty Jew he proved to be, and proud of it, a most unique specimen of Jewry. His specialty had been the

extermination of bandit groups that had perpetrated pogroms and no mercy had been in his hand for them.

"We razed whole villages and killed the inhabitants because they had provided hiding-places for the bandits," he recited with gusto.

His delight was to tell of tortures that had been inflicted and of the strategies that had been employed in catching bandits and of his personal accomplishments, for he was not one of those officers who are content to see their soldiers do the dirty work alone.

Turning to the interpreter, one of our commissioners said: "Ask him whether at some time he does not feel sorry for some particular act that he did."

Citizen Kapustianski answered: "Yes, I do. Especially, I cannot forgive myself for my actions toward two Polish officers we captured near the Polish border. They were very young and nice looking. They pleaded for their lives and promised to give up their rank and return to their homes where their mothers and sweethearts were awaiting them. In a moment of weakness, I let them go, and I have been sorry ever since. Had I killed them my conscience would be fully at rest. As it is, it suffers from regrets whenever it remembers this one act of weakness."

The gentle commissioners were not a little shocked at this and frankly expressed their abhorrence through the interpreter.

"Tell them," Citizen Kapustianski replied, "that they can afford to play virtuous. They did not see their own brothers killed in the pogroms, and their fathers tortured and their mothers beaten to death. They did not see young women overpowered and small children torn to pieces. I have gone through all that and my blood boils when I think of it. Nothing but the blood of enemies brings me relief. I am happy that I have been privileged to avenge the crimes perpetrated against my people, and I shall continue to do so until I myself am killed."

He was the only contented Jew I had met in Russia. Others

either were deep in despair or weighed down by stern resolves to help build a Communist heaven or sweetly sad in pursuit of unattainable ideals. This one alone had seen success for his desires. His only regret was for the two he had let live.

CHAPTER XXIX

WE LOSE—AND WE WIN

EVEN an idealistic proletarian state is not altogether free of those vices that are the sin of capitalistic governments, as we were now to learn. Graft, called the legitimate child of the profit system, was seen as the bastard offspring of a social scheme that had made rid of private profit as the source of all evil.

The work of the American Relief Administration soon would terminate and since the Joint Distribution Committee had been working under sanction of this Administration, it must now make a separate contract with the Russian government, if its own enterprises were to continue.

Our dealings were largely with a young Communist official who was the interpreter and, in reality, the unofficial fixer, in that department of the government that had to do with foreign organizations. His chief was a great man in Communism, formerly a professor of history in Riga, but one understood that if one desired a thing done, his assistant was the man to be seen.

"A little favor done here and there is not a bad investment," the unctuous young man was wont to say, observing that even in a Bolshevik régime there was place for reciprocity. And it was quite obvious that the fellow spoke the truth, for a few extra food remittances given judiciously to various officials—big and little—served pleasantly where, at times, red tape would have entangled our feet.

When we commenced negotiations for the contract, our friend appeared with a personal request.

"You see, my chief has a father in Latvia. The son, though a Communist, is very devoted to his non-Communist father

and is suffering tortures because he cannot directly help the old man. Would it not be possible to advance, say, fifty dollars a month to his father, this to be paid back by the son? He will be only too glad to reimburse you, and the only question is how to do this thing so as not to compromise an official so high."

And when, later, we met him on a trip of inspection in the Ukraine, he again approached us with one of those proposals that, we had believed, were indigenous to rapacious capitalistic states.

"I myself naturally abhor business," the comrade began. "But you know I have such a large family and it is no use to argue with them. They have lost all they had; they were exceedingly rich and now are reduced to extreme poverty. It is up to me to help them. My brother is in particularly bad shape, and Communist or no Communist, he must be assisted by me. I might place him in a very lucrative position in the government, but can I compromise with my principles? Ah no, gentlemen.

"However, if my brother could get a loan, say of about a thousand dollars, he would be enabled to start a soap factory and he is willing, naturally, to stand good for it."

In return he would supply us with good counsel that would show us how to walk carefully on Communistic eggs without smashing any.

We desired a contract that would rid us of the uncomfortable partners, the Jewish Communists, who employed their power to make life miserable for conforming Jews; the Jews of the United States had no relish for an affiliation with such brethren. And much time was consumed in conferences but not unpleasantly, for often, after the old Russian manner, we deliberated to the tune of gypsy music at elaborate supper tables.

In the midst of these negotiations we came almost to a break with the American Relief Administration when David Brown, visiting the Ukraine and becoming impatient with the ways of the Administration, sent a sharp note. And the result was

that Colonel Haskell, the head of the American mission, answered even more sharply, issuing a command that all but cut the ground from under us and took from our hands the work we had been doing, left us without authority, and made us homeless outcasts in Russia.

But almost as swiftly as this had happened to us, the tables turned and we were the favored children of the Russian government housed in the palace of Mirbach, the German ambassador who had been assassinated a few years before. And though the contract had been only tentatively signed we were given the blessing of the government and permitted to proceed with our work.

Not that the government loved the Joint Distribution Committee more; it liked the American Relief Administration less, and by making special pets of us it thought to embarrass the Administration, and this it could not have accomplished more successfully. We, for the moment without lawful existence, were now sustained by the warm but not comfortable embrace of the Russian government; for it was most uncomfortable to be loved at the expense of our fellow Americans.

The great dining hall of the Mirbach palace was far too spacious for us; we gathered in the sunlit conservatory for the meals prepared and served to us by a specially appointed concessionnaire. Our men in the field received brand-new credentials, embellished with the seal of the Joint Distribution Committee; now we need not hide our light under a bushel. Russia should know that it was from Jews that these relief funds came, to be distributed to Jew and to Gentile also. So, in Russia, our organization was known as the American Joint Distribution Committee, and it was this name which was emblazoned on our offices and warehouses and automobiles.

Now the existence of the American Relief Administration became more difficult, what with the coolness of the government toward its efforts and what with charges of the government that the expense of administration was far too high for the capacity of the government to pay. Then there was that

incident of the American pouch which the government seized and which, upon being opened, revealed that the pouch was not being used altogether for official business. From its capacious interior there issued a variety of private articles, such as jewels, which could not be exported save under heavy duty. So the Relief Administration looked forward to its imminent departure from Russia and no less eagerly did the government which, at the hour of breaking camp, sped the parting guest with utmost courtesy and consideration. And, indeed, there was a glittering farewell reception that left nothing to be desired.

It was rather flattering to our vanity that this reception to the officials who had all but turned us from their doors was held in our own quarters, in the former Mirbach palace. And well suited was this structure for an event so gorgeous, for its ballroom had the vast spaciousness of the imperial times and its dining room was of dimensions to match.

There came the acting president of the Republic, Kamenev, and Chicherin and Radek, and many others of the new constellation of Soviet statesmen. The music was of the orchestra of the Moscow Grand Opera, and between orchestra numbers there were songs of praise, as eloquent Russian orators lifted their voices in tribute and there were presentations of loveliest gifts, and almost every American official became richer by some golden teacup or dish or jewel that had once been the proud possession of the imperial family.

And if, by reason of past incidents, there had been a certain restraint at the beginning of the reception, this now dissolved into an outpouring of affectionate exchanges; and if the Russians said they desired to be the good friends of the United States, our Americans replied that all that was in their power they would do to cause the two great nations to understand each other better.

Oh, it was love feast enough, and Soviet Russian and American were pledging the fealty and respect that is becoming to brethren, even while in the United States one hundred per

cent patriots were going about making meat of the Soviet to feed to red-blooded Americans. The Russian government, needing friends in the world, was not averse to making international capital of this event, and for every speech there was a stenographer to take down every happy word, and there were reporters to publish far and wide the good tidings of brotherhood, and motion-picture photographers recorded the loving embraces.

So the American Relief Administration left Russia and the Joint Distribution Committee remained to continue its own work in accordance with its new contract. This covered not only the feeding of children, but also a constructive program of agricultural activities, promotion of trade, education, establishment of loan funds, etc. Our funds were far smaller than those which had been at the disposal of the American Relief Administration; but now most of our money could be devoted to the needs of the Jewish people.

The reconstruction was delegated to the hands of Joseph Rosen, that same Rosen who had come with the American Relief Administration to rescue the Volga region from famine, and had taught prevention of periodic famines by crop rotation and who had become a great hero in the Russia that years before he had left as an exile.

Now he gave himself to the service of his own people and became the leader of that amazing pilgrimage that has seen Russian Jews in multitudes leave the Ghettos for the soil to plant a new life.

The provision of food for the children, assistance to institutions for the care of the old, sick, or otherwise dependent, and the distribution of funds for the many needs that called for alleviation in the Jewish communities, was to be my task.

Rosen and I had been friends in the quiet years back in America; now we worked together with a fullness of understanding, a deep affection, and a glad confidence that remain a treasured memory.

Other foreign organizations as well were made to turn their

hands from charity to reconstruction. There were present in Russia, besides us, the Y. M. C. A., the Baptists, the Mennonites, and the Catholics who specialized in the feeding of children. But the work of the Catholics came to a sudden end by reason of the intolerance of Communists who in place of bigotries they had destroyed had established a zealous bigotry of their own.

When Bishop Butkowich, a Catholic, was accused of treason and executed, Father Walsh of the Catholic mission was at a loss what to do and he appealed to the Pope. The answer was prompt. The feeding of children must go on. A bishop had come to martyrdom but the children must be fed, and where there had been one loaf before there must be two loaves now. And the Communists who had scoffed at Christianity as opium to deaden the pain of the oppressed, saw this exemplar of Christian forbearance and were impressed for the time.

But when, three months later, it was proposed to hold a memorial in the cathedral in which the martyred bishop had officiated, the edifice was closed by the government. The killing of a bishop might be overlooked where life was to be served; but this was an assault on the freedom of conscience, a violation of the rights of man and was not to be compromised with. The challenge came that unless the cathedral was opened, Catholic relief would be withdrawn, and when the government refused to recede from its truculent mood, it was withdrawn.

The Pope was less patient than the Jews who have made no end of their work even unto this day, though prejudice and contumely often have been on our heads. But has not suffrance always been the badge of our race?

CHAPTER XXX

THE NEW FREEDOM

Now our work proceeded under the favor of one of the noblest women of Russia—Mme. Olga Kamenev, the wife of the Acting President of the Republic. She was the chairman of that commission through which the government dealt with foreign-relief organizations; a woman of unusual ability and intelligence, a daughter of Jews. Her noble presence was like an admonition and the graft and the favor-seeking disappeared from the affairs of Russian relief administration, and men were ashamed to ask aught for themselves.

She and her husband had been of the persecuted revolutionaries in the time of the Tsar, and there had been exile for them and bitterness, and then fate had turned their world upside down and they who had been as dust under the imperial feet were in the places of the mighty. They were conscious of no pride of pomp in their new elevation; this was only a new post of duty.

Within the Kremlin Mme. Kamenev kept modest house for her husband and two children and, her household duties done, she went forth to give herself until far into the night to the service of the nation. Within the walls of the Kremlin had been the palaces of the Tsars which had been converted into museums; there, too, the administrative departments of the Republic were established; in the quarters formerly occupied by the courtiers of the Tsar, the Soviet officials lived.

The Kamenevs lived in three rooms on the second floor of a building in which were the living quarters of other officials as well. This space must suffice not only for the President of the Republic, his wife, and two children, but also for his secretary and two servants.

The rooms were modestly furnished, but in good taste. There was a select library in the study room, and the name of the aristocratic personage who once had owned them was still in the books. But this aristocrat, had he known, would have felt assurance that his beloved books had fallen into gentle hands, for the Kamenevs were people to the manor born.

Mme. Kamenev thought of herself as one of the family of mankind and to be a Jew was therefore to seclude one's self from the common life. She cared for Jews as people and not as brethren exclusively hers; they were brethren, to be sure, but as the Tartars were brethren, as the Bashkirs were brethren. But in unguarded moments hidden recesses of her heart opened to reveal a deep affection for the people of whom she was born. She was concerned with their good name in the world.

"You see," she said, "it is impossible to have you do everything for the Jews and nothing for the others. After all, to do for others does good to the Jews, for it promotes better understanding."

Mme. Kamenev labored furiously at her tasks, crowding every hour with service, for blindness was falling upon her and she must fill the days with work before darkness came.

Mr. Kamenev seemed even more distant from the Jews than his wife. It was said of him that he was the son of a converted Jew. He was the most respected of the Communist leaders, though not loved as Trotsky was. Among his political enemies I heard no ill spoken of him; these loud fellows said only that he was too mild and too modest. He was a prodigious worker, and though there was a multitude of detail to be served in the presidency of the Republic, he still found time to lecture on technical subjects and scarcely a month passed without a new book of his appearing in print.

Not that Kamenev was indifferent or hostile to Jews; they were brethren, but not special brethren, who must be treated justly. His beloved friend was the Jew, Professor David Shor, the musician, who was often with him in friendly discourse and who was the voice of the Jews speaking to the ears of the

president. Shor found friendly ears in Kamenev, and often it was Kamenev himself who pointed ways out of Jewish difficulties that Shor brought to him. One day Shor brought to him a delegation of rabbis pleading for recognition of their calling and for the rights of the Hebrew language which had been declassed as something counter-revolutionary. Though the objects of their visit came to no success, still it was brought home to fanatical Jewish Communists that the Acting President himself had given gracious audience to rabbis, and it was as if Kamenev had said to his comrades, "We may despise the teachers of religion, but may we not be gentlemen?"

But Kamenev's gentle tolerance was quite wasted as an example for his truculent Jewish comrades, who demanded that Hebrew must be stricken from the tongues of men, since it was called a holy language and since nothing holy must be tolerated, and to whom synagogues were useful only for confiscation and conversion into Communist clubs.

When the kindly Kamenev proposed to the rabbis that they draft a petition asking the government's indulgence for Hebrew, it was the Jewish Communists who protested against any favor that would give any legal sanction to Hebrew. And the pious portion of Jewry cried, "Oh, that our brethren should do this to us! Oh, that the feet of our own children should now be on our necks!"

So Hebrew had become a secret language, a sort of Marrano, and was taught behind closed doors and the little boys no longer raised their voices in the well-known singsong of the Hebrew schools. But in unguarded moments the boys quite forgot themselves and chanted their lessons in the traditional way. One day I visited a Jewish shelter home with Mme. Kamenev and even before we came to the door Mme. Kamenev's Communist ears were assailed by the singsong that told us little boys were studying Hebrew there. And what a hurrying there was to hide the Hebrew books as we entered and what a blushing as the pupils put away their hats which must be worn when the holy language is on the tongue! And

what a stammering by the teacher making explanations to Mme. Kamenev, who smiled a sweet tolerance that, alas! was not common in this new Russia, furious and unbending in the pursuit of the new ideals.

The teacher opened his coat and displayed a badge to her. "You see," he said, "I am the commandant here."

In every house the government had a "commandant" who was a faithful Communist and whose duty was to make report to the authorities on the comings and goings of all the inhabitants. A commandant was also in every school and his functions included janitor service.

This one was a faithless commandant, perpetrating treason against Communism in order to be faithful to Israel! Placed in the school to keep his eyes open against Judaism, he himself was teaching it; on guard to keep it out, he was stealthily imparting it to the hearts of the children. Faithless Communist! Faithful Jew!

Like all things that are prohibited, Hebrew came to be greatly desired by the Jews and in the Ukraine and White Russia it was bootlegged, as we would say in the United States, by hundreds of teachers. These imparted the language to furtive groups of five and ten, meeting in the basements of synagogues, with lookouts at the doors to give warning of the approach of intruders.

And time and again there were raids on these classes by Jewish Communists, bringing the secret police of the Cheka which was the most feared and the most hated of the institutions of the new order. The Cheka was the instrument of *Schrecklichkeit* by which Communism maintained itself in the beginning, an all-seeing eye seeking enemies, an iron fist that crushed them. But after Russia had become safer for Communism the remorseless Cheka became more mellow and made concessions to gentleness; now the Cheka no longer was permitted to execute people offhand and formality of trial was required. It even changed its evil name and became the GPU.

Many of its members were bloodhounds of the old régime and had pursued revolutionaries who were now their masters. Their chief was Derjinski, a Pole, an efficient and versatile fellow, for not only had he the keenest scent for counter-revolution and the most cold-blooded talent for punishing enemies of the government, but he was also a success as manager of the railroads, and with equal skill he had managed the Cheka and the transportation system at one time.

No more courteous, refined, and even kindly individual ever cut a throat. To meet him was to meet a gentleman of parts and of principles whose cruel ferocity was reserved for enemies of the government. In one of the small and intimate gatherings at Kamenev's house one evening, they discussed a new book of Veresief's, "The Blind Alley." It had not yet been published, since the government had not yet given permission, and whether it deserved this permission was the issue under discussion.

The manuscript was read and it was seen that it was written in the blood of military Communism, for it was almost a photographic picture of that dreadful phase of the revolution. And when it had been read this one and that offered an opinion, and then Derjinski spoke:

"I can see no harm in having this book published. The things described therein are, in the main, true, and the author indicates a friendly attitude toward our Communistic ideas. However, there is one thing that I cannot understand and I consider it exceedingly out of place, for it misrepresents reality. What I object to is the author's reference to the Jews as a separate group of people. On this subject the author seems to lose his objectiveness and falls under the influence of the old and dying belief that does not consider the Jews as a part of the Russian population. In this he makes a terrible mistake, for he brings back the mischievous and exceedingly unjust tendency to depreciate the Jew, and this cannot be permitted in our country.

"We have already suffered enough from that doctrine, and I would suggest that the author go over his manuscript and make such changes as will make it acceptable. Otherwise, I, for one, am not in favor of having the book published."

Thus spoke the grand executioner of the Soviet government, whose official hand was unspeakably cruel and whose private hand was lifted this night in deprecating gesture defending Jews against a suggestion, even, of anti-Semitism. He was willing to spill an ocean of blood and swim across it to attain the brotherhood of man.

His abhorrence of anti-Semitism even in mild form was also the feeling of the government. It embraced the Jews as a people and despised as enemies those who would set them apart. I recall an incident in a cabaret in Kiev where a beloved actor who had drunk too deeply that night objected to Jewish airs the orchestra was playing.

"Stop that damned Jewish music," he cried, "and give us something Russian."

He laughed as he said it, but a moment later he was prone on the floor, with the earnest young Communist who had knocked him down standing over him to guard him until the police came. The unhappy actor was sentenced to six months in jail for anti-Semitism and he would have served his time but for the intervention of friends. And for the next six months he was under parole subject to the orders of the government which wielded on his spirit a sharp rod of poetic justice. It delighted to assign him to entertain the inmates of Jewish institutions.

When the irresponsible husband of Isadora Duncan called a Jew the Russian equivalent of our American and extinct "Sheeny," the best literary circles of Moscow, of which he was one, felt scandalized. He was arrested and he must be tried by a court of his literary peers. This was the crime of no ordinary man and, therefore, to be regarded the more reprehensible. This was no muzhik spewing venom, but one of the intellectuals defiling revolutionary principles; and it would

have fared badly for Duncan's husband had not Jewish members of the literary club interceded for him.

"He knew not what he did, being drunk," they pleaded for him, and while he escaped punishment he was made to apologize to the Jew he had insulted and to the Jews in general, and there was a public reprimand for him.

"If intellectuals are faithless to the new principles, of whom may faithfulness be expected?" it was said to him.

In this new Russia, at that time, Jews predominated in the high places of the government, but not consciously as Jews, for they had set themselves apart from Judaism as they had from capitalism, and there was none among them to say, "I am a Jew"; they knew only the proletarian unity.

Nor was there any in Russia, at that time, to point scorn publicly at these new rulers and say, "They are Jews." And I who had been born in the old Russia and had lived in it until my young manhood, felt myself in a topsy-turvy world in which the despised had come to sit on the throne, and they who had been the least were now the mightiest, and I was like one waking up from a dream, uncertain between fantasy and reality.

There was that May Day in Moscow, a grand parade. The Red Army marches. The workers march with banners and floats, singing. The procession, miles long, snakes through the winding streets and comes, at length, to the Kremlin where the puissance of Communism is assembled.

Where homage was once for Tsars, the heavens are rent with hoarse, exultant tributes for the Jew, Trotsky, the idol of the people—then.

Where the soldiery did obeisance to emperors, the battalions now stand before the Jew, Kamenev, Acting President of the Republic, to recite after him the oath of allegiance.

He is flanked by generals who were of the old régime and now are of the new. At his right Budiani, the dashing cavalryman, whom the Tsar loved.

One sees these things and says, "But, after all, this is not Trotsky the Jew or Kamenev the Jew. They have repudiated Judaism and feel no unity with Israel. Are they of us, then?"

Then one argues: "But they are Jews. Is the Jewish quality something that can be renounced with a word? Can our spiritual inheritance be cast off by a man as some garment? These are Jews."

Trotsky the Jew receives the salute of the army. . . . Budiani, the favorite of the Tsar, stands at attention as the Jew Kamenev speaks.

This is not to say that there was no anti-Semitism in Russia then. Oh, there was enough of it and, perhaps, the more dangerous because it was suppressed. The government sat on the lid, and when Jews met to discuss the comparative happiness of their new state, there was always the terrifying question, "But what would happen if the government fell?"

And men feared to venture the answer, being seized with unspeakable dread; for every Jew knew that the fall of the government would release such an explosion of hate as would fade St. Bartholomew's eve to a brawl. And the prayer was that there might be no change even though Jewish Communists were most obnoxious and persecuted Judaism, even while the Jew himself was safe.

The Jewish Communists knew how to rationalize their persecution of Judaism. This persecution, they said, was really good for the Jews in the long run. They must take this attitude of opposition to Judaism in order that it might appear that even among the Jewish Communists there was no special favor for Judaism in this new Russia in which all religions had been declassed. Seeing Jews barking at Jews, the dogs of anti-Semitism might be content and seek other objects at which to snap.

But, in reality, the Jewish Communists were moved by inspirations less complicated, and these partly had to do with their own prestige in the party and partly with the nature of the Jew who is forever afraid of what the neighbors may say

about him. If in America it is a time for hysterical patriotism he must seem more hysterical than others, lest it be said that he is not patriotic enough, as we saw in an earlier chapter of this book. If in Russia religion had come to be despised, the Jew must be seen tearing down synagogues.

One might call the Jew Chafetz, the grand inquisitor of that time or, at least, the deputy. Nothing mattered to him save the revolution, and nothing was sacred but Communism and its government.

It was said of him that during the military period of the revolution he called one day for quick service at the place where he was accustomed to have his meals. In Russia such haste could mean only that one was laboring under the strain of some catastrophe.

"Has any one died?" he was asked.

"Yes," he answered quite casually, "my wife."

Wife, children, friends, religion—none of these was as holy as the ark of Communism and if a friend must be sacrificed on the altar, Chafetz did not hesitate to inform against him. For, whoever was not a friend of the government ceased to be a friend of his, and if for the good of the cause the fellow must be shot Chafetz had no regrets but, on the contrary, felt the elevation that is reserved for great patriots.

Another of his kind was Esther Froomkin, a sort of frenzied Medusa, whose fury was on the heads of rabbis and who counted no day complete that was without an assault on them. In that tragic time Esther Froomkin offered comic relief in her efforts to tear up Judaism by the roots and abolish it.

She went about initiating absurd demonstrations against Judaism; she wrote articles deriding its practices and heaping contumely on the rabbis; she was as fanatical as any monk could have been in the time when fires were lighted under Jews. She was feared and hated, but her friends preferred to be charitable and said she was misled by a disordered mind.

In a pamphlet of which hundreds of thousands were printed, under the title "What We Are Doing to the Rabbis," Esther

Froomkin enumerated the hundred and one indignities that rabbis had suffered. And if the mediæval church burned Jews to save their souls, no less did Esther Froomkin persecute Judaism to save Jews.

One day I reproached her.

"Why do you go out of your way to violate the most sacred feelings of your people? It is bad enough that you are making life miserable for the rabbis. But why do you take the trouble to stir up the Jews against rabbis, to lead the young against institutions their fathers respect?"

"I am right!" she exclaimed. "You do not understand the danger that the Jews are facing. If the Russian people should once get it into their minds that we are partial to the Jews, it would go hard with Jews. It is for the sake of the Jews that we are absolutely objective in our dealings with the clergy—Jewish and non-Jewish alike. The danger is that the masses may think that Judaism is exempt from anti-religious propaganda and, therefore, it rests with the Jewish Communists to be even more ruthless with rabbis than non-Jewish Communists are with priests. So we must popularize prejudice against rabbis; the Russians who have lost the poor consolation of their priests must be persuaded that there is no special favor for rabbis."

But a few weeks later the god Trotsky spoke and peace fell upon the turbulent spirit of Esther Froomkin; for Trotsky in his new book, "The Problems of Life," counseled moderation in the methods of anti-religious propaganda. It was quite a mistake, he said, to antagonize believers too much and advised "a milder and even respectful attitude toward those who, because of their background, cannot lift their minds to an understanding of modern ideas."

Thereupon Esther Froomkin who had been flaunting fiery banners lifted a pure white one of pity, and thereafter rabbis were not fellows to be thrown to the wolves but poor, benighted creatures who deserved the sympathy of all who perceived the new light that issued from the Kremlin.

But not all Jews of the Jewish Communist section—the Evsectzia—were of a mind with Chafetz and Froomkin, and there were many who were tolerant though themselves having no use for Judaism and there were many who, if they did not serve Judaism, served Jews gently through the Evobkom, the Jewish relief agency.

The Evobkom had to do with pogrom orphans whom it maintained in institutions to the number of 50,000 at times. Practically the same directorate governed the Evobkom and the Evsectzia which was a political organization, and whatever respect the Evsectzia enjoyed was by reason of the decent works of the Evobkom.

Out of the Evobkom came a model school in Moscow in which new torches of education were lifted by teachers blazing new trails—a school without textbooks and without the rod. The government was in the hands of the children who must become self-disciplined men and women to serve the new Russia. The language of instruction was Yiddish, and the textbook was nature, which presented itself pleasantly in the delectable Moscow suburb in which the school was situated.

Art was not imposed as a lesson in which certain figures must be made, but was invited as a free and joyous expression of the hearts of the children; music was taught by Engel, the famous Jewish musician, who did not consider that his prestige was demeaned by teaching in an elementary school.

The teachers themselves were learning, and though their pay was meager they were happy enough, because from time to time they struck new sparks of light for the illumination of their children. They sensed the joy of advancing pioneers.

On my first visit to this school I brought a few boxes of chocolate along, and this I offered to a teacher for distribution among the children.

"No," she said, "you must give it to the children themselves. Such matters are in their hands."

Thereupon I was introduced to a boy and two girls, each about ten years old, members of the committee in charge of

the commissary department. They accepted the chocolate with thanks and I was to see later the distribution which I recall as one of the lovelier things I beheld in this new Russia.

We were invited by the children to join them at lunch—a chunk of bread, a thin soup, and dried fish, and as meager as was the meal so also was the service; the cups had been made from cast-off tins that had contained condensed milk, the plates were cracked and chipped.

"This is not sufficient food for them," the director of the school said, "and they will leave these tables still quite hungry. No day's hunger has ever been satisfied, but never a complaint is heard from one of them. They have learned to discipline themselves, to endure courageously that which must be endured."

The meal over, my gift of chocolate was brought forth and each child took one piece, but when the last chocolate had been taken there were seventeen children still unserved. And poignant was my regret and heartfelt my expressions to the children's commissary committee.

"What shall I do now?" I asked.

But the young chairman did not share my distress in the least.

"Do not worry," he answered. "Some other time we will get another treat and then those who were left out to-day will get theirs."

I regarded the children who had been left without chocolate; they gave no sign of feeling deprived, and I saw that this school had achieved the success of education that has to do with character.

A few months later the children invited me to a play they gave, and I brought along several friends who had little use for the new educational methods, which they regarded quite as evanescent as the new government itself. This education was only a symptom of the disease, and they were quite sure that nothing good could come of it.

And when they saw the play they looked at me reproach-

fully, as if to call me to account for having spoken well of the school. For the play was inartistic, vulgar, and rough, a copy of some of the advanced drama that was current then in Moscow.

I approached the director of the school.

"How can you permit the children to perform such stuff? It is really disgusting."

"My dear friend," he replied, "we had nothing to do with it. The children were given full liberty to do it in their own way. If you do not like it, it means that the inspiration the children received is bad. Do not blame them. They have shown you what theaters like the Meyergold taught them. It is now up to us to see to it that we give them better examples, but by repression and artificial instruction we will give them nothing."

One of my friends interposed.

"This is all theory to justify ignorance and neglect. How can you expect these children to grow up into anything but ruffians, if they are permitted to play havoc with their liberty?"

And the teacher, replying, was voluble with the praise of complete liberty as a prime educational good. We were all afternoon in the school and my doubting friends went about asking the children questions and being thrown into speechless confusion by the answers.

"What good does it do a person to learn all about flies?" they inquired. "What can he do with the knowledge?" There had been a lesson on flies.

And one of the children answered: "There are many people who think the same way. They lose much pleasure in life because they cannot observe the things about them. These give a new interest to life and without them is to be the same as without one of the five senses. The blind man, maybe, does not miss what he cannot see, but we who can see, pity him and are sorry for him. He misses many beautiful things in life."

"Like sunset and sunrise," a little girl interrupted.

"And the rainbow," a little boy said.

"I think the sight of a river is best," another child observed. "There you see all the reflections, and the sun and the sky and the rainbow, too."

The children had studied the trades and professions and the lives of their neighbors. If it was coal they were studying, it was not so much the nature of coal that they were taught, but they learned rather to know the life of the miner, his hardships and his dangers, and the coal itself was studied in its relation to humanity, the good it does and the evil it can do, how the power of coal may be made an instrument for industrial slavery as well as a great blessing to man.

And my friends, who had been full of words of condemnation, went away quite speechless. In this school, as everywhere else in Russia, Jews moved with their heads scraping the clouds, and had little or no consciousness of physical needs. And though the children had for sleeping quarters one small cottage in which they were huddled miserably, and though none of the houses of this school which was also a shelter home were fit for winter habitation, and though there were no washing facilities whatever, the dreaming teachers were quite content. When, later, we undertook to improve the housing, the teachers looked upon our work as something to be tolerated but which really had nothing to do with the fundamentals of education.

The human mind was constantly providing us with entertaining revelations of itself in this new social order, though at times we observed that human nature still stood on its old prejudices even where most other old institutions had been swept from their foundations.

We had instituted a special dining room for the needy intelligentzia; but only politically proper writers, artists, and scholars were permitted to eat there, for the hunger of those who were not under the favor of the Communist Evobkom was not to be respected. A scholar's stomach might be in

great need, but was he politically right? And the board of governors must study his qualifications and only the sanction of the board could admit him to the table; but as a rule no one was refused admission who carried the recommendation of the representatives of the Joint Distribution Committee.

Once the question was whether certain hungry dancers ought to be permitted to eat—these young men and women who come to Moscow with one of the new terpsichorean arts; indeed, there was scarcely a week that did not produce some novelty of expression free and unconfined. Realism was the keynote and anything that was real was right, however dirty. But even the most realistic Communists thought that these dancers had gone too far and had carried reality to the point of pornography.

Whatever the sins of their art, these dancers were hungry and duly made application to eat in the hall of the intelligentzia, and were turned away. They came to us with their starving stomachs and we appealed to the board of governors of the dining hall.

The chairman of the board was as stern as any Puritan. He might have been some regulator of public morals in America speaking.

"If they are willing to degrade art to that extent we cannot consider them as intellectuals and will not associate with them as our equals. They may not eat with us."

And only after lengthy argument could we persuade him that the rights of a human stomach transcended even the respect that is due to art.

Now there were learned men in Moscow, engaged in scientific pursuits, who were politically conservative or who were neutral in politics and, therefore, were without that standing that entitled them to eat. Even our recommendation could not make them *persona grata* in the dining hall; but because of our friendly relations with the Evobkom this organization winked tolerantly when in our own way we distributed packages of food.

We were free of the partnership of the anti-Judaistic Evsectzia, for under the terms of our contract with the government we functioned as a nonsectarian organization.

We had to appear less Jewish in order that we might serve Jews more. As a nonsectarian organization we were enabled to serve Jews who had no favor in the eyes of Communist Jews. To be sure, we had to pay for being free of the Evsectzia, for we were obliged to use about one-third of our funds for purposes designated by the government in places where there were almost no Jews. So we granted a loan once for combating wolves in Northern Russia, for they had become a serious menace to life, and in Hartaria our money helped to rehabilitate institutions for the care of children that were not of Jewish birth. And who could have it in his heart to find fault that Jewish money saved Christians from the depredations of wolves or that Jewish money nurtured Tartarian children?

Indeed, we came to be regarded as the lords bountiful in Russia, the generous and magical Americans who had balm for every ill, and missions from the far-flung Soviet Republic were sent to us with pleadings for the construction of canals and roads and what not.

Once there came to us a mission from Dagestan in Oriental costume and Oriental ceremonial with gifts in the Oriental fashion and, at length, with a petition for certain reliefs couched in Oriental form. The same evening I was accosted in the theater by a man in European dress, speaking English, and it was with difficulty that I recognized behind the European exterior one of the Oriental personages who had called on us in the morning. He was quite disappointed, he said, with the results of our conference. Dagestan, he observed, had large numbers of Jews and for that reason gentler consideration had been expected from the Joint Distribution Committee. But I was wary, fearing one of those traps which were often baited for those who might be working at cross-purposes with the government, and I said, "Ah, sir, but we are

not working on sectarian lines. We are living strictly up to our contract with the government."

His hand waved a deprecating gesture and he spoke—in Yiddish!

"But between ourselves we can speak plainly. You and I are, after all, Jews."

Another one! One was constantly falling in with new Jewish magnates of politics and with Russian peddlers on the streets who were former aristocrats!

But when Passover came our nonsectarian rôle failed us and, in response to pleas for matzoth, we were obliged to insert notices in the press announcing we could not help make a Jewish holiday because, under the terms of our contract with the government, we were not permitted to assist in any enterprise that had to do with religious observance.

The good Mme. Kamenev, whose heart had rejected Judaism but was still Jewish, intervened the next day. Since matzoth were bread, she argued, and none other could be eaten during the seven days, it was quite unjust to say that people might not have them. And straightway she called a meeting of her cabinet and shortly we were permitted to distribute funds for matzoth and quickly we sent couriers to distribute our money.

And when this became known that zealous Evsectzia, Jewish but not Judaistic, raised a protesting voice.

"Under the auspices of the government," it said, "a religious observance is fostered. This enlightened Communistic government gives aid and comfort to a holiday by which Jews remember that they were slaves once. This must not be permitted."

And they shouted so long and with such violence and with such effect that the permission was withdrawn; but too late. Already the couriers had reached their destination and distributed our funds.

It is difficult for the Jew to play nonsectarian, for Jewish problems are always stepping on his toes. One day when they

put into our hands a non-Jewish orphan asylum we insisted that a just proportion of Jewish children must be placed in it, in order that there might be no doubt of its nonsectarian character. And so to start with, five children of Israel were transferred from a Jewish orphan asylum to this one. The Jewish institution was crowded and lacked the comforts that made the other one a model of its kind.

But one morning when the bell rang summoning the orphans to arise, the beds of the five Jewish children were vacant.

"Esther, Moishe, Yankele, Sarah, Abba," the attendants called through the halls, and a while afterward they were found—in the Jewish orphan asylum whence they had come.

"And why," we asked, "did you run away? Were you mistreated?"

And they answered: "Could we be treated any better? But it was no place for Jewish children. There were no Jews there but we, and no Yiddish and everything Goish. Was that a proper place to put Jewish children?"

They embarrassed us with reproachful eyes.

"There is even no chance to get a Yiddish book or to be Jewish. What sort of a life is it for Jewish children? It is good for Goim, but for Jewish children it is better here, even if here we do not eat so much."

And only upon our promise to send a larger number of Jewish children to the better asylum would they go back. So even in a proletarian society in which all beings had been reduced to a common level and in which all racial and religious barriers were cut down, the Jew still was a fellow apart, saying, "I am a Jew. I am different." And his children said it, as if it were born with them in their hearts.

And when one hundred illiterate Jewish children were found in Moscow and it was proposed to send them to various non-Jewish institutions for learning, there was heard a swelling protest arising from Moscow Jewry.

"This is impossible. Jewish children must be kept together. They will be lost to us if distributed among the Goim. Only

when Jews stand together do they live as Jews; in separation is death. Our children must live together that they may be Jews; otherwise we destroy them as Jews."

Nor would they hear of a separate institution to be conducted by the Evobkom, who were of the godless Jews and would only lead the children against the rabbis and the other sacred Jewish institutions. But in the end the young illiterates were distributed among the existing institutions of the Evobkom, since there was nothing else to be done.

Our all-embracing charity that took in a non-Jewish orphan asylum and fed starving workingmen students without distinction of race or creed was not applauded at home where it was asked, "Did we give our money to feed the Goim?" And it was idle to explain the necessity of this. And hot was the blast of reproach that enveloped us when it became known in America that we were helping to feed these students.

Even if we were not obliged to do this, our consciences would have driven us to the succor of these noblest of young men who had come from distant places of the Republic in quest of knowledge. Hunger and privation was their portion, and they slept in the railroad stations, lacking other shelter, and some froze to death in the bitter winters, but few abandoned their ideal. The good life was in knowledge, they said; the good life was worth any sacrifice, for their cloud-capped heads were too high above the stomach to feel its pangs.

Among them were many Jews. The position of the Jew in university life had vastly changed, and it is worth while to offer the comparison as described by Professor Minor, a renowned neurologist.

"My father was the chief rabbi in Moscow," he began, "and when it came time for me to enter the gymnasium I was not admitted. There was a numerous clausus that limited the number of Jews to one-tenth of the non-Jewish student enrollment. Since there were in the gymnasium 175 non-Jews, the number of Jews was fixed that year at 17½. A half a

Jew being physically impossible save, perhaps, in the butchery of pogroms, the number of Jews actually admitted was 17. But when an appeal was made to the Governor of Moscow, he made a concession: I might be the half a Jew left over in the quota, and so I was admitted.

"At length, I entered the university and for twenty odd years I was a privatdozent (a sort of tutor), for, being a Jew, I could never hope to be a professor. I was approached again and again with suggestions that I accept Christianity for the sake of promotion.

"Oh, our world has been turned upside down and much evil we have suffered, and all that I possessed has been taken from me, and I have endured privation and even now lack meager comforts, and for old age there is no promise, but I am conscious of a certain happiness. The Jew has come at length to his rights as a man. What the Jew has suffered in this new Russia is the common suffering, but he shares also the common rights and privileges. For that reason I am happy even amid discomfort, for in time one may adjust himself to physical pain, but the oppression of the spirit is not to be endured.

"Though in the old Russia I could get no promotion for twenty years by reason of being a Jew, to-day I am not only professor but also dean of the medical school. I am not a radical, but I must acknowledge the debt of the Jews to the new rulers."

We saw that the Jew was the most comfortable man in Russia, even though he shared equally in the universal poverty. He was enjoying a spiritual freedom, a release of the soul that was never his before.

There was a young Jew named Bragin in Moscow. In the old Russia such as he were applying their talents to plots and to the manufacture of bombs to place under the autocracy. Thought and action had to do with plans of destruction against institutions that needed to be destroyed. Such as he were being driven into exile to labor in mines, or getting hanged, or dying

in attempts on the lives of rulers. Thus the old Russia wasted its best Jewish youth.

This Bragin was dreamer and realist in one, an agriculturalist by profession, a publicist by reputation. The time had come, he said, when the new Russia, despised by the capitalistic world, must show its resources, its accomplishments, its ideals to the eyes of all mankind.

There must be an exposition of this Russia's successes, to persuade the doubting world that the new social order was a living, working, producing thing. And Bragin addressed the government to such good effect that five million dollars was appropriated for his enterprise.

And, despite discouraging handicaps, despite primitive methods of labor, despite a lack of labor-saving devices, Bragin had his exposition open on the appointed day and hour; and this was the cause of a great wonderment in Russia where few things were done on time. And it was a creditable exposition, though simple enough and though an unfriendly world was meagerly represented. The United States was there in the guise of a self-appointed representative, a certain doctor, who waved the Stars and Stripes vigorously for us.

In the United States he had had a varied career. But here the doctor and his son were privileged business men of the New Economic Policy, enjoying special consideration and suffering none of the annoyances that seemed to be reserved for other tradesmen.

They lived like grand dukes of the old days in a beautiful house that a fleeing aristocrat had left behind, and entertained with lavish hands all and sundry that might be of any use to them; and there were the weekly Wednesdays when they qualified as patrons of art by entertaining the members of the ballet and the opera. These were glad enough to partake of their fat table.

In the eyes of the impoverished Russian, the doctor was America, that rich America some of whose products he ex-

hibited at Bragin's fair. Legend surrounded him with the glamor of that wondrous man Ford himself, for he was the sole agent in Russia for the Ford machine. Once prohibited in Russia, the Ford had gained admittance by the power of the doctor and Fords were now common in Moscow as well as elsewhere in Russia.

But though this doctor's private enterprise seemed to enjoy the favor of the Soviet gods, life was not so happy for Russians over whose affairs the government exercised an odious surveillance.

The New Economic Policy had brought on evils inherent in the profit system. And now the gambling houses were thriving institutions, preying upon the people, and now prostitution was reëstablished and now speculation was rife, and now embezzlement and forgery were frequent crimes.

To Moscow, prosperous for the Nepmen, came numbers of Jews, and Moscow came to be known as a Jewish city. The Jewish newcomers milled through the business center and filled the amusement places, and, seeing so many of them closely packed, observers were certain Jews were attaining a majority in the Moscow population. The fact was that less than fifteen per cent were Jews.

And so when reaction set in against the insolence of the Nepmen public scorn was on all the Jews of whom there seemed so many. Lenin had died and among the Communists dissensions arose over the New Economic Policy which had inflicted upon Russia many of the evils of capitalism. There was demand for a clean-up and the wrath of the Soviet fell upon some private traders, and these were summarily banished from the city by the GPU which was the new version of the dreaded Cheka. Derjinski of the GPU issued a sweeping order: All engaged in illegitimate traffic must leave the city at once or suffer severe punishment.

People feared to be seen in theaters or indulging in other pastimes lest the government, seeing them spending for such luxury, might inquire where they got the money.

Indeed, it was current that during an opera performance the holders of the best seats were arrested and made to give an accounting of the source of the money with which they bought their tickets. And so, what with one such rumor and another, the restaurants now were quite empty and the stores were closing for lack of customers, and people said: "It looks as if we shall have to discard again our white collars and gay neckties and derby hats, and dress as we did in the early days of the revolution. It is not safe to look like a *bourgeois*."

The public was invited to bring information, and there followed a campaign of wholesale arrests, and many Jews were caught, and the innocent suffered with the guilty, and Jews said it was again as it was in the reign of Alexander II. Hundreds were banished, and while some flagrant offenders were sent to Siberia, the majority were permitted to choose for themselves the place of banishment, on condition they would seek refuge in small communities.

When complaint was made to the acting president, Kamenev, he answered: "It is not because they are Jews that they are punished. Not as Jews but as Russians they must suffer the punishment that is for all offenders. The Armenians have complained also because there are many Armenians among those arrested for trafficking in narcotics.

"The Jews of Moscow ought to applaud this effort to rid the city of undesirable elements and we look for their coöperation. Certainly, it is helpful to the good repute of the Jews that these individuals are driven from the city."

And so we saw that social orders may change but the Jew must continue to carry his two burdens: Responsibility for his personal conduct and also responsibility for the conduct of others of his people.

CHAPTER XXXI

A NEW WAY, A NEW LIFE

BUT the sternness of the government was not on us and our work, and our reconstruction was going on apace, and the favor that the beneficent Dr. Rosen had found in the eyes of the government served him well in his new work.

We had difficulties at first with a certain sour Butkewich in the Ukraine, but he sweetened upon instructions from Moscow. Butkewich, former secretary to Bela Kun, erstwhile Communist dictator in Hungary, had been placed in direction of foreign organizations in the Ukraine. We guessed he was a Jew, for he looked like one, a surmise that was supported by the fact that Mr. Butkewich took every occasion to inform us that he was not one. If he was a Jew he was the only one in this new Russia who was ashamed of that among the many I had met. To be a Jew in Russia was now no more a disadvantage than to be a Ukrainian or a Georgian, and even Jewish Communists, though despising Judaism, functioned politically as Jews.

Mr. Butkewich having melted, we were enabled to form loan cassas, to extend help to the Jewish agricultural colonies, to subvent trade schools, and we turned our hands also to medical service. For this we had the consent of Dr. Semashko, the head of the Russian department of health, and for this Dr. Abraham Bramson, the health officer of Leningrad, was selected as head, and only when we came to the Ukraine with our plans were we stopped.

There Dr. Hourwich was the objector. He was the Soviet director of medical service in the Ukraine, a Jew, of course, a devoted Communist, an able man. And what was the need for the Jewish people to have their own department of health?

he asked. Did other groups in Russia ask for this? This Russia was no land of special privilege for anyone.

One evening he invited us to dinner in his apartment, and it was nine o'clock when we began and four in the morning when our conference came to an end.

Oh, the doctor was a charming fellow, though there were those who said he was lacking in that fiery courage that was becoming to Communists. These recalled that recent occasion when the good doctor got slapped. He had a charming wife who was not averse to enjoying life outside the routine prescribed for humble proletarians. Once she was visiting in the Caucasus and she made use of the occasion to wear lovely gowns such as were a scourge to the eyes of any faithful Communist.

The wife of a Communist leader to dress this way! Was this becoming? What of the idealism of the revolution when the wife of a Communist official appears in fine raiment before the eyes of every one? What will the people say? The Communist leaders asked. The local newspapers asked, pointing the finger of scorn at Mme. Hourwich's loveliest gowns.

When the Central Committee of the Communists met in Charkow later, Mme. Hourwich's dresses became a paramount issue. The doctor arose with demands for explanations from those he accused of having instigated the press so to humiliate Mme. Hourwich. And for answer Dr. Hourwich was slapped; publicly, in the face, he was slapped by one of the comrades.

Every one present was sure there should have been a vigorous fight with Dr. Hourwich himself leading off with a stout blow. But the doctor stood dazed; he did not lift a hand; he did not even remonstrate; he permitted the insult to pass. Some said this was a most unusual exhibition of non-resistance on the part of a Communist, and these added that the doctor was probably more Jew than Communist. The Communist in him should have struck a hard punch, but the Jew in him prevailed, they said, and he turned the other cheek.

Hourwich himself never quite recovered from the blow,

and for a while had gone into retirement in Germany to permit his wounded spirit to recuperate while his assailant was sent to another post in a distant place.

But in his attitude toward us he had been rather obdurate; now in the disarming congeniality of his dinner table he expanded and was quite frank.

"You need not tell me of the plight of the Jewish people," he said. "I know it well. I am in close contact with them and I have my own mishpocha (family). But this is just the reason why I must be especially cautious not to allow my sentiments to bias my feelings or actions. Perhaps if I were not a Jew myself I could do much more, but, as it is, I am likely to be criticized any time that I am partial to my own people. The truth of the matter is that even in the ranks of our own party we are not free from anti-Semitism. A feeling implanted for centuries cannot be uprooted in a year or two."

But in the seven hours, from nine to four, we succeeded in persuading the doctor to go with us in our plans.

It was springtime when Dr. Rosen and I proceeded on an inspection trip which took us to the Jewish agricultural colonies in the Ukraine, where we were fascinated beyond measure by the spectacle of new life being born out of the soil.

Bereft of all their possessions, having torn themselves out by the roots from age-old habitations, and having been torn out of their occupations, hundreds of Jewish families had come here to plant a new life in this rich earth. And, lo! Israel was again at his ancient occupation. More than seed he sowed here; his spirit also.

There were old Jewish colonists here as well, families that had been tilling the soil long before the war, and had suffered the raids of the bandits afterward, and had lost relatives and friends in pogroms which were no less in these bucolic scenes than in the towns.

"My son, my daughter, and her two children were killed," said an old colonist with whom we stopped. The years had served to heal the wounds, and he told us of his sorrows with

the detachment of one reciting the history of a distant past. The dead were of the earth, but the ruin of his former good estate was still visible and for this he wept.

He took us to the orchard where his ruined fruit trees stood, gaunt stumps, and his eyes filled with tears.

"I remember when my father, blessed be his name, and I planted these trees."

It was double toil for the old colonists—to rebuild on the ruins of their former prosperity and to plant anew for the next harvest. They asked for tools, seed, and horses.

If we gave them tools we must, under our agreement with the government, give tools also to their non-Jewish neighbors. But what would these Jews say about this? These neighbors had robbed them and burned their houses in the pogroms. They had fallen eagerly upon them when the bandits came through. What would these Jews say to see us comforting them? We asked them and discovered they held no grievance.

"Our peasants are good goim," they answered. "They were misled by a few. And, besides, is it not better to show them kindness? Can we make friends of them if we hold ourselves as enemies against them? We need their friendship and we can make friends only by being friends. It is good that you give to them as well as to us."

So peace and friendship were upon these acres, and the Jews were quickly rebuilding their ruined fortunes, and, with the aid of our loan fund, were going into new enterprises, such as coöperative cheese factories. Seeing these things, Dr. Rosen rejoiced, for his work was already good; the workers were not content to be helped, but were helping themselves as well.

Now the pioneers were pouring into the land from the wretchedness of the cities and towns, applying their hands to unaccustomed toil, bending to plows their backs that had carried the peddler's pack, giving to the soil a portion of the spiritual devotion that was once only for synagogues.

Among these were the chalutzim, young men and women,

who had come here to prepare for Palestine, the distant goal. Here they would prepare and become strong for the greater labor in the Holy Land where the desert waited for their hands, and they worked with religious fervor.

This was only an interlude, and next year or the next the Holy Land, and this soil was only a little less holy since from it would come the strength and the knowledge for their work in the desert. Their housing was poor and their clothing was rags, but they felt the elevations of rapt priests. A little success, the sight of new-sown seed sprouting, the completion of a habitation wretched enough, was celebrated as a triumph. They sang, as they worked through long, hard hours, those songs that spring from the anguish and the hopes of Jewish hearts. And when night fell they read or played games or sat spinning their dreams; and we saw among them the loveliness of the friendship that is between people held together by a common ideal and sweating for it.

Their dreams ran ahead of their means and in one place these chalutzim had established an agricultural school even before their first crop was gathered, and shortly the school was filled with young pilgrims who had come from the cities in pursuit of the chalutz ideal. And what if there was want and misery, and what if they must eat sparingly to-day in order that there may be food enough for the morrow, and what if they were in tatters? Their hearts were light with the dream, and happiness was in toil. And when we offered to supply clothing for the rags they wore, they answered quickly, "Send us, rather, implements."

It was here we met a saintly personage who loved peace above all earthly good, a Jew who walked with the ghost of Tolstoy, a pacifist who had refused to fight and had been sent to prison. And if his keepers were hard he did not resist and for their harshness he had no bitterness in return, and they came to respect him almost with such respect as they had for their own Nazareth prophet. If in the bloody years the world had forgotten the gentle teaching of love and good will, this

was one who lived his love for humankind and even suffered for it. And he conquered his guards by the spirit.

The way of Tolstoy's life was his way, and to kill animals for food was sinful; his diet was vegetarian. One might wear shoes only by the slaughter of animals; therefore, he went barefoot. For miles about he was known and loved as the most faithful of all to ideals even in a land in which devotion to ideals was the cult of many. He was envied by sensitive souls whom necessity forced to compromise with principles.

Ten armies ravaged this land and marauders killed and burned and pillaged, but none molested him; the Bolsheviks came with stern reprisals for those who would not march with them, but of him they thought as a being apart, transcending time and change, a godly fellow who must not be touched even in a revolution that abolished God.

He now lived in Alushta where he was always surrounded by children even when he was at his work in his small plot of earth; the parents knew they were safe with Dmitri. "Dmitri the Jew" he was called and he was no idle dreamer, for he was always employed, either in his garden institution, or in the field of a neighbor, without pay.

"Dmitri," a non-Jewish neighbor said to him, "you are more of a Christian than a Jew."

"No, my friend," he answered, "my mother and father were Jews and so am I. I try to live as a Jew, and if I fail it is because I am weak."

A few hundred miles from Alushta is Evaptorea, famous in the Tsarist days as a summer resort for privileged people among whom were not Jews. There was no need here, as in some of our American resorts, to set up admonitions against Jews; Jews knew definitely they were not wanted at Evaptorea and their fathers had known it before them. But now Evaptorea was overflowing with Jews come to take the curative mud baths.

Here, too, came Nepmen, insolent with wealth, knowing what they wanted and getting it, for they were willing to pay the most exorbitant prices. After we had been to the colonies and had seen the saintly Dmitri and the ragged chalutzim giving their souls to their holy work, our pride was abashed at the sight of many Jews among the Nepmen. And so, too, at Yalta, another resort, the Nepmen were in numbers and their lavish spending seemed incongruous in a proletarian republic in which all were theoretically reduced to a common level of humility.

One of the Tsar's palaces was near Yalta, but now it was a museum for all the people; in one of the wings of this palace were lodged twenty-six guests, of whom twenty-two were Jews, and if the shade of Nicholas walked here, it must have been distressed, for in his imperial time this was territory forbidden to Jews.

Now there came to call on us some guests from Moscow, fellows entirely Russianized who played no small part on this new Russian stage; but now, approaching us, they addressed us in Yiddish.

"Yiddish!" I exclaimed in astonishment.

"Oh, we are just celebrating," one answered. "These grounds were prohibited to us and our fathers, and our fathers before them. Now that we are here, we are taking a whimsical revenge by talking Yiddish in the palace of the Tsar."

And another, a musician, said: "Just before the war I was to participate in a performance here for the imperial family and all the way to the Crimea I was in terrible fear of being exposed as a Jew."

And on the polished floor once sacred to imperial feet they danced traditional Jewish dances and they lifted their voices in Yiddish songs and in these they were joined by a chorus of the Jewish guests, and the Tsar's palace rang with the folk songs of the Ghettos.

Here was an ancient usher, a relic of imperial days, for he

had been in the palace fifty years, and he still reveled in the imperial dream, as if nothing had happened to disturb it, and the Tsar was still "the little father" or "his majesty" and the Tsarina was "her majesty."

At times he awoke to shudder at the dreadful reality.

"The Jews could not even come near this palace when the little father was here," he said, crossing himself before the ineffable memory. "But now they are all over it. They are the tsars and the real Tsar is gone. And then the generals and the nobility! They were the right people to be here; but now you see nobody but plain muzhiks and laborers and foreigners—and Jews."

And he wept for his own lost importance, since, as the royal footstool once said to the table of a peasant, "It is better to be only the footstool of a king than the table of a commoner."

When I spoke to the wife of the president of the Crimean Republic about him, she said, "Oh, we keep him as a sort of relic of old time. We must keep these relics to remind us of the past from which we have come. He is a part of the museum and is just as much enjoyed by the visitors as any other historic object in it. It is only a pity that he has not long to live."

It was refreshing to discover the sense of humor among Communists, who were generally dour persons, burning furiously for their cause and against the ancient wrongs, very hot but not luminous.

On this journey it fell to us to rescue a confiscated synagogue and restore it to the devotion of the Jews, and it was the privilege of our hands to set free imprisoned Jews who had offended the Communist Jews by being too zealous in their piety.

It was in a Jewish colony near Sympheropol I met a wife weeping for her husband. And what had happened? Oh, he had been arrested and put in jail for praying in the synagogue of the Caraites whose religious practices were generally Jewish and yet who were not considered Jewish enough to suffer the

limitations that were put on Judaism by the Jewish Communists. When their synagogue was confiscated, the Jews went to pray with the Caraites, and when they were caught bootlegging Judaism in this way, they were imprisoned or fined; and for that reason the husband of the weeping wife was in jail.

But shortly he was out by our intercession, and so freedom came also for a number of others who were in jail for the same offense, and thus, too, the synagogue was taken from the impious hands of the Communist Jews and restored to the hands of the righteous who cleansed it first, considering it to have been defiled.

And happy was the reunion of the husband and the wife whose weeping had brought about this good conclusion. Life would be pleasant enough to live in this Russia were it not for the devilish Communist Jews, he sighed. He had been a wealthy landowner who had lost everything, but what mattered that, he asked, in a country in which no one was rich? Wealth was only a relative state.

Now he was permitted to have no more land than he needed for his living, and what more needed a man ask for in the world? Now, being an expert in cattle, he worked for the Jewish coöperative, buying stock, and this increased his living. And where once his family had far more than enough to eat, to-day they had no more than enough, and why should the stomach have more than enough? he asked. Was it good for the stomach?

"But, my friend, the best is that we have the right to live. It was a daily fear in the old times. To-day I might offend one of the nobility and to-morrow I might be without a home and without my land and a wanderer in the world; for we lived here by sufferance. And wherever I went I was unwanted, being a Jew.

"The other week I was the convoy for a shipment of cattle to the Caucasus and when I came to the boundary line of the Crimea I was stopped, as is the custom. I showed them my credentials from the coöperative—the Jewish coöperative, mind

you—and they read it, and the officer said, 'This is a herd of the Jewish coöperative,' and they let me through without delay and with great respect.

"This is worth something: To be a man, the equal of all others. To be respected and to have enough for life—is there more to be asked for? It is only the Communist Jews who make life miserable; of the government we have no complaint."

Rosen and I had gone to the Crimea to spy out the land and its opportunities for Jewish colonization by the aid of the Joint Distribution Committee. And we saw immense tracts of rich land lying idle for whatever hands would apply themselves. The natives were friendly and the government of the Crimea was willing, but it rested with Moscow to say whether land should be bestowed for the colonization of Jews. Indeed, already large numbers of Jews had come to the soil of the Crimea on their own account, and were already planting on rented ground, living in the open until the harvest when there would be time to build shelter. We returned to Moscow thrilled with the idea of making these beautiful acres available to Jewish farmers.

In Moscow we found the enthusiasm for this project no less than our own, and Citizen Bragin—the one who had created the universal exposition—became a burning prophet for it. He lifted it as a new banner and proclaimed it as the solution of the Jewish problem. He elaborated it.

"Why not establish a Jewish republic or some kind of autonomous unit in the Crimea?" he asked. "A republic in which the Jew will be self-governing and live his own life!"

This Utopian had plans and specifications, for Bragin was not of those dreamers who shoot aimless arrows. Nor was he one who fashions dreams for his own contemplation; he demanded an audience and the government patiently and seriously inspected his plans and felt the substance of reality in them.

"In Russia we have three million Jews," he said, "the inhabitants, in the main, of cities and small towns, formerly small

merchants, to-day without occupation, declassed, a social problem.

"If you teach them trades, do you improve the situation? You add so many more to the working classes and so increase unemployment.

"Already official life is overflowing with Jews, and soon the young Jews will come like a flood from the universities seeking employment in the government, and where will you place them?

"Whichever way he turns the Jew finds himself superfluous in our overcrowded world. If he is a worker with his hands, he finds many hands already at work and no employment for his own; if he is a worker with his mind he is embarrassed because there are too many Jewish minds already working for the government. Already people are seeing the Jews are too prominent and it is only right that in Russia the government should be largely of real Russians.

"Where, then, is escape for the Jew? In the old Russia the Jewish problem was 'solved' by repression; in this new Russia the problem must be solved by providing the Jew with the widest opportunity for self-development. If he is permitted to develop in the midst of the general population he soon causes irritation, for he is an amazingly precocious individual; then we have anti-Semitism again.

"No! He must be permitted to exercise and increase his great talents apart from the mass—in a separate republic of, for, and by Jews. Then his hands will not come to compete with non-Jewish hands, causing strife; then his mind will not come to overcrowd a government already filled with Jews whose presence is already the cause of envious comment.

"For his educated mind there would be a government of his own to serve and for his hands there would be work of his own to do. In the Crimea are vast tracts of idle lands for his hands. A Jewish republic!"

The government listened and was impressed. Citizen Bragin

was one who quickly was persuaded by the might of his own voice and soon he came to believe he was speaking for the Jewish people. His republic expanded daily. Soon it comprised not only a portion of the Crimea but had annexed also the cities of Odessa and Nickolaev, and there is no telling how far he would have gone with it had not protests arisen against it both in Russia and in the Jewry of the United States.

In the United States the Zionists said "No!" being jealous for their own nationalistic and political project. Bragin's republic would be a competitor.

The Reform wing of American Judaism said "No!" because it always had been opposed to any separate political and nationalistic identity. Jews must be Jews by reason of religion only, they said.

The Orthodox said "No!" because they were sure that a Jewish republic under Communist auspices would be a godless republic and Judaism would perish at its source.

The majority of radical Jews said "No!" for long ago they had ceased to have any use for the Communists and they were sure that a Jewish republic would strengthen the Communist hands.

And so Bragin's republic perished, but not the plan to colonize the Crimean lands with Jews, and eventually a limited sum was appropriated by the Joint Distribution Committee for this purpose, and colonization of the Crimea was established as the important item of the future program. As for the rest, we would begin to liquidate our interest in the Jewish institutions we had been supporting.

So we came to a rather inspiring occasion in a certain town where the military garrison solemnly took to itself an orphan's home for pogrom children, and each soldier brought food or clothing or equipment and laid them at the feet of the children. And at a command they lifted their swords and pledged mankind that as long as strength was in their arms and power in their swords, arms and swords would be dedicated to the protection of defenseless children. I perceived in them such

illumination as I had never seen in soldiers before. In these years my life had been encompassed by soldiery, and I had been following bloody trails, and I had seen the Polish battalions fresh from pogroms at Vilna, and the brooding regiment sitting like a shadow of death on Pinsk and the multitudes fleeing from before the dreadful Hallers. . . . These Russians seemed saintly Galahads, and their swords captured the light of the heavens as they stood uplifted and their massed voices were like the voices of some priesthood offering a sacrifice.

And everywhere the government took from our hands the dependent children as we prepared to depart and everywhere it undertook to raise funds that our work might go on. For this it reached into the pockets of the non-producing classes, levying special taxes on concessions, upon gambling and other forms of amusement. A percentage of the rents collected in every house was set aside for the care of children, and when some Russians protested against this they were taken to the child-care institutions of their neighborhoods.

"It is for these children that we tax you," they were told. "Do we impose an injustice on you? This is the new Russia and every one must carry an equal burden. These are our children, left in our hands by the murder and the hunger and sickness of the bitter years and we may not abandon them."

And so sufficient funds were raised to continue our work and even to enlarge it, and few of our child-care institutions were dissolved after we left.

Only White Russia still offered trouble for us, because there Bolshevism prevailed in its youthful one hundred per cent purity and the zeal of Communists was still a terrible thing to meet and military Communism still rattled sabers.

Minsk now was the capital of White Russia. I had been in Minsk last when the Poles had it and I had then met Dr. Kaminski and Miss Hourwich, both well along in years, whose souls embraced one another in most platonic admiration and whose hearts beat as one for radical ideals—a secret love with

them in that Polish time. The friendship of Miss Hourwich and Kaminski was an awe-inspiring spectacle and their souls seemed to merge in one fire of fanaticism.

Now, returning to Minsk, I found Dr. Kaminski in the lofty position of Gubos Polkom, which was no less than governor of the state.

"And where is Miss Hourwich?" I inquired.

"Oh," he replied most casually, "she is in prison."

"And who sent her there?"

"I did it," he answered. "It is not very serious. I found her leaning too far over to the Right—the Mensheviks."

He read in my face the questions that my speechless tongue could not form. You sent her to prison? You, her good friend? You who seemed to share one soul with her?"

"She will stay there a while and then, I suppose, she will come to her senses."

The ferocious doctor's eyes glowed with stern resolution.

It was idle to protest that Miss Hourwich was no longer young, that this was no way to treat her, that, certainly, considerations of friendship should govern even in a proletarian state.

"It is her own fault," he spoke sullenly. "She must understand she cannot be permitted to go at large so long as she associates with the enemy."

And no! I might not see her. Visiting day was a week off and Miss Hourwich was no better than any other prisoner. But if one desired to leave money for her, since she might need food, he would see to it that she received it. And he accepted from me twenty dollars, much to his regret later. For the use of foreign bills was strictly prohibited and when his co-workers saw him take into his hand this unholy money, they made haste to inform against him to authorities even higher than the Gubos Polkom. And great was the humiliation of Dr. Kaminski who suffered severe rebukes from his superiors, and greater still was the joy of Miss Hourwich when she heard about this.

And when at last she was set free, he would not endure her diluted Communism in his one hundred per cent domain and he banished her to Moscow where paler Communists were tolerated.

In White Russia life was not yet enjoying any of the easements that were felt elsewhere and terror still stalked in the hearts of people. Social activity was held in a paralysis of fear and no organizations for social welfare were permitted to exist, and our offers of help for Jewish institutions were scornfully rejected by the virtuous commissars. And only after we brought a ruling from the Moscow pantheon was our aid grudgingly accepted.

And if Judaism was reviled elsewhere by Communists, here it was a hunted fugitive, and the chief synagogue of Minsk had been taken by the government and given to the Communists for a club. The more poignant was the sorrow of Jews because the commissars who persecuted them were Jews and the pious felt the presence of Jehovah in Minsk when one of these commissars was punished by the hand of God, as it was said.

He had a son, thirteen years of age, who would not follow in the godless way of his father. When Yom Kippur came he must go to the synagogue as his father had taught him to do in the days before Bolshevism.

"No!" the father commanded. "You may not go to the synagogue. We are through with superstition. Yom Kippur, indeed! A day for making peace with a God who does not exist."

And the child wept. Death was better than a godless life and he took a pistol and killed himself. The pious said this was the judgment of God on the father. Jehovah is a jealous God, smiting the faithless with a stern rod. And it was said that the godless father himself must have sensed this was a divine visitation and in his anguish he beheld the hand of God whom in his pride he scorned. For did he not later cause to be established a home for Jewish aged and infirm? And did

he not permit to be set aside in it a room for the purposes of a synagogue?

The Jewish community of Minsk was in mourning for three of its members who were executed for smuggling through the Polish border the day before. Smuggling was the only occupation left to many Jews and though there was death for this, Jews risked their lives daily, as if death could not be worse than an intolerable existence.

My train was scarcely out of Minsk, upon my departure, when I was approached stealthily by a Jew. He looked furtively about before addressing me. He unfolded a package and revealed a bottle of perfume.

"Perfume from Paris," he said.

And only the other day the three had been executed! For a few pennies he risked himself! He perceived my astonishment, but his answer was only a shrug of the shoulders.

"It is good perfume. Buy it from me."

When we left White Russia the Jewish Communists were in less truculent mood and we had persuaded them to take from us our assistance for Jewish institutions, and they came almost to the melting point when we offered a gift for the Minsk University which was a favorite institution of theirs.

Now we prepared for our departure from Russia and there were conferences and social amenities to speed the parting guest. The Jewish Communists presented us with a photographic album displaying their institutions and a set of resolutions praising their good work and only casually suggesting that their funds had come from the Joint Distribution Committee.

In Leningrad there was an elaborate dinner for us, and I saw that, for some, life in Russia was still a sweet comfort to be enjoyed and not a mere existence to be endured. We were in the home of a Jew interested in our enterprises, who still lived in the grand manner of old, what with a well-furnished resi-

dence and good pictures and a dinner of Lucullian proportions and servants in livery and a choice selection of wines.

"And how does it happen that you are still living as a *bourgeois?*" he was asked.

"Ah," he replied, "I am *bourgeois* and do not deny it. When the Communists came into power I realized that their régime was no evanescent social growth. I knew they were going to stay and that I would have to adjust myself to the new order or leave the city.

"I went to those in power, who, knowing me, were certain they could depend on me. I offered them my services as an engineer. I told them it had taken me a lifetime to build and equip my house. To conserve it from ruin, I offered to place it at their disposal and suggested it would be to their interest to permit me to have charge of it. And this was agreed upon.

"Since then this house has been used for various purposes: Here, for instance, we have had meetings having to do with the public welfare; here we have housed the most responsible workers; here we have entertained foreigners when there was no other place fit for habitation.

"I am no Communist, but I serve the Communists in my professional capacity. Naturally, I have lost a good deal of my former possessions, but I have nothing to complain of. To-day I feel just as rich as I ever felt and am enjoying life."

His friends whispered that he was a millionaire, and that he had made his millions in the Bolshevik régime, though how, no one knew precisely.

From contemplating the good life of the engineer we turned, after dinner, to the problems we were leaving behind. But the Jewish leaders of Leningrad were still almost exclusively concerned with their own favorite activities and one wished we might do something for the Jewish Ethnographic Institute, and another spoke for the Institute of Higher Hebrew Learning and another for the Society for the Promotion of Jewish Education, and some were worried for the intelligentzia who might be left without allowances upon our departure. But what would

become of the children who had been under our care was a problem too close for their far-sighted eyes which were on distant goals. But in the end they were persuaded to form a local committee to administer various activities the Joint Distribution Committee was leaving behind.

In Moscow, among the Orthodox group, there was no melancholy on account of our departure, for it was felt that we had served to strengthen the hands of those hateful Jewish Communists, since their institutional enterprises had been supported by our funds.

Now, it seemed to me, the Communist-hating Jews felt a measure of relief. We were going and with this prop gone, the Communist Jews might fall. The latter pointed with pride to the success of their institutions which had succeeded only by our aid. Now, deprived of this, they would fail miserably and the insolent fellows would fall from their wicked pride, it was hoped. It was better even to sacrifice the welfare of institutions than that these destroyers of holy things, these mockers of God, these enemies of their own people, be permitted to flourish and grow stronger.

For my part, I had no misgivings about the course we had taken. We had come to bring relief to suffering children, to the sick and the hungry. We had done this, in so far as conditions and the resources at our command permitted us, with no concern for political exigencies or factional bitterness.

So I fell out of the tragic pageant with which I had walked during these years and in which I had been privileged to see the exalting courage of life even when it is stripped to barest existence—the majesty of the human character.

Cast, like dice, out of their comfortable old destinies, some had found a new life purpose, and thus their happiness, in serving the new state. Others dwelt ardently in dreams, giving themselves to the world their hopes held out to them. There were some who had adjusted themselves to the new order by the easy compromises of people determined to make what they could of life. And there was gentle Dmitri, facing the new

life as he had faced the old, with the quiet acceptance that robbed both of their cruelty.

By the strange rhythm that seems to beat through human affairs, I had been brought back to my birthland, bearing help. This aid was no solution, but at least it made life physically endurable. In any case, the service itself had enriched me, leaving me fulfilled and content. What power lay within it!

Once more I turned from Moscow to America.