My Caravan of Years

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

BY

GOLDIE STONE

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My Caravan of Years

TO

AMERICA

Stronghold of Liberty

Guardian of Western Civilization

FOREWORD

ANYONE who has shown a genius for living fully herself and harmoniously with her fellow-men of all classes and conditions; who claims that her life has been enriched by her many-sided contacts; who has developed an insight into human nature and a philosophy of her own; who has, above all, through the many vicissitudes of life remained true to herself and her ideals—such a person has, it seems to me, something to tell that may be of interest to others.

After all, the majority of people are not heroes, in the ordinary sense of the word, nor do they occupy lofty positions in industry, science, art or politics. On the contrary, they are "just folks." For them, Mrs. Stone speaks.

ADELE BLOCH

Chicago, January, 1945

INTRODUCTION

JIMMY had puckered his little lips, his concentration was intense: "I'll not call you 'Grossmamma,' it's too long; I'll call you 'Gossie' "—and "Gossie" it was—and "Gossie" it still is.

Long rows of trees were standing like silent sentinels at attention, as my little grandson and I walked with tiny steps on the dry autumn leaves that cluttered the sidewalk. His little pigeon-toed feet halted abruptly. Again that intense frown and puckering of lips.

"Gossie, why do the leaves crumple under my feet? Why are there so many on the floor?"

Of course, he meant the sidewalk, but I did not correct him. His words had saddened me for a moment.

"Jimmy, in the springtime the green leaves are born, in the autumn they fall and cover the earth and soon the snow—"

"Will that happen to you, Gossie? Will that happen to you?"

His eyes large with wistfulness were searching my face intently, and he looked for all the world as though he were about to burst into tears.

"Of course it will, Jimmy, but that is not bad. These leaves are not really dead. All the life of the leaf flows back through the stem into the trunk of the tree, and only the shell of the leaf falls to the ground; that is the way it is with people too."

I did not know then and I do not know now, if my little grandson, who was scarcely four at the time, understood what I was trying so hard to say, but at that moment, a question like a gray specter, a question without words, struggled to form itself in my mind, a question that had something of "Where are the snows of yesteryear?" in it,—something of "Watchman! What of the night?"—a question that seemed to be set to the somber undertone of "What is the fruit of all my labor?"

And then, across the wilderness of my benumbed thoughts, there began to move a caravan—figures of a long procession—lights and shadows—laughter and tears —a caravan of memories—a caravan of years.

These pages shall be my caravansary. Here for a moment let the tinkling camel bells pause as they beat against my heart. Here let the camels of the years kneel. I will unload their burden of spices, of jewels and of fragrant ointments; for, in retrospect, even the tears become gems, and the griefs and the joys are alike—precious.

GOLDIE STONE

Chicago, Ill.
November, 1944

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Part One

THE OLD WORLD—MEMORY AND TRADITION

CHAPTER I

I WAS born in the small town of Ploksh near the River Niemen in the province of Suwalk, Lithuania.

Ah, but that does not tell you anything, for Ploksh is a hard sounding name except to those who know and love it, and cannot possibly convey to you the dainty scent of apple blossoms, the blue water of the Niemen flowing between green walls of trees and meadows, the little wooden church on top of the hill with its gabled steeple pointing imperiously at the sky as though reminding man of a higher goal, the laughing peasants in their gay colored costumes riding or trudging to and from field and church.

I had never seen the inside of the church itself, although I had often visited the adjoining school with my little Lithuanian friends. Father had built a synagogue as a wing or annex to our home, so that the twenty or thirty Jewish families of the community could have a place of prayer and study.

The Bishop of the Diocese, I believe his name was Gregory, was a great friend of my father's. Often, on a cold winter evening, he would come cheerily into our home and sit in my father's study, walled with books, and then over glasses of steaming tea, many, many things were spoken of.

"Ah!" said Bishop Gregory one evening, "no wonder they call you Father Abraham, for your tent is open to every stranger that comes your way."

Father's name was Ephraim, but mother's name was

Sarah, like the Sarah of the Bible; and so father smiled faintly and moved his skull cap farther back from his forehead, as he lifted his glass of tea to his lips. "The credit, if any, is really due to my Sarah, for she prepares the food for our guests, while I merely invite them to eat."

Bishop Gregory nodded gravely and caressed the large cross which hung by a heavy cord around his neck. "But what do you do on the Sabbath? Is it not your law that you shall light no fire on the Sabbath Day?"

"Yes, Bishop, we do no cooking on the Sabbath. Everything has to be made ready on Friday. It is placed in a huge charcoal heated brick oven which is then sealed; in this way our food is kept hot all day. You must taste some of this Sabbath seasoned food; it is really delicious."

From that point on the conversation became much too involved for a little girl of six, but it had to do with Jewish music, ceremonies, Talmud, and Hebrew, for the Bishop seemed to be well versed in Hebrew, much to my father's delight.

I wanted to "show off" a little, so I hurried into the large dining room and began to chant a portion of Isaiah in Hebrew. The room was dark in spite of the many-candled chandelier which hung over the heavy oak table. I could hear mother's voice in the kitchen as she urged my lanky tutor, Reb Mosheh, to eat his forgotten dinner.

"Reb Mosheh, shall I perhaps prepare three dinners an evening, or are you too much of an aristocrat to eat with the family?" This last was ironical, for mother never lost an opportunity to remind her listeners that her father was the eminent talmudic scholar, Rabbi Leib Cheger Haskell.

Reb Mosheh was at once apologetic. "I was in my

room preparing for my law examination. Soon I shall leave for Warsaw."

As he spoke, the kitchen door swung open. Manya, the cook, spread a tablecloth over one half of the long table and mother, who always lacked the patience to order servants about and preferred to do many of the tasks herself, busied herself placing the food before my long-legged teacher of Hebrew.

He seemed, to little me, more than seven feet tall. His eyes were deep set and his lips drooped sadly as he wiped his hands with a large towel and chanted: "Blessed is the Eternal who has sanctified us by his precepts and commanded us concerning the washing of the hands." He then took a piece of bread and sprinkling some salt on it began the blessing over the bread. "Blessed art Thou—" at that point he noticed me sitting curled up in a heavy square chair, and because it is prohibited to interrupt a prayer, beckoned me with great sweeps of his long arm to come to the table as he finished—"who brings forth the bread from the soil."

I slid off the chair somewhat reluctantly.

"Olga, bring the Pentateuch. I will hear your lesson now."

Dutifully, I hastened into my long bedroom adjoining the synagogue which father had built, and not finding my book there, I opened the door which led into the synagogue itself.

How strange everything seemed,—the rows of benches patiently waiting,—a wax memorial candle sputtering its tiny sobs and pouring its tallow tears in memory of someone who had departed. Before the red velvet curtain of the Ark, where the Torah was kept, burned the

Ner Tamid, the perpetual lamp. Then I heard a voice, sobbing in a corner, and I was at peace.

My brother, holding a stubby yellow candle in his hand, was swaying over a book of the Talmud, preparing his lesson to be heard soon by Reb Mosheh.

His voice, which had been singing the lessons from the Talmud in a minor key, stopped suddenly in its sweetly mournful cantillating. He nodded cheerfully at me as I picked up a copy of the Pentateuch and I scampered back to Reb Mosheh who was waiting patiently between courses, fingering his *payot,* or side curls, meditatively.

Mother brought in a kerosene lamp which she placed gently near my book, for the light from the chandelier was not enough. She stood there so erect and stately; her reddish brown hair piled luxuriously over a face, white, proud, yet gentle. There was poise and dignity in her every motion. She looked intently at me for a moment as though to spur me with her glance, then hurried back to the kitchen.

Reb Mosheh pointed his long finger at the first word of the Hebrew text. Very few girls master the Hebrew language except daughters of Hebrew teachers who conduct a *Cheder* (Hebrew School). Mostly they read Yiddish books forbidden to the boys who must master Hebrew, the Law and the Talmud. But my father's idea was that a girl as well as a boy should know Hebrew, the original language of the Bible.

I began to translate "Vayomer," and he said, "Adonoi —the Eternal, El Arvrom—to Abram."

Here Reb Mosheh slowly unraveled himself and arose to his feet. He began to formulate a dramatic singing

dialogue as he swayed like a tall slender poplar tree before me.

"What did the Eternal say to Abraham? 'Go!' 'Where shall I go?' asked Abraham. 'To the land which I will show you.' 'What will become of me there?' 'I shall make you a great nation.' "

At this point Reb Mosheh stopped and sighed deeply. "Olga, my child, God promised Abraham that he would make us who are the Children of Abraham, like the stars of the heaven and the sands of the sea and indeed he has. We are scattered over the earth as the stars are over the heavens and truly we are like the sand, for everyone treads upon us." He shook his head bitterly as though the decree was final, immutable and there was nothing to be done about it, and then taking a deep breath, he continued more firmly. "And I shall bless those who bless you, and him that curses you shall I curse and through you will be blessed all the families of the earth." Now Reb Mosheh's voice became more cheerful. He paced about more quickly.

The kitchen door opened suddenly and Aunt Mary Esther came hesitatingly into the room. She was my father's sister and lived in our guest house across the driveway.

Five years earlier grandfather had married her off to a pious and brilliant student of the Talmud. She was sixteen at the time and her husband, eighteen. She had met the bridegroom for the first time two weeks before the wedding, and had cried out at once that she did not care for him; but grandfather had been convinced that it was an excellent match, and time had proved him woefully wrong.

Aunt Mary Esther sat down slowly at the opposite end of the table and stared at us in troubled silence as though so much depended on the outcome of my lesson.

I lifted my eyes from the book. How beautiful she was! Her large dark eyes and her delicate features like finely chiseled marble.

Suddenly her head drooped forward and I heard her sob.

Reb Mosheh started forward in surprise. "Mary Esther, what has happened? Tell me; maybe I can help you."

For a long while she did not answer; then she looked up at him beseechingly.

"Reb Mosheh, you are a scholar, you know the Torah so well. Tell me what shall I do?"

We often asked advice of Reb Mosheh. He was more than a tutor. Father paid him a thousand rubles a year besides his maintenance, an unusually large wage in those days.

He had become like one of the family, yet not too familiar. He hearkened so attentively to our plaints that it was a relief to pour them into his listening ear.

"Simple one, how can I give a decision before hearing the evidence? Would you have me be like the wicked judges of Sodom and Gomorrah?"

Mary Esther shook her head as though by that gesture she could hold back the tears that kept flowing in spite of her effort to restrain them. Finally she smiled pathetically, a futile despairing smile. "Each tear is a witness, Reb Mosheh. Life is unbearable. I am chained in a prison and I cannot escape. Tell me, Reb Mosheh, is divorce so great a sin?"

Reb Mosheh said very softly after a long silence, "The

sages tell us 'Tears are shed in heaven for him who divorces the wife of his youth,' but here it is different—here it is *you* who have not found peace. Tell me," he continued, "could you not wait a few months or a year? Maybe your feelings will change."

Mary Esther clenched her hands tightly. "I have endured five years of agony. Believe me I've tried to make a go of it. He is a good man, my husband, but so strange. Day and night he studies the Talmud. He does not see the world around him; he does not care about anything —only his books and his prayers. He does not talk to me. He does not seem to realize that I am there. All that he talks about is the soul—and the life to come. Reb Mosheh, is it a sin to want a little bit of the life that is here? My eyes are like an hour glass and I count each moment by my bitter tears. Because I was obedient to my father, must I suffer these tortures forever?"

Reb Mosheh walked about the room deep in thought. Finally he spoke up with firm resolve.

"No, Mary Esther. Divorce is not a sin. It sometimes happens that people are mismated. A mistake has been made. What good is it to continue in that error? Marriage is a sacred thing and sacred things should not become hateful. They must always be things of truth and beauty. It is far better to be honest than to live a life that is a lie."

There was a tiny gleam of hope in Mary Esther's grateful glance.

"But what of my brother? What of Ephraim? He will feel the disgrace keenly, his sister divorced! It will bring him much grief."

"No," answered Reb Mosheh firmly. "He loves you

and is more interested in your happiness than in what people will say. Tell him the truth; he will understand."

"But people will talk about me, just as they talk about Bertha. They will whisper and gossip—"

Bertha was the wife of Meier Kovner, the rich farmer with a tumor in his cheek. Every week the tumor seemed to grow larger; it twisted his mouth and I always turned my eyes away when he was near.

Bertha was tall and slender. Her face was as calm and expressionless as though it were a mask of ivory. She wore long, dark dresses. Once when she kissed me her lips were like sweet berries that I gathered in the woods. She had a deep, soft voice and she never scolded David, her fourteen-year-old son, even though he was always late for meals and walked alone near the river when he should have been studying. Bertha sang beautifully and accompanied herself on the guitar. I liked her even though people did talk about her.

Reb Mosheh was severe as he answered. "Worry more about what is right and less about what people will say or think. There is always God and you. Examine your heart and see if He approves."

Mary Esther stood up and there was a beautiful wistfulness about her.

"Thank you, Reb Mosheh, you—you are a good man!" She hurried from the room. Reb Mosheh walked slowly to where I was seated. He placed a long finger on the spot where our lesson had been interrupted and clearing his throat began to chant—"And Abraham went as the Eternal had spoken to him—." He paused. "Goldie," he addressed me by my Yiddish name, although he usually

called me "Olga"—"I am going to leave you within a few weeks, but before I go I want to give you a present. In two months it will be the Sabbath of Comfort—*Shabbos Nahamu*. I will teach you to chant the *Haftarah* and that Sabbath you will sing it before the whole synagogue."

My heart leaped with joy. To read from the Prophets was the cherished privilege of a Jewish boy who had reached his thirteenth birthday. The girls were not granted such an honor; they sat with their mothers in a separate section of the synagogue, curtained off from the men and took no part in the conducting of the services.

Reb Mosheh turned at once to the page, and together we sang, "Comfort ye, comfort ye, oh, my people."

"You must put a sob in your voice," urged Reb Mosheh gently.

The next week four or five learned men were guests at our house. I heard them speak of a *get* or divorce, and as I looked into father's study I saw Aunt Mary Esther, her face drained white of all color, holding out her hands, palms upward. Reuben, her husband, held a folded paper or parchment in his trembling fingers. He dropped it into her cupped hands and that was all I saw. The door closed and that is all that I remember, except that father opened a store in the village for Aunt Mary Esther, a general merchandise store, and Aunt Mary Esther used to stand behind the counter selling nails, sugar, brooms and all kinds of things, and when there were no customers she would busy herself arranging everything neatly, singing happily all the while.

Bertha used to come there often and they would speak

softly together until David or I would come near and then they would stop suddenly as though they had been telling secrets.

The weather became warm. The hot month of July was followed by the hotter days of August. One night when I looked into the synagogue from the door of my bedroom, I saw the Jewish men of the community sitting upon the floor with candles in their hands. The benches were overturned, the Ark was stripped of its red velvet curtain. They were sobbing aloud as they chanted the lamentations over the destruction of the Temple of Jerusalem.

There in the corner sat the tin-maker, a small hunch-backed man with hollow cheeks, and near the door of my bedroom I saw the tailor sitting on the stumps of his legs with a candle in his hand. His legs had been shot away by a cannon ball in the Russo-Japanese War and the cobbler had made him a leather cushion that he could adjust to the stumps of his legs and in that way drag himself along.

Inasmuch as our home and the synagogue annex were built on the side of the hill overlooking the River Niemen, the stairs leading up to the front entrance of the synagogue were too many for the crippled tailor; and so he had asked my father's permission to enter the synagogue from the rear through the door of my bedroom. Many a morning, early, I would be awakened by the dragging, scraping sound as the tailor made his way to the synagogue for early morning prayers.

I had never seen men weep and the sound of their rough sobs sent a chill through me.

Father was sitting upon the steps leading to the Ark.

In the candlelight his face seemed like wax. His long slender fingers were pressed against his high forehead and I saw the tears rolling down his cheeks and falling on the Book of Lamentations he held in his hand.

"Mother," I whispered in awe, "the Temple fell two thousand years ago and they weep as though it were only yesterday."

But after the fasting and weeping over the destruction of the Temple comes the Sabbath of Comfort, the long awaited morning when I was to chant from the Prophet Isaiah.

I walked about the house, morning, noon and evening, repeating faithfully until I knew the lines by heart.

About two days before the Sabbath of Comfort, Bishop Gregory carefully climbed the stairs to our home. Father and I met him at the door. The Bishop placed his hand lightly on my head. "Such lovely curls! God bless you, my child." He then inquired as to father's health and father replied that he had been suffering sharp pains in his side. The Bishop shook his head sadly from side to side. "You are not a strong man, Mr. Tuvin. You should not carry your burdens alone."

I followed father and the Bishop to the study and leaned against a bookcase near the door. The Bishop gave a deep sigh of content as he sat down and looked at me smilingly. He beckoned me to come forward. "Tell me, my child, what are you studying?" I was so filled with Isaiah that, like a flood of dammed-up waters, the verses pressed forward to flow forth. And so, without urging, I began to sing the verse, "Nahamu, Nahamu, comfort yourself, comfort yourself, O my people."

The Bishop listened patiently and with evident ap-

proval. Then he nodded admiringly. "The fortieth chapter of Isaiah and in the very language of Isaiah, bridging almost three thousand years! My child, you are the daughter of a strange people. Are you then preparing for your first communion? I understood that only boys were required to read from the Torah when they attained thirteen years of age. It is mentioned of our Saviour that he took part in this ceremony."

I was too confused to answer, but father explained that this was to be a departure from the usual custom and that the congregation would not be offended if a six-year-old girl were to participate in the service.

At this Bishop Gregory frowned. "The Church does not permit exceptions. Doctrine must be adhered to." He regarded me gravely for a moment, then smiled again and took my hand in both his own. "Now if you were a little Catholic girl, I would know exactly what you were studying, for with us there are no exceptions. I would ask you, 'What must we do to receive the Sacrament of Penance worthily?' "

At this question the answers rolled spontaneously from my lips. "To receive the Sacrament of Penance worthily we must do five things. We must examine our conscience; we must have sorrow for our sins; we must make a firm resolution never more to offend God; we must confess our sins to the priest, we must accept the penance which the priest gives us."

While I was speaking the Bishop raised his hands in a gesture of astonishment. "Why bless my soul, where did you learn that?"

Father explained that I had attended the Catholic

school with my friends and that I often helped them with their Catechism.

The Bishop was pleased. "Mr. Tuvin, you are providing your daughter with a fortress of strength. She will have something to lean upon in moments of trial."

Father bent forward across the table and, taking Bishop Gregory's glass, poured in some more tea from the samovar. He spoke so softly that I could scarcely hear him, but low as his words were, I have never forgotten them. "Bishop Gregory," he said, "my daughter must learn to walk alone."

The Bishop leaned back in his chair. "Ah, but you are an obstinate people. The way is given you, the Master stands with arms ready to receive you, but you stumble on trying to find your own way."

Father placed his hand on my shoulder and I nestled closer to him. He was always so patient, he was always so gentle when he spoke. I never knew father to lose his temper. He chose his words carefully. "Bishop Gregory, my daughter goes to the Catholic school because I want her to understand and respect the faith of others just as we expect others to respect our faith."

The Bishop made a quick gesture of protest with his hands. "No, no—no offense."

My father nodded. "Of course not, Bishop Gregory. It is just that it may be difficult for you to understand how a people can walk through the darkness of a long exile with a stubborn faith that somehow it is all worth while."

Young as I was at the time, the quiet dignity of my father and the gentle quality of his voice impressed me

so deeply that I seem to hear him even now say, as he did then, "Be assured, my friend, that if my daughter has listened to your teachings about Jesus it is in a spirit of respect, the respect which she has learned, both in her home and in the synagogue, to show for all religion.

"She should have learned by this time that the spirit of religion is in essence one, despite the minor differences of theology, and that it behooves all creeds, Jewish and Christian alike, to understand and respect the teachings and the aims of the others. We Jews have a high regard for Jesus and his teachings, which, after all, had their origin in the mother religion, Judaism; we believe also in the high purpose and mission of Jesus for the welfare of humanity.

"Was it not in Matthew that Jesus said, 'Think not that I have come to destroy the laws of the Prophets; I am not come to destroy the law, but to fulfill it, for verily I say unto you: Till heaven and earth pass, not one jot or tittle shall in no wise pass from the law, until all be fulfilled. Whosoever shall do and teach them, the same shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven!'

"We, as Lithuanians, Jews and Christians alike, have much is common. There are many parallels in our histories, for both have certainly been checkered. You, in spite of repeated invasion by both Teuton and Slav, in spite of foreign domination and almost unbearable oppression, have maintained a distinct Lithuanian individuality, and despite every effort to eradicate it, you have clung to and preserved your language. We Jews, too, have suffered often the stings of persecution and oppression, yet we too have clung to and preserved our Torah."

The following Sabbath morning I was up before dawn. My beautiful Sabbath dress was crinkly with newness. Even its fragrance seemed to cry out, "New! New!" I buried my face in its folds.

When I had dressed it was still dark and I waited anxiously to hear the first stirrings of the other members of our household. Mother would be up first, then my sister, Miriam, would rap at Manya's door, then Rose and Anna, my two other sisters, would chatter away like a busy poultry yard, and this, of course, would wake up Maurice, who would loudly demand from his room, "Is not the Sabbath for rest and peace?" and then without waiting for an answer, would launch into the prayer upon arising. "I thank Thee our Ever Living Sovereign that Thou hast with compassion restored my soul unto me—great is Thy faithfulness," and then, almost invariably, he would shout, "Mother, Manya forgot to pour the water."

Maurice, according to the Law, kept a basin on a cabinet near his bed so that he could, upon rising, wash his hands without going further than four cubits from his couch.

But now the house was silent. No one was awake and so I waited impatiently for dawn and looked out anxiously through the open window at the black shadows that were the fruit trees of our orchard and bushes and hedges of our garden.

A dark bundle rolled slowly down the path in short, jerky motions. It was Nahum, the crippled tailor, dragging himself with great sweeps of his arms toward the rear entrance of our home. I listened intently as the scraping sound drew nearer. Now he pulled himself over

the threshold of my room. He stopped there, breathing heavily, and looked at me in silence.

"Are you up so soon? Sleep, curly locks, you need strength."

All I could think of at that moment was "Nahum, are you going to pray so early? There is no one at all in the synagogue; it is too dark to read the prayer book."

The tailor reached out with both hands to drag himself to the door of the synagogue. "I will pray, curly locks, that your path won't be too rough and that you will be strong." He turned toward me again and shook his head doubtfully, "I don't know—you seem so thin—so small and weak." He continued to murmur to himself as he swung himself over the threshold of the synagogue. And then I heard him chant the Psalms and the sky became dusky with the first rays of morning.

I sat near my mother during the services and my heart pounded so furiously that it hurt and made me dizzy. Father had been called up to the Torah and when he had finished the last blessing he leaned over and whispered something to Shlomo, the blacksmith, who had been leading the services.

How different Shlomo looked on the Sabbath. During the week his broad flat nose and shaggy eyebrows gave him an ugly and ferocious appearance. His soiled leather apron was singed black with the fire and soot of his forge, and he rumbled curses like an avalanche of thundering rocks as he lifted the hoof of a stallion to shoe him. Often I stood fascinated as he pounded the nails that fixed the shoe in place. I winced with every blow, for I was certain that the horse was suffering.

Today he seemed a different man, almost as haughty

and proud as the gray-haired Graf Katil, the great Polish nobleman, whose estate was on the hill.

I could not hear my father's voice, but saw that he was smiling. Then I heard the blacksmith loudly protest, "But a woman on the Bema, it is contrary to custom." At this everyone laughed, and the gentle, low-voiced Meier Kovner whose *Tallith,* or prayer shawl, covered his head so that people couldn't see the tumor, silenced the laughter. "A little girl scarcely seven cannot possibly offend our laws. On the contrary, it will add to the joy and inspiration of the Sabbath."

Mother, sitting stiffly erect in her seat, nudged me to go forward and, scarcely realizing what I did, I left the women's section and marched, stiff with fear, between the benches where the men were seated. Shlomo, the blacksmith, struck the lectern with his open hand as a call for silence and I began with a weak, trembling voice the well-rehearsed passage. As I reached the verse "A voice cries out in the wilderness 'Prepare the path of the Eternal,' " several members of the congregation began to join in. Shlomo "shushed" them at once and I continued triumphantly alone. All that I remember of what followed is a confused babble of congratulations and loud expressions of pleasure.

At the close of the service the blacksmith put his heavy hand on my shoulder. "As sweet as sugar, Goldie. You paced the course like Graf Katil's horse." I looked up at him grateful for his praise and blurted with childish frankness, "I used to be so afraid of you, Shlomo. You look so fierce and ugly when you pound nails into the feet of the poor horses, but on the Sabbath Day you look so clean and nice."

There was only one man that didn't congratulate me. I watched him fold his *Tallith* and place it carefully in the red velvet bag. Meier Kovner stood alone. His wife and David had left without him. He looked dazed, bewildered. All the other women were kissing their husbands and wishing them "Good Shabbos."

Mother noticed it too. "Ephraim," she murmured softly, "my heart weeps for that poor man."

Father followed her glance and saw Meier Kovner walk slowly toward the door of his house with his head bowed down and his collar up to conceal the ugly swelling.

"Yes, Sarah, you may well weep for him. His temple is falling in ruins before our eyes. For such a loss there is no Sabbath of Comfort—no Shabbos Nahamu."

Chapter II

The summer quickly ripened into fall. Often father drove me through the forest of brittle, colored leaves to his mother's country home. In spite of her advanced years her mind was alert and sharp.

"You had better ship your grain next week. Crops in Prussia and Poland are good this year. Prices will go down." She shook her finger at my father, warningly, and after kissing me, sent me out to play with the Lithuanian girls of nearby farms.

Every house had its flower garden and seemed to welcome us cheerfully as we scampered about from door to door gathering brightly colored ribbons from each household so that I could fix my hair the same as the other little girls.

My father's voice interrupted our games. "Goldie, come quickly, kiss grandmother and climb into the carriage." I looked up at him in alarm. His face was white; his lips were tightly pressed together. His eyes were wide with pain like the eyes of the man in the sacred picture that hung in the Catholic school room.

I ran into the house and found grandmother selecting some preserves for us to take along. She wiped her hands on her apron and waved to us as we drove away.

After a long silence I asked in Yiddish, "Father, are you sick, is something wrong?" Father didn't turn toward me. He only murmured, "It will pass, it is nothing."

But with the snows his illness grew worse. At times he couldn't leave his bed. Michael Pietrovitch, the doctor from the neighboring village, floundered about from room to room like a sleep-walking peasant, shook his head uncertainly and prescribed all sorts of remedies until father gently refused to take any of them. It was decided to call a specialist from the city and then, as suddenly as the attack had come, it passed away again.

As Christmas approached we heard reports of violent outbreaks against the Jews in neighboring villages. The peasants of our village were so friendly that I had never dreamed it could be otherwise when suddenly Elkeh, the tin-maker's wife, the village gossip, her red shawl flapping in the cold wind, her apron filled with keys and tin scraps, came wading through the deep snow drifts, pouring out a torrent of frightened words. One of the words was "pogrom." I remember that word well because father and mother repeated it as they looked at each other in alarm and closed the door.

It was becoming darker. Mother lit the kerosene lamps in father's study and all of us, the children and Manya the cook, huddled together in a terror that we could almost touch. A few moments later, Paul, father's Russian foreman, came hurriedly in through the rear entrance. In his hand he carried a large double bladed ax. He shot the bolt on the back door and walked through father's study without saying a word. He leaned against the front door and spat on both hands. He cursed in Russian under his breath and placed his ear to the door as though listening.

Paul was a jolly, shaggy-bearded giant who often took me up in his great arms and tossed me in the air while I

screamed with terror but loved it. There was nothing jolly about him now as he leaned his heavy body against the door. Then we heard shouting. Father, his face white and drawn, arose from the table where the book of the Talmud lay open and joined Paul at the door. Maurice went into the kitchen and picked up a huge iron ladle which he swung nervously as though it were a club.

Outside we could hear the sound of a quarrel. I thought I recognized some of the voices. We heard the metallic crash of breaking glass, then a voice, louder than the rest, saying, "Leave this house alone; the government will be angry. This man is collector of revenue; he is an officer of the government." Then another voice cried out, "He is a Jew, that is enough for us." Then a woman's voice, "He is a good Jew. He gave us food. He is a good Jew."

The wrangling and the shouting grew louder. I was watching Paul's face. I saw the beads of perspiration move down his forehead and down the bridge of his nose. He leaned against the door and grasped the heavy ax tightly with both hands. There was an ominous silence and it seemed as though at any moment a log would crash in the door.

The voices began again but now they were slowly fading away. The mob had passed our home. Where they came from and whither they were going, I never discovered. All I know is that they burned Meier Kovner's chicken houses, broke his windows; that they scattered the feather beds and stole some of the dishes of the tinsmith, but all these things I found out later.

As the voices died away Paul raised a large hand to his forehead and wiped the sweat away and then said

the one word, "pigs" in utter disgust but in obvious relief. He pinched my cheek as he nodded to my father, unfastened the bolt of the rear door and went back to his work.

A week later when mother and I visited Aunt Mary Esther in her store, two strangers came in to buy some rope and some large iron bars. We spoke Lithuanian in the village and Yiddish in our home, but all of us could understand Russian for mother and father used the language when they spoke to Paul and to Manya.

While the two men were purchasing the rope and iron bars they mentioned something about the church and then they laughed. At the moment mother was helping Aunt Mary Esther pull the coil of rope loose from beneath some bags and did not hear what they said. I didn't understand all of the conversation but I told mother what I had heard and she hurried to the warehouse and called father. In the meantime the two men left and the next thing I saw was father in his fur-lined coat and heavy boots trudging through the snow to the church on top of the hill.

Bishop Gregory was not there during the winter months, but I learned later that father and the priest had stood on guard all night and had frightened the two men off.

The Russians were Greek Catholics and many of the ignorant peasants no doubt believed that there were rich treasures concealed in the Roman Catholic Church of the Lithuanian village.

When spring came Graf Katil came to visit his estate and all of us children used to watch him, dressed in uniform but bareheaded, as he galloped swiftly across

the meadows near our orchard. Sometimes he would come on foot to visit father, just as Bishop Gregory used to do, and one evening he invited father to his house for dinner. Father tried to make some excuse but Graf Katil would not hear of it. "Ephraim, tomorrow evening I shall expect you. There will be some officials from Kaunas; there will be wine and good food. Forgive me, I almost forgot, you won't eat at my home, will you? My dishes are 'tref.' " I remember how surprised I was that Graf Katil should use a Hebrew word.

The gray-haired nobleman paused only for a moment. Then his face lighted up again. He turned to father eagerly. "You bring your own dishes, Mr. Tuvin. I will have a place especially set for you and you will be served cheese, boiled eggs, and anything which you are allowed to eat."

Father could scarcely refuse so warm an invitation, especially when all of us, including mother, were eager to hear from his lips a description of the interior of the large mansion that seemed like a fairy palace to us.

Just before he left Graf Katil turned again to my father and said, "I am sure Mrs. Tuvin will forgive me for not inviting her, but there will be no ladies present and she might find herself ill at ease."

Late that night father returned. I had begged my mother to be allowed to sit up until he came home for it was our custom to retire at an early hour.

Father didn't look at all happy when he entered the house. "I should never have accepted that invitation," he told mother briefly. Mother clasped her hands together in anxiety. "What happened, Ephraim, what happened?"

Father seated himself and looked sorrowfully up at her, shaking his head in a disappointed manner. "The dinner was fine and everyone was so friendly and courteous. No one called attention to the washing of my hands, to the blessing of the food, to my wearing of the skull cap while they sat bareheaded. Everyone was in the best of spirits, and then it happened."

"Heavenly Father, what happened?" asked mother quickly.

"The butler came in with a vegetable salad and on it was a slice of meat—bacon I believe it was. The poor butler didn't understand; it was not his fault, but Graf Katil was furious and took the plate and hurled it to the floor and fired the butler on the spot, calling him a stupid dolt. Then apologizing to the guests, he poured the wine for everyone himself. I waited until almost all the guests were gone. Two of the men are staying with Graf Katil for a few days. I spoke to Graf Katil and told him that the butler was completely innocent, that it was difficult enough for Jews to observe the complex dietary laws without expecting others to be familiar with them, but the Graf would not listen to me. He said that he had invited me as his guest and had given clear instructions that no meat was to be served to me."

Father kept repeating, "Poor man! Poor man! It was an innocent mistake."

It was not until the next day that father's good spirits returned, for the butler made a special trip to our home to let father know that the storm had passed, but that Graf Katil had ordered him to apologize in person to father.

When spring came Graf Katil's visits became more fre-

quent. He was expecting his son Ivan from the military college and all he talked about was the way Ivan could fence, the way Ivan could shoot, the way Ivan could recite Virgil and Horace by heart.

Soon Ivan arrived and I must confess that I fell in love with him. He was tall and dark and his eyebrows bristled upward with a devil-may-care expression. He had a dimple in his chin and he walked with his head thrown back as though he were perpetually defying the world. His boots were brightly polished and the tunic of his uniform was tightly buttoned except near his throat where he had unhooked it so that he could breathe more easily.

He and his father came arm in arm to the gate of our orchard. I was sitting on a log while David Kovner was plucking some apple blossoms from the tree near the house. I wanted them for a necklace for my doll. Ivan stopped and looked down at me while his father continued on to the house. He picked up my doll, cuddled it in his arms and began to sing, "Spee, mladyenyetz, moi preekrasnie," a Russian lullaby.

I looked at him, frightened, shy, but strangely pleased. His voice was a deep baritone and when he sang he lifted his strange eyebrows and dilated his nostrils in an intensely yearning expression as though he were half sobbing the song. And then we heard Bertha's voice.

It rose and joined the melody of Ivan. Both of us turned toward the house of Meier Kovner and saw Bertha Kovner standing on the steps of the house. Her voice was clearly stronger than Ivan's and more beautiful. Ivan stopped and listened, holding on to my doll. Then Bertha saw David and called to him to come in to work at his studies and all the while that David was walking

toward his mother, Ivan and Bertha looked at each other. Then Ivan took me by the hand and said, "Come, little one, take me to your father." As we walked around the annex and climbed the front stairs he exclaimed, "I don't like that lady. She is cold and proud. She sings with her brain and her voice, not with her heart."

Spring always brought the game warden, a tall, angular peasant with a large moustache and a faded, ill-fitting uniform which was always unbuttoned and open, exposing his red flannel underwear. His moustache was his pride and joy; it was incredibly long. He would stand at the edge of the road with his back to the woods, the stock of his rusted gun on the ground, with the barrel leaning against his round paunch, while his hands were busy stretching both sides of his moustache as far as they would go.

There was a magic something about the season of spring that drew me toward the banks of the river where the peasants gathered mushrooms and spinach. The game warden was supposed to prevent all trespassing on the government preserves. Somehow he never bothered the grown men and women but always chased the children away.

With Krendel Eiger, my closest friend, I made my way a half mile from my home to the government property on the banks of the kindly River Niemen. Krendel and I had marched past the game warden with such frozen dignity and so solemnly that we felt certain that he would not suspect us. We were in the brightest of spirits as we plucked the spinach and filled our aprons with the green leaves. Suddenly we heard a splintering crashing noise in the underbrush. Krendel screamed. I let fall

the end of my apron and lost all the gathered treasure.

The first thing that my startled eyes beheld was the moustache and soon after—the game warden. We were horribly frightened and ran blindly toward the river, scratching our legs on the underbrush, falling and rising again to run breathlessly, frantically on. Krendel followed on my heels, crying, "Wait, wait," and a short distance behind came the sharp crackling sound of breaking branches as the game warden plunged after us.

The ground was soft and soggy near the river bank and my shoes were filled with water. Suddenly I perceived a little boat, bottom up, at the very edge of the bank. Krendel and I ran to the boat. Terror lent us strength and with all of our might we tilted it over on its side and dragged it into the water. We clambered in and it began to drift away from the bank, filling with water all the time.

Krendel and I stared with terrified eyes at the incoming water and screamed for there was nothing else we could do. In the meantime the boat had drifted about thirty feet from the bank. The game warden stood at the water's edge, waving his gun, calling on all the saints to witness that never in the history of Ploksh had such an outrage been committed and that he would break every bone in our bodies when he caught up with us. He stopped abruptly, his jaw sagging, for he too saw that the boat was filling with water. With a cry of rage he threw his gun angrily on the bank and began to take off his uniform. First he crawled out of his jacket. Then he sat down on the muddy bank and began to pull off his boots and tight breeches, and when he arose to his feet again all we could see was a moustache and flaming flannel

underwear. He waddled into the water and splashed toward the boat. The water reached up to his waist. He took hold of the boat and dragged it to shore, shouting imprecations at us all the while.

Frightened to the point of panic, we scrambled out of the boat onto the wet mud and looked aghast at the strange gargoyle who jumped up and down in scarlet wrath like a disjointed jack-in-the-box.

The years have blotted out the terror of the moment and deposited in its place a smile and chuckle at the memory of that escapade.

We left our rescuer shouting and capering there and ran through the woods toward the road. Meier Kovner came jolting along in his heavy farm wagon. He was wearing boots and carried a long whip in his hand. He stopped the horses at once, jumped down from his high seat and lifted first Krendel Eiger and then me onto the bouncing wooden seat. He then put his foot on the hub of the wheel and raised himself and sat down beside us—all this without saying a word.

Krendel got off first, crying bitter tears in anticipation of the scolding she was sure to get. Then Meier Kovner drove past our house, up the driveway to the wooden shed back of his home. I jumped off the wagon before he could help me down, fell on my face, got up and ran home where Manya took charge of me, cross examining me with rapid-fire questions. I was bathed and combed and dressed, but all I could think of was the moment when the game warden would expose the details of the crime—and expose it he did.

I ran to my bedroom and plunged myself upon the downy feather bed, trying to shut out the sound of his

shouting as he expostulated to mother with great exaggeration and embossed with ornamental trimmings all that had transpired. After an eternity I heard his voice dying away and mother came into the bedroom. She sank down upon a chair as though her feet could not support her weight and, looking at her face, I was convinced that I had committed a crime equal to murder. "To think that my daughter should do this horrible thing —lead another girl astray, a nice girl like Krendel Eiger who never committed a sin in her life. How shall I face father with this news? A disgrace—my daughter a thief, stealing spinach from government preserves, a disgrace to our family." She placed her hands on both sides of her head as though she were trying to shut out the accusing cries of multitudes and swayed back and forth, moaning.

Tearfully I begged mother to calm herself. I sobbed that I hadn't meant any harm, but all to no avail. Father would be home in the evening. The thought raced around in my mind in a pounding, throbbing circle. I was left alone in the bedroom. I would not be able to face father. I was a disgrace to the family. Mother would never forgive me—never—never!

I ran to the cabinet and pulled out two dresses and some underwear, my Sabbath shoes and a scarf for my hair. I wrapped them in a towel and with the bundle under my arm I ran out of the rear door of our home, down the road to Beryl, the peddler.

Beryl was a kindly, withered little man, stoop-shouldered and hollow-chested. He had permanent wrinkles on his forehead as though he were always worried about something. He lived with his wife Chayeh and his little children in a one room shack a few hundred yards

from our home. I stumbled over the ruts in the road and into his yard. The door was half open and the room was quite dark. Beryl was washing his face and hands in a large cracked basin. The little children with dirty faces and dirtier clothes played near the oven, and Chayeh, with a large patched apron around her shrunken body, was stirring some broth or soup with a ladle. She paused as I slowly entered and looked at me. Her thin face wrinkled into a smile. "Ah, what a guest, what a guest! Look, Beryl, Ephraim's young daughter comes to visit us, Ephraim's daughter."

I mumbled hesitatingly that I had come to play with the children and to spend a few moments with them before going to sleep. The explanation clearly didn't satisfy Beryl or his wife. They looked at me curiously and then at each other. Finally Chayeh said, "Will you have supper with us?"

I put my bundle down near the door and eagerly accepted. Chayeh moved two benches near the shaky wooden table and set five cracked bowls upon it. I was hungry after my afternoon's adventure and so were the dirty-faced children. They grasped their large spoons tightly long before the broth was poured. Then, when Chayeh poured it, I stared in dismay for it was only bits of *Hallah,* or Sabbath bread, soaked in hot water. Chayeh cautioned us that the broth was hot and all of us began to blow in unison. As I began to eat the soggy bread which was not at all bad to taste, I looked about me. Everything was so dismal and dark and their kerosene lamp was not lighted. Kerosene was expensive and the peddler earned very little as he trudged from farm to

farm trading odds and ends for vegetables or other farm products.

There were no tablecloth and no napkins—nothing else on the bare wood but bowls and spoons and some salt in a little heap on a paper.

Beryl and Chayeh kept their eyes on me. I began to feel alone in spite of the friendliness of my hosts. I began to think of our own beautiful dining room bright with the gleaming chandelier, the thick rugs instead of the earth for a floor, the white tablecloth and the polished silver gleaming on it. A tragic picture began to shape itself in my mind. My father and my mother, my sisters and brother, all seated about the table, looking sadly at an empty chair. I conjured up a vision of all of them grieving, distracted over my absence. The picture became much too real even for me. Mother was wringing her hands. Father was rising from the table, distracted. Nobody was touching his food. "Where is Goldie, where is Olga?" At this, I was completely overcome by my self-generated emotions. Big tears rolled from my eyes into the almost empty bowl. I could not stop the gradually accelerating downpour.

"Beryl, look, the poor child is crying." The eyes of the little children were like burning coals in their smudged faces, their mouths were open in wonder at my tears.

I slid off the end of the bench, picked up my bundle, and ran as fast as I could toward the lights gleaming in my home. Breathlessly I clambered up the stairs. I would burst in and say, "Mother, father, don't worry, here I am." They would put their arms around me. They would

surely forgive me. My fingers fumbled frantically at the door. I could hear voices—my father's and mother's voices. Father was saying to mother in a most strangely calm manner, "We shall have to charter another boat, Sarah. Tell Paul to make the arrangements." And mother was saying, "Wash, Ephraim, dinner will be ready in a moment."

I could not believe it. Nobody had even missed me. Nobody even suspected that I had run away from home. Maybe mother would forget to tell father about the game warden and the spinach. There was a sound on the stairs back of me. David Kovner stood at the door as though afraid to come in.

"Goldie, may I talk to your father for a minute?"

He was trembling. There was a haunted look in his eyes.

I called, "Father! Father!" but it was Maurice that came. He opened the door but David would not come in. "What is wrong, David? Come in. It's dark here."

David stood there without moving. "My mother hasn't been home all night. There is nobody in the house. My father isn't there either. There's something wrong and I don't know what."

By this time mother and father had both approached us. Mother was holding some of the silverware which she was about to put on the table. Father had heard David's words.

"What's that, David? What's that you say? Here, let me go with you."

All of us walked down the stairs and half ran to the house of Meier Kovner. There wasn't a light burning in any of the rooms. Father went in ahead of us and called

out, "Meier! Bertha!" Then he came out to us. "I don't understand this. Didn't they tell you where they were going?"

David whispered, "I don't remember. All that I know is that mother was gone when I came home last night. Father was walking up and down in the house and didn't sleep at all. Then in the morning he harnessed the wagon and drove away."

I blurted out, "Yes, father, but he came back. I know he did because he picked up Krendel and me near the preserves and took us home and then he drove up to the shed."

Father walked quickly to the rear of the house, to the large wooden shed where the farm implements and the carriage were kept. He tried to open the door but it was locked. He tugged at it but it would not open. Father's face was white as though he were ill. "Maurice, run and get Paul. Tell him to bring a crowbar or something to break open the door." Maurice ran toward the warehouse and we waited in silence. David began to whimper.

Soon Paul came. He was carrying a large lantern. Father asked, "Did you bring a crowbar?" Paul said, "No, what's the trouble?"

Father pointed to the door. "Break it open, Paul, if you can."

Paul stepped back a few feet and threw his shoulder against the door but the door would not open. "It's barred on the inside," he explained to father. "I'll pry it open if I can get my fingers in there."

He inserted the fingers of both hands in the crack between the door and the jamb and put his heavy boot firmly against the frame. Then with all his might he

tugged—the wooden bolt splintered and broke and the door came open.

Paul lifted the lantern and looked inside without stepping forward. I was standing near him, trembling, and I saw a large bundle of clothes hanging from the beam—but it was not clothing—because there were boots hanging from the bottom of the clothes. It was a man hanging there.

I heard my mother scream, "Oh, God!" and then I felt her hand covering my eyes as she half carried, half dragged me away. I began to cry and mother gasped, "Sha! Sha! my child!"

There were people all around us. How quickly the news had spread. There were the tinsmith and Elkeh, his wife, and Beryl, the peddler, and the learned Mr. Eiger who dealt in lumber. There were staring, inquiring faces all around me—women, men, and children. I heard someone cry out, "She has fainted," and I didn't know whom they meant. Later I learned that it was Aunt Mary Esther. All I knew was that I was screaming and crying and mother was dragging me toward our house, murmuring over and over, "Hush, hush, my child!"

From my bedroom I could hear many voices. They had all come into my house, all of the neighbors, all of the people. Father was telling them all to speak softly. David was sobbing piteously. He could not be quieted.

"David, David, we'll find your mother, don't you worry. She'll be in Kaunas or Vilna, but we'll find her. You'll sleep here tonight. You'll sleep with Maurice."

I don't know if my father ever found any trace of Bertha. David would not speak to anyone. He turned

away if anyone came near him. After a week his uncle came from Vilna and took him away.

The house stood bleak and deserted with the door partly open and the wooden bolt broken. There had been some talk between my father and the other men in the synagogue about burial, questions as to whether a suicide could be buried in the little Jewish cemetery of the village, but I don't know what the decision was.

Chapter III

I was seven years old now and father was teaching me Hebrew until another tutor could be obtained. Often he was so tired that he would doze off while I was reciting my lesson. His head would nod slowly forward, but the moment I stopped reading he would start up quickly. "Nu, nu, Goldie?" I was very pious and even fasted on the solemn Day of Atonement. Mother explained to me that if I became dizzy or felt ill I must eat.

At once father had added his exhortation as he gently rested his hand on my hair. "Remember, Goldie, the laws of the Torah are given so that we may live and not die; for the sake of health or to save a life, we may violate the Sabbath and even the Day of Atonement. Why not wait till next year?"

Notwithstanding all the arguments and all the urgings, I really and truly fasted although I was awfully thirsty.

During the next week mother served us in the lovely booth of green branches that father had built in our garden to celebrate the Feast of Tabernacles.

And then came the Rejoicing in the Torah—the night when all the men danced with the Torah in their arms —the night when even the crippled tailor sang cheerfully —the night when two of the most learned and dignified old scholars of the village picked father up on their shoulders and carried him about the synagogue, and there

were goodies and wine, and for the men there was schnapps.

That was the only time I ever saw my father drink a whole glass of schnapps. Before the Sabbath noon-day meal he would take a little brandy, scarcely covering the bottom of the glass, "for the sake of appetite."

The winter months came quickly but father was too ill to chant the blessings over the candles during the Festival of Lights. My brother, Maurice, sang them instead while father lay on the sofa silently watching.

Soon we were making masks and rehearsing plays, for the holiday when Israel celebrates the overthrow of the wicked Haman was almost here, and it was the custom of men and boys of the village to dress in funny clothes, wear masks and walk from house to house playing and singing.

Father was strong enough to drive out to the village of Vilon, his grandmother's home. She was then eighty years old. My oldest sister, Miriam, and my brother, Maurice, had been attending the "Gymnasium," or Junior College, in Kovno, but naturally they had made their plans to be with us during the festivities.

Mother was wrapping up gifts for the poor. Grandmother had just arrived and was teaching the children the "Kazatske." We were all gathered in the playroom and the very walls trembled with our fun and merriment. Father was resting in his room. Suddenly there was silence and all of us were looking at the doorway where mother stood.

"Children, you will have to stop your playing. Father is very ill. Talk, but don't make too much noise."

Forgotten then was all the fun of Purim. The children

took off their masks and their costumes. The painted smiles on the masks seemed to be mocking our heartbreaking anxiety. We stood huddled together holding each other's hands and looking out at the late falling snow. None of us had ever faced anything like this before.

Father was only thirty-five. True, he had often complained of dizziness and pain but we had gotten quite accustomed to those complaints and they seemed to be part of father, as much a part of him as his soft way of speaking and the crinkling at the corners of his eyes when he smiled—as much a part of him as the peculiar way he had of pushing his "yarmulke," or skull cap, back from his high forehead as he studied the tractate of the Talmud, and then a few moments later moving the skull cap back to the place where it had been before.

That night we went to our rooms in silence. We had a little formula upon retiring which went something like this: "Good night, dear father, good night, dear mother, God grant that you be well," and then father and mother would answer, "Good night, my dear, sleep well."

Tonight we could not say those treasured words for no one could enter father's room but mother and the doctor. I felt as though a bottomless chasm had suddenly opened before my feet—a chasm in the beautiful routine of our lives.

The next day was Friday. I stood looking out of the window, waiting for mother to come out and tell us how father was. The heavy ice and snow that had covered the lawn during the long winter months was beginning to melt. The glittering diamonds of ice that adorned the

trees were losing their luster and dissolving into a sorrowful monotonous "drip, drip" as they ceased to be. I felt as though a sinister shadow were slowly engulfing our village, our home and our lives.

Mother emerged from the room. "If only the doctor from Vilna were here. This man doesn't know what it is all about. He's blundering, I am sure. God grant it is not a swollen intestine."

"Swollen intestine" was a name applied to an ailment that had caused the death of a number of villagers. It was nothing more nor less than appendicitis, but tragically enough, the country doctors of those days were puzzled, bewildered, and didn't know how to treat the cases, nor had it ever occurred to them to operate. They simply called it "swollen intestine" and let it go as a fatal disease, impossible of cure.

All day we kept the vigil. Maurice had seated himself in a corner of the synagogue and there he studied in a loud sobbing voice as though to erect a barrier of Torah against the approach of the terrifying darkness that threatened us.

Toward evening mother emerged from the sick room to light the Sabbath candles. She beckoned to me and whispered, "Your father is very ill. He asked for you."

It was a custom in our home on Friday night, after the *Kiddush,* or Sabbath prayer, over the wine cup had been recited, for father to bless us children and the household.

I entered the sick room and stood transfixed, frightened. Was that my father's face against the pillow, so drained of color and so wan and thin? He did not move his head as I entered but lifted one hand from the cover-

let and let it fall back again as though he didn't have strength to beckon me to come forward. I clung to the end of his bed and heard him bless me.

"May the Eternal make thee like unto the mothers of Israel, Sarah, Rebecca, Rachel and Leah."

I moved slowly toward where his thin white hand lay limply on the coverlet. I pressed my lips to it and looked at my father. A tear rolled from the corner of his eye, hesitated a moment, and I watched it drop to the pillow.

He spoke to me. "If life is spared me I will make a great person out of you, my darling. If not, you will have to do it alone."

Leaving my father's room I experienced my darkest hours. Such hours even memory cannot brighten. It can only whisper, "Do not unlock this chamber. What good to live these griefs again?"

I remember lying on my bed that night, crying uncontrollably. I got out of bed and stood at his door, trembling with the cold, praying and sobbing and pleading with God in my childish way to spare my father.

There had been an old superstition in the village that one could "give years" to a dying person, that God would subtract the years from the donor's life and add them to the years of the one to whom this gift was made. And so, in the midst of my tears I cried out, "Oh, God, take my years, five, ten, fifteen, but let father live, let father live."

As I cried I sensed that I was not alone. Maurice was there beside me and Miriam and Anna and Rose. They too were weeping and they too were offering their years if only God would take them.

Father died the next morning.

He had married at the age of seventeen, the daughter of the great Rabbi Haskell. Rabbi Haskell was one of seven brothers, all of them rabbis. Their mother had been called the "Blessed Womb" for she had borne seven saintly sons.

I was not at my father's bedside when he died. All I remember is the dull stunned expression in the eyes of my brother, Maurice, as he walked out of the room, and he was whispering, "Boruch Dayon Emess, Blessed is the True Judge."

He walked slowly to me and took me by the hand and led me to the window. Dear brother Maurice—how much I leaned upon him for strength. I began to cry and he said gently to me, "We must not mourn. It is the Sabbath; it is forbidden to mourn on the Sabbath."

But when the Sabbath was over they came sadly to our home, the country villagers. Chairs were overturned. Mother sat on a box in her stocking feet, rocking gently back and forth. Well-meaning women approached her and unwittingly plunged poisoned arrows into her heart by saying, "Such a young man, in the middle of his years, only thirty-five. What a sorrow! What a tragedy!"

Only Mr. Eiger and the blacksmith seemed to know what to say. Mr. Eiger talked of the river rising and Graf Katil's return from Kovno; of the severe measures of the Czarist government lately enacted against the Jews of Russia; and Shlomo, the blacksmith, spoke of the new helper, the new apprentice that he had acquired, a boy who sang at the anvil but was not quite strong enough to shoe the horses. With heavier breakfasts and a glass of schnapps occasionally something might be expected of the young man.

Grandmother spoke to no one. Her years had been so light a burden until this loss. The clearness of her complexion, soft as velvet, the violet blue of her eyes, the golden strands of her hair underneath her "peruke," or wig, her occasional bursts of temper that made her smiling eyes seem to burn with purple fire and then the great natural sweetness of her that stilled the storm—all these had the radiance of a bright summer afternoon rather than the gray of twilight. But now she was not to be comforted.

"Devorah Zisse, Devorah Zisse, put your faith in God. Strengthen yourself," murmured the women who came to offer consolation, but Devorah Zisse did not answer and only after the last would-be comforter had gone would she speak to God, "Master of the world, I am an ignorant woman and don't understand your ways, but whom did he harm? What was his fault? And the little children, what was their sin that they should be orphans?" And then she would answer herself, "Mer tor nich fregen; we dare not ask. Oh, my son, my son." Then she would turn to mother whose face seemed chalk against the blackness of her dress. "Nu, Sarah, what shall we do now?"

In the dead weeks that followed Maurice did not return to the "Gymnasium." Everything seemed so strange and unnatural in the house. In the middle of the night I would awaken from my troubled sleep and say to myself, "All this is not true. It cannot have happened. It was a bad dream. I will run to father's room and I will call out, 'Father, father' and then he will answer, 'Goldie, can't you sleep? Go back to your bed. It is the

middle of the night.' But then when I hear his voice I will know that it was all a dream."

I would find myself rising from my pillow to go to his room and then I would fall back upon my bed again. "Goldie, it is not a dream; your father is dead."

The ground was still littered with gray snow when Graf Katil rode over to our home to pay his respects to mother. He didn't say a word. He just took mother's hand in both his own and mother said, "Thank you, it was gracious of you to come. Please don't feel ill at ease. I know all that you would like to say."

Mother did not cry, but I burst into tears at once.

Graf Katil took me up in his arms and lifted me into the saddle. Then he placed his feet in the stirrups and swung up behind me. He held me firmly with his left hand and guided the horse slowly to the gate of our orchard. One of the peasants who was passing by ran over and opened the gate.

We rode for a long while, past the large mansion of Graf Katil, across a shaky wooden bridge over a narrow stream, and then through a grove of trees. The horse stopped and Graf Katil lowered me carefully to the ground and dismounted.

He took me by the hand and walked carefully with me over the tiny hummocks of snow. When he saw that I was slipping and stumbling he picked me up in his arms and carried me to a little graveyard.

He pointed out the markings on the stones. "That is where my father lies and that is where my sainted mother sleeps." Then he pointed to a square stone, almost at our feet. "And this is where I come to speak to my dear wife.

She died when Ivan was born. So you see, all of us have much to cry about; all of us are very lonely souls; but we must pretend to ourselves; otherwise what kind of a world would it be—everyone walking about with long faces and tears streaming from their eyes? It would be a sad, sad world, wouldn't it, Olga?"

He put his hand under my chin and lifted my face toward his. "And don't forget, I loved your father too."

The long colorless months followed each other like a slow moving chain of drab convicts. Spring only hurt my eyes and made me close them. The summer seemed endlessly dull and empty.

Maurice took me to visit grandmother. She took me by the hand in silence and led me slowly to the gate where I could watch the little sheep as they frolicked about. With what tender care grandmother would fondle the little lambs, holding them snugly in her arms. There was much calmness there; every home with its busy spinning wheel; every home with its loom. The darting shuttle and nimble fingers played a soundless song of content. Sometimes they would let me thread the shuttle with the gay colored wool they used for the women's clothing.

Along the road a Lithuanian peasant woman made her way with pails fastened to the wooden yoke across her shoulders. She sang lustily as she walked and some of the water splashed out of the wooden pails onto the dusty road.

Some young men from the nearby farm shouted to me to come near. Grandmother said, "Go, little one, don't be afraid."

I approached shyly. One of the husky laborers, with

flashing teeth and flaxen hair, dropped his pitchfork and picked me up lightly from the ground with an explosive roar of laughter. He seemed to actually throw me into the arms of another and soon I was sitting on the top of a hay wagon nearby, thrilled but frightened, while all the men chorused their mirth as though it were a great joke. Then the man who stood on the hay wagon called to his little daughter to throw her garland of flowers up to him. He caught it and placed it on my hair and then all of them sang a Lithuanian folk song.

"The corn is out, the sheaves are tied,
The golden sheaves lie heaped in the field.
Toil is over; we dance along
With the rustling of the corn sheaves.
The summer days have come and gone,
For the golden grain will be gathered today,
The harvesters are coming.
Hurrah, hurrah, for the golden grain,
Hurrah, hurrah, for the ripening sun,
Hurrah, hurrah, for the work well done."

When the song was over one of the men sitting below the hay wagon held up his hands and told me to slide. I was afraid, for the height seemed great and perilous, but the man who had placed the garland of flowers upon my hair gave me a gentle push. There was a dizzy moment when my heart seemed torn from its moorings; the young peasant who had first greeted me caught me in his arms and put me gently down. Then they all went off in various directions to their homes for a leisurely lunch and I went back to grandmother.

At mother's urging Maurice went back to the "Gym-

nasium" in Kovno or Kaunas. Miriam remained with mother.

Somehow the grain business did not prosper with father gone. Paul was just as faithful, just as industrious, but mother was really not adapted for the conflicts of business life, and so things did not go well.

When winter came again mother would send me off to grandmother in the country to cheer that lonely bereft soul and perhaps to make it possible for her to devote her entire attention to the business, for I was only eight at the time and must surely have gotten in the way.

How different grandmother's home was in the winter! The rays of the cold winter sun added luster but no warmth to the snow covered landscape and etched sharply the icicles on the trees. Sometimes the snow was so deep that we couldn't open the door. Often the peasants would clear a path from the door to the road and take me on their sleighs to their homes where I would play with their children, eat boiled eggs, corn, and other food that the dietary laws permitted me to eat, and then in the evening they would drive me back again to grandmother's home.

On one of the coldest days of the winter the "cheese man" stopped, as was his custom, to gather up the surplus milk and cream. He was all swaddled up in heavy garments and his nose peeked out like a red cherry over his scarf.

I had overstayed my leave at grandmother's and she knew that mother would be worried; so she asked the "cheese man" to take me back to mother in his "sanka" or sleigh. I clambered up beside him and grandmother

handed me a bottle of cream which she admonished me to guard until I gave it to my mother.

I tucked it securely inside the overlapping folds of my warm fur-lined coat and folded my arms tightly over it so that it would not slide down. Off we started with the horse jogging carefully along the icy path.

We had crossed the first hill and now the road grew narrow and the embankment steeper with every passing moment. I looked far down into the valley and then turned my eyes at once to the road, for the great height dizzied me. Suddenly the reins slipped from the numb fingers of the driver. The "cheese man" grasped wildly for them as they fell to the road. It was in vain. He tried to take hold of me to throw me to safety. The frightened horse, no longer guided, slipped and plunged over the precipice. The sleigh lurched forward and the "cheese man" was thrown violently out of the careening "sanka" against a stump near the road. The sleigh itself rocked crazily and came to a jerky stop at the very edge of the declivity, held there in perilous balance by the projecting branch of a small bush.

How long I remained in the sleigh in this dreadful position or how the badly injured "cheese man" managed to crawl along the road until he got help, I don't know because I fainted. All I know is that I seemed to be awakening out of a deep sleep. I sensed that I was being lifted out and carried to another sleigh, that I was being taken to mother, and most vivid of all, that I was still clutching the precious bottle of cream in my arms.

I learned afterward that the horse had been instantly killed in his fall over the ledge. I learned too that the peasants had cut the slender branch that had kept the

sleigh from toppling over the cliff, and had taken it to their church where it was called "a miracle," because a thing so slight had been capable of performing such a feat.

When I came to visit grandmother again the peasants called me the "Miracle Child" and never wearied of telling and retelling the story of the "Miracle Twig." Often they sang to me their "dainos" or ballads.

The tenacity with which the Lithuanians clung to and transmitted from generation to generation their legends and their songs is truly remarkable. The fires of oppression were powerless against the silken cords of their culture.

During the time that Lithuania and Poland were allied from the fifteenth century to the end of the eighteenth century, Lithuania had had comparative independence. In 1795 both Poland and Lithuania were divided between Russia, Prussia, and Austria. To Russia fell the greater part of Lithuania and the Czarist tyrant seemed determined to crush and blot out completely all traces of Lithuanian nationalism, but Lithuania longed for freedom.

During Napoleon's campaign the people of Lithuania aided him in every possible manner, only to have their hopes of deliverance dashed to pieces when he was forced to retreat.

In 1831 they strove desperately to throw off the bitter yoke but the loss of lives was in vain; the University of Vilna and other great schools were closed in retaliation. After two decades of printing in the Lithuanian language, it was prohibited. Even prayer books in that language were banned, but that did not stop mothers from

whispering to their children, "Ah, my child, you are Lithuanian. These words that I whisper to you are the language of your people." Many students risked their lives to smuggle Lithuanian books into the land.

There is something about the longing for freedom that is like steam in a covered kettle; the more it is suppressed, the more does it gather strength and power.

Unheralded at Tilsit in East Prussia a monthly review called "Auszra" or Dawn, appeared in the Lithuanian language. The slender pages thrilled the hearts of the Lithuanian masses to whom it found its way through secret channels, and thus the spirit of a people was nourished.

As a result of all this oppression, the Lithuanian peasant children received no systematic education. Twice a week they were taught the catechism by the priest of the diocese. In the few schools that were permitted to be open the teaching was exclusively in the Russian language.

Father had built the first public school in our province when the governor of Suwalk had in 1880 announced that free schools for the peasant children would be permitted. He waved all thanks aside with the words, "It is the difference in cultures that enriches the world."

My visits to grandmother began to sadden and depress me. Mother observed this and did not urge me to go. Grandmother could not be consoled at father's passing. All the light seemed to go out of her eyes.

Four months after my father had passed away my youngest sister was born, and mother, holding the baby in her arms, whispered, "If only your father had lived to see you."

But even the baby, with all the joy and comfort it

brought to us, awakened only a pathetic, forlorn smile in the face of grandmother. She didn't even ask to hold it in her arms. She merely nodded her head as though asking, "What is the end of it all?" and went back to her country home, and a little while later news came to our home that grandmother had died.

Mother could not continue to assume single-handed all the responsibilities that my father's affairs and estate entailed. She strove desperately to take hold, but it was no use. She made a final resolve. In the course of a year mother had disposed of our home, our land, and all our belongings, and we made our way to Kalvaria or Calvary, the town of her birth.

My older brother, Maurice, resumed his studies at the "Gymnasium," while my sister, Miriam, remained at home to help mother readjust her life. My two little sisters, Rose and Anna, were sent to school, and the little baby, Florence, cooed and prattled in her cradle, utterly unaware of the changes in our lives.

Maurice soon graduated from "Gymnasium" and with eager anticipation applied for admission to the University of Warsaw. Mother shook her head doubtfully. "Maurice, I would not depend upon it too much. You know that there are severe restrictions against Jewish students. Less than five percent of the students there are Jews. I don't want you to be disappointed and crushed."

Maurice patted mother on the shoulder gently. "Don't worry about me, mother. I'll make it all right. My grades are among the highest, and that ought to mean something."

Mother smiled, "It means very much to me, my son, but very little to the good Czar Alexander." The ad-

jective "good" was the bitterest satire that my mother would permit herself in speaking of the tyrant Alexander the Third who had abolished all the reforms of his father and imposed serfdom on the peasants.

"Mother, they can't send me to Siberia for applying." And so Maurice left for Warsaw, his spirits high and his faith unbounded.

Two weeks later he was back, a puzzled, bewildered brother that I longed to comfort but could not.

I heard him heatedly explain to mother what had happened. "I went to the office of the Dean, mother. He was courteous enough. He asked me for my grades; he raised his eyebrows in surprise when he saw them. He asked me all about my family. He examined me about my knowledge of Russian history, and then, all of a sudden, he said to me, 'Tell me, boy, are you a Lithuanian or a Jew?' "

"I am a Lithuanian *and* a Jew," I answered, and then he folded his hands together and looked at me, shaking his head as though he were truly sorry. " 'You realize, my friend, that there is a quota in this school and we must adhere to it rigidly. If there should be a vacancy in the five percent that is permitted, we shall communicate with you. As it is, there are several students waiting for admission who graduated last year. Naturally they take precedence.' "

Then Maurice launched recklessly into the argument that followed. Didn't his grades and scholarship entitle him to preference?

"No," answered the Dean. "If anything, that is precisely the reason why you should be excluded. You Jewish students are able to grasp the subject matter more

quickly than our Polish or Russian boys. Your minds are too shrewd and sharp for us and you set the standard too high. By comparison the others do poorly. We are constantly receiving complaints from important men in the government over the number of students we fail."

Maurice was sarcastic. "I can assure you, sir, if it will be of any comfort to you, that I will attempt to keep my marks below the average."

The Dean had risen from his chair, white with anger. "And I can assure you, young man, that any more impertinence and you will feel the weight of my hand rather than the weight of my argument."

And that was the end of the interview.

Maurice had gone directly to the Jewish community of Warsaw. They could do nothing for him. Then he complained to a prominent lawyer, asking his advice. The Jewish lawyer nodded in complete understanding.

"Yet there is another way, Maurice, if you want to try that. I can almost guarantee its success."

Maurice eagerly urged the lawyer to divulge the method that would promise success.

"You can be baptized into the Greek Catholic faith. You will have very little trouble then."

Maurice stared in horror at the man.

"Why, you can't mean that. Change my religion? Give up my faith? You're just making fun of me."

The lawyer bit his lip and turned to his work. "I'm afraid the joke is very much on me." Then he added more kindly, "I stood before the rock that barred me. I said, 'Open Sesame'—or were those the words? It really doesn't matter. Don't tell me I sold my birthright, young man. I would have given it away."

Maurice didn't easily forget his experience in Warsaw. Everyone who came to visit the house had to listen patiently while he poured out his wrath as he walked about like a caged animal.

"When the people were starving during the Franco-Prussian War, grandfather opened up all his granaries and gave away the grain to the peasants. Father served the government as a Collector of Revenue for many years and was commended by the officials for the way he carried out his duties. Then why should I be treated like a pariah, like an outcast?"

Maurice brooded constantly. Mother gently urged him to find new interests, to pursue his rabbinical studies, but Maurice only answered:

"I don't want to be a rabbi, mother, and I don't want to sit over my books while my wife earns a livelihood for me. I want to have a chance to build something in the world, to be a part of it, and not to live away from life like a hermit. There must be some place where there are no quotas. There must be some place where I can be accepted as a man, without questions about religion being spit into my face." He stopped suddenly. "Why, there is. Of course there is. There is America."

No sooner had he uttered the word "America" than mother sat down weakly in a chair and looked at him with such agony in her eyes that Maurice embraced her to comfort her. As for the rest of us, we were at once attentive. *America,* the land where everyone was fabulously rich, the land where all sorts of exciting adventures took place. It was a golden land on the other side of the world. News from America had seemed real to us with a shadowed sort of reality. The strange country would

loom into our ken only when some Jewish man or woman would come into our house and ask mother to read a letter from a cousin or an uncle who had migrated there. What a ceremony would follow then—what excitement —a letter from America! Not even the Marco Polos with all their great wealth on their return from China, with all their treasured jewels, could cause the sensation that a "letter from America" did.

The fear in mother's voice gave way to hopefulness. She wept constantly, questioned her friends and neighbors, and finally consented.

And so, only a month later, Maurice put his arms around mother and then, kissing each of us and taking his bundle of clothes and some food that mother had prepared for him, he was gone and America became a part of our lives from that moment, for Maurice was there.

I missed my brother, missed him horribly, the sound of his voice as he chanted his lessons from the Talmud, the way he had of teasing me by pulling at my hair or picking me up and swinging me around in a dizzy circle. He was the man of the family—and now he was gone.

I began to complain of headaches and mother took me to Koenigsberg. There two of my cousins were prominent physicians, one of them, Dr. Isaac Tuvin, having been consulted by members of the royal families.

Acting upon their suggestion, mother placed me in a private school. While my health soon improved, there was much to be desired and the doctors suggested an ocean voyage.

At first, mother would not hear of it, but when Aunt Emma, who lived in Koenigsberg, said she had long

planned to take a trip to America, the effect upon mother was remarkable. Instead of feeling that my going would mean the loss of another member of her family, she seemed convinced that Maurice needed me.

Four years had passed since Maurice had left and my yearning to see him had grown with the passing of time.

How eagerly I would read his letters, lending the words fire from my own enthusiasm. "Mother, you can't understand what a glorious country this is. All the languages of the world, every kind of person, all of them citizens, and there's no limit to what you can do. Overnight a man may become rich, famous, powerful. There is nobody to stop him."

You can't blame me, then, for having built up in my mind the picture of Maurice as some great noble, living in a castle on a palatial estate in America. How was I to know that my poor brother, hour after hour, trudged the streets of New York, collecting long past due accounts, receiving for his labors only a small percentage of what he was able to dun, trudging along in every kind of weather, in illness and in health, living in a narrow downtown room with poor ventilation? He had given up comforts, family, friends, language, and all for what?

I learned much later that what he received in return was well worth the price, although Maurice was not destined to enjoy it for long.

Mother had planned that I was to take the trip to America only as a brief visit to my brother and as a means of bringing me back to perfect health. But as I made preparations for the journey I perceived that things had gone seriously wrong.

Mother had made some investments through a brother

of hers. These investments were risky speculations in the mines of the Ukraine. Reverses often inspire recklessness. Almost everything was lost—everything father had left. She began to speak to me now along different lines and I understood her meaning.

"My child, if, when you get to America, you find that Maurice is prosperous and can assist you in your schooling, then don't hurry to return. Stay as long as you wish."

What anguish that must have cost her!

I was just at the age when I willed myself to dream, when I could conjure up castles in the designs of the wallpaper. I knew the reason for the despair she tried so hard to conceal and made a romantic resolve.

Yes, I would go to America. I would quickly amass a great fortune and then I would return to my ancestral home and redeem it from Poretz Janowski, the Polish nobleman who had purchased it from my mother. But first I must go back to Ploksh to say good-by to the crippled tailor, to the tinsmith, to Shlomo, the blacksmith, to Krendel Eiger, and to Paul. I must take a last look at our old home and visit my father's grave and say farewell, for I might be gone for a long time—perhaps for always.

My plans were interrupted however by Aunt Malka's persuading voice.

"You must come with me first to my summer home. There, while Aunt Emma concludes all your arrangements, you will obtain the rest and strength you need for the voyage."

Aunt Malka lived in Konotop, near the Black Sea. The village rested on the spur of the Carpathian Mountains. Her house overlooked the surf, and here and there

were the beautiful vacation homes of the Russian aristocrats who came to swim and sail and to ride the narrow mountain trails.

There was a grandeur in the all-pervading peace of those surroundings and I let myself sink luxuriously in the warm sea of contentment her affectionate care provided.

No sooner had I sat down to my first dinner in her home when the door burst suddenly open and a very handsome but excited young man stormed noisily in.

"You were right. He threw me, Aunt Malka. He showed as fine a pair of horseshoes— Oh, I beg your pardon."

The riding crop he had been brandishing sank to the floor and he seemed embarrassed as I stared at him.

Aunt Malka hastened to introduce us. Samuel was his name. He was a cousin of mine, a cousin whom I had never seen.

I thought of Ivan as I observed his black sparkling eyes and his thick black hair glistening brightly under a touch of pomade which seemed to keep every strand in place.

The romantic vision of youth or the glamour of a distant memory may be responsible for the aura about him as I see him now, but there is no doubt that he was a picture to make any feminine heart flutter and tremble. He wore a silk Russian blouse that had a smudge over the shoulder and elbow, and I remember that I chuckled as I visualized the parabolic curve he must have described in the air as he was tossed from the saddle to the trail.

Samuel saw at once the reason for my laughter and in

mock anger flared up, "All right, Cousin Olga, we'll see if you can do any better. I'll saddle up two horses and we'll start out right after dinner."

"You will not," broke in Aunt Malka. "She's not going to America in sections. She will go all in one piece."

"But, Aunty, I can ride," I interposed eagerly. "I can ride bareback or with saddle."

"Bareback," scoffed Samuel. "On her way to America and already an Indian. You will ride side saddle like a lady or you can't have the pleasure of my company," he added dictatorially.

But Aunt Malka was adamant.

"We will not ride at all, Samuel. Wash up and join us, and for heaven's sake change your shirt."

Samuel struck a dramatic pose as he looked at the mud stain on the silken sleeve. "Alas! The stigma of my downfall! I fell like Lucifer," and then he bowed and looked at me significantly with eyes full of mischief, "never to rise again."

I know I blushed and I was glad that he left the room at the close of his pretty speech, for I could think of nothing clever or witty to retort.

I was fifteen and he was eighteen and there we were in a Garden of Paradise that overlooked the sea, "Just as the Garden of Life overlooks Infinity," according to Cousin Samuel.

Oh, yes, we discussed all these things as we walked on soft carpets of dreams that cushioned our footsteps. The grandeur of it all was ours without the rough awakening reality of closer contact.

Days passed quickly. One morning he didn't rap at the door of my room. I dressed quickly and sought for

him near the riding stables. At first I couldn't find him and then suddenly I heard a clashing tapping sound and breathless but cheerful voices.

There in a small circle of sportsmen and vacationists Samuel was fencing with a classmate who had accompanied him from the University of Berne in Switzerland.

His opponent was a heavy-set blond young man with massive shoulders and a placid countenance. The smoothness of his almost girlish complexion was marred by an angular scar on his cheek, a scar which he had received in a student duel where, as he afterward explained, the young men protect their eyes and all vital spots, leaving only the forehead and cheeks exposed, so that they may carry a scar as a mark of courage for the rest of their lives. He took care to mention that the sabres were carefully sterilized before each duel.

The name of this young German lad was Siegfried Hoffmann.

Now, however, they were not fencing with sabres. They had light foils with rubber buttons over the points. It was exciting to watch the speed of their motions as they lunged, parried and thrust. Both were very tired, but that didn't seem to rob their movements of rapidity.

"Not this time, Wallenstein," said Samuel as he leaped back from the darting points of his friend's blade.

"Don't call me Wallenstein, you tempter of Faust," retorted the placid one continuing his swift advance, and then he murmured mechanically, "Touché," as Samuel's foil lightly touched his breast and Siegfried admitted that the thrust was good.

"Thy star shines prettiest in the night," sang out Samuel as he began the offensive.

One of the vacationists who was evidently French spoke up in very bad Russian. "This is insane—fencing without masks. It is dangerous sport," but the others who were watching quieted him. "They know what they are doing."

The placid one was perspiring freely now and every once in a while he murmured "Touché" as Samuel's foil touched him repeatedly. His lips tightened. He did not enjoy being outmatched before all those people, and in his resentment he began to use his foil as though it were a sabre beating heavily against the blade of my cousin, advancing forward recklessly and lunging repeatedly.

Then it happened, although much too quickly for me to observe anything but the consequences.

I saw the placid one drop both hands in horror and spring backward. The point of his foil had penetrated through the leather that covered the figure eight of the hilt and had buried itself in the palm of Samuel's hand so that the hilt dragged on the ground.

I was sick to my stomach and just stared while the man who had tried to stop the match leaped forward and pulled the foil out.

"You fool, it could have been your eyes!" he raged bitterly. Then more calmly, "You better have a doctor look at it—danger of infection, you know. I think your wrist is broken or sprained."

He examined the broken point of the foil and shook his head as he turned to Samuel's friend. "You must not use your foil as a sabre. See, you have broken off the button. It could have gone right through his stomach. You might have killed him." He threw the broken foil to the ground in disgust.

At this, the placid one who had been staring silently all the while, began to tremble and sobbed aloud until Samuel cried out jestingly,

"Listen, Duke Wallenstein, am I the wounded or are you?"

At this, Siegfried began to laugh and cry at the same time. He took Samuel's left hand and clung to it, repeating over and over again, "Thank God, Samuel. Thank God I didn't do you any worse hurt."

Samuel had wrapped his kerchief around his hand. He was leaving the group now and the men and women who had been amused spectators before were discussing the incident with sober and grave countenances.

I had been standing like a frozen creature all the while. He saw me and called out, "Olga, will you please pick up the foils?"

I picked them up and shuddered as I touched the one with the broken point. Then I followed him almost as meekly as a handmaid follows her master.

Aunt Malka welcomed us with a torrent of reproach for being late for breakfast and then, observing Samuel's hand wrapped in a handkerchief which already was stained deep scarlet, her face became ashen with fright.

"Merciful Father, what has happened?"

Samuel tried to calm her. "Nothing serious, Aunt Malka. Please get a little hot water and a few handkerchiefs. Don't worry, Aunt Malka, I'll live."

I offered my small lace handkerchief eagerly, but Samuel made a wry face and a curt gesture of refusal; then quickly changing his mind he reached out with his left hand and plucked it from my grasp.

"Ah, Fraulein, this is for a wounded heart and not

for a wounded hand." He tucked it in the roped girdle of his Russian blouse and still looking at me plunged his hand into the hot water that Aunt Malka had just poured out of the teakettle into the basin. With a shout he pulled the injured member out and danced about waving the much abused limb in the air. He had scalded his hand in his impetuosity.

Aunt Malka was frantic. "Samuel, Samuel, can't you be patient? Can't you stop posing and take care of your hand?" Samuel began to reel off the most picturesque expressions that I had ever heard, in German, in French, in Yiddish, and in Russian. They came pouring from his lips like sulphur and brimstone, words not profane but as lurid as red fire. He gasped for breath and then grinned suddenly, "Whew! That hurt."

It took several days before we were certain that the deep wound was not infected. His sprained wrist was swollen purple and he fidgeted over the realization that we could not go riding together until it was healed. Yet somehow the hours passed quickly enough.

We sat on the beach and watched the breakers come in with a deep, thunderous rhythm. "Life is like that," Samuel said softly. "It moves back and forth, around and around, without purpose or goal."

"And cannot life be its own purpose?" I asked earnestly. "What about a symphony? Does that prove anything; does that have any purpose? High notes, low notes, and yet—"

Samuel abruptly punctured what I felt was a beautiful thought.

"Why are people always comparing life to music?

There isn't a poet that doesn't harp on that old platitude. 'Life is a song.' I'll give you a cliché for your platitude. 'Life is a merry-go-round.' And now where are we?" He saw that he had offended me; so he continued less bitterly.

"Beautiful phrases aren't going to make it any different. I've got to have a purpose— I've got to feel there's a goal or I don't want to go on; I can't stand living in circles." His voice dropped. "Listen, Olga, I know we're both young, but I like being with you. All the melancholy that I feel is forgotten when you're with me. You are so different from me. You are tiny and I'm— I'm—" he was seeking the proper adjective in vain, "and I'm a boor," he finished bluntly.

He reached out awkwardly with his left hand to caress my hair. "You're so practical, so real and matter-of-fact, while I just drift. You could hold me down to earth."

I had been listening in a sweet excitement that made me tremble with joy, but now I flared up. "So I'm to be an anchor, am I, an iron weight to hold you down to earth?"

He laughed. "Heavens, no. You are to be the green meadow and the quiet stream dreaming in the sun. There I will lie content, caressing the golden flowers that wave gently in the soft breath of spring."

"Samuel, that's beautiful!" I cried out, and there were tears in my eyes.

He grasped my hand and pressed it to his lips and then held it against his heart.

"Don't go to America. Tell your mother you have changed your mind about it. Finish your schooling,

Olga. I have two more years at the University and I'll go to work for my father. But first we would marry and go everywhere and see everything."

I had ceased to think. The storm of emotions his words had awakened was all so new to me.

He kept on with his swift-flowing words and I hungered to hear them.

"You will fall in love with Switzerland. It is a miniature world of mountains and valleys. Those high notes and low notes of yours—a thrilling glorious symphony from earth to stars."

At that moment it seemed that my heart could not bear the burden of sweetness. I heard voices. Some children were approaching. The spell was broken. I started to think coherently and the beautiful picture that Samuel had painted with his lips had vanished with a suddenness that left me drained of emotion.

My brother, Maurice, in America had received letters telling him of my intended voyage. He was waiting there and mother had made all arrangements—tickets, passports, everything. Aunt Emma had put in order all her affairs. All my friends and relatives knew that I was going. Many had already bade me farewell and given me "going away" gifts. I couldn't disappoint them all, and so I turned to him and tried to explain but I knew all the while that I was making a mess of things.

"Samuel, after all, I'm only fifteen. You yourself said that we would wait until you graduate. I will be back before then and we can go on with this beautiful thing that has happened to us."

Samuel was unmoved by my words. I could almost feel that he had erected a wall between himself and me. It

was as though he were ashamed of the emotion he had shown and was drawing back into a cold shell of reserve.

"How easily you settle the matter, *maya daragaya,* my dear one. This has been an interesting story to you and only that, and so you put the marker in the unfinished book and put the book away. And then, at your convenience, you'll open the book where you marked it and begin to read again."

The irony in his voice hurt. I felt he was unjust.

"You said I was practical. Does it hurt you to find that I am? If it is a good thing that has happened to us, won't it last?"

Samuel patted my hand as though I were a little child. But this time there was no bitterness in his voice.

"You know, dearest, when you look on the map the ocean looks so small. It seems that ships would often meet. But when you take a sailboat and go past the breakers out into the open sea you realize how vast it is and how little chance there is of meeting another ship in all that infinity of water. That is the way I feel about you, Olga. We have met in some crazy way. Maybe it is a pattern; maybe it isn't. But if you go away I don't know whether we will ever find each other again."

I know that I replied something, but it was just words. I have never remembered what I said after that and I often wondered if he did.

We went riding the day before I left Konotop. He did not speak as he had before although I had hoped that as our horses walked slowly side by side, more often I ahead of him on the narrow trail, that he would. Instead his voice was almost impersonal.

"You know, Olga, I am not a very glamorous or romantic person. My father owns a big brewing company and that is altogether prosaic, isn't it? I have an older brother who is already in charge of the business and I have an allowance more than sufficient for my needs. Both my father and brother have mentioned my going to England when I graduate. They do a very large business there. We would live there and maybe sometimes visit America if that is your dream. After all, you don't have to go now."

I tried to explain that there was a combination of circumstances that made me stick closer to the more real world of family, friends, and mapped-out routes, rather than be a part of the mystic landscape he had created with his shining eyes and eager lips.

Samuel lapsed into a silence that distressed me. I began to dread the moment of parting, a dread which became a tense curiosity. Would he show his love for me before the others? Would he attempt once more to dissuade me?

The morning of farewells came all too soon.

Friends and relatives had gathered at Aunt Malka's. He was among them, sitting there talking, every once in a while glancing in my direction. We were not alone for a moment. He made no attempt to speak to me alone and I was far too shy.

When the carriage drew up he merely held out his hand and said, "Good-by," and all the while I was saying to myself, "It must not be like this; it must be more beautiful, something that would be a rich memory if nothing else," but all I said was "Good-by" and then I was in the carriage beside Aunt Emma and he was wav-

ing at us—a puzzled, perplexed gesture of farewell as we drove off.

Long afterwards I examined my memory of that farewell, trying to make of it perhaps more than it was, but that was all and I could add nothing to it.

Years afterwards I heard from him, a beautiful letter filled with dreams. He was going to England. He would write me again, and he did, a strange, mixed-up, jumbled letter that I shall never forget.

One of the paragraphs read, "I am enlisting in the British army although God only knows why. The Boers are a sober and industrious people, and a religious people to boot. I am not convinced that England is in the right. There is a kinship between the Germans and the Dutch. Then why have I enlisted in the British forces? Olga, I told you there was no pattern or purpose—things just happen. My friends enlisted and so did I. If I come through all right is there a chance that two such distant ships can meet again?"

That was his last letter. He was killed in action.

But where was I—why, I was saying "Good-by" to Samuel and all of a sudden my mind leaped a chasm of years. I must try to set my memory down in chronological order and that requires a certain discipline.

CHAPTER IV

I HAD not given up my desire to say farewell to Ploksh and the people there that had been my little world.

And so back to Ploksh I went. Everything was the same, but not quite the same. Nothing had changed and yet everything had changed.

I stood a few feet away from the stairs leading up to the front door of our old home and paused. It seemed as though at any moment father would make his appearance. Again I experienced the peculiar feeling that I had often toyed with that father was not really dead. As I stood watching the door it slowly opened and a stout, pleasant-faced man walked down the stairs looking at me curiously.

He was the Polish Poretz Janowski, the noble who had purchased all of the surrounding land, as well as the country home of my grandmother. The synagogue annex had been converted into a large parlor; I could see that even from where I stood.

The Poretz regarded me quizzically.

"Is there anything I can do for you, Miss?"

His voice was gracious and pleasant.

"My name is Tuvin, Olga Tuvin. This was once my home."

"Oh, yes, would you like to come in and see it? We have made a few changes here. Let me show them to you."

A thousand thoughts flashed through my mind. There

was a longing desire to enter the house, but something stronger restrained me.

"No, thank you. I must leave now," and turning quickly I left him standing, somewhat puzzled and perplexed. But I had wanted to keep intact in my heart and mind the memories of what that home had meant to me. In my vision I could still people each room with father, mother, sisters, and brother, and as I walked away I heard a loose board flapping noisily in the wind.

* * * * * *

It was June, 1889, and the steamship "Columbus" rocked sideways with a rhythmic, gentle motion. Lights were twinkling, music playing, passengers bustling to their cabins to arrange the luggage left there by the stewards. We were on the great sea, the vast Atlantic, wilderness of sullen waters.

We had two comfortable beds and Aunt Emma forgot her age and gravity as she bounced upon hers with very little dignity.

"My child, the ship is your cradle and you have a whole ocean to rock it, so you should get a good night's sleep."

But I was much too excited to sleep. There was so much to see, so much to hear—music, songs by the passengers, and in the morning the large and beautiful dining salon, the flowers on the tables and the orchestra while we breakfasted, everything calculated to put the passengers in the best of spirits.

As we walked out on the deck, games similar to shuffleboard were in progress.

After a long promenade to the bow of the ship I leaned

over the rail and looked eagerly down at the gear, ropes, and mass of machinery that seemed to clutter the deck. Mattresses and blankets were strewn all over the place, pots and pans, bundles and children.

My surprise was as uncontrolled as that of a child.

"Look, Aunt Emma, look at all those people sleeping right out in the open. Let's go down and visit them."

Aunt Emma restrained me.

"No, Goldie, better not go down. They will think we are laughing at them."

"Laughing at them?" I was shocked at the idea.

"Yes, you see they are very poor and inasmuch as they could not afford first-class passage, they took their food with them and all their baggage and they sleep right out on the decks. They call them "steerage." Now if you were to go down, dressed as you are, they would feel that you were mocking their wretched condition."

However, I was determined to visit the steerage deck. It seemed like an adventure that I longed to experience; and so at dinner I left my seat and went over to the Captain's table just as he was preparing to leave.

I ventured in German, "Captain, I understand that there is a rule about not going down to the steerage deck, but couldn't I get permission—special permission?"

The Captain did not hesitate even for a moment. He beckoned with his finger. "Steward, will you please take this young lady down to the steerage? Show her everything and answer all her questions, if you can."

He winked at me with a solemn expression, and with a hasty thanks I followed the steward.

Down the stairs, past the gates, and after a very brief interval I found myself among them. Mothers with little

children huddled together on one narrow mattress, the older children sitting on shoddy bundles looking dully at the deck.

There was the vicious irritating sound of a quarrel and I turned to where two men were threatening each other with their fists.

"I put my chair here first. It's my place and I'll smash you if you lay your hand on it."

The steward hurried over to the men and in some manner settled the dispute so that they growled at each other. But there was no physical violence.

I heard another voice speaking Yiddish and I turned to see a middle-aged man whose face was ashy white, calling for his children. "Sarah, Naomi, and you too, Nehemiah, come near me, my children. I am very sick. I may die."

At this the children set up a terrific yowling and many of the ill-clad creatures who were lying or sitting about stretched their necks to see what was going on.

The steward spoke roughly in German.

"What's got into you, Mister?"

The stricken one looked up at the steward with dull listless eyes. Although Yiddish is largely sixteenth century German, there is a difference in pronunciation that presents a hazard.

"Hah?" he asked, and then to the children, "Voss zogt er?"—What does he say?

But, of course, the children couldn't understand German either; so I interpreted to the steward.

"He says he is dying, that he is very sick."

The steward laughed and the unexpected sound made the children stop their crying.

"He's seasick. That is all that's wrong with him. They all think they're dying. He will get over it."

I explained in Yiddish to the stricken man what the steward had told me, but it didn't seem to comfort him in the least.

He said to me slowly in Yiddish, "No, it is my heart." He tapped himself with a bony finger on the chest and shook his head as though he were reconciled to the worst.

"My poor children, who will take care of them?"

I was overcome with pity for the man.

"Is there anything that I can bring you?" I asked in Yiddish.

"A glass of tea, if you will be so kind."

I turned to the steward and said, "Please give him a glass of tea."

"I am sorry, Miss, but we can't serve the steerage passengers."

"But I will gladly pay you for it. Here—" I thrust some coins at the steward eagerly.

"Never mind, Miss. I'll get him a glass of tea, although it is against orders. You'll have the others asking for the same treatment and it really shouldn't be done. Let me get you out of this first."

He took me by the arm and guided me up the narrow stairs to the second deck and from there to the broader stairs that lead to the upper deck.

I went almost at once to my cabin and lay down on the bed. Aunt Emma was nowhere about. Perhaps she was resting in her deck chair.

All I could think of was America. All of these people

with their torn and soiled clothes, with their knotted bundles, with the children crawling about, all of these people and I were looking toward a distant horizon, toward something beyond the horizon—a strange land, an earthly paradise.

The days began to drag and the voyage seemed an endless drift when suddenly a bulletin was posted giving the time of arrival the following morning.

It was long before dawn when I was awakened from my sleep by the sound of Aunt Emma moving about the cabin. She had turned on the light over her bed and was hurriedly dressing. I was fully awake at once.

"Why, Aunt Emma, it isn't morning. Is anything wrong?"

"Dear child, we are close to the harbor. There is a statue in the harbor, a statue of bronze, a lady with a torch in her hand. I don't want to miss seeing it."

I leaped from my bed. "Nor do I," I cried, my pulses throbbing with the realization that the long voyage which, to be candid, had grown more than monotonous, was now over, that we were really on the other side of the world.

As we hurried into the corridor we almost tripped over the grips and baggage that passengers had left before their doors, preparatory to disembarking.

It was not quite five in the morning, I thought, and yet all the passengers seemed to be in the corridors and on the decks. There was a long line of men and women before the purser's window where they were changing their foreign money into American money.

Aunt Emma took me firmly by the hand and guided

me to the fore part of the ship where we could see a thin gray line stretching along the horizon. It looked to me like a long narrow cloud, but as I watched intently I began to see the outlines of mighty towers rearing their massive height into the gray sky.

It was breathtaking to see these mountainous buildings loom through the mist of the morning. Aunt Emma screamed and pointed excitedly, "Look, look, quickly!"

There was the Lady of Bronze.

Often I had seen statues of Mary in the little Lithuanian village, statues of a woman with a baby in her arms, and the name of our church had been "Our Lady of Sorrows," but now as I saw this truly majestic figure, serene and noble, lifting high a light for all to see, I found myself whispering, "Our Lady of Liberty, our Lady of the Harbor." And in some mystical way it seemed to me that the ship was entering a cathedral, a vast cathedral that was the land itself, a sanctuary where all those tired and wretched scraps of humanity that cluttered the steerage would be welcomed with an infinite tenderness. Alas, that vision was rather rudely dispersed, for as I looked down at the steerage there was mad turmoil and confusion, bitter quarreling and abuse. The stewards and members of the crew were vainly attempting to calm the excited pilgrims of poverty; but even as I watched, a silence fell abruptly on all of them. They were looking like wistful little children at the distant statue.

A stout Italian woman shifted her little bambino from her right shoulder to her left arm and made the sign of the cross. One of the men who had quarreled on the day that I had visited the steerage was waving his arm fran-

tically in the direction of the sky line, shouting, "There it is. There it is."

One little old lady sat on her bundles crying as though her heart would break, while the little children circled and dodged and ran about the decks all unconcerned.

One by one, our ship passed the rows of piers, each one numbered. Great ships were lying there at rest, but we moved on until, almost imperceptibly, the motion ceased. The tugs were dragging us now, swinging us into pier number thirty-two.

Thousands of hands and faces formed a blur before my eyes. One of the stewards jostled against us. "I beg pardon," he murmured as he touched his hat. Then he added quickly as he hurried on, "Have your passports ready and your declarations for custom inspection." He spoke German for we didn't understand English.

The noise and the clamor were now almost unbearable. People were swarming about like flies. I felt so insignificant, so utterly unimportant. If I died there right on the spot no one would even look in my direction, that is, no one except Aunt Emma.

We were caught in the stream of people struggling down the gangplank and found ourselves among trunks, bags, bundles, all strewn about helter-skelter.

Several men in uniform were examining one trunk minutely, tapping the bottom and the sides. We had nothing to declare and oddly enough the customs man seemed to realize this, because he asked Aunt Emma to open up the smallest of the bags and almost at once told her to close it.

Again we were caught in a stream of people and breathed our first sigh of relief when a horse-drawn cab,

one of a long row that edged the street, rolled up to the platform where we stood.

"Come, my child," said Aunt Emma, hastily. "I have the address of Uncle Julius. We will go to him."

"But Maurice!" I cried. "What about him? He was going to meet us at the boat."

"He will never be able to find us among all these people. The only thing to do is to go directly to Uncle Julius. Maurice will meet us there."

I looked out of the cab window. This was madness! The dirt, the noise, the confusion, the swarming hurrying crowds! I was frightened and I comforted myself by the thought that soon we would leave this mass of cliff dwellers and be out in the country in some quiet spot where undoubtedly Uncle Julius lived.

The cab wound its jolting way between pushcarts and vegetable stands, between wagons and children playing in the street, and came to an abrupt halt near a little grocery store. The cab driver said something in English which I could not understand. The only word I caught was the word "address" and Aunt Emma reached into her purse and paid him.

We stepped out and looked about us. Street urchins regarded us curiously. They spoke to us in English and we answered in Yiddish, and then we heard one word that etched itself into our brains with a bitterness and malice, hard to forgive and harder to forget.

"Greenhorn." Fingers were pointing at us from all directions and their owners were jeering, mocking, rejoicing in our helplessness.

The Lady of the Harbor had been kinder to us and *she* was made of *bronze.*

"Not like the brazen giant of Greek fame,
With conquering limbs astride from land to land;
Here at our sea-washed sunset gates shall stand
A mighty woman with a torch, whose flame
Is the imprisoned lightning, and her name
Mother of Exiles. From her beacon hand
Glows world-wide welcome; her mild eyes command
The air-bridged harbor that twin cities frame.
'Keep, ancient lands, your storied pomp,' cries she
With silent lips. 'Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore.
Send these, the homeless, tempest-tossed to me;
I lift my lamp beside the golden door.' "

Part Two

THE NEW WORLD—OPPORTUNITY AND PROMISE

Chapter V

Out of the little grocery store came a truly delightful figure, a man of small stature with a long white beard and a ruddy complexion from the midst of which twinkled two mischievous eyes. The inquiring look on the face of this man flowered with sheer delight.

"Welcome, welcome. Thank God you arrived safely! Ziviah, see they are here—Emma and Ephraim's daughter. They are here!"

At this, a stout little woman, wiping her hands on an apron, came with short steps through the swinging screen door, her eyes narrowing in a curious peering expression as though she couldn't see us clearly.

My heart sank. This was all so different from what I had expected or dreamed.

"Uncle Julius," I stammered, "this must be your store, but where do you live?"

"Why, here, of course. Come, Goldie, I will show you."

I passed the counter with the herring barrels, crates of eggs, and litter of boxes. He led me to a thin partition and with a wave of his hand as grand as that of a duke turning aside the velvet curtain of his luxurious salon, he pushed aside the cretonne sheet that separated the living quarters from the store.

I tried to hold back the tears of overwhelming disappointment as I saw the brass bed, the bare floor, and realized how cramped the quarters were, but as I looked

at Uncle Julius and at Aunt Ziviah I saw in their faces a wistful longing for approval. I twisted my lips into a smile and forced from them the words, "It's very nice, very nice," and then a customer came in and Uncle Julius and Aunt Ziviah hurried quickly to wait on him while Aunt Emma and I looked at each other in silence.

I found that I had been too hasty. The little quarters back of the store had been their only home up to shortly before my arrival, but now they had a flat of their own where they lived and took in a few boarders, people who had come from the same province in the Old World.

When I had composed myself and answered many of the questions that my relatives poured at me from all angles, it was already high noon.

Aunt Ziviah lifted up her hands in a quick gesture of dismay. "Why, you haven't even had breakfast. Julius, you stay here in the store. I'll take them home."

We walked the two long blocks to the desolate appearing tenement house where Uncle Julius lived, but after we had climbed the two flights of stairs to the apartment itself, the scene seemed a bit more cheerful.

There were zinc tubs over which were brass faucets, and instead of chandeliers there were gas jets, but the rooms were neat and beautiful pictures hung on the walls.

I couldn't understand Aunt Ziviah's Yiddish as well as I understood Aunt Emma's dialect, and I realized at once that the former's Yiddish was mingled and seasoned with many English words. The words "all right" occurred almost every few seconds. I inquired about this mysterious phrase "all right" and was told that no matter what anybody said it would be a safe word to use in re-

sponse. If people greeted you in the street, the chances were that they were asking about your health. "All right" would be the proper answer. If you went into a store and you liked the merchandise and the clerk said something to you in English, chances were that he was asking you if it were satisfactory, and again the words "all right" would be the proper response. I found, however, that I could get along very well with Yiddish in the district where Aunt Ziviah and Uncle Julius lived.

In the evening Aunt Ziviah went back to the store, leaving Aunt Emma and me to unpack our bags and make ourselves comfortable in the room assigned to us.

I looked up as I closed my empty bag and there in the doorway stood a figure very dear to me, but oh, how changed! Only the eyes seemed the same and the curly tuft of hair that fell across his forehead to be brushed hastily back in place and to fall again.

"Oh, Maurice," I was in his arms sobbing and crying and utterly unable to stop the flow of tears. I heard his voice as he held me close.

"Olichka, Dushinka, Olga, my soul, Siestra Maya, my sister, how is our mother?"

I looked up at him through my tears. It was indeed Maurice, but not a boy, a man with sorrow in his eyes. His white collar was frayed and his tie was wrinkled. He was clean and neat, I know, but the cuffs of his coat were worn and there was a button missing.

Strange how such details impressed themselves upon my consciousness at a moment like that. I heard him say,

"You aren't going back. You won't leave me alone? You'll stay here with me?"

"Yes, Maurice, of course I will," I hastened to assure

him. "But tell me, what have you been doing? Where do you live?"

And Maurice, sitting on the edge of the bed, began to tell me of his work, collecting past due accounts. Sometimes he had to make five calls, sometimes ten. The debtors avoided him when they saw him coming. Sometimes they were nasty, but he didn't mind. He coughed and I asked him whether he had a cold. He didn't answer and then I said to him,

"Maurice, you always wanted to go to America. Are you sorry you came?"

He shook his head. "No, Goldie dear, I am glad I came. It is truly a land of freedom; there are big things happening all the time and you feel that you are part of them. The policeman on the corner is no different than you. Even he can't insult you; he is a citizen and you are a citizen. There is no peasant and there is no prince. Of course, if you have money, that makes you a prince for a while, while the money lasts, but there is always a chance for the poorest person to become a prince. It was not that way in Lithuania or in Warsaw—and the libraries, Goldie, thousands and thousands of books and you don't have to pay anything to read them; you don't need schools with libraries like that. You walk up to a desk; you hand in a slip; and you can read all the books you want to; and with a card you can take them home and read them at home. And school—there is an evening school—"

"Are you going, Maurice? Are you going to evening school?" I remembered his experience at the University of Warsaw and waited breathlessly for his answer.

He pulled his handkerchief from his vest pocket and

folded it nervously. Again that racking cough that frightened me so.

He placed his handkerchief nervously before his mouth and then my blood froze in my veins. I couldn't move. I stood and stared in horror. There was a spot of blood in the handkerchief.

He looked up and saw that I knew. Tears poured from his eyes.

"That's why I didn't kiss you, Goldie," he sobbed. "That's why I just pressed my lips to your cheek."

And I moved weakly toward him to sit at his side, and I put my arms around his shoulder and we both wept together.

"It's a wonderful land, Goldie, but I should have come here sooner. It's so hard to learn English and to work at all hours of the day. I knew it was too hard and I was not strong enough, but I didn't care. The door was open to me—that's what mattered.

"When the Dean of the College at Warsaw told me that I couldn't enter because I was a Jew, I wanted to die. Life was hateful to me then, but I want to live now."

"But the doctors," I cried out. "Have you been to the doctors? What did they say?"

"What do doctors say—what do all doctors say—a change of climate, a warmer, drier climate."

"You've got to follow their advice, Maurice. You've got to. I will write Cousin Isaac in Koenisberg. He will know what to do."

Maurice put his hand gently on mine.

"Let's not talk about it now, Goldie darling. You've come and now I feel well already. We'll talk for hours and

then I'll take you for a walk through Central Park and I'll show you so many interesting things."

On and on we spoke, of friends in the Old World, of dreams in the New. We made eager plans. Indeed we almost forgot this dread thing that had come up to mar our meeting and to cast a terrifying pall over the future.

That night I sat down and wrote letters until my fingers were tired and cramped, a letter to mother, a letter to Cousin Isaac, the one who was the famous doctor in Koenigsberg.

In the days that followed, as I saw Maurice more often, I assured myself that he was not seriously ill. I built up hopes that he would quickly be well again. He seemed frightfully thin but always so cheerful that I ceased to brood about the horror of that first revelation of his illness.

He took me to the library and then I knew that I had found the place of worship that would always be to me the most sacred—the Temple of Books.

I watched them under the green shaded lights—men of every color, of every station in life, some well-dressed, others almost in rags bent over books on history, on art, on music. One man was studying the dictionary and copying down a long list of words to memorize.

I must do that. I must learn English more rapidly. I would go to school at once; there must be no delay. And so that night I walked from the flat to the little grocery store where Uncle Julius sat on a box outside the door. Horse-drawn street cars rumbled near me. The newsboys shouted at the top of their voices. Children were playing "hide and seek" among the pushcarts. The air was filled with a babel of shouting and a blare of sounds,

but Uncle Julius sat as nonchalantly and peacefully on his wooden box as Abraham must have sat before the doorway of his tent under the Oaks of Mamreh.

Around him were gathered his cronies. The discussion was on politics and Uncle Julius seemed to be the patriarch of the group, for any suggestions of the others were timidly ventured while Uncle Julius spoke with the voice of authority that summed up, judged, and ended the matter.

As I approached he extended his hand promptly and explained to his cronies with eloquent embellishments my pedigree and the honorable learned family from which I came.

They made sounds with their lips expressive of their wonder at so celebrated a visitor and I launched into the reason for my interruption at once.

"Uncle Julius, I want to go to school."

Uncle Julius smoothed his beard with great sweeping strokes and his friends leaned forward to catch each word of the venerable sage.

"My child, what can I say to you?" he began. "To sit among little children in kindergarten or in grammar school would not make you happy, so the only thing left is night school. There at least you will be among grown-ups. Tomorrow, therefore, I shall instruct your cousin, my excellent daughter, to accompany you to the night school. That is the only solution to your problem."

The group that encircled us made various signs to signify that that was also their judgment and the following evening found me in a classroom surrounded by Italians, Poles, Russians and Irish of every size, shape and description.

Most of them had come in their working clothes and the odor in the room was far from pleasant.

A teacher with a weary but stern look on her countenance pushed grimly into the room and handed out primers to each of us.

Now you must remember that I had studied five languages and possessed a fair foundation of the sciences. My father had often explained to me difficult passages in the Bible and the Talmud. You can imagine, then, how amazed I was, upon opening the primer, to find a picture of a cat, a chicken, a chair, and a table, and to be told with a great deal of gravity that "the cat is under the table" and that "the black cat drinks white milk." It was a zoological nightmare.

The scowling Polish stevedore that sat next to me was called upon. He thrust out his jaw aggressively.

"Does the pretty black cat like the white milk? Yes, the pretty black cat does like the white milk."

And even while he was reciting I could hear my fellow pupils in solemn undertones repeating with tense concentration each word of the feline oracle.

I began to tremble violently; I wanted nothing so much as to run out of that stifling room.

The teacher raised her hand for silence and looked at me crossly. She spoke in English. I couldn't understand her, but I stammered the mysterious phrase, "all right."

She evidently saw, however, that I was not "all right," so she asked me in German, "Was ist?"

"I am not feeling well," I answered. "Please excuse me," and I ran out of the room, followed by my very much alarmed cousin. Thus I enrolled in and thus I graduated from night school.

I knew then that the Public Library must become my school room, the authors my professors, and the librarian my guide.

Maurice had said that big things were happening in this Land of Freedom, that he had come too late. Well, it was not going to be too late for me. I was going to catch up with the new generation. I would master the English language. I would be an American!

Each evening, each hour that I could spare found me in the library. I studied the Constitution of the United States and memorized as much of it as I could. I studied American history, reading a page or more each day, until, when I had grown familiar with the language, I moved along with greater speed. I read and reread the words of Daniel Webster. "America has proven that it is practicable to elevate the mass of mankind—that portion which in Europe is called the laboring or lower class—to raise them to self respect, to make them competent to act a part in the great right and great duty of self-government, and she has proven that this can be done by education and the diffusion of knowledge."

At first I felt myself separate and apart from all this thing that was America, but as I plunged into its history and into the vision of its great founders I realized with joy that I, too, was a thread in the magnificent fabric of a great human experiment.

The Constitution of the United States was my Bible, the writers of the Constitution my prophets, my humanitarians. I studied American history with avidity, reading it faithfully every single day. I loved the land and loved its history. I had an overwhelming desire to become a good, useful American.

Now I began to recognize the value of the system of public night schools and of the heterogeneous group attending those schools. In later years it gave direction to my immigration work and helped me interpret that system to those immigrants whom it was my special privilege to serve. The fine democracy of the American educational system, free for one, free for all, gradually made such an incisive impression upon me, that I felt an ever increasing urge to become an integral part of the fabric, not merely a tiny, insignificant thread weaving its way along the edge of the great pattern.

My Uncle Julius and Aunt Ziviah were eager to meet my every need, but as I watched the faithful wife arise early in the morning (on Fridays she would be up at four) and as I beheld the arduous labor that was her portion, I felt uncomfortable. I had no right to be a burden to them. I made up my mind and acted upon a happy resolve: I placed myself behind the counter and began to weigh bags of sugar, coffee and tea.

At first my uncle and aunt protested, but soon Uncle Julius had to admit that I was a great help to him, for now he had more leisure to sit in front of the store on a soap box and hold forth from that vantage point even as did Diogenes from the mouth of his barrel.

Ofttimes the "customer peddlers" who carried their packs on their backs would come to him for advice. Sometimes he encouraged them to open up small stores, but invariably he advised the new arrivals to become thoroughly "Americanized." He considered his own English perfect and would, therefore, instruct his hearers, including myself, in correct sentence structure and in appreciation of good music. As illustrations of exceptionally

fine music he would burst forth with "Sa-weet Rosie O'Grady" and "Annie Rooney," songs which at first seemed to me the national anthems of this strange land.

The break-up of our family and the sorrows that had followed us since father's death had left scars difficult to heal. All members of the family showed me every kind of comfort and tried sincerely to console me, but it was my Aunt Rachael whose devotion did most to instill in me a feeling of hope that there might come a time when I would find myself perfectly at home in the midst of all this strangeness.

Aunt Rachael was my father's youngest sister and only three years my senior. We had spent much of our childhood in the same atmosphere, often under the same roof.

When conditions had changed so radically in the old home after the passing of my father and grandmother, Aunt Rachael felt that it would be better for all if she were to join her brother, Jacob, in America. She had migrated to America two years before I had made the voyage with my Aunt Emma.

At first she made her home with her brother in Pittsfield, Massachusetts. Shortly after my arrival she traveled to New York and remained there afterward in order to be near me.

She mothered me with a devotion I am at a loss to describe, and in my utter loneliness her understanding and her love did much to keep me from losing my grip on life completely. I needed her companionship desperately. I had begun to feel something of the melancholy that Samuel had expressed there on the beach at Konotop—that the life of man is little more than a dream

and that his brief story is of little or no importance.

At first Uncle Julius and his immediate friends were the only society I knew. I took small part in the life of the community. I couldn't find myself. I didn't know where I belonged. Americans discriminated against foreigners, seemed to consider them as belonging to a lower social order. Boys and girls of American parentage didn't associate readily with the children of foreigners because they considered them inferior and crude in manners and habits.

The irony of it all was that even the foreigners who had arrived two or three years before and had mastered a few words of English were loudest in deriding "greenhorns," and so I bound myself closer to Aunt Rachael. She made my dresses and listened to my heartbreaks.

For many weeks I waited anxiously for letters from home and with even greater anxiety for a reply from my cousin, Doctor Isaac Tuvin of Koenigsberg.

At length a foreign looking letter arrived in the peculiar square envelope that heralded letters from the Old World. It turned out to be from a widowed niece of Uncle Julius who was on her way to New York with her sole worldly possession of four small children. In her letter she asked Uncle Julius to meet her at Castle Garden. The one seemingly insurmountable obstacle to carrying out this command was that of recognizing them, for neither had ever seen the other.

After considerable thought he decided that there was just one thing for him to do.

He stationed himself with the firmness of Gibraltar just outside the gate through which every passenger on the steamer must pass, and, as they began to stream

through the wide entrance, he began to call their names in sing-song fashion.

"Sarah! Etta! Leah!"

For thirty long minutes he continued to sing out, "Sarah! Etta! Leah!" much to the astonishment of most, and to the amusement of some of the people who thronged about.

An officer came near seemingly intending to throw him out, but something about the merry twinkle in the eyes of Uncle Julius kept him from carrying out his intention. The policeman turned about on his heels and cleared a way for himself through the crowd while Uncle Julius continued to chant in a not unpleasant tenor the names of his relatives.

At last he met with the response he had been waiting for, and there was the excited uncertain thrill of meeting, the torrent of questions, and Uncle Julius came home in triumph "leading his relatives behind him."

Temporary quarters were found for them in the already over-crowded house, for Aunt Ziviah insisted she could always find room for a relative or friends even if it meant another cot in the bedroom or in the parlor.

As weeks passed I became convinced that I was of no great help to my generous and hospitable kinsmen and this conviction made me eager to do something worth while, for I wished to be a part of the life around me, instead of simply an observer.

During the long winter evenings Uncle Julius held forth eloquently on the subjects of work, politics, social conditions, and Americanism.

"In the old country we were accustomed to revere the scholar who sat day and night over his books while the

honest laborer was considered an ignoramus because he didn't have much time to study. We Jews forgot that the Torah was given to farmers and to laborers and that many of the great rabbis and teachers of the Talmud were plasterers, carpenters, charcoal burners, and day laborers."

Then, with a grand gesture and a flash of spirit he concluded:

"Here in America we can truly live the law and spirit of our people—to earn our bread by the labor of our hands. Look at your Carnegie," he declared, turning to me, "the man who gave you your second home, your library; what was he if not a laborer? That is a true American for you. He is a symbol."

As I listened I firmly resolved that I too must go to work in order to share the lives of the other immigrants, not merely in theory but in actuality.

And then a letter came from my cousin, Isaac, who, it appeared, had left Koenigsberg and was now practicing medicine in Berlin.

"Maurice must return at once," he wrote, "and take the cure I will prescribe for him. He will have to live in Italy where the climate is mild."

I read the letter to Maurice. He sat with his head bowed and when he lifted his face again there was upon it the peculiar perplexed look of a child who has been slapped and doesn't understand why.

"What's happened to us, Goldie? What's happening to our family—mother in Kalvaria, waiting to hear good news from us, waiting to receive some little *nahas,* some little pleasure after all her sorrows. Now you will re-

main here alone and I will watch the sands run out of the glass in Italy."

I started to answer but he continued bitterly. "That is not the worst of it. Here in America I found the meaning of life, or rather a life that has meaning—a great vital nation, so strong, so real, building ideas without boundaries, without limits, because there are no moldy traditions to hold it down, no ruins of the past to be swept away first. In Europe the past holds the future chained, but here on the vacant prairies and the meadows you can build what you like. And in all this bigness I find that I am like a visiting ghost from the grave, able to see everything but not able to lay one brick, not able to deposit one tiny stone in the building of this land, not even able to leave my bones to make the soil more fertile."

He began to cough and that gave me an opportunity to interrupt him, to comfort him.

"Stop, Maurice, you must not talk or even think these things. You are a young man. A few months in a warm climate and you will be strong again. And then you will come back here, Maurice. You must believe that."

My brother looked at me with a faintly wistful smile.

"You are stronger than I am, Goldie. You are so tiny the wind could blow you away—but it would not dare." Then like a little child, "Tell me, siestra maya, what do I do now?"

We went together to the steamship company. I stood watching him while the others said "Good-by." Aunt Rachael couldn't trust herself to speak. She stood in the background, her eyes fixed on my brother unbelievingly,

and then he put his arms tightly around me, and as I lifted my face to his, I heard him whisper, "Not on the lips, Goldie. Be careful. Not on the lips."

He climbed the gangplank and then I saw him at the rail, his hands thrust deep into his pockets, the collar of his cape-like coat buttoned snugly at his throat. He smiled at me as one who, having lost everything at cards, endeavors as he rises from the table to laugh it off. And then, as the boat pulled slowly away the smile vanished and the breeze tossed his hair, and it seemed as though the wind were carrying him away. His eyes were filled with fear and his lips were shaping words that I could not hear.

"The heart that's breaking makes no sound at all,
Less than a petal leaving any rose,
Less than the moment when the real leaves fall,
Or the slow stir of loneliness that goes,
Over the water at the winter's call."

Work is the best escape from brooding melancholy and I declared to the family that I was determined to join the working group at once.

"Uncle Julius, you must get me a job. I don't care how hard it is or what the hours are."

Uncle Julius looked as though I had struck him across the face. Forgotten were his pretty speeches on the dignity of labor.

"What? A daughter of Ephraim Tuvin to work with her hands? The granddaughter of the sainted Rabbi Leib Chager Haskell to mingle with shopgirls, and especially now that she is an orphan without a father and alone in a strange world!"

God forbid! If it were a question of financial security, then he would guarantee my support as long as I lived, or at least until marriage.

Aunt Ziviah and the other members of the family added their pleas to that of my faithful uncle, but it was in vain. I hurled at Uncle Julius his own words and he winced under the barrage.

"The rabbis of the Talmud were farmers and laborers," I argued. "You yourself said that, and what about Carnegie?"

Finding that I remained deaf to all their pleadings as well as their arguments, my uncle pacified the rest of the family by suggesting that the best way to cure me of my determination to work was to let me try it.

So he contacted a man who had been a tailor in a little village near Ploksh. This man knew my background and at first refused to take any part in the plan, but Uncle Julius insisted, and Mr. Solomon, who was by this time a successful clothing manufacturer, invited me, through my uncle, to come to his shop.

He remembered the many kindnesses he had received from my father in the olden days, would feel honored to have his daughter in his establishment, and would show me the courtesy that he felt was my due.

The following day I was taken to Mr. Solomon's clothing factory on Canal Street and was led into a large room, a workshop. The noise of the machines deafened me. I was sickened by the sight of women of all ages, some with gray hair, others looking almost like withered children, with shoulders bent, pulling frantically at their needles, each trying to outdo the other in speed because, as Mr. Solomon explained, they were "piece-workers."

Some basted linings; others sewed buttons; but all of them plucked at the needle like terrified imprisoned creatures that were attempting to tear the meshes of a net that held them prisoner.

The foreman, a lean and lanky man, brought me a garment on which I was to sew buttons. He didn't even speak to me, but kept shouting, "Hurry up; hurry up," in the same monotonous key.

His voice seemed like the harsh clang of the hammer with which the taskmaster timed the galley slaves chained to their oars, except that this was at a much faster tempo, a speed that made one gasp for air, merely to watch.

My head was already in a whirl from the grinding pounding noises of the machines and my spirit was crushed by the wan looks on the faces of the workers. The deathly dirty white of the calcimined walls, where the spiders had long found a safe dwelling place, seemed the inside of a neglected tomb. I summoned all the will power I possessed and tried to mobilize all my faculties into service. I must not fail. I had asked for this chance. I must not fail.

But now the pounding became a chorus of voices screaming at me "Greenhorn! Greenhorn!" The whirling and the pounding of the machines began to beat out my brother's despairing cry, "What do I do now?"

I had banked so heavily on this job as the only way to live the role I had set for myself—to be a real part of American life. Now I had failed. I was not equal to the task. "What do I do now?" screamed the machines. "What do I do now?" sobbed my poor brain, and the agony was more than I could bear. I fell into a blessed

faint, welcoming the black chasm of oblivion that opened to receive me.

The doctor said I was suffering from nervous shock and for three months I lay listlessly staring at the walls, utterly indifferent to the frail meaningless shadows that came to cheer me. Didn't they know, poor things, that they were here only for a little while—a few moments of silly motions, eating, drinking, and speaking, and then no more of eating, drinking or speaking. They would vanish like the shadows and no one would ever know, and the cold ball of mud we call the earth would forget that they had ever been here. I didn't want to hurt them but why did they come to disturb the dull twilight where I lay? Why did they come, these things of fragile clay that moved their little hands and then became clay again? It was all so futile, so meaningless.

Poor Aunt Rachael sitting at the foot of my bed kept watching me, her eyes red with weeping. How devoted she was to me! Why must I cause her so much pain? And then a little question, microscopic at first, a tiny little annoying germ of a question nibbled at the almost dead spirit of me. "Is this the end, Goldie? Is this the goal to which your father's blessings spurred you?"

"My daughter must learn to walk alone."

I began to be angry with myself, lying there defeated, crushed. I began to feel ashamed and that very shame was the symptom of returning life. The clutch in the machinery of my brain caught hold and the idling motor began to work.

What I had seen at the shop of Mr. Solomon could not be the ideal or pattern for American labor, for what

had the slavery of Egypt in common with the Promised Land?

I sent Aunt Rachael to the library for books and she brought them to me, books of all sizes dealing with workshop conditions and labor problems. And when I had gained strength I went myself to the public library where I found Harriet Martineau's *Society in America* and several other books of interest in this connection.

I learned of the rise of the domestic and later the factory system in industry. I began to understand how, in industries like the making of clothing on a large scale, it was to the financial advantage of the manufacturer to have the work done outside his plant, because in this way he could avoid the large overhead that a big factory entails. As a result many small makeshift shops grew up in the tenement districts where the work was done for a mere pittance by the unskilled labor which the constant influx of immigrants from all lands supplied in more than sufficient numbers. Much worse than even this abuse was the system of home industry, "home piecework," whereby not only the men, but the women and young children did the sewing in their own already overcrowded homes.

At this piece-work system the various members of the family often toiled twelve, fifteen, sometimes eighteen hours out of the twenty-four, the women and children earning about fifty cents a day while the men might get a dollar or a dollar and a quarter.

Occasionally a plucky immigrant, after taking the clothing home with him so that his wife and older daughters might help him, would manage to lay aside some small savings, and then he in turn would become an employer of others.

Each wave of immigration—Scotch, English, Irish, and Jewish—supplied its quota of "greeners," unskilled hands, to the "sweating system" of clothing manufacture. With the great influx of Jews into this country from the persecutions of Russia in the 1880's, men began to displace women somewhat in the sweatshops.

As I studied the problem I began to speculate on possible remedies with all the returning fervor that I could muster. We must look to enlightened legislation fearlessly and fairly administered, and even more to the presence in employers and those in authority of a feeling of the kinship of all human beings, of the dignity of all men, and a bit of the "milk of human kindness," to overcome the evils of the "sweating" system.

Democracy is not only liberty of action; it is also restraint of that liberty when it injures the liberty of others.

I found that I could understand almost all that I read in the books and pamphlets dealing with labor problems, yet I could not express myself clearly in spoken or written English. That was my immediate task if I were to do any efficient service.

I studied eagerly the works of Lord Byron, Sir Walter Scott, Charles Dickens, and George Eliot. I loved the simple poetry of Longfellow and stumbled over the deeper thoughts of Emerson. I wrote essays in appreciation and criticism of what I had read in order to clarify my understanding of the content and to acquire greater facility in expression.

Deeply I drove my roots into a fertile soil of books. For several months I almost blotted out the world.

There was a moment of brief joy when a letter ar-

rived from my brother, Maurice. He gave the most enthusiastic account of the beauty of the Italian lake country and the delightful climate, but no mention, not even one word, of any improvement in his health. After a time he wrote that he was returning to Berlin and that, if possible, he would like to visit the place of his birth once more. He was determined to see mother and the rest of the family and to look again upon the familiar scenes of his boyhood.

"I found a new world but came back in chains," was his postscript.

I learned later that he had returned to Berlin and that my cousin, the doctor, had managed to secure a permit and a passport for him to reenter Russ-Poland.

My brother lived just three months after he came home. He had, however, been granted his last wish. He visited all the old familiar places and died in mother's home on his own bed at the age of twenty-four.

Chapter VI

Cousin Harry, the son of Uncle Julius, was president of the Canal Street Bank and was one of the handsomest men I had ever seen. He was so much taller than his father, and the streak of gray in his hair gave him an air of distinction. About once a week he would visit his parents and after each visit I would be sure to find a five or ten dollar bill pinned to the lining of my coat or to one of my dresses hanging in the closet. When I remonstrated with him he pinched my cheek and exclaimed, "I don't know what sort of presents to buy my little cousin, so I save myself the headaches of guessing and the trouble of shopping; besides, we bankers are as well supplied with greenbacks as daddy with green groceries; that's our stock in trade."

I am afraid I didn't feel like pressing the point further, for store windows do hold countless attractions for a miss of sixteen.

One evening he bluntly broached the subject of my coming to live with his wife and children "uptown."

"After all, this is not the neighborhood for you, Goldie. The East Side is a world by itself—a mixed-up world of borderline cases—I mean immigrants who have dragged their old world with them and won't let go so as to become a part of the new."

I was indignant. "That isn't so. It's poverty that keeps them here." Cousin Harry was amused.

"No, Goldie, wait until you've been here a few years. You'll understand what I mean. The East Side is all the

countries of Europe in miniature—little colonies of Irish, Italian, French, German, and Russian citizens. Your immigrant is afraid to lose himself in the melting pot and so he runs to his own where he can hear his own language, his own music, and eat his own particular dishes."

"That's very natural," I retorted. "Why should he not be with his own?"

Cousin Harry grew impatient with me.

"Let him forget differences," he snapped at me. "Let him be an American."

Instead of letting it go at that, I only fanned the flame of his irritation.

" 'American?' Who is this model American that he must try to simulate or try to become—the Greek-American, the English-American, the Chinese-American, or the Polish-American? Perhaps you mean the original American—the Indian?"

Cousin Harry arose from his seat. "You know very well whom I mean, you little chatterbox."

"I don't know and I don't think you do either."

I felt I had the advantage and pressed the attack.

"Americanism is an idea. That's all it is—the idea that men have the right to be different and must respect that right in others. That's what makes for the strength and richness of American life and thought. If you have only tulips or only roses it's a nursery, but if you have every kind of flower it's a beautiful garden.

"Human beings can flourish where the individual is encouraged to be himself and not to be afraid of his inner hopes and dreams, in a society that personalizes and spiritualizes the individual. I was led to think and to believe that all over the world, deep in their hearts, people be-

lieve in the common kinship of all humanity. The same idea applies, that every nation in the world shares in the common destiny of all nations.

"We need not necessarily be blind to the differences that exist among us. Some of these are minor; others are deep. We are apt to place a special value on those aspects of our own culture in which we are distinctive.

"Many people indulge in prejudices against one another without knowing why and without realizing how dangerous this indulgence can become. By cultivating a spirit of separation we can become sharply divided. The value of human beings is primarily more fundamental than the consideration of wealth, nationality, place of birth, or religion. The best security that any individual can have is the security of one's innerself."

By this time Cousin Harry was smiling approvingly. "All right, my little lilac, you win, and by the way, my pretty flower, how would you like to blossom forth at the Bankers' and Brokers' Ball? I'm taking my wife and her sister and they would like to have you come along."

"I don't know," I stammered. "I would have to ask Aunt Rachael. I don't know what to wear."

"Wear any one of those pretty dresses of yours. What's wrong with the one you have on?"

"Oh, no, that dress would have to be something special. It would have to be especially made for the occasion. Aunt Rachael would sew it for me. She would be glad to." Then as the proposal dawned on me in all its splendor, "When is the dance?" I queried breathlessly.

"Tomorrow evening."

My heart sank. "Tomorrow evening," I whispered. "Why, she can't possibly get it done in time." But Aunt

Rachael did! The cloth was black with little green flowers. She breathed her excitement through the pins in her mouth as she made the fittings, and then in the morning she brought it to me—a glorious thing that was all ruffles, more than twelve of them. Her eyes were red and tired. She had been working on it all night. I told her with tears that I didn't deserve such love.

The hall was lined with golden chairs against a wall of mirrors, and my dress was pretty and everyone said so. Cousin Harry danced with me and then some clerks from his bank came over to be introduced. One was much taller than I and looked rather dubious as he asked me to waltz. But I had no difficulty in following him although he held me as though he feared I would break in fragments. As he led me back to my seat I overheard one lady say to another in surprise, "She—a greenhorn? Why she looks so modern and intelligent."

That whisper did not pass me by lightly. It hurt and stung.

In the Old World the society that I had known, whatever its origin, respected education, culture, religion, and refined manners. These were the things that denoted aristocracy. I had been taught from earliest childhood consideration for the feelings of others. Now I was being mocked because my lips could not glibly pronounce the words of a newly acquired tongue, although I knew five languages well. The evening had begun so beautifully.

I clenched my hands and vowed that America—my America—should learn to value the cultures brought from many lands. We did not all have to be alike. I lifted my head. No one should spoil the joy of my first dance.

The result of all these painful experiences, however,

was not to alienate me from the constant inpouring of immigrants, but rather to draw me closer to them and cause me to feel with them the gnawing hurt of a cruel welcome.

Often I visited Ellis Island and stared in fascination at the "strangers within our gates," crowded together like cattle behind iron bars in a large empty cell-like room, clutching their meager possessions, mournfully bewildered, elbowed and jostled in the crowd.

The call for physical examination was like a harsh command. The line swayed forward, desk after desk, inquisitor and interpreter, question and cross-question. In halting syllables they gave their answers. Hours groaned by; another passage and another cell with iron bars. Through this barrier they scanned the faces of the crowds outside, trying to catch a glimpse of the familiar faces of relatives, anxiously wondering if they would be recognized and what sort of welcome they would receive.

At long last the gate was opened. The stoic policeman with his blue uniform tightly encasing a ruddy corpulent physique bellowed from the side of his mouth, "Move on. Move on!" and I watched them pass and I walked with them and among them again and again.

Often I would walk into the classes in the Educational Alliance where I watched them fumble the pages of the literature passed out to them. They turned the leaves with awkward fingers and with puckered concentration of children they repeated over and over the phrases that would prepare them for American citizenship. "There are forty-four states in the Union. The name of the president is Benjamin Harrison."

A year had passed since I had first stepped upon the

shore of the New World. The letters from Samuel, at first from England and later from South Africa, stirred only my dreams but seemed no part of my waking life. They were like messages from a distant planet that carried with them the cold realization of the untraversable space that lay between—and then—the news of his death —and even that, a thing so distant that I mourned for him with the same grief that I had poured over the loss of my favorite doll, the one with the bridal gown, lamenting the old doll and knowing that because I had outgrown childhood there would never be a new doll to take its place. Nor did I feel the need for the companionship of young men. My mind was filled with the memories of too many sorrows and the challenge of too many problems.

So, when my good Aunt Ziviah told me one day that we were to have another guest in my adopted home, a young man named Julius Stone, the announcement caused not even a ripple of excitement in me.

"He is bringing his little sister, Gertrude, with him," beamed Aunt Ziviah. "They're real Americans. They were born here."

"Real Americans!" Those words made me tremble with eagerness. From that point on I could think of nothing but the forthcoming arrival. What would he be like, this "real American?"

The door of the apartment swung open and a little girl blinked at me curiously. Then I heard a laugh so rollicking, so free, so utterly true that I felt like laughing too, and I lifted my eyes to a pair of twinkling blue ones dancing beneath a shock of wavy blond hair. He was tall and broad shouldered, and he seemed to radiate

the cheerful conviction that life was absolutely nothing but a song and a dance.

He glanced at me approvingly, showing a mild friendly interest, but nothing more.

Later that evening Cousin Harry came and under the patter of his banter our friendship warmed. When my cousin arose to leave, several hours later, he smiled at the difference in our height, for the top of my head didn't quite reach the top button of the "real American's" vest. Our guest saw the smile and nodded at its implication.

"She does look like a little chick, doesn't she?"

I must confess that I invested him with a halo, for was he not a native of the Land of Freedom? He sprang from the soil of the biggest, finest country in the world, with a background of culture different from mine. His every careless word burned into my mind.

Naturally the family wanted their guest to enjoy his stay in New York. As a result, he was taken to visit his other relatives who, in turn, saw to it that he met a number of young ladies and attended a great many parties.

Always, before he left for one of these big events, I used to look him over admiringly but with a critical eye for detail, for I wanted him to appear at his best. I would stand on tiptoe and adjust his tie or his coat collar. He seemed pleased by my interest but that was not noticed by the family. To them I seemed little more than a child, one to be sheltered and watched over but not to be taken too seriously.

Yet somehow I must have appeared fairly mature to him because after a few days of making the rounds with others he spoke to a relative of his, on his mother's side, and that relative, in turn, chose as love's ambassador his

dignified Uncle Goldman who came to see me one day. He asked me somewhat formally whether I would care to go out with his nephew, Julius, because, as he put it, "my nephew would like that very much."

I was surprised and flattered beyond words that this blond American giant should be attracted by me. Yet I was still child enough and naïve enough to ask, "But tell me, how can he, who is so tall and handsome, want to go out with me—I am so small? Would we not look strange together? Would he not be embarrassed?"

His uncle smiled knowingly and merely suggested that I "try it and see for myself."

After his emissary had paved the way for him, Julius Stone declined to meet other girls and go to parties during the remainder of his short stay in New York.

His simple but beautifully sincere attentions found their way into my heart. He told me later that my naïveté, my simple honesty, my innocence of life, my devotion to my people, and my religious spirit were assets that he did not find among those of the circle with which he had mingled. For him, I, likewise, represented a different world.

When we parted we understood that it was to be only for a short while. We corresponded for a year until I had passed my eighteenth birthday and then he wrote me to come to Chicago. At the station his whole family welcomed me. His father was almost as tall as he and had a neatly trimmed reddish beard. His mother was a silent kindly little woman who viewed my one hundred and eight pounds with frank despair and later tried her best to fatten me with all the culinary magic she possessed. As

for Julius, he kissed me awkwardly, and that was the first time we had kissed.

His father looked at me earnestly and then turned to his son. "Julius," he said sternly, "you have chosen for yourself a baby to raise. See that you do so kindly."

Julius answered, "Don't worry, Dad. We will grow up together," and kissed me again, this time less awkwardly. I heard him whisper, "Dear little Chick" and that remained his pet name for me through the years.

Ten days after my arrival we were married, and the distinguished and venerable Rabbi Annixter, who stood with us beneath the canopy, held the cup of wine to our lips. "Henceforward, my children, you will drink from one cup."

How my soul longed for some of the wine of life! I had drunk so much of its tears.

Part Three

BROADENING HORIZON—WEST MEETS EAST

Chapter VII

1892 was a very busy year in the annals of the City of Chicago. I found stir and bustle everywhere. The Columbian Exposition was to be held there the next year. This Exposition was to have a direct influence upon our own lives because my father-in-law had decided that in view of the large number of visitors who were sure to attend the Fair, it was a good time to start his son in the hotel business.

During the late months of our engagement the letters I had received from my fiancé were full of enthusiastic accounts of the business venture upon which he was about to embark. In one of these letters he described the building which his father had rented, a yellow brick structure with stone trim, at the corner of an "alley." To my mind, the word "alley" was synonymous with the German word "allee." And starved as I had been since living on the East Side of New York for the lawns and trees, the lilacs and rose bushes that I had known in my former homes, I was all eagerness at the thought of once more enjoying the refreshing beauty of nature in my new home.

During the two weeks of our honeymoon at the old Palmer House he spoke to me repeatedly of the new business venture upon which he was embarking, and his enthusiasm fed my expectations.

Imagine my disappointment and dismay when we reached the hotel which was to be not only our source of income but our home as well, to find that the "allee" of

my mind's painting was, in reality, the alley of a large city, resonant with the cries of the peddlers and old-clothes men, and redolent with the garbage of the neighborhood. I strove hard to conceal my disillusionment, not only from my husband, but from the other members of the family as well, and indeed it was not hard to comfort myself, for he was all gentleness, all goodness.

He guided me softly through the dim lobby and up the narrow stairs to our first dwelling. The kerosene lamp, fixed to a bracket on the wall, flickered against a polished metal reflector and cast its faint glow over the chiffonier, the neatly made bed, and the flagrantly new wallpaper.

He looked down at me wistfully for my approval and as he put his arms about me, all my doubts and fears scurried away and I knew that this was home.

The next morning he brought me breakfast in bed. There were coffee and sweet rolls, but alas, no dishes in the cupboard! He had completely forgotten about these. Nevertheless, Julius was not to be denied. He unfastened the reflector to use as a saucer and, taking the glass from the bathroom, he gaily poured the steaming coffee and we drank from one glass—from one cup—and it was sweeter than wine.

Our hotel business did not prosper. Scarcely had the Chicago Fair opened its gates when the financial depression or panic of 1893 seized the country. Business languished all along the line. Unemployment caused untold suffering. No place was harder hit than Chicago.

Along with so many others, my husband was a victim of the general slump. The family of my husband was like most other families, a typically middle-class American one, industrious, honest, hard working, striving to give

to their children the benefit of a fair education. In this case it was no mean task for the family was large, my husband being one of nine children.

I longed to fit into their life, to be one of them in every sense of the term, and tried not to show by any sign, word or act that my views or standards did not coincide fully with theirs.

More and more I began to realize that there were three distinct classes in American society. In Russia there was a clear dividing line; there was the czar and the peasant, the noble and the serf. Here there was the aristocracy of wealth, the great middle class, and the larger laboring class. And in all this drama of the classes I seemed to be a mere onlooker. To me that did not seem quite enough.

The aspiration to be something more, the dreams of my childhood, and the words of my father as he lay on his deathbed seemed to demand of me a great effort, an effort that would not be circumscribed and imprisoned by the narrow confines of household routine.

Julius, or "Juley," as I called him, never discussed business with me. We had one joint account and I drew what I needed for household expenses. I saw the way things were going and earnestly begged him to take me into his confidence, but he shook his head with a grim finality that settled the matter.

"This is my job, Chick. It is a man's job, if he is to deserve the privilege to be called the head of the family. Of course some men are more creative than others, nevertheless the theory holds good; it should hold good with all men, even those with limited capacity."

I could not shut myself out from the world, and all the pent-up longings to do some worth-while service

clamored for expression. Without debating my husband's principle, nor was I inclined to investigate the system, I took it and accepted it as nature's law that man does want the power to direct commerce, a doctrine based on the claim of superior understanding.

At one time or another the human heart holds some disappointments. It is not that most people are unhappy, but every person has some unhappiness. Generally we are satisfied, on the surface even happy. But there is in everyone's life some subconscious awareness of some dissatisfaction . . . discontent.

Normally I was happy, pushing the discontent that was gnawing at the heart, pushing any discontent visible into the sub-conscious mind to be lulled into sleep. But at times it seeks expression in our dreams, and cries out to be satisfied when the curtain of sleep is lifted and the dream expression becomes visible in the conscious mind. Quickly the misty dream disappears and we awaken to face the world as it really is. It then becomes important to find adjustment to life.

I had no duties of a public nature. The economic status of my husband concerned me. I wanted to express myself with action, to become a contributor in building our life together.

My husband guarded my every footstep with tenderness. Small as I was, he seemed to place me way up on the mantel-piece, and his affection made me think of the Russian peasant before his "icon."

I was not satisfied. My life lacked the romance of action, the glow that brings light to the invisible cravings of the mind. Something in me cried out for growth to flourish and to succeed.

I was eager to share the task of shaping our life so that it would sustain the future with stability. My husband protested: "Chick, you do not understand man. Man is a creature of force, he seeks to make a place for himself in the world through a man's work. Man is only secondary; he is an individual only as a worker. We are not all given the chance to become a power in world affairs, and the will must not be suppressed."

I was disappointed. My great love and respect for my husband would not give me the right to dispute his principles. Yet, I was not content. I could not shut myself out from the world and its progress.

It was about the time when I was making my final adjustment to life in Chicago that it was my good fortune to meet a well-known and honored member in Chicago's community, Mrs. Benjamin Davis, thoroughly imbued with the American ideals of democracy and progress, trained both by secular and religious ideas.

Mrs. Davis awakened our women to action through the medium of both platform and press. She stressed the need of education for social welfare and social justice.

In the few years of my life in America, and by virtue of my marriage to an American, I considered myself a full-fledged American. Ceaselessly I studied American history, seeking a satisfactory definition of the word, "American democracy." The events relating to American life with the social and economic problems absorbed my greatest interest. I have often pondered on the foresight of the fathers of the country who possessed the great human wisdom to build a free society of men, a free unit of flesh and blood, with the power to speak as one wants to speak.

As in reverie, building convictions from a dream, I recall the time fifty years ago, when as a young girl, I entered the harbor of New York and beheld the Statue of Liberty, offering me the welcome of America.

The recollection brings to my mind a vivid picture of Ellis Island, where the immigrants were crowded together, holding on to their possessions. Bewildered, elbowed, and jostled in the crowd, they beheld the shores of America. They were released from the pen-like enclosure of the iron grating in Castle Garden. Hurriedly they rushed down the gangway to envision the broad perspective of a new world. Here they would find economic, moral, religious, and political freedom. They forgot the discomforts of the passage in the crowded steerage. They had reached the "Promised Land" where better conditions await them.

How darkened became their outlook when they found themselves huddled together in New York's East Side, the ghetto of New York, where they lived in squalid tenement houses, myriad noises and shrieks of the streets pouring in through the windows. All day long the shuffling feet of the passersby came and went; the disturbing, unnerving feet of human beings. Pushcarts loaded with all sorts of wares leaned one against another. Wheels within wheels moved about them, some smooth-edged, some cogged, some of the cogs intermeshing like those of a gear; some mismated and running with a jar and a quiver in the great swarming population of the ghetto.

Like those wheels, those who steered them represented circles within circles. No matter how nondescript the owner of the cart, he symbolized a traditional back-

ground, different from that of his neighbor. His uniqueness could not be measured by his shabby cloak or imperfect English, but by the conviction brewing deeply within him of a better life.

The immigrants represented groups full of interest, enthusiasm, and the courage to labor and to succeed. As time adjusted them to their surroundings, the noises of the streets and the shuffling of passersby no longer seemed to be strident and unfriendly. The fish-vendor's call became the prelude to a mighty song of work, striving, and promise. My conclusions concerning the immigrant are based upon my own personal observation and experience, but are detached from subjective bias. How barren of this learning is the work of most sociologists.

New York, the great melting pot of all nations, where the body strives for a decent existence and the soul wages a battle for the right to itself and the cultivation of its ideals, stimulated the Jew to assimilate and to adapt himself whole-heartedly to this new sphere of existence. The people of Israel have utilized their given capacities to obtain economic security for themselves and their families, recognizing that man has the capacity to be productive, when opportunity is given him. Many successes have fully exemplified this principle, even under the most difficult and unfavorable circumstances. Some found an outlet in business and industry, others in shops and factories, still others in professions.

Immigrants pass through a great transitional period. They become tense in the desire to compete and to share in the creative effort of American civilization and to identify themselves with the people amongst whom they live. We find among them dissimilar groups and a variety

of individuals. Some who had held positions of prominence find themselves living on a totally different plane. This is not peculiar to the Jews, but is found among other nationalities and groups.

It is not a case of what man possesses, but what he can make or create or achieve that gives him distinction. Thus, success depends on the inherent capacity of the individual, imposed upon the external social conditions of his environment, and not on race, creed, or religion, or the locale of birth. Through the warp and woof of the races that make up the American people, the Jews are woven into many colorings, representing many shades of viewpoints. It is necessary that the portrait of the Jew should be visioned accurately. Facts prove and experience has taught us that most judgments are inspired by the particular motive of human passions which deeply colors the whole quality of judgment. To judge dispassionately requires broad sympathy, trained intelligence, and understanding. Will the common language and conditions of American life serve as a common denominator for American civilization to recognize the value and essence of the human soul?

We who are living today, even those who are quite young, have seen many changes take place in the world about us. Changes, I mean, which have tended to modify to a considerable degree the conditions under which people of modest means work and live. Yet, there was a time, not so many generations back, when things in general moved much more slowly, when both physical and social changes were few and far between.

While practically a stranger in experience in the field

of community needs, yet, I felt now was the time to make real the promise of America, a better world for every group and people. I craved to be a part in this patient struggle that would be required to accomplish the idea and ideal. I was ready.

New York had its East Side, Chicago had its West Side. The needs of both were the same. Private charities and individual gifts did not even scratch the surface of the problem.

Julius Rosenwald had set up machinery for the wise and even distribution of a large portion of his wealth. His theory was simple. "Evils of today must not recur in the future; therefore, education is the most potent means of accomplishing this end." For this reason he set aside large sums of money to be allocated for public good according to the best judgment of carefully selected experts. Not only did this man recognize the importance of using his wealth wisely for the benefit of others, but he realized that there were many persons who have not the money to give, but can give service. He was among the first to detect and give recognition to those whose qualities of mind and heart fitted them for this type of endeavor. His frank encouragement of volunteer service wiped out the lines of demarcation that were often drawn by some of the monied people in their desire to exclude strangers from their circle.

I studied the situation in Chicago as I had studied it in New York, but this time I knew that I was ready for service.

There were homes for the aged, supported by various Catholic groups, by several Protestant organizations, and

by those of the Jewish faith, primarily those of the reform group who happened to be better off financially than their recently arrived co-religionists.

I learned that there was a meeting scheduled on the West Side to discuss the establishment of a home for the aged in that section of Chicago, a home that would comply with the Jewish traditional requirements.

They were an earnest group of men that gathered there. Before the meeting was called to order I listened to their conversation and heard their views. "The Russian Jew is looked upon as an object of charity," said one man, indignantly. "We give freely to every charity but we are not organized and it appears to everyone that the needy among us are taken care of only through the bounty of the German Jews."

He was answered by a young man whose soft voice won instant attention. "Don't feel so insulted, my friend. The German Jews came here first and got a head start. Naturally they are in a better position than we are financially, just as we are in a better position than the immigrants who are coming over now. But let's not quarrel. The wheel of Jewish fortune never stops turning. Today the German Jew helps the Russian Jew; tomorrow the Russian Jew helps the German Jew. In the meantime, let's call the meeting to order and get to work."

The chairman of the meeting was one of the early immigrants of the '80's who had already gone through the stages of assimilation in American democracy and American ideals. His own reconstruction in the way of American life was by hard work, ability and vision. He felt and knew the inner demand of his fellow-immigrants for the dignity of life. He had not forgotten that to preserve

that dignity, the Jew the world over, and especially the Eastern Jew of czarist Russia and Poland, had been treated at one time or another as a vagabond. In addition, every measure, pogrom, and fiendish atrocity was committed against him from the time of Titus, Torquemada, and now Hitler, always in the name of some "justice."

Not only was the whip of punishment constantly held over them, but every other Jew was held responsible for the misdemeanor of any other Jew. These environmental forces succeeded in leaving their mark by stamping the early Eastern Jewish immigrant as an inferior in the eyes of the Western German Jews, who were the earlier immigrants in America.

It is, therefore, no exaggeration when I say that the appearance in large numbers of the Eastern Jew in the large cities caused the Western Jew much anxiety.

They had organized charities to meet the urgent needs —to give them aid whenever needed. They felt satisfied that their duty was fulfilled, but they attempted to break the collective responsibility of accepting them as a unity. They segregated themselves from the latter and this segregation usually increased both in frequency and intensity as they ascended the cultural and economic ladder.

Though related by origin and destiny, the former was likely to feel more critical of the new arrival. They looked upon them as a section of the family to be ashamed of. The others, in their turn, smarted under the slighting attitude of their Western co-religionists.

The Eastern European Jews wanted to establish themselves here under the sun of equality in a world of their own. They did not fear a rough road. They found in America a firm and brave world in which to build foun-

dations for industry; they possessed the imagination to visualize the new world of opportunity.

As expert victims, they knew that nothing in the world is so provoking to impulses of aggression against a minority group as the weakness and helplessness of the group itself. Dignity, to be sure, is a double-edged concept. We cannot ask for respect of which we do not prove ourselves worthy. We cannot claim a dignity which within our own ranks we deny ourselves.

The immigrants of yesterday and today are vital creative forces within the American groups which should be preserved. These immigrant forces constantly act toward the ideal of democracy. They seek liberty and peace on the shores of their home.

We all know that in spite of the native American's good intentions to understand the immigrant, mutual understanding needs more than good intentions. To understand him, one needs the knowledge and adequate emotional experience. We think we are being sympathetic, but only if we ourselves have suffered can we fully understand the human suffering of the soul suppressed.

The session lasted well into the early morning hours. At times there were flashes of anger. Why did the German Jews think they were superior, one old man wanted to know—because they had thrown aside the dietary laws and the *Tallith,* because they had torn Zion from their prayer books and Hebrew from their vocabulary? Why did they think that they were superior to the Russian or Polish Jew who knew his Bible and Talmud by heart and whose life was enriched by hundreds of customs and ceremonies that were the accumulated treasures of his people? Why should German Jews sneer and mock at the

East-European Jews because their clothes were ill-fitting? Was it their fault that they had been hurled by persecution into the squalor of the ghetto while the German Jews possessed the gift of emancipation?

As I listened to this discussion my heart sank and I too asked questions. "Why should there be barriers to prevent brotherhood among the Jews here in this land of tolerance, of freedom, and of opportunity? Why should there be a division or cleavage between the reform and the orthodox, the rich and the poor, the giver and the receiver? There must be an effort made, a mighty effort, to convince these various groups of their very real similarities and cause them to overlook or make allowances for their real or fancied differences."

I volunteered at once to help in the creation of this home for the aged and was soon afterward named to serve on the Board of Directors. The home would serve the first generation of East Europeans, chiefly Russian immigrants who came to our shores in the early eighties when the May Law was enacted in Russia.

In the year 1900 plans for the Orthodox Jewish Home for the Aged began to take form. I seemed to hear again the ringing voices chanting the traditional, melodic prayers of many years ago in the little synagogue of my father in Ploksh:

> "Oh God, forsake us not when our strength leaveth us; neglect us not in our old age."

I was conscious of an impelling urge, backed by great determination, to bring the poignant plea of their prayer to a soul-satisfying reality. In May, 1903, the dream of a sanctuary for those in the twilight of life was finally re-

alized in the dedication of Beth Moshav Z'keinim—a Home for the Aged—on Albany Avenue. The men and women finding haven there truly represented the cross section of the Orthodox Jewish community. Among them I, again, found the blacksmith, the tinsmith, the cheesemaker, the tradesmen, and others who make up a community. They were aged wraiths of the little group I had known in Ploksh in my childhood. Only the physical and spiritual vitality of the traditional talmudist, rabbi, and cantor brought the scene from out of the shadows of the past to the flesh and blood reality of democratic America.

It was fitting that in the free soil of the United States the ancient tradition of care for those enfeebled by the ravages of time should again be fulfilled. The biblical and talmudic sages fully appreciated the need for protection of the old and infirm. During the hellenistic period careful provision was made for them, and great respect was felt for the wisdom they acquired through their years of experience.

Thus, the cornerstone for the foundation of institutions for the aged in need of support was laid many thousands of years back, and modern homes merely reflect the judicious planning of ancient community leaders. It has been the endeavor of the Jew in our times to emulate and live up to the precepts and ideals set forth by the spiritual heads of ancient Judaism which have been handed down proudly to each succeeding generation. These traditions have become the unbreakable links that unify and mold together the people of Israel into one great spiritual entity, regardless of what country they owe allegiance to. This unity has always been a great

force for good and progress in any land where it was allowed to flourish freely. In America, where all men are able to exercise their sovereign will, it has contributed much to the cause of democracy.

This very freedom of spirit was the cause of a conflict of ideas among the people. With the breaking down of the ghetto, certain departures from the traditional observances in individual Jewish homes spread to institutions for the dependents. The conservative or orthodox element of the Jewish community felt the need of making Beth Moshav Z'keinim a place where the aged might live out their remaining years in an atmosphere that abided strictly by the biblical and talmudic tenets of life. For the man and woman, nearing the end of life's span, material comfort alone does not suffice; the soul needs must be satisfied too. "Not on bread alone does man live, but on that which comes from the mouth of God."

Even in my extreme youth, old age meant something fine and beautiful. It was like the golden rays of a sunset, rich and strong in fulfillment of a day's cycle. The mellow afterglow of age reflects waning life rays, worthily expended in the cycle of human experience. Thus, I saw something especially significant in the faces of the men and women living in the home. They were like storm-tossed ships seeking a port. Years of persecution, pogroms, and finally loveless insecurity had carved deep furrows on their faces. It was inspiring to watch the soul hunger in their dimming eyes gradually become replaced with an expression of peace. In keeping with the aim of the founders, they had found a true sanctuary where they could forget that they were public charges, and bask in

the spiritual comfort of living up to all the tenets of their faith.

During my frequent visits to the home I got real pleasure and inspiration when I watched the study classes in the Beth Hamedresh led by a chosen member of the little community. All boundaries of time and space were transcended as they discussed Jewish literature and told folk tales. A touch of the modern was given by the heated debates on daily problems and politics. They always tried to adjust their points of view to the American way of life, and were firm supporters of the democratic government of their adopted country, America.

One of my most precious memories is of the chazan, the cantor, chanting Hebrew hymns and prayers on the Sabbath or holidays. I can close my eyes and see the synagogue. It was the last hour of Yom Kippur, the day of mourning for all Jews. Rays of a setting sun streamed through the colored panes of the windows, casting a strange pattern of light on the arc holding the sacred Torah. In the shadows sat the men and women in their separate sections as the orthodox tradition dictates. The men wore black skull caps and talithim. Their eyes were red from tears, and their white-bearded faces were weary from prayer. Their slight bodies were enfeebled by the rigors of the day's fasting, yet, with all this a strange, even terrible spiritual strength permeated the room. It was symbolized by the steady flame of the perpetual light, glowing over the altar. In this atmosphere of solemnity and purpose the chazan, his back to the audience and facing the Holy Ark, began to chant the Neilah service. No heart could have been so dead, no human being so soulless as not to have been lifted to a new plane of faith

by the pulsating melody of this great liturgical classic. Even the pleasant but mediocre voice of the cantor achieved momentary greatness through the strength of this song of his people. I too felt tears in my eyes.

During the weekday evenings, the cantor would entertain his audience by singing old folk songs. I recall one of these, a lullaby "Rosinkes and Mandlen" (Raisins and Almonds). The song reveals the Jewish pathos and hope. It tells the story to the child of how one of the Jewish faith is doomed to become a wanderer over the face of the earth, but that in his wanderings he will become a prophet of good. It reveals in rhythm the history of the "Wandering Jew." Another song, often sung, was "Go my child to the Cheder" (Religious School). I can still see the enthralled faces of the aged as they listened to these. The heavy curtain of years was thrown off for a few minutes, and the aged audience became imbued with a glow and strength of youth. I suddenly felt that at a certain time in life the memories of the past can be more real than the exigencies of the present.

Discussion, worship, and song were just a few of the pleasures of life enjoyed in this first Orthodox institution in Chicago. I have had the honor of being called a founder of this home and other such institutions.

Romance found its way to the home. Two lovers, torn apart by a cruel father's decree, their lives running an uneven path for some sixty years, were by a storm of circumstances blown into the Old People's Home. Can you imagine the embraces when after their long stretch, the gray-haired lover, now totally blind, recognized his sweetheart by a little cackle in her voice.

The sidelights of these human happenings reveal many

emotions and prove that clouds do not mar a sunset, which is as a light seen through the variegated colors of a dome. These enforced retrospections teach us that this was the beginning of an organized community on the West Side of the river. It was the cornerstone for the foundation of other institutions.

During my early years, serving the home in various official capacities, I instinctively felt the urge to personally contact the men and women who made applications to enter the Home. I did not come to them as an investigator.

On my visit, bit by bit, the story of their own lives and that of their children floated out. From the maze of anecdotes and tales, often while telling them, a wondering look would come into their eyes. They would stop for a moment. They would look vacantly into space. They would murmur to themselves names, a certain person, sigh, and say: "Oh way!" "Where was I?" "You are not an investigator?"

The Home paved the ground upon which the Jews of Chicago learned to meet each other and understand each other. The organization of the BMZ was the chemical which obliterated the dividing line.

Chapter VIII

Our union was blessed with two children, our first-born a boy, Alfred Ira. Two years later, a little girl, our daughter Beatrice Agnes, came to bless our home. My husband's happiness knew no bounds. His ringing laughter, when he played with the children, lifted the heart into a realm of joy unsurpassed.

When our first-born came on the horizon, I was very ill. On one of the many visits that the doctor paid me, my husband's old grandmother called upon me. She had been waiting for the doctor to come out of the sickroom, pacing the floor, and hugging and kissing the Book of Psalms with unrestrained fervor.

"What a doctor can do with medicine—nu-nu—is of little importance. My little chat with the Master of the universe will make everything all right. Religion and prayer are good too," said grandmother or "bobe," as she was lovingly called by us, "but how can I expect a young doctor to know the laws and ways of a people more than four thousand years old? God only knows. His power is great."

Each evening the boys and girls of the neighborhood ran shouting joyously to meet my husband, for his pockets bulged with bags of candy, one bag for each child. I scolded him repeatedly.

"Juley, the mothers of those children will be angry. Did you ask permission? It will spoil their dinners." But Julius grinned, shook his broad shoulders, and called my

attention to a gaily colored bird in the top of a gnarled oak.

"Look, Goldie, did you ever see such colors?"

That was his passion, birds and animals. Those could touch and unlock the fountains of his enthusiasm, but as far as human beings were concerned, if they attempted to flatter him, he would murmur, very ill at ease, "Bubbles—just bubbles. They don't mean it and I know they don't, so why bother?"

He brought dogs, cats, pigeons, toads, every kind of pet to his children, and I watched in impotent dismay little spindle-legged Alfred Ira roll on the grass in his new Lord Fauntleroy suit, playing keeper in our backyard zoo, while Beatrice Agnes clapped her tiny hands and cooed delightedly.

I had made every one of Alfred's suits with my own hands. Beautiful things they were of velvet, some of satin adorned with white silk sashes, until the doctor put an end to these sartorial splendors by a mild rebuff.

"Let him dress in old clothes and wrestle around. These fancy suits and clothes will keep him from being like other boys. They are a positive menace to his health."

I saw our zoo grow by leaps and bounds, but when one evening I perceived Julius striding down the avenue with a pig under his arm my patience had more than it could endure.

"You aren't going to keep that pig in the house," I stormed. The children of the neighborhood chortled with glee as they snatched the boxes of candy from his pockets and Alfred Ira shrieked with delirious joy over the new pet.

"Why not?" asked Julius. "It's a white pig and easy to

keep clean. I'll make a little cage for it. What's the harm?"

"I don't care if the pig is milk-fed, if it has a pedigree a mile long—that pig is not going to be a member of our household."

"Well, you aren't going to turn it out tonight," begged Julius, playing for time.

I knew what he intended and, sure enough, he was soon hammering together a little wooden cage with a care and precision that proved he intended it to be a more than temporary residence. All night long the poor thing squealed like a lost soul, until the neighbors flung open their windows and insisted upon an Emancipation Proclamation for the noisy prisoner.

I called the Humane Society the next morning and surrendered the little pig to its care.

In the midst of all my activities I returned home one day to find Beatrice, who was then four years old, ill with scarlet fever. I shall never forget the agony of watching her little doll-like face flushed with fever, of hearing her labored breathing, and seeing, while helpless to aid, the constant writhing and listless stirring as she moved fitfully in her delirium. Once she awoke from her peaceful sleep and held out her little hand. "See, Mamma, how warm it is," she whispered with her dull eyes fixed sleepily upon me.

I could not leave her room. I sat by her bed nodding with exhaustion, listening to her repeat over and over again, "I see birdies on the trees—birdies on the trees. Mamma dear, do I disturb you?"

"We take our blessings too much for granted," I whispered over and over again, and when the fever had passed

I held her close to me and every tear was a universe of prayers and gratitude to God.

In the meantime, our maid, Ida, had confided to me that a wealthy grocery man had fallen in love with her. She pouted shamefacedly as she told me the story in detail.

"I couldn't let him know that I was a maid-servant and so I told him that I was living with a wealthy cousin at this address. Now he wants to call and I don't know what to do."

I soothed her and hesitatingly volunteered out of compassion for her to receive her friend as though I were in fact her cousin. The result was that, after three or four visits in which her intended made himself perfectly at home in the finest and most comfortable chair, sipping tea and munching cookies which, when lacking, he was not at all abashed to request, he made the following suggestion.

"Cousin, I don't care for large public weddings and neither does Ida. You have a large home here; let's have the ceremony and dinner here."

Poor Ida gasped and turned toward me a countenance so woebegone that I impulsively agreed that I would prepare a wedding dinner for only the immediate relatives of the bridal couple.

As he turned to go, the prospective bridegroom casually let fall the information that there would be "about fifty guests."

About the time that we moved into our new home on Forest Avenue, the news came that my mother and my sisters Rose, Anna, and Florence, were coming to Chicago to bless this new home of ours, my dearly beloved emissaries from the old world.

As for mother, the years had blessed her features with mild sweetness. She was bowed and no longer carried herself with that proud demeanor that had given her short stature added height. "Ich bin all right," she pronounced the mystic phrase that the immigrant learns almost at once with the air of a pupil who knows she has learned her lesson well.

It was hard for mother to realize the tremendous vitality of this new land. Her eyes were as wide as those of a little child as she spelled out laboriously the headlines of an English paper or the "ads" on shop windows, but I do not believe that she understood the spirit of America in a religious sense, for she said to me one evening, "This America, it is a wonderful land. It's young; the people are like laughing children. There can be no hatred, no misunderstanding, where there is laughter."

She spoke in Yiddish, carefully inserting an English word here and there with a pleased expression as though to say, "You see, Goldie, I am becoming an American, and very quickly."

I am sure that her Yiddish would not have been understood in Kalvaria for it had become an American Yiddish.

My welfare work interested her greatly. "Goldie, I would like to help you in your work. Maybe if I took care of things in the house, it would give you more time to help the poor and do 'Zedakah.' "

Zedakah is the Hebrew word for charity, although it really means "righteousness." Jewish teaching claims that the helping of the poor is the *duty* of men rather than a benevolence. Mother had her little bundle of coins, carefully guided, out of which treasury she saw to it that no one need leave our door empty-handed.

I saw that she was grieving, because she could not do more, and so I said to her half-jestingly, "Mother dear, you and I will make a bargain,—a bargain such as was made by the tribe of Zebulun and Issachar. The tribe of Zebulun was famed for commerce, while the tribe of Issachar loved to study the Torah. So Zebulun said to Issachar, 'My brother, you are constantly studying the Torah of justice and mercy, the Law without which humanity cannot live. As for me, commerce absorbs all of my time. Now your good deeds and your study are bound to store up for you a great reward in the world to come. I propose to support you and to maintain you with the profits of my business, if I may have half of your reward in the world to come. And so you see, Mother, Zebulun, and Issachar made a bargain. You and I will make a partnership like that—you, by managing the household, will leave me free to do Zedakah, and Heaven alone knows you may have any share you wish in whatever reward is ordained for my acts in the world to come."

Mother laughed, but I do believe that she took this partnership very seriously, for her conduct and her repetition of this incident showed that it made a deep impression.

On another occasion mother said, "This America is a miracle; something new under the sun. Who would have believed that some day there would be a land without 'bosses,' no Cossack with his whip, no nobles or military aristocracy to force you off the sidewalk and make you tip your hat; no government spies to pry into your personal affairs. A thousand blessings on the head of Columbus!"

That summed up her feelings and became a ritual with

her. "A thousand blessings upon the head of Columbus!" For you see, *she* had discovered America and had found it the Land of Promise!

The year 1880 marked the beginning of the larger scale persecution and pogroms in Russia which brought about a larger Jewish exodus from Russia to the United States. The history of the immigrants of that period shows that not only were they from the humble folks, but they also numbered a large majority who had come to America with a cultural background, with the endowment of a proud ancestry.

In this new land, the United States of America, they had hoped to find communities who would receive them and weave them into American life. While the European pogroms brought them misfortunes and destroyed their security, wrecking them physically and financially, many of them, notwithstanding all their sufferings, remained venturesome and courageous.

They soon graduated from their poverty, nor were they slow in improving their education. Many of them who came here illiterate did not long remain in that condition. All of them sought to compensate in the education of their children for their own lack of educational opportunities.

The German Jews who preceded the Eastern European immigrant in the United States in their geographical scope of settlement, and in their commercial enterprises became more successful. The times were in their favor.

It was during the great expansion period of American history, the period of the Covered Wagon, the steam locomotive, and the gold rush of the West. Their social life had assumed more prominence, they had established

clubs, social meeting places, as well as organized charities.

One can understand, therefore, why there was a social cleavage between the German Jew and the Russian Jew. Jewish social preferences are often based upon no greater merit than the accident of chronological priority. Jews are not exempt from the foibles of human nature.

The younger generation of the immigrants of yesterday were great visionaries, who had set up high standards for the transition of their ideals from the nebulous state of mere dreams to a realm of actuality. They laid plans to organize a social and educational center on the West Side, where the community, young or old, could meet on common ground, and where they could build attitudes, educationally as well as socially.

They decided to apply for a charter, even though they had no money. The charter was granted, but where were they to get funds needed to run such an organization? As money was not forthcoming, in spite of the interest that had been aroused in various circles, a committee was chosen to visit Dr. Emil G. Hirsch, spiritual leader of Sinai Temple.

The brilliant sermons of Dr. Hirsch had aroused discussion throughout the city and had brought many of the young Russian intellectuals into his temple. These were fired by a high regard and a profound admiration for the Rabbi. One of the outstanding members to visit Dr. Hirsch was a brilliant young lawyer, a golden-tongued orator, Nathan D. Kaplan.

Rabbi Emil Gustave Hirsch could be curt and bitter at times, almost to the point of rudeness, yet he had an intellect of such enormous power that he was universally respected. His keen and analytical mind, fed by his enor-

mous store of knowledge and seasoned with a sense of humor, was responsible for letting loose a veritable flood of wisdom each Sunday morning as he addressed his congregation.

Often his sarcastic and irritable disposition led him to vitriolic attacks upon his listeners without regard to social rank or financial position. "Puffed up moneybags," he would thunder at the congregation if he felt that a response to a certain charitable program was meager. Then invariably after the sermon he would murmur apologetically, "That damned temper of mine."

One with such a mind and such a personality has an enormous number of admirers and a considerable number of enemies. He was a modernist and made fun of what he considered fundamentalist errors; nevertheless, he remained true to the deeper principles of Judaism and gave them eloquent expression.

I remember his diatribe on the subject of modern marriage ceremonies. He peered at us with a mocking smile over his notes.

"You don't know that many of your customs today at your most fashionable weddings go back to barbaric days. Why do you have that wonderful bridal procession? It is a marionette show, and you have seen it as often as I have. Where did you get the idea of that procession with all the childish fuss that really makes the rabbi feel he is out of place? He hears to the right and left of him, 'How does her veil sit—how does her train look—and see how they run' and it has to be 'just so.' No wonder they have to have six or seven rehearsals. What's at the bottom of all this?" And then Dr. Hirsch would begin in dry tones his explanation of this phenomenon.

"Time was when girls were scarce—not in our day, of course. They would send out a military expedition to capture girls or even women of other tribes and would bring them home in triumph. Your bridal procession is the after-echo of that triumphant tribal procession of conquerors and, in an age of the supposed freedom of woman, it is a sight to make the gods laugh when you see march in, according to the latest dictates of fashion, a blushing bride imitating the unfortunate of ancient barbarians." Then he would proceed in a much more serious vein to drive home the lesson that marriage must never be a fragile thing of romance and moods but rather a sacred and permanent relationship.

On one occasion when he was dining at my home on a Friday night he sanctified the Sabbath in the approved manner by donning a skull cap and reciting the Kiddish prayer over the cup of wine. I marvelled at this and he replied,

"I don't do this for you, Mrs. Stone. I do this out of my high regard for your mother. I respect orthodox traditions and practices when they are lived sincerely and honestly. I preach only against ignorance and hypocrisy."

When we had spoken to Dr. Hirsch about the proposed Institute he nodded his approval of, and his sympathy with, the cause.

"I must unlock my mental purse and make my contribution," he announced gravely. "I will be happy to give a course of lectures on Jewish history and the ethics of Judaism for which a nominal fee might be charged. This may form a nucleus for further funds."

Needless to say, these lectures were well attended and his contribution most generous.

My home had become a gathering place for those interested in social work. Two priests were frequent guests at our gatherings, Father Patrick J. O'Callahan of the Catholic Home Mission Society of America, and Father Morrison. With them I had many earnest discussions of the problems of Judaism and Christianity. How like the pleasant chats of father and Bishop Gregory in the days of my childhood!

Painting was an avocation of Father Morrison. I had had a photograph taken of my son and myself. Alfred was then only nine months old. Father Morrison asked whether he might reproduce it in oil. Later he painted portraits of my husband and me from life. These are still among my treasured possessions.

In those years of continued happiness my husband quietly encouraged me in my work. Once, when I felt that he might resent my many activities, I frankly asked him how he felt about it. He did not answer but took a pencil and paper and wrote with great care and deliberation a lovely little verse, and, at the close of it, "My tribute and praise to you. Your endeavors are to my complete satisfaction."

He meant this sincerely I know, yet often when he played with the children and I entered the room while he was telling them some impossible tale, he would place his finger to his lips in mock warning and whisper to the little ones, "Hush. Mother, the blue blood of the family, is here. She does not like such stories."

In the year 1907 I became a member of the Board of Directors of the Chicago Hebrew Institute, and in the following year I was elected its recording and corresponding secretary, an office which I still hold.

Musing as I sometimes do on the treasures that the years have brought to me, I find that they are largely twofold: the happiness that has come to me through the service I have been able to give in some small measure to others; and the number of lasting friendships that, though they may be considered only a by-product of my endeavors in connection with the early institutional life of our local community, have enriched my life beyond the power of my pen to tell.

Vividly as though she were standing beside me now, do I recall my introduction to Anna Brill Hofman, on that cold December day in 1905 when she came over to the first home of the Institute with a friend and, looking around the bare and uninviting room, measured the windows and said she would make curtains and have them there the next day.

Immediately there seemed an irresistible something that drew us close. Only a few words passed between us when we found that our homes were but a block apart. For years we made the trip from the south side to the west side together once or twice a week.

"Do you know, Goldie, I owe you a debt of gratitude that I can never repay," she once said to me in her impulsive manner.

"Simply this: that until I met you I never knew how narrow my horizon was, how it was bounded on the east, west, north and south by the limits of my own immediate circle of friends. Thanks to our friendship I now know what the East European Jew often is, and if, like all the rest of us, some of them are not all that we should like them to be, I'm beginning to understand the reason for

that, too. Together we should be able to do something to replace prejudice with understanding, don't you think?"

I remember the afternoon I spent with her shortly after the death of her father. There was the usual group of well-meaning women, generating the usual amount of tears and sympathy in preparation for her entrance. When she came down the stairs some of them seemed astonished to see her very carefully dressed and not a trace of a tear marring her beautiful clear complexion. One woman could not refrain from remarking; "Anna dear, I am really surprised you take your father's death so easily."

With the faintest suggestion of the crooked little smile that was so characteristic of her, and with a sly look in my direction, she replied quietly, "Why shouldn't I? In all the years father was with me I never once failed to give him the white meat."

She was such a vibrant personality, so alive in every fibre, that I was stunned by the news that she had been taken to the hospital the night before, and that, out of what seemed to be a clear sky, her condition was considered serious. As soon as permission was granted I visited her in the hospital every day. A few days later Anna Hofman was at home.

She was sitting before the open window. There was just the faintest tang of spring in the air. To be exact, the day was Washington's birthday. She sighed deeply. "Oh, what a wonderful day! What a beautiful morning! You know, girls, it isn't so bad to die."

And even as her sister and I looked at her, her head drooped and we were left alone.

In the days that followed I sought peace in the work she and I had shared. I strove desperately to exhaust myself and find forgetfulness in utter weariness.

Shortly after I became a member of the Board of the Institute we received information that the Sacred Heart Convent on Taylor Street was for sale. A committee of five, of which I was one, was appointed to seek an interview with Mr. Julius Rosenwald to bespeak his interest in the Institute. I had met Mr. Rosenwald once or twice casually before this. His genial personality, his modesty, yet his businesslike approach to the object of our visit gave the committee needed encouragement.

"How do you expect to raise the funds for this project?" he asked suddenly. Naturally the members of the committee could not say, "We expect *you* to take care of it, Mr. Rosenwald." And so they attempted with obvious hesitation to outline some nebulous plans.

He turned to me abruptly and questioned me as he had the others. I was much more direct.

"Mr. Rosenwald, we expect you to help us greatly in this project. That is why we came to see you."

He didn't seem at all surprised at my frankness, but asked, "Why an Institute?"

I explained as briefly as I could.

"You don't know how difficult life can be for those who are newly arrived in the land. Many who belonged to the educated class, many who have been outstanding scholars in the Old World, just cannot adapt themselves to the cultural and economic pattern of life in a large American city."

I told him calmly and without histrionics of the loneliness, helplessness, and the bitter struggle for adjustment

I had experienced, and then concluded, "A place like the Institute would offer an atmosphere that is at the same time friendly and modern but not altogether devoid of Old World associations. The stranger would in a most natural manner pass through the corridors of transition from the European, more especially the East-European, to the briskness and modernity of American life."

Mr. Rosenwald made no sign of approval or disapproval while I was speaking, but when the conference was at an end he walked over to me and asked me to repeat my name and—could he see me home in his car. On the way home he questioned me again with respect to the Institute and the need for it. As I left him he said, "You seem to have hit the nail on the head in this matter, but I want the people associated with you to feel that it is their responsibility as well. You may be assured of my help."

Two months later the Institute was an established fact, for the interest of Dr. Hirsch and Mr. Rosenwald combined to attract to this project a number of fine, cultivated women from the South Side who at once organized themselves into a group to carry out a constructive program. Outstanding amongst them were Edna Corsant Fish, Hulda Blum Rothschild, Florence Heller, and Adele Bloch. These women have carried on through the years, gathering other capable workers such as Ella Straus, Emma Wessel, Bess Stone and Helen Oppenheimer, about them. Together they have done much to further the objectives of the Institute.

Since those days millions of dollars have been poured through the treasury of the Institute to perpetuate its great spirit. Distinguished names have given lustre to

its Board of Directors, such as Julius Rosenwald, Jacob M. Loeb, Charles Schaffner, James Davis, Max Klee, Joseph Michaels, Gustave Hochstadter and Charles Aaron, a born leader, nationally known at this time for his work in the National Jewish Welfare Board and the United Service Organizations.

The Institute's history has become an illustrious chapter in the history of Chicago. It has become a model for men of good will to emulate throughout the United States. It has proven itself to be one of the most vital influences upon our youth; it has brought education, recreation and fulfillment to hundreds of thousands of men, women and children. Today it stands as a tower of strength and inspiration to all who come within its influence. In the post-war days it is destined, together with other community centers, to assume an even more vital role in American life. It is due to the vision of its pioneers whose intelligence brought the vessel through storm and stress into a calm sea.

The evolution of the idea of becoming a contributor to the life of my fellow-men became very interesting. It helped to unite, harmonize, and to correlate the various forces working with the same aim in view. It has proven that there are many kinds of wealth in the world, the wealth of ideas, of knowledge, and of sympathy. I met a splendid array of men and women at respective posts of activity, each one responding intelligently to the human appeal from the battlefield of life.

Miss Grace Abbott, the head of the Immigrant Protective League of Chicago, brought to the notice of a committee of women the fact that there were about two hun-

dred Jewish immigrant girls on the West Side of Chicago who were facing a serious housing problem.

Many of these girls came from small provincial towns of Galicia, Rumania, Poland, and Russia, from rather narrow environments. Their lives had been confined to the limits of their homes. While their brothers were educated in the Cheder (Hebrew School), they were taught in the home. Their training was not systematized, and except for the fundamentals of dietary practice, religious prayers, and other domestic duties, their knowledge was limited. Their only knowledge of the outside world before marriage was what they derived from reading Yiddish books.

Marriage was not in the true sense a liberation. Often the girl would marry a storekeeper and would have to live back of the store. She would wait on customers; later "the children would come." Their crying added extra burdens. The hours away from business were filled with household duties. Strained by these tasks, the average Jewish woman's temper was irritated on many occasions. It was from these tense, narrow surroundings that these girls had come. They faced a new country, a new life and work. To rehabilitate them harmoniously to their new environment required sympathetic understanding and guidance.

Because of the fact which the community knew, that I always threw myself whole-heartedly into the task of harmonizing the *old* with the *new,* they entrusted me with the project of promoting the adjustment of the immigrant girls to their new environment. This had to be done without becoming missionaries, based on changing

their hereditary principles, implanted in them by their childhood rearing in a traditional Jewish home.

In the year 1907, the Josephine Club opened its doors for admission to girls who were seeking a home on the West Side of Chicago, at 209 North Wood Street. Lectures on American citizenship, American standards of living, and related subjects were given in the evening at the Club. The question "Why a dietary kitchen?" puzzled many, and it took a long time until they were convinced of the ideal that, just as the Greeks had developed art and science, so had the Jews developed religion. It was in response to the Jews' inborn need and desire "to know the truth and to live the truth."

In the years of the Club's existence new developments, new changes came, and so did the character of the Club gradually change. It grew in scope and importance in the community. Under better environment, liberated from their former homes, the girls moved forward in their social and economic life. Their progress mirrors the reflection of the speed with which the immigrant strikes root in the new soil "America."

The Club's growth made it necessary to move three times in ten years. Later the Josephine Club merged with the Miriam Club, another working girls' home on the South Side, and is now known as the Miriam Josephine Club.

The group of women who sponsored these clubs by now had organized and crystallized their community interest into a strong social force. Outstanding in the group was Edna Fish Corsant. Few figures in the community life of Chicago were more picturesque, more refreshing, and unique than Edna Fish Corsant. Today in her pres-

tige of maturity, she stands out prominently as a shining example of human benevolence.

The recognition and approval of the community for the constructive work carried on by the Club, inspired the group of women, and furthered their interest in promoting other projects that would benefit the welfare of the community.

The need of a home for business women and their children was the call of the day. The importance of a working mothers' home was recognized by those who, for a period of years, had witnessed the deplorable condition of mothers separated from their children. Again Edna Fish Corsant assumed the presidency and I the office of secretary. "What again?" I could almost hear the unspoken but friendly query in the minds of my associates. "Perennial." "Well yes, perhaps." But it was a well-earned title.

Perhaps my willingness to act as secretary for so many organizations may seem a bit strange. The reason was the result of my belief that there are many people who, in their inconspicuous and unassuming manner, have made a very real contribution to our local institutions. By faithfully recording the minutes of these meetings I felt that I could give credit to these unsung benefactors, according to their merit, where otherwise, with the passing of time, even their names might be forgotten. It was in that spirit that I accepted the duty of secretary.

Here the Irish, Polish, German, and Jewish mothers all live under one roof with their children, a concrete example of the American way.

Chapter IX

Community service is at one and the same time difficult and satisfying. No sooner is the desired goal reached than its importance diminishes and newer distant goals beckon. Inherent in human nature is the desire to reach out, to seek to grow, to branch out into new fields. The will to advance reveals the magic of untried, and sometimes almost unsuspected, power.

Each successful project brought to our attention other needs. The Orthodox Home for the Aged inspired the Marks Nathan Home for Jewish Orphans, and that in turn was followed by the Maimonides Hospital, more recently known as the Mount Sinai Hospital.

Unfortunately it was necessary for each organization to follow its own method of fund raising. Mr. Julius Rosenwald had often discussed these unstable methods at our numerous conferences.

"We can learn much by studying the methods of other similar organizations," he urged. "You must understand that I am interested in the needs of any people regardless of race, color or creed. It happens that there are some ethnic groups who are not able to help themselves because they have been downtrodden and because as a people they are impoverished. Often in their desperate anxiety for themselves they forget the needs of their fellows. Other peoples lack a tradition of giving. Fortunately, the Jewish people have a tradition of charity. They don't have to be taught to give—even the poorest

of them give, but that giving must be organized so that it can do the most good."

Mr. Rosenwald then turned to me with this question.

"Do you believe, Mrs. Stone, that we can federate all of the West Side Jewish Charities?"

I did not hesitate to reply.

"Mr. Rosenwald, that is exactly where we have been heading. All these projects that we have been undertaking have proven to the people of the West Side that we want to share their problems. I think that is a firm enough basis upon which to build right now."

He smiled at my answer and after a moment's hesitation said,

"Very well, then, I will contribute five thousand dollars a year to this federation if you can make it a fact."

My heart pounded with excitement at the suddenness of this proposal.

"Will you act as president of the meeting when the representatives of the different organizations will be summoned?" I asked eagerly.

"Yes, Mrs. Stone, if you will act as secretary of the meeting."

The Assembly Hall of the Jewish People's Institute was crowded to capacity. Naturally everyone was eager to hear the message of the great philanthropist and the meeting was indeed an historic event. The Federated Orthodox Jewish Charities came into being at that assembly, and when the discussions were over I had been made financial secretary of the Federation. This caused a buzz of conversation in certain corners of the hall where numerous representatives had expected a man to be appointed to that office. Mr. Bernard Horwich, an acknowl-

edged leader and philanthropist on the West Side of the city, was elected president of the Federated Charities of Chicago.

Mr. Rosenwald was in the center of an eager group of orthodox rabbis who were fairly bursting with questions. One old man seemed particularly perturbed. "Why a woman for financial secretary? A man should have that position. Such responsibilities are too heavy for a woman to assume."

Before Mr. Rosenwald could answer, a rabbi in the group said witheringly: "Why, what are you talking about? Was not Miriam a Prophetess and Deborah a Judge in Israel?" And thus the skeptic was squelched.

At the first meeting of the newly formed Federation pledges of fifty thousand dollars were signed. Flushed with success I asked Mr. Rosenwald a question that had been propounded to me by my friends.

"Why is it that you always pledge an amount *on condition* that an equal or proportionate amount be subscribed by others? Why don't you make your gift an outright donation?"

He made a wry grimace. "Mrs. Stone, surely you know the answer to that; why ask it? Some people have to be prodded into bearing their fair share of the responsibility, and that is my method of prodding."

He was always an interesting conversationalist. He had a stock of stories and anecdotes that seemed never ending.

On one occasion when we were speaking of Armistice Day, he recalled an amusing incident that had happened to him in France. General Pershing had called together members of his staff for an informal celebration. Mr.

Rosenwald was at that time a "dollar-a-year man" in the service of our government. He had been requested to wear a uniform at this gathering and had somewhat dubiously complied with the request.

As General Pershing entered, the guests who were, for the most part, high ranking officers, snapped to attention and gave their names and rank.

"Major Thomas!" snapped one man.

"General Mitchell!" spoke out another and then followed in rapid succession a long string of generals until Mr. Rosenwald's turn was reached. There was an expectant hush as all eyes were turned in his direction.

"General Merchandise," he announced gravely and the stiff gravity of the assembled guests dissolved at once into good-natured merriment.

Often he would say, "I wish that I had studied Hebrew or that my parents had given me a thorough Jewish education when I was a boy. I feel the lack of it."

And when I suggested that he had gone far without this knowledge, he replied, "You mean, of course, that I am a wealthy man. But that was none of my own doing. Wealth came to me quite suddenly through the peculiar quirks of fortune and wealth alone is not an object worth striving for. My colleague, Jacob Schiff, had the advantage of the background I lack—and I find myself envying him."

In his home he was always a jovial host. He never served wine or liquor to his guests, nor were these stimulants needed, for his never-failing humor was refreshment enough.

Most of the guests at his home were non-Jews for to Julius Rosenwald differences in creed were matters of

no moment. He had not the slightest patience with questions of religious ritual or ceremony.

"There is one human family," he insisted, "made of the same clay and in need of the same things—food, clothing, and shelter. That's all I know and all I need to know."

One of the guests asked him point blank, "Why do you favor the colored people in your benefactions?"

Rosenwald answered at once, "Because I too am the son of a persecuted people. *Mitlied* means to 'suffer with' and only one who experiences pain can understand the pain of another and suffer with him."

The friendship of the man was real and lasting and those to whom it was given had first claim upon him.

I remember one typical occurrence at the time of our silver wedding anniversary celebration. Mr. Rosenwald was then busily engaged in his government duties in Washington. Nevertheless he chartered a special car so that he might have a few hours with us and share our joy.

Once he mentioned to me his practice of taking care of individual cases that needed help.

"You know," he reflected, "there must be thousands of needy cases that never come to our attention."

Then he added with a twinkle in his eyes, "I am going to make you one of my emissaries."

Naturally I was curious and told him so. He explained briefly.

"In spite of the organizations that I try to aid, there are individual cases of deserving people that never get to me; so I have begged some of my friends to bring such cases to my attention."

All I needed was that invitation and very soon I had

discovered a multitude of individual cases without a great deal of trouble.

Mr. Rosenwald was extremely patient although in the case of one young student of medicine he was somewhat dubious.

"Do you know," he remarked casually, "I believe your very recent investment was not so good. I had your young man investigated and they tell me that he is scarcely qualified to enter Rush Medical College, also that his character is not particularly admirable."

I did not try to defend the young man but I answered hopefully, "You will agree that it is better to err occasionally than to overlook some worthy person."

At this he laughed pleasantly.

"You are entitled to a mistake now and then."

Years later when the Home Club had moved into its present building, it was in need of a volunteer medical staff. A young but prominent doctor sent a letter saying that he was very happy to have an opportunity to be of service to an organization with which a benefactress of his had been connected. This young doctor was the student about whom Mr. Rosenwald and I had had this difference of opinion.

Of course I showed Mr. Rosenwald the letter and he said in his usual genial manner,

"Go ahead, my dear, and make such mistakes again."

As Passover was approaching I had invited a number of friends to join with my family in the Seder, the traditional festival service commemorating the deliverance of the Jews from the slavery of Egypt.

The cups of wine were filled and the table was resplend-

ent with the beautiful symbols of the joyous Festival of Emancipation. I had engaged a colored cook to assist in preparing the dinner. When the waitress, in a rather loud voice, read the names on the place cards, the cook heard the name "Rosenwald" mentioned. The effect was astonishing. She came running to me, her eyes fairly bulging out of their sockets.

"Please, Ma'am, can I go into the dining room only for a minute? I'll pass something around— I'll carry a tray or bring anything you want into the room."

I asked her why this meant so much to her. She answered,

"I just heard that Mr. Rosenwald will be here tonight. Many a time I have prayed for him in church because the preacher told us that Jesus Christ came to save the world from sin, but Mr. Rosenwald came from the Lord to save the colored people from suffering. Now when I have a chance to set eyes on that man, please let me—please—you must let me."

I promised her that I would.

When Mr. Rosenwald arrived I related the conversation to him.

"You need not upset your routine," he said. "I will go in to see her." And into the kitchen he went.

His wife, Augusta, was in every way worthy of her illustrious husband. Her home was always open to anyone suggesting anything that would benefit a human being. She was truly democratic and did not care for ostentation or luxury.

One evening when we were conversing, after the rest of the guests had gone, Mrs. Rosenwald said softly to her husband,

"Do you know, Julius, what I should like to do now above all else?"

"What organization is it this time, Augusta?"

"No, this wish concerns just you and me. I should like to escape and take you with me. We would run away from all the ties and responsibilities of our daily life. We would go to a little log cabin somewhere in the north woods where I could do again some of those little things that meant so much to us in the early days of our marriage when you were struggling to get started. Most of all, I would like to cook your favorite dishes. I would be gloriously selfish and have you to myself alone."

Mr. Rosenwald leaned toward her and patted her hand. "I wonder, my dear, whether that could ever become a reality again even if we went to your little dream cabin in the woods. We are attuned to a life that is far more complex. There are too many hands holding on to the dream chariot that would take us there, and you cannot rap their knuckles, my dear, to make them let go. They are our responsibilities and we cannot run away."

"Well," she sighed, "it relaxes me just to think about it."

Although I had enjoyed the privilege of her friendship for many years, it was when the two of us organized the Chicago Jewish Committee for Palestinian Welfare that I got to understand and appreciate more fully the honesty and sincerity of her spirit. She was so splendidly comfortable about being a Jewess. She moved in and about the problems of her people as a great lady moves about her stately halls, familiar with every furnishing, with every tiny piece.

"You know," she said to me with a twinkle in her eyes,

"Dr. Hirsch is not, and has never been, an adherent to the Zionist cause, so I must confess that I am looking forward to the visit of Miss Henrietta Szold with the greatest of interest."

I mentioned this conversation to Dr. Hirsch, and his reply was so gruff that it halted me for a moment. He had always spoken gently to me. As a matter of fact, when a friend of mine,—indeed, one of the first warm friends I made shortly after I came to live in Chicago, Mrs. Benjamin Davis, who was responsible for introducing me in the realm of social service,—complained of his sarcasm toward her I had ventured to remark that Dr. Hirsch was always extremely pleasant to me. This brought the reply that Dr. Hirsch was sarcastic only to those whom he considered his mental equals and that his being pleasant to me was a sign that I was not worthy of his mettle.

Therefore, in this instance I resolved to venture rashly.

"Dr. Hirsch, I have read your comments and listened to your sermons with respect to the question of Zion in the life of the Jew, but I have never been able to understand clearly your viewpoint."

"That is because it is way over your head," he answered briefly.

I gulped, but tried again.

"Admitting the charge, Dr. Hirsch, you have often said that you were not a rabbi but a teacher."

"Well," he demanded, fixing me with stern eyes.

"Teach me," I retorted.

"Impossible, but I will attempt it. If Miss Szold is coming here to ask any help for unfortunate members of the Jewish faith, she has my support. Unfortunate people, whoever they are, can be assured of that. But if she is

going to preach the creation of a Jewish State, then I can not be bothered with that nonsense. Whoever heard of a Protestant State or a Unitarian State or a Baptist State? We Jews are members of a religious group with a definite *Weltanschauung*—a definite attitude toward life and the problems of life. The Christian places his emphasis on personal salvation. We place ours on justice. The Christian believes in an original sin, cursing all men since Adam. We believe that sin is error and can be corrected by improved conduct. The Christian believes that Jesus was the Son of God. We believe that *all men* are the sons of God. The Christian believes that there is a heaven beyond the earth. We do not know what lies beyond the grave and are concerned in making a heaven of *this* earth."

Then abruptly, "Do you sleep during my sermons every Sunday morning?"

And that finished the conversation as far as he was concerned except that he murmured something about Judaism being a religion and that there was no such thing as a Jewish nation.

Then I met Miss Henrietta Szold. Her every gesture was a magic brush painting a truly fascinating picture of the miracle that was happening in Palestine.

"You must understand that Palestine is a blackboard upon which the Jewish people can once for all demonstrate to the whole world their creative and vital spirit."

I ventured to interrupt. "But, Miss Szold, are not the Jews creating and enriching the culture of the lands of which they are citizens?" I felt that I was the echo of Dr. Hirsch's sermons.

She was patient with me.

"But among the nations of the world their contributions become lost; that is to say, no one recognizes or bothers to point out what our people have contributed. It goes into the general heap. The fault or sin of an individual Jew, however, is chalked up against the entire people so that in the eyes of many of our neighbors, the red side of the ledger is very vivid and the black not even known. There can be no mistake about Palestine where it is clearly a case of *creatio ex nihilo;* the demonstration is entirely convincing."

"I called Palestine a blackboard," she continued. "It is one that doesn't readily take the chalk. Trachoma, malaria, diseases of every sort arising out of swamps filled with poison—hills where the rocks have to be blasted with dynamite and the stones have to be torn out with the fingers to expose a barren earth which in turn must be watered by irrigation and by sweat—that is a real challenge, isn't it?"

I was watching Mrs. Rosenwald as Miss Szold was speaking. Her face was alight with interest. I at once suggested that Miss Szold come to my home the following day when a group of my friends would be there to discuss her message more informally and more intimately.

Some of these women were at first apprehensive. "After all, you know what Dr. Hirsch thinks of Zionism," said one. Another one timidly ventured, "But isn't that sort of a disloyalty? Won't people think that we are un-American if we interest ourselves in the Zionist movement?"

Miss Szold bowed her head for a moment.

"That is our tragedy, my friends. We live in slavery even in a free land. We try to mold our lives to what we think our Gentile neighbors would like us to be. We are

so afraid to show our love for our traditions that we lean in the other direction and become antagonistic to them. An Irishman may sing to his heart's content, 'Ireland Must Be Heaven.' Children in schools sing among their school songs, 'Die Wacht am Rhein,' but let a Jew sing of Zion and he trembles for fear that he might be thought disloyal."

Nevertheless, several of the women persisted in their resolution that they did not want to be affiliated with the Zionist movement as such, but that they were perfectly willing to help unfortunate people regardless of where they were, and thus the Jewish Committee for Palestinian Welfare came into existence.

There had been an earlier group under this name founded by Mrs. Charles T. Crane, whose husband had occupied the post of United States Ambassador to Turkey. She was primarily interested in Palestine relief and invited the members of the committee to hold their meetings at her home. Later on we met at the home of Mrs. Julius Rosenwald and Mrs. Albert Loeb.

I recall an amusing incident that occurred at one of the meetings at the home of Mrs. Rosenwald. It was in mid-winter on a day when not only Chicago, but almost all of Illinois was blanketed in snow. Yet, in spite of the weather, the meeting was well attended.

While tea was being served a fashionable woman came up to me, called me by name, and bluntly introduced herself. In almost the same breath she asked for an introduction to our hostess. Before I had a chance to step aside after presenting her to Mrs. Rosenwald, she began militantly,

"Do you know, Mrs. Rosenwald, I came all the way

from South Bend on a day like this, just because I wanted to see your home. I really expected to see something different, something very magnificent, but now that I am here I find it is not a bit better than my home."

Mrs. Rosenwald smiled as she replied, "I am glad that you like our home and find it similar to your own."

The guest looked at her a bit scornfully as she corrected her.

"Ah, but I didn't say it was like my own. I said it was not a bit better than mine. There are no scratches on my furniture. I am surprised that millionaires like you leave marks like these on your things."

Mrs. Rosenwald bowed to another guest and before she turned away she said simply and without the slightest touch of resentment,

"I am really gratified that you recognize the fact that we have a house not as a show place, but that we have a home for our family and friends to enjoy."

This was the only incident of its kind, for the women who gathered at these meetings were sincerely interested in the cause of aiding the unfortunates who were attempting to establish themselves in the Holy Land.

To our great surprise, Dr. Emil G. Hirsch gave us wholehearted cooperation, although he insisted that he would not and could not be interested in any national home for the Jewish people in Palestine.

Most of our members were so far removed from a knowledge of Jewish tradition and Jewish history that it was as though they were contemplating something entirely alien to their experience.

An elderly lady, whom I called Aunt Sarah, urged me to stay to lunch one day as she had prepared some baked

ham which was always greeted with paeans of praise by those whose palate it had pleased. Her daughter reminded her that I didn't eat ham.

"Oh, yes," she said, "how stupid of me—I forgot—I didn't think." And then to her daughter, "Let's prepare a little bacon for her."

She was very much in earnest and when I demurred at the second suggestion, explaining briefly the reason for my refusal, she said in a tone of amused surprise, "Are you a stomach Jew, Goldie?"

I patted her upon the arm and answered,

"Once we didn't classify Jews as heart Jews, head Jews or stomach Jews. Once a Jew loved his traditions and felt quite comfortable under them."

Aunt Sarah nodded somewhat chastened but zealous to show me the error of my ways. "Now look here, Goldie, you are not a fanatic. Once upon a time the pig was a very filthy animal and carried no end of diseases, and no doubt that is why the Jews were prohibited from using it as food, but now—"

"Now," I interrupted gently, "the pig is milk-fed, bathed regularly, wallows in whipped-cream instead of mud, and rests upon the digestion lightly as an airy cloud."

She wanted to continue along the same vein but I felt that the subject had been discussed far enough, and so I merely added, "Call my reasons merely sentimental, but all through the ages Jews were ready to die and many actually did die rather than touch the flesh of swine which seemed to them to be the symbol of everything unclean. It would seem as though I were jeering at their spirit and courage if I were to eat what was so abhorrent

to them and what I can get along very well without."

I was not extremely religious. My faith could be summed up in a simple phrase—"Be kind." I could not expect myself to *love* every person that I met, but I could *be kind* to every one; that was not expecting too much and the world would be so much more pleasant for it.

Shortly after the visit of Miss Szold, Sir Sebag Montefiore of England visited America. It was at the time of the High Holidays in the fall of the year. This distinguished gentleman carried with him a letter of introduction to Dr. Emil G. Hirsch, and upon his arrival Dr. Hirsch called me and said quite frankly,

"Mrs. Stone, I happen to know Sir Sebag's background. He is orthodox and I know that our services at Sinai Congregation will not harmonize with his religious views. He would sooner pray by himself in his own room in accordance with his own ideas and customs. Would you, therefore, extend the hospitality of your home to him?"

I assured Dr. Hirsch that Sir Sebag Montefiore was most welcome and indeed I marveled at the learning and sincerity of the man. He was of the Sephardic or Spanish group of Jews and he was devotedly faithful to the traditions and customs of orthodoxy.

"Religion," he said, "is a thing of meaning and beauty. It should not change its form and shape because of the pressure of environment. It must fill the individual's need. It is a personal matter."

At a reception later on he turned to Dr. Hirsch, and although he spoke softly his manner was determined.

"I regret very much, Dr. Hirsch, that your reform temples are only lecture halls devoid of spiritual atmosphere and incentive. Religion in America seems to be a

thing of moods or whims rather than an integral part of life."

Dr. Hirsch replied, "Do you propose, Sir Montefiore, that Judaism be static—fixed? Do you suggest that the very essence of Judaism is not development and growth?"

Sir Montefiore nodded his complete agreement with Dr. Hirsch.

"Judaism was never static; Judaism was always flowering. The Judaism of a desert people conquering Canaan in a bitter struggle for survival flowered into the Judaism of an Isaiah who abhorred conquest by war, and the Judaism of Isaiah in turn bore ample fruit in the thousands of rules of conduct, ethical maxims, and rich customs which make Judaism a brilliantly colored positive way of life.

"Let the tree grow naturally and the dry twigs fall only when there is no life in them, but don't lop off the strong branches merely so that it will conform with neighboring trees in the garden where it happens to grow."

Dr. Hirsch waved his hand impatiently.

"These customs and these traditions, we have outgrown them. We are interested in truth, in ethical values, in justice. That is our cry."

Sir Montefiore answered slowly.

"Of course, Dr. Hirsch, we don't disagree that the golden thread throughout all of Judaism from its very beginning, from the time Abraham first raised his voice in behalf of the dwellers of Sodom and Gomorrah, has always been justice, but abstractions must be illustrated. The mind thinks in pictures and our many and beautiful customs are the expressions of the Jewish mind thinking in symbols."

Dr. Hirsch replied coldly, "We deplore ceremonies and symbols, icons, and images in other faiths; why should we not free ourselves from them?"

Sir Montefiore answered, "When the icon or the image in itself becomes an object of worship, *that* is abhorrent to the Jew. But carrying a Torah because we love it and reading from the Torah at a religious service is a custom that requires no explanation. It is most natural that the People of the Book should read that Book in the language of the Book and not leave it to a rabbi to give them hearsay evidence of its contents."

Dr. Hirsch was not at all angry. He merely said,

"Dear friend, if I were to have the Torah read at Sinai Congregation, it would be before an empty hall. I would lose every member of my fold."

Sir Montefiore raised his eyebrows, "And if you do?"

Dr. Hirsch became serious at once. "The members of my Congregation are many of them wealthy. They give their sums generously for worthy causes. I am sure that God doesn't frown upon a check given to the poor instead of a prayer offered to Him."

And to that Sir Montefiore most graciously agreed, although he did add with just a trace of mischief in his eyes,

"The mere fact that I support my wife doesn't preclude me from kissing her. Both acts are to be expected."

Our friend spent Rosh Hashonah, the Jewish New Year's Day, with us, but planned to return to New York for the Day of Atonement so that he might worship in a Sephardic Synagogue. My husband made all the arrangements for his trip back to New York.

As Julius handed him the train schedule and the ticket,

Sir Montefiore's face clouded for a moment. He placed his hand in a friendly way on my husband's shoulder.

"Forgive me, dear friend," he said, "but I must have this ticket changed. This train will bring me into New York on Friday evening, ten minutes after sundown, and thus I will violate the Sabbath."

Chapter X

I had been using the street car in my work with the various social and charitable organizations and soon Mr. Rosenwald suggested that an automobile would be more convenient.

"Mrs. Stone," he said earnestly, "it is a very simple thing for a man of wealth to give funds for a worthy purpose. He merely writes out a check or opens his wallet. But when a person gives days and nights of service, that is a donation that puts the rest to shame. Wouldn't you get around more easily in an electric, which you could learn to drive yourself? It would save you so much unnecessary wear and tear."

"No, thank you," I replied at once. "Frankly, I get about quite comfortably and democratically and a machine would only complicate matters."

True, there were many expenditures that I was compelled to make from time to time, but it did not occur to me to keep track of them. Mr. Rosenwald, however, called them to my attention.

"It's not fair to you," he insisted. "If it were an hour now and then, I would not object. But here you are day after day putting in all your strength and ability without interruption. Your work is much more than should be expected from volunteers.

"You know the Institute needs an Executive Secretary. Would that office appeal to you? The position car-

ries a salary which will at least in some measure compensate—"

I'm afraid that I interrupted Mr. Rosenwald quite rudely at this point.

"Please understand that I appreciate your feelings in connection with my work. Every person has some precious thing which he cannot measure in terms of money. This work is mine—and I don't want to spoil the beauty of it by accepting any material compensation for any part of it."

Mr. James Davis of whom Mr. Rosenwald always spoke as the "prince of men" was a man of few words, but whose prudent erudite judgment was respected by all his associates. He glanced over in my direction—with apprehension.

When my husband came home that evening he was silent, as he had been of late. He always brought me little gifts, and now it was a tiny box of candy. At the dinner table I told him casually of my conversation with Mr. Rosenwald. He placed his knife and fork carefully on the plate, arose abruptly from the table, and walked over to my chair.

Jule, my husband, was a fine figure of a man, broad-shouldered and strong with a gentle happy face and eyes that usually had a twinkle in them. His manner was free and unafraid, typifying American candor, strength, and forward approach to life.

That evening at the dinner table I sensed a subtle change in him. His eyes were clouded by an expression of worry, his manner hesitant, even humble rather than confident as he said: "Well, Chick, I will hit the hay early this evening." It was not his words that touched me but all

the hidden fears he left unsaid. I was filled with the urge to wipe out any hurt or doubt with the force of my deep abiding devotion to him.

He must have noticed my receptiveness and continued to talk: "Your cousin, Jack Haskell, came in this morning; he was excited about his approaching marriage to a wealthy American socialite, and kept on saying, 'It was love—love—love at first sight.' In spite of his awed enthusiasm I could not help but wonder if he understood the definition of the word 'love' with all that the term implies."

There was a real plea for a note of confidence from me in his voice. I leaned over and took his hand, saying: "Our kind of love is very rare." Jule had so much to say for a usually silent man that the words literally tumbled out: "Chick, our marriage was based on true love. We anticipated experiencing emotional heights and depths together; we have managed happily, understanding each other's needs, yet all this success doesn't dispel my great fear that maybe I am failing."

I interrupted him: "Jule, you have given me the best that is in you. You fortified me with confidence—no one expects more—don't ever speak of failure."

Tears of gratitude came to his blue eyes: "Thanks, Chick, but I can't contribute to your growth mentally and spiritually—I can't share your vision of a larger horizon —I am a non-conforming person so far as fashion, public set ideas, or any formula regulating life. I don't care what others think as long as I know I am myself and none other but myself."

We sat silent for a moment. I knew that everything he said was a true expression of himself. I got up from my

chair and walked up behind him, putting my hands on his strong shoulders.

"You have made me basically happy; everything else is unimportant. You have given me the joy of helping mold our life together. Marriage does not mean giving up one's individuality. Your understanding and indulgence made it possible for me to cultivate my talents, my interest in people."

He rose, took me in his arms and said: "I know, Chick, you would not sell me out cold."

We weathered the storm without falling, and the voltage of the wind did not shake us down.

Sometimes it seems strange, at least at a superficial glance, and yet upon more searching inquiry we find that it is most natural, that working for a common cause, we often discover mutual interests of a personal nature that shed lustre upon our lives, like the many facets of a diamond in the afternoon sun. Friendships are like that. There are degrees of brilliancy, there are also degrees of intimacy and warmth shed upon our lives by different personalities. All have in one way or another given me much for which I am deeply grateful. All have given me an opportunity to see how, each in his own way, has been a factor in making this world better for his being here.

Hulda Blum Rothschild, a charming person with a rich heritage of birth, is generously endowed with all the graces which spell a true gentlewoman. Sensitive for others as well as herself, through her spiritual and worldly wealth, she brings much individual and collective happiness. From the very first she envisioned the need of education in the finer arts for the newcomers in our land.

I have already told a few of the many experiences I had

with Mr. and Mrs. Julius Rosenwald, which, perhaps even more than their generally well-known benefactions, gave me an insight into the fine depths of their natures. Through them, I got, in time, to meet very frequently and at close range other members of their families.

We all know the classic examples of family tendencies toward the lower things in life as illustrated by the Jukes family, and the flower of fine intellectual achievement illustrated by the Edwards family, and so I often think of the trend toward civic service displayed by other perhaps less conspicuous members of this same family. I refer especially to Morris Rosenwald, brother of Julius, simple, modest, kindly, loyal, and thoughtful as son and brother, considerate and indulgent as husband and father, staunch as a friend and generous and fine as a citizen. I seem again to hear him say: "We can't all be great, but we can each do something in our own small way."

Often as I drive downtown, especially when I happen to be with an out-of-town visitor, as is sometimes the case, and look out along the horizon to the east, I see the dome of the Planetarium. And then I say to myself, more often than aloud to my companions: "A splendid gift by a public-spirited citizen, but far from the most significant contribution of Max Adler, as I have known him through the years. How many hearts have been gladdened by his unobtrusive help to countless musicians! He really does belong to the family of 'J.R.' There can be little doubt of that."

Another example of that same family, and this time one belonging to a younger generation, is Florence Heller, a niece of Mrs. Rosenwald. I first met her when, as a very young woman, recently married and settled in

Chicago, she came to the Institute and offered her services as a volunteer. Her love of children prompted her to bring to the Institute movies of an entertaining and often educational nature every Friday afternoon for the youngsters of the neighborhood to enjoy after school hours.

When she was once asked, "Why do you charge these little children anything, even though it is only a penny?" she explained:

"All of us appreciate what we have to pay for, be it ever so little. These youngsters keep their self-respect intact and gain a sense of real 'belonging.' "

Regardless of weather, Florence Heller provided this longed-for entertainment, and collected the penny, treasured as it was, from the frequently grimy little fist.

This was but the beginning, and the "movie lady," as the children called her, has widened the scope of her interests and her influence in the community of which she is a part throughout the years.

Therefore it can well be understood that the friend and co-worker whom I have watched progress from tender years to her now full-grown years, when her abilities are brought to a high point, and whose personality has penetrated the lives of others, always brings understanding and loyalty. For twenty years she presided over and guided the women's group of the Jewish People's Institute. During her administration many significant programs were launched to stimulate the education in human relationships.

And then I think of other persons with whom I worked and who did so much for me through their never-flagging friendship, and I sometimes wonder at the strong bond of comradeship that bound me to two such different per-

sonalities as that human dynamo who forced his will to achieve on all who worked with him in many civic causes, Jacob Loeb, and the second, that simple, retiring scholar, whose every thought was for others whom he might serve, whether they were bound to him by ties of blood or by the broader kinship of a common humanity, Max Klee.

In the early days of my life in America I learned that the public library was the most satisfactory of all teachers. To this day its teeming shelves open up a wealth of information for me. Yet, as time went on and my circle of friends widened, I found myself turning now to one and again to another when I was in search of knowledge or advice on one subject or another. How well I remember the large leather chair in the depths of which the small frame of Max Klee seemed all but lost, as we sat in the library of his home. I had come to return a book I had borrowed in connection with a paper I was writing.

"After all, Mrs. Stone," he began in his slow, precise manner, as he looked across the table at me with his kindly, nearsighted gaze, "who of us is so wise that we can say ours is the right way of looking at the universe and that other modes of life or thought are wrong? One person prefers Shakespeare, another Browning or Goethe, a third finds inspiration in listening to Wagner, a fourth in Puccini and still another in Irving Berlin or Al Jolson. Each serves a worth-while purpose and each is entitled to his place in the world."

"You feel the same about social and religious views too, I know," I suggested, because the subject of the paper I was writing was along the latter line, and we had already touched upon that field.

Mr. I. B. Lipson, a well-known lawyer, early championed the idea of popularizing education through individual as well as group effort. Mr. Lipson, a man of culture and understanding, gave much of his time and effort to open the door to education and uplift to all who earnestly sought it. To the educational department of the Institute he gave his valued efforts for many years.

As the years rolled on I hoped that misunderstanding between the Western and Eastern Jew might some day disappear altogether, and make bridges unnecessary, yet every once in a while an incident would come up that would prove to me how much work remained to be done in that direction.

One instance of this stands out in my memory as vividly as the lurid glow of the steel mills in the pitchy blackness of a winter night. Mrs. Joseph Fish had asked the members of our committee to come to her home one morning to plan for an evening of music and entertainment to be given in a large theatre, the proceeds to be donated to our projects on the West Side.

One woman ventured an opinion that if candy were sold during the intermission it would add considerably to the income. "I think that is an excellent idea," answered another. "Let's have fine boxes of candy for the main floor and the balcony. As far as the galleries are concerned, you don't have to be particular, for what do Russian Jews know about candy?"

That was more than I could stand. It seemed as though my father were there in the room pushing me forward and urging me, "Goldie, are you going to take this sitting down?"

"As a Lithuanian Jewess and in a sense belonging with

the Russian Jews, may I point out that the rich treasures of our laws and our literature were preserved by our Russian, Lithuanian and Polish Jews at a time when German Jews were fleeing helter-skelter to the baptismal font in their anxiety to sell their birthright for a mess of kultur pottage? The manners, the civilities and the cleanliness of the East-European Jew are things of the soul, if not always of the body. All this is true *if* we are to generalize. But you know as well as I do that all generalizations are not true. You cannot take a people and say of that people, 'It is a false people—a treacherous people—an unclean people.' Each individual must stand on his own."

Somehow, although I was white with anger and indignation, I realized that the tension in the room could not be eased by anything that I had said or would say, and in that agonizing moment I heard Mrs. Fish drawl mildly and pleasantly:

"Yes, I believe Russian Jews digest candy in the same manner as German Jews; so we will have the same candy for both." And in the laughter that followed I sincerely hoped that all bitterness was dissolved.

With all the work that I was undertaking in addition to the routine duties of my household, I was forced at last to admit that the eagerness of the spirit far outdistanced the strength of the body. I realized that I had overestimated my fortitude and endurance. The world seemed suddenly to crash about my ears and for several months I could not seem to grasp the fragments and cement them together again.

After my return from the hospital and sanitarium, the doctor, in response to my husband's anxious question, said with mock gravity, "Your wife is suffering from an

incurable ailment, the love of human companionship; so you'd better let her have all the friends she wants come and visit her."

One of these visitors gushed impulsively, "You know, I was thinking on the way over here that if you had died, what a big funeral you would have had. People from all sections of the city would have been here, and there would have been no end of flowers."

Somehow I preferred the absence of flowers and the presence of friends, and the years generously gave me the dearest friends.

Looking back on the years, I find the impressions like a moving stream, the record of an eternal presence. The shifting scenes, the alternately expanding and contracting circles on the surface of the water, all are really one. The past provides the lenses through which our sometimes clouded vision can better read the present, and see in it the promise of the future whether in communal causes or personal friendships.

Most conspicuous as a case in point perhaps is my friendship with Adele Bloch. She seems to me not only of the present but also a link with the past. She has brought me the same warmth, devotion and loyalty that characterized my association in the earlier days with her cousin, Anna Hofman. Although Adele Bloch is many years my junior, we nevertheless have many common interests.

In discussing with her personal, as well as community matters, she once put to me the question, "Why do you not make a record, write a memoir, of your experiences?"

"Why?" I said. "Where would be the justification for it? Would it serve any useful purpose whatsoever, and if so what? Should I attempt to emphasize the story of

my life, assuming that it would be worth preserving for posterity? No, not that! Then what?" I questioned her. "Would not people think that I am vain if I were to try and tell my simple story? I have never risen to fame or amassed a fortune."

Adele Bloch sat there in silence for a few moments before answering. She spoke as if she were thinking aloud when she said:

"Goldie Stone, you came to America as a young girl, with a background totally at variance with that of most immigrants whose stories have been the subject of record. You have shown a genius for living fully and harmoniously with your fellow-men of all classes and conditions. You have remained true to yourself and your ideals. I consider that worthwhile! You may well stand as an example of the immigrant of yesterday, today and tomorrow, who, when given even half a chance, will repay in ample measure the debt he or she owes for the privilege of being admitted to membership in the great human family which has achieved strength through utilization of the diverse contributions of brain and brawn brought to it from all parts of the globe—the family that constitutes America."

It was she, Adele Bloch, who gave me the inspiration to attempt the task. She not only gave me encouragement but also lent herself to my efforts.

Friendships for individuals and warmth of feeling for one's fellow-man that find expression in varied community services are but widening circles from a center—the family. The impulse begins there. I felt this so strongly that when I learned that Alfred, the son of my deceased sister, Miriam, was in England with his father

who had married again, I was eager to take her one surviving child into my home and rear him with our own Alfred who was then six years old.

My letters brought the longed-for response and soon we were informed that the boy was on his way from England, alone. All of us went to the station and waited eagerly for the train bearing my nephew to arrive from New York, but we waited in vain. I was frankly worried, but Julius said simply, "Nothing could have happened to him. Evidently the boat is late and he will be on the next train. Better go home and forget about it, my dear. I will make it my business to be at the station each day at the same hour." And three days later "big Alfred" arrived.

My husband was not certain whether he would be able to recognize the lad, and if he did know the boy it was quite possible that the youngster would be afraid to go with a strange man.

You must remember that my husband's Jewish background was slight. When he danced, it was an Irish jig, and when he sang it was "When Irish Eyes are Smiling." But he did know a very few words in Yiddish.

As the boy, who was not quite twelve, descended to the platform, Julius came forward with these words, "Efroyemel, Efroyemel, bist du Efroyemel? Little Ephraim, little Ephraim, are you little Ephraim?"

The youngster, who could speak very little English, answered at once with another question, as is quite characteristic of our people, "Zeit ihr ess Uncle Julius? Are you Uncle Julius?

And thus he came to us and became one of the family. The two Alfreds became brothers. Sometimes there were

tiny quarrels, or rather boyish differences of opinion, but their fondness for each other has grown with the years. Big Alfred was serious; little Alfred laughed all the time. Big Alfred preferred the darkness because of the pain in his eyes; little Alfred liked the sun. And both loved little Beatrice. I spoke to big Alfred about studying for the rabbinate, but he chose bookkeeping instead. I learned much later that because preparation for the rabbinate would necessitate many years of study, he felt that it would be an imposition to expect that we shoulder the expense. When we learned his reasons for his choice, he was already a bookkeeper and very much interested in his work.

Life moved gently for several years, too gently. The headlines had grown in size as they told of conflict abroad. America was quite objective about it. She had not taken sides although there seemed to be a sort of general admiration for German military genius. That admiration changed to a disturbed apprehension which, in turn, was shocked into a horror of their admitted military policy of *Schrecklichkeit.*

The youthful American spirit, loving a fair fight, changed its spectator's smile into a grim frown of sullen disapproval. This was not the knightly clash of opposing forces. It was the ruthless murder of innocents—a disgusting business that had to be taken care of and eliminated, even if it meant "pitching in."

My son was only nineteen years of age. Big Alfred, six years his senior, had already joined the engineering corps. His eyes, wearied by long study, had always troubled him, but he had gotten past the medical examination by memorizing the chart. "I can see quite clearly what the real

issue is and that's enough for me," he explained grimly to my son.

On my return home one evening I found that my boy had already enlisted and was waiting to say good-by. I stifled the question, "Oh, why did you do it?" even before it reached my lips. I knew why. I just sat down weakly and looked at him. This love of a great land where one had the right to dream, where one could take his little bit of earth, his few hours, his labor and his faith, and shape them into anything he chose—this precious thing called "liberty" was worth defending. As little Alfred said, "This shrinking world can't exist half-slave and half-free."

But the heart of me whirled about giddily, striking upon the rocks of painfully bruising thoughts. I strove to analyze my fears and succeeded. I was more afraid that my son would be a killer than that he would be killed.

It was easier for me to meet with resignation the loss of my dear one than to conjure up the vision of him holding a bayonet and burying it in the body of some other young boy.

Little children often raise their voices in street cars and buses and ask, "Why, Mamma?" and if mother is patient, she explains, and then the child asks again, "Why, Mamma?"

Perhaps my anxiety had made me a child, but I too asked, "Why? Why the waste of strife and slaughter? Why the madness of blood lust?" All that we know of life is that it is a tiny space between two nothings, and what, after all, does man need—a roof over his head, a bit of food for himself and family, and a covering for their bodies. Those are the only material things that are es-

sential. Surely there is enough of these for every man. Then, "Why? Why? Why?" I mourned my two boys over and over in the maddening agony of not knowing. And then with blinding suddenness the Armistice struck like a gleaming sledge hammer the numbness of my spirit. The gray melancholy cracked into a thousand shining fragments. My sons were home again! Big Alfred and little Alfred unharmed! I fearfully whispered the one word, "Armistice!" Armistice is defined as a temporary cessation of hostilities. Temporary? Was this to be only temporary? Must I and they and their children for all eternity live through this madness again? What a horrible word "Armistice." Just a moment to catch your breath and then again a storm of blood. What a horrible word, "Armistice"—but my boys were kissing me and I could almost forget my fears.

Chapter XI

It was in 1914 that I met Rosa Raisa. It happened this way. A friend invited me to go to the opera with her. "Get your telescope, Goldie, for tonight we discover a new star."

The opera was "Aida." I was deeply impressed, not only by the beauty of the artist's voice, but by her vibrant personality as well. She seemed so young, so completely alive, and there was a verve, a radiant strength in every gesture, in every step.

When I returned home from the opera I remarked to my husband that he should have been there.

"You know how I love monkey-jackets," he replied. "It's bad enough when I have to wear them at dinner."

He was most enthusiastic at my accounts of Rosa Raisa's performance and he bantered in his jovial way.

"Well, dear, up to the present you were a sage among the rabbis, and now you must twinkle among the opera stars."

I heard her again and again. Naturally I followed the accounts in the newspapers. They carried her story in some detail. She was a native of Poland and at a very tender age had gone to Italy after escaping a pogrom in her native city. There Maestro Campanini had discovered her.

Acting on impulse, I wrote a letter to Maestro Campanini telling him of my desire to meet Rosa Raisa and introduce her to my friends. The reply came the next

day. Maestro Campanini thanked me for my interest in his protégée and wrote that he would be pleased to have Rosa Raisa meet me.

At the appointed time I went with my sister, Florence Lesser, and my dear friend, Mrs. S. H. Harris, who had invited me to that memorable first performance, to the Congress Hotel. As the three of us came into the Pompeian Room, Raisa glanced quickly around for a moment and then, without asking for our identity, threw her arms around me and said,

"I knew that some day you would come. This moment was promised to me."

Of course I did not understand what she meant and showed plainly my bewilderment. Raisa spoke rapidly.

"Mrs. Stone, I am so glad that you are here. I have been very much troubled for a long time. Maestro Campanini has been so dear a friend. I am a Jewess and I wanted the public to know; yet Maestro said, 'No, Raisa, not yet. Wait until the public has truly received you. Wait until you are assured of your success.' "

Raisa twisted her chiffon handkerchief with her fingers as she spoke.

"But I could not be silent. I am a Jewess and all the fire of my people burns in my heart. I could not sleep; I could not go on. I told Maestro Campanini that they must receive me as a Jewess or not at all—that art has no room for prejudice or for hate." Rosa Raisa continued more slowly:

"A few days ago Mr. and Mrs. Julius Rosenwald came to me and I told them everything, that I felt as though I was false to myself in consciously hiding my background. Maestro Campanini said, 'Mr. Rosenwald, I leave every-

thing to your judgment.' Mr. Rosenwald was most kind, most understanding. He did not hesitate for a moment. 'Of course, Miss Raisa, you are absolutely right. You could not do yourself justice, feeling as you do, unless you followed the dictates of your heart in this matter. Besides, I cannot think of music and prejudice in the same breath. I would never be a director of the Chicago Opera Company if such were the case. By all means let the public know, for what is there to conceal?' Mrs. Rosenwald then said, 'I agree, of course, with my husband. Music is a universal language and there is no room for pettiness or discord. I do not know what your professional experiences were in Europe, but here in America you will find a broad spirit of tolerance and understanding. And by the way,' Mrs. Rosenwald added, 'I have a friend who will truly be a mother to you.' " She had then mentioned my name.

When Rosa Raisa had told me her story, she gave me another quick embrace and said, "Forgive me, but all my life I have hungered for mother love. I lost my own mother when I was just six. Many women have been kind to me and I have loved them, but always there is some restraint and I cannot pour out the affection I crave to give. You are the one I used to dream about."

I was deeply moved by the intensity of her words, and the years have proven how truly she meant them. We have indeed been mother and daughter, even to this day.

At the close of the Chicago season Raisa left for England where she sang in Covent Garden; from there to South America and after two years she returned to Chicago, laden with triumphs and sated with acclaim.

I had received many letters from her, fragments that

told of the sorrows and trials of her youth. There were evenings when she paced about the room as I listened to her story. Every gesture of hers was as dramatic as though she trod the stage of the opera, but in this instance the drama was the story of her own life.

"Goldie, I have always loved music and from the time I could talk, I sang my words. If it was bread that I wanted, I sang, 'Give me the bread.' It sounds ridiculous, doesn't it, but for me speech was dead and song was alive and I was alive.

"When I was six years old I told my father and mother that I was determined to be an actress. I hunted up bits of lace and ribbon and they became my royal robes. I took calcimine from the walls and used it for make-up. I sang before the mirror and my reflection sang back to me.

"Tell me, Goldie, do you know what a pogrom is? Do you know what it is to see a drunken peasant take a Jewish baby by its legs and crush its skull against the wall of a house, by swinging it as though it were a club? I wondered if a song could live after that, but human beings must be made of iron.

"I fled to Italy. I was only thirteen years old then. My cousin was a dentist in Italy. I worked in his office. It was enough for food, lodging, and for my singing lessons.

"One day my cousin told me he had arranged for an audition for me with a maestro at the Conservatory of Music. I was delirious with hope, but, when the day arrived, something happened. I was also petrified with fear that I might perhaps not make good. I don't know whether the maestro himself had perhaps not eaten well or slept well," and then Raisa with a faint smile added, "maybe I did not *sing* well. Anyway, he sent me from the

room, shouting, 'No, no, no,' and I cried my heart out as I picked up my coat and stumbled from the room. I could not see my way because of the tears in my eyes.

"Then I heard someone speak gently to me, telling me not to cry. It was Madame Tetrazzini. 'Now, now, how can one so young have gathered so much misery?' "

To this kindly lady Raisa had sobbed out her story. Madame Tetrazzini put her arm affectionately on Raisa's shoulder, as she said:

"My child, I want you to sing for me. Come into my studio."

Here Raisa paused as though reliving that moment.

"After listening for a while, she put her hand upon my shoulders and said, 'You are a great find. I myself will speak to my brother-in-law, Maestro Cleofonte Campanini, who is the director of the Chicago Opera Company. He is in Italy now. There is a great career ahead of you.' "

The rest of the story Raisa did not have to tell me. I had read the account of her debut at the Royal theatre in Parma, Italy. A young noble of Parma had presented her with a jeweled pin. Then came America and her debut in Philadelphia and the title role of "Aida." Then came the Auditorium in Chicago. Triumph after triumph followed in rapid succession.

Puccini, busily engaged with the score of "Turandot," heard her in Milan. He vowed that she should create the leading role in his opera, and although he died before his work was completed, Toscanini saw to it that Puccini's wish was fulfilled and delayed the production of "Turandot" at La Scala until Raisa could sing the title role.

Visits or tête-à-têtes with Raisa were joyous vivid splashes of color and I cherished those moments.

One day in the winter of 1918 I called her. She told me she felt ill, a slight pain but mostly fatigue and nervousness.

"Dear child," I urged, "you must send for the doctor at once. It may be something serious."

"No, no," she answered. "I am singing in 'Tosca' tomorrow evening. The doctor will have to wait."

I then urged her to go to bed and rest quietly, forgetting her work for the time being.

"Yes," she said. "This advice I will follow."

The next evening she sang like an angel. I watched her every move for I was deeply concerned over her call asking me to be there without fail.

I had scarcely arrived at my home after the performance when her maid telephoned in the wildest excitement. "Oh, Madame, come, come at once—Madame Raisa is very ill. She wants you."

The news that Raisa was ill spread like wildfire in and about the theatre. Friends from the opera company flocked to her suite, Maestro and Madame Campanini among the first. Each one had something to advise as a cure. It seems as though illness, at least at its inception, suggests only one thing to Italians, an upset stomach. As a result, an endless variety of stomach remedies poured forth without cessation from the numerous anxious and eagerly devoted visitors. "Listen to me! You must listen to me!" they clamored excitedly.

I put an end to the storm of suggestions, and asked Raisa to take nothing at all until we had heard from the physician whom I had called. Her devoted friend, who

later became her husband, Giacomo Rimini, affirmed my suggestion.

The doctor examined the patient as best he could in the turmoil that surrounded him. He strove to explain to the excited gathering of friends and artists what was necessary, but Maestro Campanini kept insisting that he had a stomach remedy that would undoubtedly be all that was needed.

After a few futile attempts to be heard, Dr. Bloch turned to him and said quietly but with an air of stern finality:

"Maestro Campanini, you are a first-rate maestro but you are a very poor physician. I should never attempt to advise you in musical matters and you—" Then observing the hurt look in the good maestro's eyes, he continued, "But in this case I am responsible for the patient and I shall have to do what I think best for her without interference."

The bird-like chirpings and flutterings of the assembled artists were abruptly stilled and in that awesome silence the doctor said firmly: "Miss Raisa will have to go to the hospital at once."

For two weeks I did not leave the hospital while Raisa recuperated from an unusually serious appendectomy.

The Chicago opera season was at an end. The artists were about to start on their eastern tour. The hospital corridor reechoed with their repeated good-bys—"A rivederci, Signora Raisa." The last to come to bid her farewell were Maestro and Madame Campanini and her devoted friend, Giacomo Rimini.

When they had left I found Raisa clinging to the end of the bed, weeping softly. We were alone. She turned to

me, after a time, with eyes that were deep pools of sadness, and asked:

"Do you think, Goldie, that I will be able to join them soon?" Her tearstained, questioning face was like that of a little child.

A week later Dr. Bloch suggested that the patient might be taken home. When I told her the good news, Raisa looked at me blankly, "Home, what home?"

"Why, home with me, of course," I replied at once.

Her face was alight with joy.

"Home with you? I was so horribly afraid of the emptiness of a hotel room. How I've longed for a place called 'home.' "

And so home we came—Raisa, her maid and two dogs. She was welcomed heartily by my husband and children, but almost at once she excused herself and went into the kitchen. I found her there, busily selecting the food she liked best. She looked up as I entered and said to me, with a sparkle of mischief:

"You see, Goldie, I am making myself entirely at home."

After two weeks of rest, my daughter, Beatrice, and I accompanied her to Atlantic City, and en route we stopped in New York City for two days. The press had heralded Raisa's arrival and she was besieged by artists and literally overwhelmed with greetings. Caruso was among the first to welcome her.

In their friendly enthusiasm the delighted visitors overlooked her frail condition. Raisa was impatient. Our stay at Atlantic City had given her the rest she needed and now that the Philadelphia season was to open she insisted upon rejoining the company at once. I consulted

the doctor and he assured me that it would be safe for her to do so.

Mr. Rimini met us at the station in Philadelphia. He greeted us most warmly. "I have reserved a box for you. Mary Garden is singing tonight in 'Thais.' "

No sooner had we entered our box when the audience focused its attention for several minutes on Raisa, bowing their effusive welcome on her return to the theatre. Raisa acknowledged the compliment by bowing in return. The performance itself was interrupted for several minutes while Mary Garden stepped from the stage to extend her hand in welcome.

After the performance Maestro Campanini gave a party in honor of Raisa's return, and the following week she sang "Santuzza" in "Cavalleria Rusticana." She received an ovation seldom afforded an artist—the thunderous adulation which is the nectar of the lords and ladies of song.

My daughter, Beatrice, had enjoyed every moment of our little adventure but now she was anxious to return to her friends at home. "After all, there's school work to be made up."

Raisa, however, persuaded Beatrice to defer her return just one more week, so that we might accompany her to Pittsburgh and Detroit.

Beatrice, or "Bobby" as we affectionately called her, finally confessed that she was a bit bored and would like to go out dancing with people of her own age for a change.

Raisa, who was not many years older than Bobby, immediately championed her cause. "What's the matter, Goldie? Have you no relatives here?"

I remembered that I did have a young cousin in Pittsburgh, a cousin who had attended college in Chicago and had returned home.

Raisa voiced an eager laugh that was sheer music. "We must unearth him, Bobby."

The next evening after the opera, followed by the usual dinner in the small hours of the morning, Raisa and I waited in the lobby of the hotel in eager anxiety for Bobby to return. To our surprise, her companion was not my cousin, but a strange young man whom he had invited to join them for the evening. He was a fine-looking fellow with bright blue eyes and a spontaneous chuckle that was contagious.

Beatrice and he were regarding each other with an affectionate shyness that awakens thoughts in the heart of a mother. Raisa evidently sensed the same thing, for she whispered to me, "Behold your son-in-law."

Raisa proved herself oracle and prophet. After a year's courtship my daughter became the bride of Morris Balter. With Beatrice it was a case of "Thy city shall be my city" for Pittsburgh became her home, and some time later—you remember little Jimmy who asked me the question about the dead leaves—well, his full name is James Stone Balter.

In the same year that witnessed the marriage of my daughter, Raisa became engaged to Giacomo Rimini, and in November, 1920, they were married quietly in our home in the presence of my family.

A few months after her marriage Raisa brought me the thrilling news that her father was coming to America.

"I'm going to New York to meet him. He has many

friends there and I do want to see him settled comfortably among them."

That autumn her father came to Chicago for the opera season. He had never heard his now famous daughter sing the roles that had earned her such acclaim.

He sat near me clutching the sides of his seat excitedly. The performance was "Othello" and Raisa sang the role of Desdemona. When she sang the beautiful duet "Quando Narravi," tears of pride and love coursed down his cheeks, but the third act proved a severe trial for him. As Othello in jealous rage pushed Desdemona from him, he tightened his grasp on the arms of the chair, and in the strangling scene in the final act he could no longer restrain himself. He arose from his seat, brushing the tears away with the back of his hand as in a voice of despair he whispered to me, "I must go out. I must go out. They are hurting her."

He ran from the theatre, and of course I followed him. Through the corridor that led underground from the Auditorium Theatre to the Congress Hotel, he ran, until he reached the elevator that took him up to Raisa's rooms. There he dropped, nervous and exhausted, into a chair.

In the meantime, Raisa was receiving the congratulations of her many friends in her dressing room off stage. Her eyes turned again and again to the door in eager expectation.

At last, after the crowd had gone, she hurried up to her apartment. What had happened to her father? The strained look left her eyes as she saw him seated comfortably in the armchair and her voice echoed peal after peal of uncontrolled mirth when I related what had oc-

curred. As she laughed the wrinkles in her father's face and forehead smoothed themselves out and soon he was able to join in the merriment himself.

"You must remember, father," Raisa said gently, "that the action is always make-believe; only the music is real."

In New York the home of her father became the favorite meeting place of all his "landsleit" from Bialystok. His chief concern was to help his fellow-townsmen in the old country and some of those who were in need in New York.

"I don't want to trouble you, Rosa," he murmured, "but will you sing only once a year for the benefit of Bialystok?"

Raisa laughed at the way he put it but agreed at once. Thus, every season, when the opera company visited New York, she sang at a concert "for the benefit of Bialystok."

In the summer of 1925 Raisa was singing at Ravinia. Rimini and she had taken a house out there for the duration of the opera season and I was their guest.

One day when Rimini was making some purchases in the village he telephoned for me to meet him there. In silence he showed me a telegram that he had just received telling of the death of Raisa's father.

"Mother," he said to me, "I cannot break this news to Raisa. You will have to tell her."

Raisa sat motionless after I had told her. Then, with quick nervous gestures, she half-sobbed;

"We must leave for New York at once—at once!"

Rimini accompanied her. Two days later they were back. Mr. Louis Eckstein had sent an urgent message that Raisa was to sing the leading role in "Ballo in Maschera"

the next evening, and had made it clear that there was no one to take her place.

When she descended from the coach her face was strained and pale and her eyes were dull with weeping. She said to me: "To think that I have just buried my father and tonight I must sing."

When the performance was over Raisa said to Mr. Eckstein:

"I have managed to uphold the tradition of the stage tonight. Now I must ask you not to schedule me to appear again for a week, at least. The grief of a daughter for a truly beloved father has its rights also."

CHAPTER XII

THE Institute had grown rapidly. In 1913 I was asked to go to New York to interview a number of applicants to fill a vacancy that had arisen. I was to select a general director for the Institute. Upon my arrival I found many candidates for the position, each armed with his record of achievements and rather deprecating the merits of any other candidate but himself.

I had heard of a Mr. Philip Seman who had been doing some splendid work with the Industrial Removal Office, a project of the Baron De Hirsch fund. One of the chief activities of this office and the worthiest in my opinion was settling Jewish immigrants from Eastern Europe on farms and teaching them how to develop those farms. The Removal Office, which over a period of years sent tens of thousands of families and individuals into fourteen hundred cities and towns in the United States, thus taking them away from the already congested sections of New York, functioned very actively until the outbreak of the World War, which put an abrupt end to all immigration.

After a very brief acquaintance with Mr. Seman I was given an opportunity to meet his family. Mrs. Seman, a gifted, versatile young woman, welcomed me at their charming home in Pleasantville and I soon realized that here was a happy combination of a husband and wife, both keenly interested in social service and child welfare.

Philip Seman consented to become the general director

of the Chicago Hebrew Institute, later called the Jewish People's Institute, and he has remained to guide its destinies to the present day.

In the meantime, I had my second view of New York.

There is an old Yiddish saying which runs something like this: "To a sick person the world looks like a hospital." And indeed, one's impression of a place is often colored by the mood or condition of the observer.

When I had first arrived in New York the faces of the people around me seemed to be lined with worry and anxiety, but now the protesting screams of brakes and the rattle of machinery seemed to be a song of triumph rather than a threnody of futility, so much does life become the mirror of our own state of mind. It was but natural that I should wish to see New York again, as I had first seen it, from Ellis Island. I planned a return visit there.

The Ellis Island of 1913 was nevertheless different from the Ellis Island of 1889. There had been remarkable improvements in the construction of the building itself for handling people quickly. Gone was the huddled mass of humanity struggling and pushing at its gates; gone were the distraught expressions of anxiety and uncertainty. In their place I saw an orderly procession moving toward the melting pot that is America, with different emotions registered in their faces. No one seemed frightened. I had been so afraid—afraid of being free with no one to lean upon. To be truly free one must be able to walk without support. The indolent do not want freedom. They want only security. Perhaps that is why men flock to the standards of despots who "take care" of their serfs.

The work of the Educational Alliance had broadened

in scope. Dr. Fleischman, the general director, pointed out the busy program—lectures, debates, classes, musical programs, library, and all that I had once vainly hungered for.

Mr. Seman then suggested a sort of hobo journey through New York and we set forth to explore the Bowery, the subways, the missions offering hot coffee and sandwiches to anyone ready or willing to stand up and sing his praise to the Lord, the streets where the slippered feet of the Chinese glide noiselessly on the pavement beneath the noisy "L" overhead.

In the midst of one of these subway rides, the train came to a jerky standstill and brought an abrupt end to our merry chatter. We were trapped like miners in a cave-in. Strange what thoughts and pictures flash through a person's mind at a moment like this. To me it was like the darkness that closed in about us when father passed away.

I heard Mr. Seman's voice calling my name in the inky cavern.

"There is no danger, Mrs. Stone, no danger whatever."

They were opening a door. There was a pale shaft of light, and we were stumbling along the track. My friends were leading me cautiously, holding my arm all the while. Nice—the touch of a hand underneath one's elbow, as though saying, "If you should need me I am here."

At last we reached the subway station. The hour was late. We tried to make our way up the wet stairs that led to the station platform. Other people were laboriously trying to follow us. It was like a veritable exodus from the Valley of the Shadow. There was one feeble oil lamp

to guide us to the street and as we reached the top a torrential rain poured down with insolent rage. Thunder and lightning deafened and blinded us. The storm, with all its fury, was upon us, and the roaring and thrust of the wind had reached gale proportions.

There were no street cars, buses or cabs in sight. What followed seemed an eternity of waiting. Then came the cheery rumbling of a truck. I heard Mr. Seman shout, "Hi there," and that was the signal for my friends to whistle and cry out for the truck to stop. A burly driver looked out of the cab and roared harshly above the noise of the storm:

"Get in, folks, if yuh can all shove in the truck. I can't stop long. I ain't looking for no passengers at three o'clock in the morning." We explained our situation as best we could. He softened at once. I was lifted and shoved into the truck, laughing all the while as the tension snapped.

The heavy downpour ceased suddenly and we looked anxiously about us. We were near a coffee shop. As we entered, Mr. Seman changed some bills into nickels and we had a merry time turning the shiny knobs of an "automat."

"Put your nickel in and get what you want," cried out Mr. Seman, gaily. "It's truly the American plan."

Odd, but I had been thinking the same thing,—out of the darkness of the storm to a place of cheer and warmth where you could "put your nickel in and get what you want."

I tried not to see myself in the many mirrors that lined the walls, but there I always was, wet and disheveled. There beside me was Mr. Seman with his nickels, there were the mirrors, laughing back at me. We walked around

the room to a sign that bore the word "coffee." My escort dropped a nickel in the slot, picked up a cup and saucer and held them still. Why? To me this made no sense at all. Was this really something peculiar in New York? Suddenly I heard a slight gurgle; cream poured into the cup from a dolphin's mouth! Click! The cream stopped. Click! Coffee poured from the same mouth. What was all this? Was it magic? I had to try. A nickel deposited, a cup and saucer picked up and held near the mouth; coffee poured out, and then a click and the cream came pouring out—but not from the same source. It poured but there was no cup to catch it. I had dropped the nickel into the wrong slot!

There were many small doors of bright, polished brass with shiny knobs. Behind these doors were cakes and pies and most enticing doughnuts, all buried in sugar. Where was the waiter? How were we to get them? The doors were all firmly locked. Turning the knob was of no avail. But there were the cakes, and I had to have some cake. A slot, a nickel, a turn of the knob, the door opened suddenly and there, mysteriously enough, was the cake. To me it was a game, and I had to play it. And the mirrors still laughed!

Thus ended an evening of excitement and adventure. We did not reach the places we were scheduled to visit, but I had gotten acquainted with New York's subway, the inside of a truck, and the automat.

Mr. Seman suggested that the adventure in the subway should not be allowed to deprive me of visiting the other places we had planned to see. It meant merely a slight delay.

In the meantime I spent happy days, full of interest,

with my husband's family, some of whom had moved to New York. My visit with his mother remains even to this day one of life's happy memories. I saw many of the highlights of New York, a decided contrast to the Bowery and the subway. I had ample opportunity to see Broadway, the playhouse of the world with its myriad lights and its manifold attractions, Broadway where the daily performances run the gamut of human emotions, where some are able to find relief from the strain and tension of their usual responsibilities, while others receive their initiation into the tragedy of life. Broadway with its masses of pleasure-loving people, richly attired, seeking and finding what they want in its many theatres and concert halls. The sound of the traffic blends with the music inside; it seems to lend rhythm to the music within. It seems to shout that young and old all step to the tune of Broadway.

The next day we visited the Pleasantville Home for Jewish Children in Westchester County. Dr. Ludwig Bernstein, its general director, had devoted his life to the problem of the dependent child. We approached the home toward sunset and saw a group of attractive cottages set like gems in the broad stretch of well shaded green. Nearby was the school house, beautiful in the afternoon sun.

I met representatives from Japan and Belgium who were visiting Pleasantville to study its program. There were also delegates from similar American institutions interested in child care and child welfare. This too, I mused, was the American plan. You put in somewhat more than a nickel and gave to somebody not only what they wanted but what they needed—a hand under the elbow.

On my return to Chicago, fresh from my experiences in New York, I was interested in a movement started to record the Jewish contribution to the State of Illinois, not only through colonial days but in later periods. This took definite form as a Jewish Historical Society of Illinois, to give permanent value to the part played by Jews in the democratic institutions of state and nation.

I was urged also to lend my support to a new project, a South Side center for Jewish education. Always, in the varied experiences of my life, the keenest possible appreciation of educational opportunity for everyone has been the warp and woof of my nature. Perhaps this is due to my inherited respect for learning as well as the environment of my earliest years. From the treasure house of childhood's memories I seem to hear a word constantly recurring. That word is LEARNING. That heritage has been one of the main cogs in the steering gear of my ambition. It has also been in large measure responsible for my understanding of and sympathy for those who, less fortunate than I, were denied the opportunity for education in their youth, and my desire to help them acquire this advantage whenever there was a chance for me to do so. My interest centered not only in secular education but in religious education as well, for it is the religious precepts and the religious background of those early days that have often been my mainstay and guiding star. I realize what this childhood training has meant to me personally and, as I often pondered the question, I came to the conviction that a community in which the people have had some sort of religious training and have preserved a feeling for their heritage, is more likely to exercise ethical standards in its dealings,

and to safeguard and defend its institutions, its rights, its sense of liberty and democracy.

Dr. Yudelson was extremely patient with me as I expressed my convictions.

"I don't like generalities, Goldie. It's all very well to say that 'Love is God and God is Love,' and it is very poetic to insist that all things are perfect, but empty phrases never were and never will be religion. 'Religion' comes from the Latin, meaning 'to bind.' That implies binding yourself to definite principles and ways of life."

Of course, in the main, I agreed with Dr. Yudelson, yet I hastened to interrupt.

"It is just that I question the importance of teaching the Hebrew ritual in the sort of Jewish Educational Center you propose. Why do you insist that Hebrew be taught?"

Dr. Yudelson laughed pleasantly and pointed his finger at me as though I were a naughty child.

"Goldie, you once quoted Isaiah to me in Hebrew. Tell me something honestly. Has it the same meaning in English? Can you possibly translate those immortal phrases into English without losing that clear trumpet call of the ringing Hebrew? And tell me this—why is Dr. Hirsch studying the Russian language? Because you can't understand the soul of any people without understanding its language."

I pointed out that many Jewish leaders were opposed to the teaching of Hebrew and considered it a useless burden on the minds of our youth.

"These self-appointed leaders," retorted Dr. Yudelson sharply, "are themselves ignorant of Hebrew. Show me one man who knows Hebrew well and yet opposes the

teaching of it to the youth of our people. There may be excuses for differences in conduct," he continued bitterly, "but there is no excuse for ignorance. A reform Jew may choose to avoid many customs and ceremonies of Israel; that is his own private affair; but if he has any self-respect or honesty at all, he will make it his business to *know* the history and meaning of those customs, so that his difference in conduct is based on choice and not on ignorance."

Dr. Yudelson brought me his plans and suggested program. I studied them carefully and was greatly impressed with the scholarship and sincerity of the man.

Shortly thereafter I organized a women's committee for Jewish education and the South Side Center became an accomplished fact, giving children intensive training in the history, religion, and culture of their people without regard to congregational affiliation.

Every child should have an opportunity to receive a religious education. An understanding of the faith into which one is born, the history and the contribution of that faith, whether it be Jewish, Mohammedan, Confucian, Hindu, Protestant or Catholic, to the advance of civilization of the different periods, acts often as the sustaining staff in life's adventure. Such knowledge must lend dignity to each of us and engender a spirit of tolerance, an understanding of the universal righteousness common to all faiths.

This is particularly important for the Jewish youth today, as it has been in the past; yes, perhaps even more imperative today. In our colleges and universities, in our industrial and social life, too, there is often evident prejudice against the Jewish youth and a disinclination,

often disavowed, to receive him as an individual, without favor or discrimination, on an equal footing with all the rest. The reason for this attitude, if indeed a reason is vouchsafed, is often ascribed to the so-called ambition of the Jewish youth. Jewish youth is ambitious, as is all youth, from whatever country or whatever religious group its ancestors happen to come, that is worthy of the noble heritage of American soil and American institutions. Had it not been for such ambitions on the part of the early settlers and the honest striving to better their condition in life, coupled with a desire for freedom of thought and worship and a high resolve to use that freedom rightly, the Indians would probably still be roaming over the vastness of the western hemisphere.

After a few years the funds and the work of this South Side Center were taken over by the Board of Jewish Education which today supervises elementary Hebrew and Sunday Schools, Hebrew High Schools, and a remarkably well-attended College of Jewish Studies. These progressive schools serve thousands of students in all sections of the city.

In the meantime, my friendship with Raisa had let me into some very amusing experiences. Many young students were under the impression that I was an accomplished patroness of music and musicians. Students would request auditions. It became difficult for me to refuse to hear them. Many of them wanted nothing more than encouragement and suggestions. In despair I called a prominent music critic and told him of my dilemma. He assured me with a chuckle that he had a formula that would solve all my difficulties.

"You must listen attentively to the students and then

say to them gravely; 'Your upper register is good; the lower register is good, but the middle register needs adjustment.' "

I answered somewhat primly, "Your spirits are good; your wit is excellent, but your advice just doesn't register. I am afraid it sadly needs adjustment."

Notwithstanding my poor qualifications, I did not hesitate very long when I was asked to help perfect a musical organization founded to assist talented musicians who were financially unable to pursue their studies.

In a short time the Musical Art Council was organized; the most promising students were awarded scholarships.

Mr. Isaac Van Grove became the artistic leader of the movement and gave a great deal of his time to the work. We found, in attempting to secure funds for this cultural purpose, that an empty pocket or an empty stomach cries out with a louder voice than an empty heart. People would give more readily to relieve physical hunger than they would to relieve the hunger of the spirit. One hunger can be felt by all; the other longing can be felt by few and must be explained to many.

The enthusiasm of Rosa Raisa for the project was shared fully by her husband, and as a result of the Raisa and Rimini annual concerts a number of vocalists were enabled to study in Italy, while many young artists received valuable scholarships.

I must confess, *sotto voce,* however, that the recipients of the foreign scholarships are still the sole possessors of their own art, for at this writing, their success is still unheralded and unrecorded to the best of my knowledge and belief. If they have not become gushing fountains of music, they are at least well-filled cisterns of musical

knowledge. The real good of our endeavors, however, was the number of eager young people whom we aided to develop their talent in the field of music for the enrichment of their own lives rather than for great careers on the concert stage.

During my period of *Sturm und Drang* as a patroness of music, the Jewish People's Institute was exploring new fields of endeavor.

The summer camp movement began nearly fifty years ago as a movement for boys and quickly proved its place in the development of stalwart, upright, and loyal citizens. By 1900 a similar movement for girls was launched.

On a cold wintry day the general director of the Institute, Dr. Seman, who had shared with me the perils of the subway ride I have already mentioned, was again my companion in peril as we skidded over treacherous icy roads in a careening taxi. We were the advance scouts sent out to look over the ground of a proposed site for a camp on the shore of Loon Lake near Antioch, Illinois. There was no time to be wasted if we were to be ready for our young guests that summer. Even though we cautioned the driver to take it slowly, the wheels of the car sank into deep ruts, and then, as if to make up for any time that might have been lost, slid forward ominously.

A few months later the cabins of Camp Chi offered a most hospitable welcome to a large group of eager girls whose eyes danced at the prospect of being the pioneers of our new venture. Every two weeks during the past twenty-four summers similar groups of young girls have enjoyed what, for many, has been a bit of heaven on earth, as they participated in the program of athletics, crafts

and nature study away from the heat and noise of the city streets. For many Camp Chi is a dream come true.

It is hard for me to resist the temptation to decorate my narrative with the names of persons through whose efforts and example social service had become, in a general way, a commonplace philosophy, backed by a force keenly felt, that we are our brother's keeper.

Camp Chi elicited the enthusiasm of the then-President of the Woman's Auxiliary, Mrs. Edwin Austrian, and her committee of co-workers headed by Mrs. Edna Fish Corsant.

In all these projects and in my travels about the city I generally used the street car.

Late one night, coming home from the Marks Nathan Orphan Home, I stood waiting at the transfer point on a desolate and deserted street corner. There was no sign of any vehicle and I was becoming more and more anxious and more and more frightened. I heard a drunkard curse a short distance away, and saw stumbling toward me a big hulk of a man. I don't know whether he even saw me at first, but he kept staggering toward me from one side of the walk to the other, cursing and singing.

As he came within fifteen feet of me I made a sudden resolve. I spoke up, trying to keep my voice firm and steady.

"Oh, I am so glad you are here, Mister. This place is so deserted that I have been afraid to stand here alone. Would you be good enough to stay here a little while until a street car comes?"

The man swayed slightly and looked at me with a peculiar expression in his eyes.

"Say, lady, there ain't no one spoke to me like you did

for the past twenty years. Sure, I'll stick with you and if anybody tries any tricks, I'll smash his head in."

And the man stood there at my side, swaying on his feet, for fully fifteen minutes. When the street car came he shouted at the motorman: "Hold everything," while with a grand gesture he took me by the elbow and went through the motions of helping me on the car.

I often wonder—but then why moralize? Let the incident be its own sermon.

There were moments in the years that followed that were chapters of unblemished joy. My son, Alfred, had found the answer to many of life's questions in the love of a winsome young lady of an old and respected New York family.

Lillian Lewis bore her pedigree modestly. Her grandfather, Samuel Lewis, who had been born in London, was brought to this country by his parents when only six months old. He had first entered public life as a school commissioner. Two years later he was elected president of the Board of Education of the City of New York. He fought for several reforms and was largely responsible for the abolishment of corporal punishment in the public schools of the city.

Through his influence a teacher's pension fund came into existence. He had served as Alderman-at-Large, and a little later as President of the Board of Aldermen. During the absence of Mayor Wickman in Europe, Samuel Lewis had served as acting-Mayor.

It was he who was honored by making the first call when telephones were installed in New York. His whole career had been one of generous public service.

I was thrilled that the splendid descendant of so fine

a family had become my daughter, and when William James Stone came into the world a short time later, I rejoiced that I was now the proud possessor of Cornelia's jewels—two grandsons full of promise.

Part Four

EUROPEAN JOURNEY—LANDMARKS AND TRANSITIONS

Chapter XIII

In 1926 I joined my sister, Florence, her husband, Lee Lesser, and her daughter, Muriel, on an extended trip to Europe. The idea of leaving my husband and my family for so long a time worried me considerably, but it was Julius with his habitual unselfishness who pointed out to me that this was too fine an opportunity to be allowed to slip by, that I would be homeward bound before I knew it, relaxed physically, stimulated mentally, and brimful of experiences with which to regale the "stay-at-homes."

We sailed on the S.S. Hamburg on the 10th of June.

In the panorama of our voyage there were moments that at the time seemed trivial but have become the really important things that I remember now.

Near Spreewald we passed a farmer working in the fields. He was using an old-fashioned ramshackle plow, the same type of plow they had used in the days of my childhood.

"Agricultural implements have been improved so greatly. Would you please tell me why you still use the old?"

He did not seem offended at my question and replied evenly:

"We don't want new inventions; we are satisfied with the old ones. What was good enough for my father is good enough for me. My father lived in this house. Now

I live here and I want my son to continue living here after me."

In the German cities the old "Gemütlichkeit" was lacking. There seemed to be everywhere a nervous tenseness in place of the old calmness of spirit. I seemed to feel that the Germans did not want democracy; it was a government that did not fit them well. They seemed to crave a firm guiding hand, a stern directing will. They were like children who could be happy only if a strong father told them what do do. For them obedience meant contentment; for them liberty was only insecurity.

On July 5th we arrived at Prague. We visited the Old Synagogue dating back fourteen centuries. The original structure was built underground but the addition made in later years was on the level with the earth. I looked upon it as a symbol; it was the monument of a people who could, when hounded by persecution, build temples in the darkness of the grave and give them light and life with the flame of their own spirit.

Inside the synagogue we found numerous ancient relics of interest. There was a flag given to the Jews by the government in 1357 for patriotic service during the thirty years' war against Sweden. Our friends who accompanied us there told us the strange legend of the Golem.

The story goes that in the sixteenth century false and horrible charges were brought against the Jews, resulting in the persecution and massacre of many of them.

Rabbi Judah Loew formed a great giant of clay and by pronouncing the name of the Eternal gave it life. The tremendous strength of the Golem cowed and defeated the enemies of the unfortunate children of Israel, and

in the centuries that followed the grave of Rabbi Loew became an object of veneration.

As we left the synagogue, Florence asked me:

"What do you make of the story?"

I was not quite certain of the implication of the tale but I tried to explain it in this way.

"This is purely a legend, I believe, but a poetic one that seems to conceal a great truth. Evidently the Jews in the days of Rabbi Loew had been so bitterly attacked and so cruelly tortured that they had become numb and inert. They moved along like dead things of clay, without self-respect, without hope, without purpose. Rabbi Loew must have inspired them with faith in the Eternal, with the knowledge of their glorious heritage of prophecy and their mission of justice. He must have brought them to life with the fire of his lips. They must have arisen like a giant to hurl back the lies of their tormentors and they must have succeeded in obtaining the respect and good will of their neighbors."

Florence looked at me quizzically. "Perhaps, Goldie—but then—these people—" and she pointed to a broken and bent old man and an elderly woman who were leaving written prayers at the grave of the famous rabbi. "These people don't consider it a poem or a legend. They believe the miracle literally."

I could only answer; "That in itself is proof that another Rabbi Loew is needed."

In Vienna we saw the blood-streaked uniform of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand and reflected that because of that stain millions of the finest men of the world had stained the fields of Europe with their life's blood.

Throughout Europe the ravages of war had not been erased and the entire picture was depressing.

Life in the towns and villages of France and Italy was gloomy and colorless. On Italian farms old women, their faces wrinkled and stained, tended sheep and pigs. Young girls, bowed low beneath the weight, carried huge bundles of green twigs or shrubs on their backs, and I sadly mused over the significance of the fact that the bundles were often so large that they hid the girls' figures entirely. It was indeed a slavish labor that blotted out the charm and beauty that I so longed to see.

In Venice my brother-in-law engaged the services of a special guide, a former army captain who had the title of marquis. He was a kind, interesting, and intellectual person through whose good offices we not only saw that part of Italy to the best advantage, but received a fleeting glimpse of the political situation in Italy at that time. I refrain from recording his name or relating all the information he gave us because ink is apt to have a corrosive quality that might cause a hurt where none is intended.

He shook his head sadly as we questioned him about the government and the welfare of the people.

"I am very sad, my friends, over the inevitable. We are soon to feel an iron hand that will break the strings of our harp and strangle the song on our lips."

We questioned him as to what he meant, and he answered after a moment's thought:

"There are cycles in government just as there are cycles in the life of each human being. Polybius was right. In a monarchy a king may through the force of his personality and through a genuine desire to strengthen the state, be successful in his own lifetime, but those who come after

him, his children or those who were pampered by him, take charge of his possessions to glut their own passion for pleasure or power, and then come rebellion and disorder and the people follow the first Brutus that seems to know what he is doing."

"But what has all this got to do with Italy?"

The captain lifted his shoulders with a careless gesture.

"Perhaps nothing, perhaps I am unduly fearful. But the fact is, Italy is poor; the people are impoverished. A tyrant will be welcomed by them. At this moment they would follow anyone who could hold a golden promise before their noses and they will follow such a man to the end, who knows, maybe even to their death."

Somehow the words of our captain-guide clouded the rest of our journey in Italy. The blue waters that caressed Nice, the rugged promontories of Monte Carlo, and even the Lido, luxurious playground that it was, frowned under the shadow of his words.

On our return through France we paused at Aisne, the tiny village where the Armistice was signed in 1918. The sun was shining brightly on the green valley. An old farmer was busily cutting grass and he sang a charming little folksong, but scarcely had the melody died away when we came upon the cemeteries and the battlefields of the Marne, Chateau-Thierry, and Belleau Woods. There was the American cemetery—hundreds and hundreds of rows of white crosses and over them Old Glory fluttering in the breeze.

Strange thoughts chilled my heart. Can the dead feel homesickness? Can the dead long to go back to the soil blessed by that flag?

We stopped briefly in Paris and then moved on to London in time for the solemn services of the High Holy Day, Rosh Hashonah, the New Year.

On Cavendish Square in the Central Synagogue, Reverend Michael Adler, rabbi of the congregation, pleaded that the New Year might in truth be new—"not a reliving of the old hates, not a repetition of the same mistakes, for then we would be living the old year over again."

I thought of the past war hates that even then in 1926 were beginning to flare up and I prayed that the world might not have to live its old mistakes over again.

Here in England I heard frequent discussion of the Zionist movement to reclaim Palestine for the Jews. This longing and this dream were born in the soul of Theodore Herzl, a Hungarian Jew, who, though reared in Vienna with rabbinical tradition behind him, grew up not so much Jew as German. A brilliant youth, trained for the law but preferring the profession of writing, Herzl, already known as a gifted creator of plays, poems and the sparkling *feuilletons* so popular in sophisticated Europe, was serving as Paris correspondent of the "Vienna Neue Freie Presse." Watching the course of the Dreyfus trial, and realizing because of his legal instinct that Dreyfus was accused largely because of his Jewish origin, Herzl, scarcely conscious of his Jewishness before this time, suddenly became devoutly Jewish. Promptly, as by a miracle, he conceived the idea of a Jewish Homeland, a concentrated home-center. In company with Nordau, Zola and others, he jeopardized his professional future by working wholeheartedly for the realization of this idea.

His idea had grown until at this time many had returned to the land of their forefathers and motivated by

the keenest desire and determination, were rebuilding the country through the toil of their hands and the science of their brains. They changed a barren district into a blossoming garden; they built roads and made commerce possible; they drained swamps and built cabins; they opened hospitals and health centers; they advanced education all along the line from the nursery school through the university and professional schools, not merely for the benefit of themselves, their sons and their daughters, but for all who wished to avail themselves of these advantages and who came in the cause of peace.

All of this interested me very much, but our stay abroad was rapidly drawing to a close. Our passports and visas did not include a visit to Poland and Russia.

"No, not under any circumstances." Florence had tapped her foot on the floor with a finality that made further argument useless. "It would be like opening a grave. One should not exhume the past. The Lithuanian village you loved you have already adorned with the gossamer of memory. Keep your memories intact."

On September 26th we sailed from Southampton and had a rough crossing. At last we saw the Statue of Liberty, the harbor of New York! Not quite the same feeling that I had experienced when I arrived as an immigrant many years before, but yet a thrill, somehow different from any other I have ever known, or hope to know. Now, this was my country. I was coming home!

My husband said softly as he took me in his arms: "Dearest, I will never trust calendars any more—they lie."

Chapter XIV

On my return from Europe I assured myself that never again would I leave my family to cross the seas alone. I felt that traveling from home was very much like a rubber band—the further you stretched it, the greater the pull.

Mother smiled as I told her of my resolve. Her manner was so soft and patient. She nodded and dreamed as she sat in a comfortable armchair. Then one evening she walked to her bed and lay down like a tired child. Alarmed, I hastened to her. "Mother, you are not well. I'll call the doctor."

Her lips moved slightly. "Whatever you will do, Goldie, will be right with me."

As the days passed it was apparent that she was gently yielding her waking moments. I sat near her bed watching the almost imperceptible rise and fall of the white coverlet. Her eyes opened and she whispered; "Ich bin all right." She closed her eyes and lay there calmly, but there was no motion, as though the world and time had suddenly ceased and were frozen in space.

It took months for the world and people to become real again. Work was my salvation, and utter exhaustion my desire.

Raisa saw what was happening and from time to time repeated an invitation to spend an entire summer with her in her villa in Italy. I was pleased with the thought

and gave it utterance, half expecting my husband to reproach me, but Julius nodded his complete approval.

There were several duties in connection with my social work that delayed my departure; so Raisa and Rimini decided that they would leave at once and I would meet them in Naples.

This time the crossing was calm.

The last night out was, as usual, the occasion of the captain's dinner. I was fortunate enough to be seated at his table and he was in the best of spirits. He spoke of Naples in bursts of poetry, and as he sipped his cup of wine his dignity dissolved into song.

Slowly the steamer approached the harbor. I saw luminous streaks like the golden stains of a comet's tail on the horizon. Then clearly and ever more clearly the lights themselves appeared until they formed a jeweled necklace. Lanterns on the fishermen's boats caused reflections like dancing fireflies on the surface of the bay. There beyond the lighthouse towered Mount Vesuvius with curls of smoke and sparks of fire issuing from it in restrained fury against the darkness of the sky.

The captain was standing silently near me as I watched in awe.

"That is the symbol of my country," he said slowly. "Vesuvius—it holds back its fire, but some day it will break forth."

"And then?" I interrupted him.

"And then I will command a submarine against the French," he said abruptly.

I was dumbfounded, astonished at his vehemence. I questioned him further, but it was obvious that he regretted having spoken. He lapsed into a surly silence as

though I were in some way responsible for his having talked too freely.

"We have a symbol too, a symbol of fire," I ventured after a long silence.

The captain turned his eyes toward me and I continued. "It is a torch of light in the hand of Liberty and it stands in our harbor—a much more cheerful welcome than your threatening Vesuvius."

The captain was all apologies.

"Forgive me, madame; I have been anything but pleasant."

Then, abruptly, as he raised his eyes to the port on the other side of the bay, "Did you hear voices calling? It is remarkable that I can hear them at this distance."

I strained my eyes as the boat moved slowly forward and I was certain that I recognized Raisa and Rimini. I turned to tell the captain that those voices had been heard even in America, but the captain had silently left for his post, although now the pilot was bringing the ship in.

What a joyous welcome my two dear friends gave me!

We spent a few days in Naples and then, in a small steamer, we started out to that flash of color which is Capri.

Little houses pearl gray in color, ancient streets, narrow and arched, wrought-iron gates, tiny balconies garlanded with flowers of every hue, and porters and drivers with gay colored sashes—that is Capri.

Dr. Cherrio at whose villa we dined leaned back contentedly as we surveyed the lovely gardens of enchantment.

"Have you ever read Milton's 'Paradise Lost'?" he challenged. I admitted that he had regained it.

We strolled along Krupp Walk built by the German munitions multi-millionaire, and a young Italian student who was one of our party raised his voice bitterly. "Have you ever seen the painting of Napoleon marching to glory over the bodies of the dead? This is a beautiful walk Krupp has built but I seem to hear the bones of skeletons groaning under the pavement as I walk."

The other members of the group were frankly annoyed with the remarks of the student and said as much, but he continued bitterly, "There are some men, a few men in this world, who are so far away from God and man that it is impossible for ordinary normal people to understand the cold workings of their minds. Try to imagine a creature that has placed himself above all emotions other than the ecstasy of power. Such a man has no country, no family, no loyalties, no morals, no desires but one—to experience the ecstasy of a mountain climber when he stands on the topmost summit alone. Men like Krupp are that way. The wars and tragedies of nations are nothing to them, for they juggle and play with kings. Emperors are their footmen. Napoleons fawn before them like uniformed bellhops to get the guns they need and they sell to all. And these men look from a great distance at the miseries of the world, at martyrdoms, revolutions, laws, sanctuaries, for these things are puppet shows to amuse a pygmy world. Who are they? I don't know. They belong to no nation; they belong to no people; they belong to no faith. They are the solitary gods and we are blind worms."

"Don't encourage him," whispered the lady he was escorting. "He's always shadow boxing."

But I was intrigued.

"And how can we become more than worms, or are we doomed forever?"

The student's eyes flashed.

"By refusing to kill, by refusing to fight, by refusing to plunge your bayonet into other blind worms. Then *we* could laugh and the solitary gods would be helpless, utterly impotent. They would die like the dinosaurs. But it won't happen—men are too lazy—they will not think for themselves."

By this time I could see that further discussion along these lines was anything but pleasant to the rest of our party; so I left off questioning the young man. I learned later that he was a senior student at the University of Law in Catania. I often wonder what has become of him. Is he in some prison cell still defying the "solitary gods" or has he dutifully and resignedly taken his place among the "blind worms?"

From Capri we went to Sorrento and called upon Maxim Gorky who, because of ill health, had been living there since 1922.

We found the noted Russian author sitting on the front terrace of his villa, dressed in true peasant style, his coarse shirt unbuttoned at the neck. He was smoking a large pipe.

Raisa had met Gorky during her student days and the famous author was greatly pleased by our visit. He threw himself vigorously into a conversation which touched upon conditions since the revolution. He spoke in Russian which Raisa and I both understood, although I found it rather difficult at first to grasp fully the language that I had rarely used since leaving the Old World.

I told Gorky in somewhat rusty phrases of my conversa-

tion with the young student on Krupp Walk. He offered no comment but listened intently without changing his expression. Then hunching his shoulders forward, he in turn began abruptly.

"I don't know what it will become—this upheaval of clods; but whatever it will be it can't be worse than the old order. That old order was a monstrous thing of evil. There are certain things I can't forget," he continued softly. "I loved my grandmother. She was a kindly lady; yet my grandfather struck her in the mouth with his fist and her lips bled. I loved my mother and when she married again after my father's death I tried to kill her husband because he had abused her, and I was only a child. Soon I came to realize that it was not my grandfather nor my stepfather that was to blame. It was the disease, the plague of sloth, indolence, and of sensuality that had made our palaces reek and our hovels groan. Tolstoi said, 'Let us not resist the veil.' But then Tolstoi was a god and I am a man. My sympathies and even my help were on the side of the Bolshevist cause, and of course it is the same today."

At this point he ordered his domestic to prepare the samovar for tea, and speaking in perfect English he turned to me with a somewhat cynical smile on his rugged face.

"My views may displease you, Mrs. Stone. I shall have to take that risk. I am afraid I have displeased many Americans. In 1906 I visited your country. On my arrival I was received with an overwhelming amount of cordiality, an outburst of enthusiasm such as only Americans display for one they consider a foreign notable. It looked at first as though I might be instrumental in raising a considerable sum for the cause of Russian free-

dom, but when people learned that my wife was my common-law wife, and that our marriage had not been sanctified by the church, American opinion reversed itself completely. To cap the climax, when a group of writers who remained my colleagues in spite of what others considered my moral delinquency gave a banquet in my honor, your great humorist, Mark Twain, refused to attend." Then looking squarely at me with a twinkle in his eyes, "Was that not humorous of him?"

By this time tea was ready. Babushka, his domestic, dressed in the gay colors of the Russian peasant, a white bandana about her head, was steadying the heavy and furiously steaming samovar in her hands as she approached the veranda. Just as she was coming through the door she tripped and there was a terrifying crash. Babushka lay sprawled on the ground, part of her ornate headdress waving in the breeze among the smoldering embers of charcoal scattered about. Her dress was saturated with the hot water, some of which had extinguished the live charcoal.

Fortunately, Babushka was not hurt. If one could fairly judge by the extraordinary bulk of her body, she wore too many skirts for the water to penetrate. She regretted only that the tea party would have to be delayed until another samovar could be prepared. Having expressed herself thus, she gave way to hilarious laughter to cover her confusion.

The second samovar was brought in without any mishap whatever and we enjoyed the Russian tea in true Russian fashion with rum and preserves. More than all else, we enjoyed a memorable afternoon with one of the most interesting personalities of our time.

There was one other thing that Gorky said that left a deep impression on my mind. He spoke at considerable length of a dream that he had dreamed in his childhood.

"The whole world had become a wilderness of snow; all life had vanished. The desert of snow covered everything with its sheet of white death. There were no paths, no roads, only the suggestion of a trail made by the dull yellow earth exposing itself through the drifts, and along that trace of road there walked a pair of empty felt boots.

"I told Tolstoi my dream," Gorky continued, "but he thought I had read it somewhere. I am beginning to understand the meaning of the dream now. Tolstoi believed in God; I believe in man's hunger for God. That hunger is as real as the hunger for food. A man cannot live without it.

"Russia has swept God out completely and I am afraid for it. You cannot blame them," he added hastily. "There was so much of superstition, images, icons, Tartuffe priests, drugging the minds and dwarfing the soul. If you want to clean house you must move out everything. Then you put back what is necessary. Faith in God, or rather hunger for God, is necessary. It must come back; otherwise the future of Russia is empty boots marching in a bare monotonous desert along a suggestion of a trail that leads to nowhere."

He brooded in silence for a moment and then roared out with a suddenness that frightened me, "But much has been accomplished—much has been accomplished."

We spent a night at Santa Benedetta, the sea coast resort from where the Austrians attacked Italy during the World War. We spoke with a group of young men from the University at Bologna and found among them

several Jewish students whom we could not at all distinguish from their Italian friends.

I must confess to a thrill of real pleasure as, in the midst of our conversation, I heard the friendly greeting of "Shalom—peace." I tried to analyze this emotion to my new friends and had no difficulty in finding an analogy.

"Men often get together to create a fraternity or artificial brotherhood and in the space of a few months or years they develop the idea that they are bound together by ties of experiences they share in common. In distress they can appeal to a 'brother' and in joy they can frolic with him. The Jews had long centuries of common experiences as a people and then shared painfully similar experiences in the lands of the dispersion. All of these bonds—a common faith, a common history, together with the ancient customs and ceremonies that in some manner touch each Jewish soul—all of these things are kindled into life by a word or a symbol."

The students were anxious to show us that they were fully aware of American music, sports, and exuberance, a knowledge which the cinema had done much to inspire. They pressed me to accept little gifts, little tokens, and it was with genuine sadness that I left their friendly company.

We proceeded to Verona, the vicinity of Raisa's and Rimini's home. I had heard about the place from both of them, but I soon found that neither their description nor the flights of my imagination were at all adequate.

It is a palace of the Italian Renaissance period, surrounded by lovely gardens. A beautiful fountain bids you welcome with its cooling spray as you pass through the wrought-iron gates at the entrance. The walks, tinted

with Santa Amrosia marble dust to soften the glare of the sun, lead to a bower of roses. Majestic trees, tennis courts, a bicycle lane, a bridle path are part of the welcoming landscape. The stables and kennels occupy a large space in the distance.

Knowing Raisa's and Rimini's fondness for dogs, I was somewhat prepared for the joyous demonstration that greeted the return of the master and mistress.

The interior of the villa humbles my pen indeed. The broad staircase, the well-lighted drawing room, the music salon, and the Japanese tea room made me feel very much like an aged Cinderella.

From all sides one saw the snow crowned Tyrolean Mountains—in fact, Austria seemed to form the back yard of the villa.

Days of languid dreams and gentle companionship glided softly by.

Once, as Raisa and I walked through the mountains, we became so deeply engrossed in conversation that we heeded neither time nor distance. Suddenly we were aware that a terrific storm had gathered and was about to break. Before we could get our bearings there was a blinding flash, a resounding clap of thunder, and a torrent of rain. Instantly we were drenched to the skin. Darkness surrounded us suddenly and we had no idea where to turn. How we managed to creep along in the gloom of the woods I do not know, nor how long we continued our almost blind groping, when suddenly by the momentary gleam of the lightning we thought we discerned something that looked like a human habitation in the distance.

Cautiously we made our way over the rough path and found a little tumbledown shack belonging to an old man

and woman, the only inhabitants in the vicinity. They offered us shelter and bade us welcome to the little food they had. This consisted only of bean soup cooked in oil. They suggested that they would make *polenta* mush. Instead, Raisa herself cooked the *polenta* in true Venetian style in the little kitchen over a log fire by the cheerful warmth of which we also managed to dry our clothing. After we had eaten, the old woman offered us their bed, apologizing because she had no other accommodations for us, but we declined gratefully, preferring to wait in the little kitchen beside the fire.

As we stared at the cheerful red flames and felt their warmth against our faces, Raisa whispered,

"What are you dreaming of, Goldie?"

I had been looking at a miniature Vesuvius of dying embers and the angry words of the captain were burning through my mind.

"Rosa," I cried out, "let us return!"

"Return?" her voice was curious, puzzled.

I wanted to explain to her—but how could I—how horribly homesick I was.

In the meantime, Rimini had returned from Carlsbad and had looked for us. When ten o'clock came and we had not returned he became alarmed and, taking a guide, set out to find us. By two in the morning the storm had subsided and, after much wandering and difficult climbing, he finally sighted the hut. There he found us, sitting on the wooden chairs by the firelight, leisurely and hopefully awaiting the dawn.

Rimini's return spurred us into more active enjoyment. We traveled about in high spirits.

At Salso Maggiore we hastened to pay our respects to

Madame Campanini. There, too, Maestro Toscanini called upon Raisa and was our guest at dinner. I was spellbound at the sparkling expression of his eyes and the brilliant flash of his smile when he spoke of art and music.

In Milan I was introduced to Chief Rabbi De Fano and attended services in the one synagogue that Milan possesses. After the services, which were extremely orthodox, I asked Rabbi De Fano what force kept the Italian Jews together as Jews.

Rabbi De Fano answered proudly, "We are an old aristocracy of Spanish and Portuguese descent and I think it is pride in our heritage more than any other factor that holds us together."

"Does the difference in faith cause any friction between you and the non-Jewish Italians?"

Rabbi De Fano shook his head slowly in the negative. "There is absolutely no friction whatever between us. We are a part of a people that loves music, art, and life. Among such a people we are at home. Mussolini is our friend and understands these things. Since the signing of the Concord with the Pope the Jewish religion has been recognized as one of the approved religions of this country, enjoying official recognition with all other non-Catholic religions. The very law demands that each Jewish child shall receive a Jewish education along with his secular training. What greater guarantee for Jewish survival could you want?"

Because of my deeply rooted interest in child welfare work I was keenly interested in the institutions that were doing this work in Italy, and having planned to visit both Florence and Rome before sailing for home, I decided to go directly to headquarters for the information

and the permission I desired. I wrote a letter to Mussolini, telling him that I expected to be in Rome at a stated period and requesting the privilege of an interview because of the interest I had in the type of institutions discussed above. I waited vainly for an answer. I had mentioned in my letter that I was the guest of Raisa and Rimini, and I felt certain that that in itself should have brought an acknowledgment at least, even if it did not mean compliance with my request. Weeks later, upon my return to my home in Chicago, I found a communication from the office of the Italian consul in Chicago, requesting that I call at his office at my earliest convenience. I was so greatly puzzled that I could merely shrug my shoulders and say, "Well, what now?"

When I entered the office of Mr. Castrucio, the Italian consul, I was greeted with the most profuse apologies. After a few introductory words the explanation was given at once. It seems that immediately after receiving my letter to Mussolini, a telegram was sent from Rome to the office of the Italian consul in Chicago, requesting information as to who Mrs. Julius Stone was and what position she occupied in Chicago. As Mr. Castrucio himself was at that time in Italy, the office replied that they would investigate and report back. From that time on, it seems, my every move in Italy was watched. They had no difficulty in following me because, as I have already mentioned, I stated in my letter who my hosts were.

At last the Chicago consulate had reported that I bore an honorable name in Chicago. The interview I desired would be granted and the information I requested would be given me. But—by the time all of these facts had been determined and the reply sent to me, I had already sailed

for home. At the consulate I received, in addition to the most profuse apologies at the delay, a package of books and pamphlets giving information and reports concerning the different organizations in which I had expressed an interest.

From Milan we hastened back to Villa Raisa to commemorate America's Independence Day. A large American flag was raised with due ceremonies, so that the stars and stripes might be seen for a considerable distance. Colorful lanterns lent star-like brilliance to the garden and the lawns. At night the guests, seated at small tables spread with food to suit the taste of the most discriminating epicure, watched a dazzling display of fireworks. They blazed aloft in many-colored splendor and arched in beauty above the wide expanse of lawn. Before and after the lighting of the fireworks we sang songs of home—songs of America. As the last song died away and the lanterns were extinguished we parted in a silence too filled with meaning for speech.

One of our visits was to the Convent of Vulgatora. There the Sister Superior pointed with pride to the various benefactions of Raisa to the children of the village and to the church. Raisa acted as hostess to the young people at the luncheon hour. We had brought with us a generous supply of goodies including cakes and ice cream.

When the luncheon was over one of the little girls, clad in church garb, came forward and kneeling before Raisa presented her with a bouquet, saying, "The flowers that we, the children, present to you today contain the hearts of the children of Vulgatora who bring to you our homage of love. May the Madonna bless you."

The visit had been a lovely thing, but now there was

a longing to return—to return to the blessings of the Madonna of the Harbor.

After an extremely rough voyage in the latter part of October, I was safe at home again hastening to Chicago.

Even as I felt my husband's warm embrace of welcome on my return and heard him say that all was well during my absence, I knew that all was not well. I sensed a peculiar change in him. His natural buoyancy of spirit seemed to have dulled in some strange manner. Vainly he tried to assure me that the usual routine of his life was undisturbed. Finally he admitted that there had been some business worries, but "nothing to be concerned about."

"You knew all this even before I left; why didn't you tell me?"

I knew the answer. He had known that such information would have prevented my voyage, and with his extreme unselfishness and kindness he had kept this knowledge from me.

"Confide in me now," I begged. "You have given me time and freedom to do work for others. It has been our work together: you made it possible for me—I did it for you. Now let me share in your business problems."

He was not abrupt; he was not unkind. But quietly he let me know by his silence that he considered family finances his job.

I watched discouragement and futility carve lines in his face and could do nothing about it.

"Let me help you, Julius. I know that I can. I have enough strength to give to strangers. Can't I give some of it to you? Isn't that the meaning of marriage?"

He shook his head wearily. "No, Chick, no! This is my job."

As weeks passed I became aware that there was a distressing change in my husband's physical condition although he never complained. If I asked him, he denied at once that anything was wrong. He must have known for a long time how serious his illness was and the nature of the dread disease from which he was suffering. But he bore the agony alone, so deep was his resolution to shield me from grief and worry as long as it lay within his power.

In the hospital room I looked down at his wan face, even as I had looked at the face of my father. His eyes were turned away and it seemed as though he were asleep. I went over to him and slowly he turned his head toward me. My sister, Florence, had tiptoed into the room. His eyes opened wide as he looked at me, and suddenly his face was filled with color. The wrinkles seemed to disappear. It was as though a great strength, a hidden power was bringing him youth and health again. I could not believe my eyes.

"Florence," I cried, "am I going insane? Why, look, Julius is growing stronger. He looks like the day I met him." Tears were streaming from my eyes and I trembled with the miracle of it.

Julius smiled and whispered, "Go home, Chick. Don't stay here. Go home. Don't worry. I'm all right. I feel better now."

I stared at him in wonder.

He closed his eyes. After awhile he opened them again and looked at me unbelievingly. He burst into tears. "Chick," he sobbed, "I thought you had gone home. . . . I wanted to spare you."

He reached for my hand and, taking it in both his own, kissed it and clung to it. The doctor entered and mo-

tioned Florence and me out of the room. It must have happened then—we must have met at the threshold—death and I, for when I went back into the room I knew that I was alone, really alone.

Chapter XV

I would scarcely have been able to make way against the sea of sorrow that overwhelmed me and the misery of depression that I felt, had I not had the urge to throw my lot into that of trade and commerce, to venture out into the business world. To put the urge into action without delay or hesitation, I determined to carry on the business that my husband had started prior to his illness.

Life is a continuity. The past had given me memories —now I must assume the task of acting in the present and striving to build for the future, so that, when the time came to record memories of the present, it might be devoid of all bitterness or regret, but rather hold a smile of satisfaction. I have maintained the spirit, in appearance if not in reality. In that I received the encouragement of Jacob Goldsmith of blessed memory, whom I lovingly termed "Uncle Jake," whom age had crowned with silver, but who possessed a heart of gold. Like a winged mercury he sped about from office to office, bringing the tidings of my business venture to places where he knew it would bring the most good.

"What is the highest good?" This question was asked many years ago by a great Greek philosopher. This same question has undoubtedly been asked of themselves by many individuals ever since, and as many variations in the answer have probably resulted as there have been questioners. Who really knows what is best? Many anxious hours are spent in weighing the pros and cons of this

or that line of conduct, and many discussions take place before a decision is reached. All of us want to attain success in life, but what constitutes such success is described by each according to his own particular slant on life, according to his own ideals and desires. Some have the tenacity to remain true to those ideals and the determination and the diligence to attain them. Of these we may say, regardless of whether we approve of their ideals or not, that they achieved success as individuals according to their lights. When this achievement has come along those lines that mean not only personal satisfaction, but contributing, according to the limits of one's ability, to the sum total of the finer things in life and to the good of those with whom one chances to rub shoulders, then, it seems to me, one has achieved a very real measure of success, no matter how humble a niche one may fill in the great cathedral of the universe.

The crowded experiences of my few years in the business world had forced upon me a somewhat different attitude toward the material things in life. They made me look upon the world with the eyes of the world. I had always, from my very early years, had the vision of an idealist, of one who strove for the things of the spirit, and for the good of humanity in general. Now my sight was straining toward a previously unseen horizon, the horizon that includes the material things that are necessary, to at least a certain extent, for the enjoyment of a fuller and happier existence. Certain demands of a financial nature are made upon us and, if we are to discharge our obligations in this respect, we must build our economic structure on a safe, sane, and solid foundation. How to solve the problem so as to measure up to the needs and

the demands made upon one is a question each must answer for himself.

The association of my son in the business with me seemed to compensate in large measure for all the years of struggle that had gone before, at the same time that it inspired me with the hope that we might together continue to grow in material strength, at least to the point at which the canker of worry would not plague us, and we should be able to contribute something to those less fortunate than ourselves. Even the zeal to forge ahead in business and the cold lessons in reality that business contacts and business methods had taught me could not, however, arouse in me a hunger for or ambition to achieve inordinate success. My desires in that direction remain as simple and as moderate as always.

It all resolves itself in comparing life to the picture the artist has created. The thing that so often matters is the way you look at it. This viewpoint gives us our philosophy of life. Its stern realities remain though the years pass by. Life's viewpoint, however, is the ray of light and hope that even give new meaning to the picture as we look at it. The rays of the setting sun cast a warmth and mellowness over life's picture, giving it ever new meaning and understanding.

A friend once asked me, "What is it that holds you to the traditional observances and to your religious way in life? Why the antiquated, outdated ideas?"

The new thought of religion is liberal. It is a force in modern thought to meet modern conditions. Today the practice of the old-fashioned way does not blend with the fabric of progress and religious order. I asked myself: "Can the spirit of mankind become outdated?" "No!"

I deny that, even the observance of such things as the dietary laws need not imply the neglect of progress and culture or decrease the measure of growth and development. My religion is not a mere form of emotion, but a philosophy which expresses a great moral ideal. Religious belief comes with the degree and quality of early training, home environment, thought and sentiment. It is purely the individual response to the call of the spirit or traditional allegiance.

I recall listening to the sweet, soft intonation of my father when he chanted passages of the Gemora (Portion of the Talmud). The melody lives in my heart today. It has proven the character foundation of my religious life; it inspired my soul with faith.

My home environment was that of piety and erudition. I was educated in Jewish lore. On the Sabbath I read and translated the biblical portion of the week to my mother. I was proud of my Jewishness. The stimulating example of my father and mother left an ineradicable influence on me. Jews, whether reform, conservative, or orthodox who still care for and believe in religion, would agree that in religion there is to be no complete assimilation; in other words, that there exists a large measure of unlikeness.

How much we are to include in the word "religion," is a disputed matter, but everybody would agree that it includes some ideas of beliefs. I conclude that each one of us is to use the religious feeling which God has given us, to develop and preserve its ideals and culture, that it may become a strong factor in the building of Israel's destiny. I believe that the religion which is in harmony with adherence to its faith is worthy of continuity.

Part Five

REALISM AND IDEALISM—PAST, PRESENT, FUTURE

Chapter XVI

My caravan has rolled over the lanes of the past into the present world of revolution and war. We survived the First World War with the hope and general belief that mankind was on the threshold of a new era. People, enslaved for centuries—Poles, Czechoslovakians, Finns, the Baltic folk—regained political independence, and a League of Nations was established to assure international relations, based on justice and lasting world peace. Social and political freedom for men within their own countries appeared at hand. America closed her doors to immigration.

These hopes proved unfounded. The new international institution, planned to protect the weak nations, showed its impotence when the first aggressor chose his victim. Instead of world order and peace there came a period of universal rearmament and a growth of hate that festered within a belligerent country into racial persecution. The world did not see that the assault on the Jews in Germany was only the first step in an assault upon the whole human race, and that the suffering of the Jews would be multiplied by the agony of hundreds of millions of people.

In international wars the Jew, a man without a country, is the first target of economic discrimination, injustice, prejudice, superstition, and cruelty. He cannot protest in any country where he finds himself, without being regarded as a dangerous leader opposed to the

established order. Today, as always, the mystery of the Jew is his survival and his will to live. For three thousand years Jews have been an identifiable group, reacting to a great variety of historic circumstances and events, meeting all sorts of problems, overcoming all kinds of obstacles. Cooperating and competing with the foremost civilizations of their day, they deposit in every land in which they live the fruit of their long and checkered historic experience.

If Israel can lay claim to the title of being an historical people it means but this, that the ever-recurring tale of tragedy written into its story has forced a consciousness of oneness, and the hope that justice may at last prevail for all men, no matter where they find themselves by chance of birth or circumstances.

Almost two thousand years have passed since the ruthless Roman engine ground political Jewry in the dust. The people have been scattered to the four corners of the globe. The fact that they have managed to survive is token of a spiritual rather than a material victory. The wellspring of a people's being is found neither in locale nor myth of race, but in its social and spiritual heritage, in the memory of common suffering and common achievement.

The Jew has often, by force of circumstances, acquired undesirable traits, for which the world at large condemns him. Yet thoughtful persons realize that cruelty and oppression may often be responsible for these defects of Jewish character, and not any God-given or original quality. The mind of man does not reach its highest development in an atmosphere of isolation, haunted by fear of persecution. The narrowed horizon, the enforced

habit of seclusion and mental introspection tend to make the victim regard his conduct as only natural, hence normal and right.

When given an opportunity to lead free lives among men, the Jew is inspired by fine ideals. He aspires not merely for material goods, putting forth his best effort, but even more for a finer social and spiritual life. He is zealous in his desire to be part and parcel of the community in which he lives and is loyal to the flag which gives him shelter.

Some hundred and fifty years ago when the Jew was emancipated from the ghetto, he was swept off his feet by the current of Western civilization. He thought if he immersed himself in that current, shared in the great creative effort of the Western nations, whose culture was for the first time available to him, that he might identify himself entirely with the people among whom he lived.

Today the Jew, even in democratic America, is disillusioned. He is still looked upon as belonging to a minority group, not included in the dominant majority. Yet America, composed of immigrants and descendants of immigrants, coming from different lands and different nationalities, from every shade of religious belief, has no room for discrimination against any group or people. Our national liberal philosophy, inherited from the founding fathers, Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, regards freedom as a priceless gift for the benefits of all peoples and all lands.

Until the close of the World War, the gates to the United States stood open, although American life has never been altogether divorced from the old world. The American people offered a generous welcome to those

who wanted to throw their lot in with them, although the refugee problem presents many difficulties for any country receiving them in large numbers. It means readjustment on a very broad front, requiring time and thought of experts, statesmen and law makers.

Yet here was a melting pot for all the world, and for centuries one of the most compelling convictions of the American people has been the thought that their country was destined to become the mother of a mighty race, born to freedom. Immigrants have come to the shores of America from all nations. The Dutch, the Swedes, the Irish, the Jews, the Norwegians, the Slavs, the Czechs, and many other nationalities bringing with them all shades of religious beliefs have come to help build this nation. They have lived together in peace; they have established homes; they have worked in harmony to develop the resources of the country. Together they have established institutions for the benefit of all alike. Even though today there may be no new territorial frontiers to conquer, science, still in its infancy, can be nurtured to open up even more potential frontiers for activity both industrial and agricultural. In a country like ours, which is young and vigorous, with enormous natural resources, the immigrant is absorbed into the whole. The city, state, or country is the reflection and projection of the human beings who compose it. Our United States with all its virtues and faults, political, economic, and industrial, represents us and what we are. The future of our nation will be what the people—all the people—make of it.

Before my mind is gleaming again that glorious vision of the long ago, the Lady of Bronze, the Statue of Liberty,

as I first beheld her when in 1889 the steamer Columbus reached the harbor of New York.

> 'Keep, ancient lands, your storied pomp,' cries she
> With silent lips. 'Give me your tired, your poor,
> Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,
> The wretched refuse of your teeming shore.
> Send these, the homeless, tempest-tossed to me;
> I lift my lamp beside the golden door.' " *

After America's achievement in the past, why need one's spirit be dampened by fear? Every generation has its serious problems. Our fathers had theirs. Can we not meet ours? Let us not throw aside the possibilities of what may indeed prove our greatest asset, our immigrants, because of the mirage of prejudice or the cloud of fear. Let us rather follow the example so gloriously set for us by the founders of our democracy. I have faith that we will continue to build bravely a monument of our fathers' courage and vision.

If these words and thoughts seem inadequate, then I can plead only this, that out of my love for America and of its great and liberal institutions do I speak, for if the years have given me, an immigrant, the right to call myself a little part of American life, then the years have given me a blessed thing indeed.

I have reached my threescore and ten. I must have fallen asleep over my manuscript. It is early morning now —the caravan is ready. I must move on. I thought there was a clearly defined trail that I might follow, but during

* Emma Lazarus, inscribed on the Statue of Liberty.

the night the desert winds swept the drifts of sand about and almost all the traces of the path are lost.

Which way shall we go? The camel drivers have fallen out and the caravansary has become a place of strife.

We must go on charting our course by the same old faithful stars of yesterday.

O America—beloved home—I believe that there over the edge of the dune the trail will be visible again—and if the other drivers will not follow—then as the founding fathers said—and as my father whispered long ago to me:

"You must learn to walk alone!"