

VOL. I.

MARCH, 1928

NO. 5

*The*  
**VANGUARD**

*A Monthly Magazine of Progressive Jewish Life*



*In This Issue:*

**Nationality and the Individual**

By Isaac Zaar

**Homelands Made To Order**

By B. Zuckerman

**With The Pioneers**

By Rebecca Schmuckler

**The Outlook in Palestine**

By N. Benary

*(See inside for complete Table of Contents)*

---

20 Cents the Copy

\$2.00 a Year

32 UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK



# Kessler's Second Avenue Theatre

Second Avenue and Second Street

## MIDNIGHT SHOW

— with —

Morris Schwartz      Molly Picon

And the Whole Cast of

## JEWISH ART THEATRE

— in —

צוויי קוני לעמעלם

(THE TWO YOKELS)

*Special Overture and Music*

By JOSEPH RUMSHINSKY

## BIG CONCERT

With All the Stars of the Jewish Stage

For the Benefit of

## JEWISH LABOR IN PALESTINE

Tickets at popular prices, obtainable now at the box office or at  
Headquarters of East Side Council of Labor Campaigns for Palestine,  
202 East Broadway, New York.

When writing to advertisers, please mention *The Vanguard*

# HOW THE OUTSTANDING BOOKS ARE CHOSEN EACH MONTH

The Book-of-the-Month Club has engaged a group of five critics to select the most readable and important new books each month—Henry Seidel Canby, chairman; Heywood Broun, Christopher Morley, Dorothy Canfield, and William Allen White. They also choose the most outstanding book amongst these, and this is sent to all subscribers, *unless they want some other book which they may specify*. Or they need take none at all! Over 50,000 discriminating people now use this sensible and convenient service, to keep themselves from missing the best new books. It has, however, met with this interesting criticism: "I don't want anyone to select what books I shall read. I want to choose my own books." What force is there in this objection?

**H**AVE you ever given thought to the considerations that now move you in deciding to read any book? You hear it praised by a friend. Or you see an advertisement of it in a newspaper. Or you read a review of it by some critic whose account of it excites your interest. You decide you *must* read that book. Note, however, what has happened: it is always recommendation, *from some source*, that determines you to read it. True, your choice is completely free, but you exercise your choice among recommended books.

Now, what would be the difference, if you belonged to the Book-of-the-Month Club? Strange to say, upon analysis, you will find that in practice you would be enabled to exercise a greater liberty of choice and, above all, you would actually get the books—without fail—that you decided to read. How?

## How the "Book-of-the-Month" is Chosen

The publishers of the country submit what they themselves consider their important books to the Book-of-the-Month Club, far in advance of publication. Each member of the Committee reads these books independently. Once a month they meet, and choose the one they agree upon as being the most outstanding among those submitted—this is called the "book-of-the-

month"—and usually they select from ten to fifteen other books, which they consider worthy of being recommended for one reason or another.

What is the effect of this? You will readily admit that books so chosen are *likely* to be ones you would not care to miss. Certainly, they will have as strong a recommendation behind them as behind the books you are influenced to read through other sources.

Nevertheless, tastes differ. This combined vote of the judges is not considered infallible, and you are not compelled, willy-nilly, to accept it.

Before the "book-of-the-month" comes to you, and a month before it is published, you receive a carefully written report describing the sort of book it is. If you don't want it, you specify that some

other book be sent instead. You make your choice from the other important new books, which are recommended by the Committee, *and carefully described in order to guide you in your choice*. If you want no book at all, in any one month, if none of them appeal to you, you specify that none be sent. If, however, you decide to take the "book-of-the-month" or any recommended book, and then find you are disappointed, *you can still exchange it for any other book you prefer*.

## Satisfaction Guaranteed

The ultimate result, therefore, is that you really choose your own books—but with more discrimination than heretofore—and moreover, you are given a guarantee of satisfaction with every book you obtain upon the recommendation of our Committee.

The cost of this thorough-going, sensible and convenient service is—nothing! The cost of the books is the same as if you got them from the publisher himself by mail!

Send for our prospectus which explains how smoothly this service is operating for over 50,000 discriminating people. Your request will involve you in no obligation to subscribe.

Handed to you by the postman—the outstanding new books you are anxious not to miss!

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, Inc. 20-A  
218 West 40th St., New York, N. Y.

Please send me your prospectus outlining how the Book-of-the-Month Club operates. This request involves me in no obligation to subscribe to your service.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

When writing to advertisers, please mention *The Vanguard*

CONTENTS FOR MARCH, 1928

EDITORIALS .....	3
ENTRE NOUS .....	7
MAX PINE .....	10
NATIONALITY AND THE INDIVIDUAL..... <i>Isaac Zaar</i>	11
KEYLESS (Poem)..... <i>P. M. Raskin</i>	14
THE OUTLOOK IN PALESTINE..... <i>N. Benary</i>	15
PURIM NIGHT (Narrative)..... <i>Joseph Vogel</i>	18
SONNET .....	<i>Jacob Saltzburg</i> 20
WITH THE PIONEERS (Narrative)..... <i>Rebecca Schmuckler</i>	21
HOMELANDS MADE TO ORDER..... <i>B. Zuckerman</i>	26
HOW LONG? (Poem)..... <i>Z. C.</i>	28
JOSEPH TRUMPENDOR .....	<i>Harold Berman</i> 29
THE UNIFORM (Poem) .....	<i>Albert Herschel</i> 32
GLEANINGS AND COMMENTS .....	33
THE BUSINESS OF GETTING ZIONISTS..... <i>M. Shiffman</i>	37
THE ORDER WITH AN IDEAL..... <i>M. L. Brown</i>	39
WITH OUR FRIENDS .....	<i>By The Editor</i> 41
GLIMPSES OF THE STAGE..... <i>Zmira Carmel</i>	43
BRIEF NEWS FROM THE HOMELAND..... <i>M. Rivlin</i>	45
SOME REVIEWS .....	47
NEW CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE.....	48

Resources In 5 Years 10,000,000 Dollars

We share profits with our Special Interest  
Thrift Depositors.

The Bank for Liberals

**4<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>%**

**The Amalgamated Bank of New York**

11 - 15 Union Square

New York's First Labor Bank



# The VANGUARD

A MAGAZINE OF PROGRESSIVE JEWISH LIFE

ISAAC ZAAR, *Editor*

Published monthly by The Vanguard Publishing Company, 32 Union Square, New York

Subscription Rates: United States, \$2.00 a year; \$1.20 a half year; Canada, \$2.50 a year; \$1.25 a half year; single copy, 20 cents. Reprint permitted if source is given.

Entered as second-class matter, December 7, 1927, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Vol. I.

March, 1928

No. 5

THE VANGUARD is a magazine of progressive Jewish life, devoted to the interests of Enlightened Nationalism, Progressive Zionism, Social Advance, and Modern Jewish Culture.

THE VANGUARD is endorsed by

The Poale-Zion of America

The Young Poale-Zion

The Jewish National Workers' Alliance

The Woman's Pioneer Organization for Palestine, and

The National Labor Committee for the Organized Workers in Palestine.

THE VANGUARD is open to all who have anything to say on any subject within its scope, irrespective of the editorial policy.

## Autonomy in the Homeland

### THE Palestine Jewish Community

Ordinance, which went into effect on the first of January, 1928, is a long step towards national autonomy of our people in the Homeland. It marks the successful conclusion of a nine-year old fight, caused by internal struggles and dilatoriness of British policy, and harmonizes to a large extent the diverse elements of the Jewish Settlement.

The Ordinance recognizes Palestine Jewry as a unit, irrespective of place and viewed it as composed of local communities, congregations, and groups of Sephardic and general elements, and of secular and religious (Rabbinic) divisions.

A group of thirty Jews may form a community—or a special collectivity

within a community. In exceptional cases even a smaller number may attain this status, provided the General Council of the Jewish Community as a whole and the respective district governor approve thereof. Jews of various localities may combine to reach the required numerical strength for constituting a legal community. Scattered individuals may join any neighboring community they choose. Any city, colony or suburb where the population is three-quarter Jewish shall be known as Jewish territory.

Special groups of congregations may be formed within the local community, and the Ordinance provides that such groups or congregations shall receive their proportionate share of the community's religious and cultural budget. The Rabbinic element constitutes an autonomous subdivision

in each community, having in charge religious affairs and such other matters as may be submitted to it for arbitration and decision, or administration, by the interested parties. Its budget shall be worked out in conjunction with the Community Council and supervised and paid out by the community, which has the right of taxing its membership, and charging fees, to defray the cost of administration,—subject to the approval of the district governor and the General Council of the Jewish Community in Palestine. The Sephardic element of the community shall be represented on the Rabbinic Council and its Administration in proportion to its members.

In this manner all the various sections of the Jewish population in any given locality are taken care of, while the unity of the whole is preserved in tact.

The right to vote is accorded to both men and women over 18 years of age. The Ordinance thus does away once for all with the fight between the modern and the obscurantist elements on the score of woman suffrage. The extreme orthodox, it is true, are now raising heaven and earth to induce as many Jews as they can ensnare to withdraw from the community altogether. This is a privilege extended by the very Ordinance. Any Jew may, by filing an affidavit with the General Council of the Jewish Community, be placed beyond its jurisdiction. If he does not expressly exempt himself he is ipso facto considered a member of the community. There is hope that the reactionary elements will not succeed in their de-

structive policy. But even if they should persuade a considerable number to stay away, the legal status of the organized community will not be affected.

Palestine Jewry as a whole is represented through an Assembly elected for a term of three years and a General Council chosen by the Assembly for a term of one year. The religious element is nationally represented through a Chief Rabbinate of two (one Sephardic and one Ashkenazic) and six members (three Sephardic and three Ashkenazic). The budget of the Chief Rabbinate must have the cooperation and the full approval of the General Council, the consent of the Assembly and the endorsement of the High Commissioner, who, by the way, must sanction any measure of the Assembly before it can become operative.

The Ordinance provides that the General Council and the Chief Rabbinate shall, within six months, devise regulations covering the election or choice of the latter. In case of disagreement the matter shall be referred for final decision by majority to an Arbitration Tribunal to consist of five members, two Sephardic and two Ashkenazic, chosen respectively by the Rabbinate and the General Council, and a *Chairman designated by the Jewish Agency*.

This latter provision is of significance in that it takes official cognizance of the Jewish Agency (at present the World Zionist Organization), that is to say, of the Jewish people at large, the world over, and grants it



the right of exercising a measure of power in the life of Palestine Jewry.

It is to be regretted that the British Government substituted General Council for the original National Council, against the expressed will of Jewry, through its Vaad Leumi. The ordinance is the constitution of the Jewish people in Palestine and should carry the name national wherever appropriate, for its implications and prestige, if nothing else. It is, however, possible that the Government yielded to the religious fanatics who fear the word national as something sacrilegious in relation to Jewry, though the concession will hardly satisfy that element.

With all its defects and shortcomings, however, the Ordinance is a great step forward in the upbuilding of our Homeland.

### Mating Languages

**T**HE *FORWARD* has reduced its English section to one half and the *Day* has removed its English column from the prominence of the first page to the obscurity of the second.

After a long trial, at considerable cost to the exchequer, these newspapers appear to have reached the conclusion that the English adjunct does not pay, and they are now decided on gradually losing it. An interesting and instructive experiment which has clearly demonstrated that languages do not mate in one publication.

There is no instance on record of any bi-lingual Jewish newspaper of note anywhere in the Old World—or in Argentine, and the test in this coun-

try confirms in striking fashion the soundness of the rule.

A language is not a mere medium of expression, it is an agency of culture, and few find themselves thoroughly at home in different tongues. The two classes of Jewish readers whom the fore-going dailies had intended to win and to hold, are not, and cannot, under the circumstances, be of the same mental content and outlook. They are differently attuned, move in different social environments, though they may—and do—have very much in common as regards our national heritage, in whatever form expressed.

They cannot fit into that uniformity of spirit which a newspaper must of necessity create in both its staff and its readers. An individual may prove capable of shifting attitudes in changing from one cultural agency to another, but not a newspaper, which is an organization and, therefore, more rigid, more set in its ways. The result is that the English reader feels ill at ease in a Yiddish newspaper—just as the Yiddish reader would feel out of place in an English newspaper with a Yiddish section. The singleness of tenor which pervades a newspaper must needs serve as a barrier to all not in full harmony with it.

The immigrant Jew, however adjusted to conditions, is still bound up, as he psychologically must, with the traditions and life of the old country in an intimate, personal way, and the Yiddish press naturally is impelled, even if not wholly designed, to meet the reader in his own world, a world which is largely foreign to the native or fully Americanized Jew.

The difference goes even deeper than that. The Yiddish reader may have a narrower scope of interests, due to his limited opportunities for interaction in the new environment and his being removed from active participation in the affairs of the old, but he is more firmly grounded in his knowledge of Jewish life, whereas the native Jew, with all his possible breadth of interests, is more superficial, at least in things Jewish, and he cannot fully enter into the problems and discussions presented by the Yiddish press, even if written in English. The upshot is that the Yiddish reader is deprived of the space given to the foreign appendage, while the English reading Jew does not understand what it is all about—if he ever makes an attempt to wade through it.

There are many Jews who read both Yiddish and English newspapers, and their numbers are growing, through the acquisition of English by the Yiddish speaking and the learning of Yiddish by the native Jews, but they will never think of using one bi-lingual publication.

If anything, the unhappy experiment of the Yiddish newspapers has served to check, rather than aid, the getting together of the two divisions of Jewry—that is, to the extent that they did succeed in winning readers for their English sections. For it tends to discourage the English reading Jew from ever attempting to learn to read Yiddish, believing, as he must, that he can get all there is to know of Jewish life from the English columns in the "Yiddish paper." You cannot know a people unless you know its language,

and there are many among the children of the immigrants who develop a desire to become intimately acquainted with the world of Yiddish literature and its influence upon the great mass of Jewry. This desire is fed by the general trend of the Jewish people in America and by *the Jewish publications in English* which bring their readers gradually round to the life sources of their race. English departments in the Yiddish press can only harm this tendency—and put to shame the Yiddish language which is thus made to appear as a mere necessary evil to be swept aside at the first opportunity.

---

## The Palestine Labor Drive

CONDITIONS in Palestine are gradually improving, and there is well-founded hope that the near future will see the end of the unemployment. The time is thus ripe for laying plans for larger activity. The only truly constructive force in the Homeland is the Jewish worker, who is so manfully weathering all adversity and who is now preparing to meet the problems of the new era. This imposes on us the duty of coming forward with greater assistance than heretofore.

The campaign for the institutions of the organized workers in Palestine, now in full swing all over the country, should be stimulated to larger effort, in the knowledge that every dollar goes, not only to allay the sufferings of the jobless, but to create opportunities for new immigration of Jews, and a higher standard of living for the builders of our Homeland.



## ENTRE NOUS

A DELEGATION of the Bnai Binyamin is now visiting this country, to enlist the financial aid of American Jews in their plans for settling the sons of old colonists on new land.

The Bnai Binyamin is an organization of some 1500 members, of 18 years of age and over, native Palestine Jews, children of colonists who find no room on the farms or plantations of their fathers and who must strike out for themselves on new land if they are to continue in their chosen business of agriculture.

With the aid of two or three philanthropists superadded to their own savings, the members have established a bank which has already helped them found the colony of Binyaminia and two smaller settlements. They have a couple of cooperative dairies, a purchasing bureau and are engaged in such other activities as are incidental to agriculture, as well as to the physical and cultural needs of the individuals and the group. All of this is very praiseworthy and deserving of encouragement.

But before we can give our approval to the plans of Bnai Binyamin in this country, we should like to know the attitude of these colonist sons on the burning question of Jewish Labor. Shall the Halutzim, the self-sacrificing pioneers who come to Palestine to build our Homeland, have employment on the farms and in the orange groves of the Bnai Binyamin?

We have just recently been shocked into the shame and national danger of Petach-Tikvah, whose Jewish Effendis

called in British forces and Arab police to make a bloody onslaught upon the unemployed Halutzim in its midst who asked for work and bread. The Bnai Binyamin counts among its membership sons of Petah-Tivah colonists. What is their attitude towards Jewish Labor?

The colony of Binyaminia is already using cheap Arab labor, and the tendency of crowding out the Jewish workers still there is rather marked, which would seem to show that the sons are ready to follow in the footsteps of their parents.

Are we, after the terrible experience in Petach-Tikvah, to aid in further augmenting the nests of Jewish Effendis? Do we not owe it to ourselves to make sure that our aid, born of idealism and given in the hope of benefiting the Homeland, shall go to strengthen and to increase the Jewish population of Palestine?

The Bnai Binyamin delegation to this country consists of two gentlemen one of whom, Itamar Ben-Avi, is the son of a great Jew, the late master builder and towering force of Hebrew revival, Eliezer Ben Yehuda. We recall the scandal of strikes and police threats attending the building of this delegate's house in Jerusalem and we remind the reader that it was his newspaper, the Doar Hayom (Daily Mail) which had the cheek to justify the Petach-Tikvah brutalities on the very morrow of their occurrence, the only newspaper in Palestine, and the world at large, to defend the Jewish Effendis.

We believe the Bnai Binyamin organization owes American Jewry a

clear and unequivocal statement on its present and proposed policy toward the Jewish worker. Anything in Palestine that may redound to the good name of Jewry, deserves the heartiest cooperation and the deepest sympathy. Petach-Tikva, however, has besmirched our good name and has made a bloody mockery of all the ideals of justice and peace we have been holding up to the world as our heritage and mission. We must make sure, insofar as it lies in our power, that none shall jeopardize the very foundations of our Homeland. Are the Bnai Binyamin to become centers of Jewish activity or sources of Arab antagonism and danger?

---

OUR BUDGETEERS in Palestine are making headway: another institution has been driven out of existence. The great Bezalel Art School, founded at Jerusalem twenty years ago by the famous professor Boris Schatz, has been closed. The fountain of so much just Jewish pride, the source of so many beautiful things decorating Jewish homes in all parts of the world, is no more. The academy of so many talented artists and gifted craftsmen is now empty and desolate and its happy workers dispersed and scattered to the four winds. Incidentally, a few hundreds of men and women are now without their daily bread.

And all because are new-fangled builders of Zion wished to "save" four thousand dollars a year!

The Bezalel School came to life long before American Zionists could dream of financial hegemony; it maintained its existence under Turk-

ish rule and managed to live through the war and its aftermath, but it succumbed to the beneficent reign of the United Palestine Appeal as administered by present day leadership. Just for the sake of showing that the "budget" can be pared down mercilessly, the new Zionist executive in the Homeland let fall its axe on the finest institution New Palestine could boast. Last year the "faithful servants" and "loyal workers" of Zion in this country ate up close to nine hundred thousand dollars of Palestine funds. This year there are indications that the expense will be no smaller. If economy were practised here to the degree of at least one half of one per cent, Bezalel would continue to flourish. If the tremendous subsidies to the Zion Commonwealth or to the journals of the pure-and-simple Zionists in America were reduced by a paltry four thousand dollars we should not now have to hang our heads in shame. If the Palestine Zionist Executive had the least consideration for art in the life of a people, or the least knowledge of what other nations, small and large, were doing to advance both the fine and the mechanical arts, they would have never thought of budgeteering at the expense of the only art school we had, the Bezalel.

We hope there will be found enough friends of the institution to bring it back to life, but we wonder how those friends will regard the present Zionist administration . . .

---

THE ZIONIST Organization of America, a mere fraction of the movement in this country, has man-



aged to capture the United Palestine Appeal, the fund raising agency of all the Zionist elements, using it as the exclusive instrument of its own. The Board of Directors has been packed with its own members, save one or two representatives who have been literally forced upon them by the labor wing, and the very organization figures among the institutions the United Palestine Appeal is to take care of.

On the contribution cards issued by the U. P. A. and distributed broadcast amongst all classes of Jews and Zionists, there is a special place reserved for enrollment of members in the pure-and simple organization. The general fund is thus completely and fully merged with the Zionist Organization of this country, and nothing now stands in the way of defraying all the large expense of the Zionist administration in America out of the funds ostensibly collected for Palestine only.

Which shows a regrettable lack of interest in Zionism, as such, on the part of the U. P. A. contributors; they give *donations*, and give because they cannot, for one reason or another, refuse, but do not care about the purpose or the deep historical intent of the funds. Otherwise, the Zionists would not dare do the things they are doing.

THE MANAGEMENT of the United Palestine Appeal has refused campaign advertising to THE VANGUARD. Counsel was at first divided. There were some, we understand, who had the sense to appreciate the good work our magazine is doing for construc-

tive Zionism and desired to reach our readers, but the opposition prevailed. Having captured the administration and the funds, the ruling group looks upon the movement as a party affair and considers paid publicity as mere political patronage to be given to their friends only. Official Zionism in this country is thus coming round to the pork-barrel system. That may yet prove a blessing in disguise by rousing our public to the danger of continuing the incompetents in power.

THE JEWISH DEPUTIES in the Hungarian Parliament publicly denied their race, declaring themselves Magyars of the Mosaic persuasion. The good men hope thereby to circumvent the disabilities directed against our people in that Horthy-ridden land, for the constitution prohibits discrimination on grounds of religion.

The pity of it is that such denial will not bring the Jews any relief from their present sufferings. On the contrary, it will serve to make them more contemptible in the eyes of their Christian neighbors,—and more oppressed, for they deliberately sacrifice the protection of the minority rights guaranteed to them by the Peace Treaty, and the aid of Jewry at large.

The "Jewish Magyars" are palpably insincere. They attempt to efface themselves racially as a matter of political expediency, merely to escape the trouble of fighting.

We hope that the mass of Hungarian Jewry will repudiate their representatives in Parliament in striking fashion and save their own good name—and rights, too.

## MAX PINE

Death has wrested from our midst a great constructive force in the person of Max Pine, who died in his 62nd year, on Friday, March 2, 1928, at noon, at his home in Maywood, New Jersey.

A powerful man, without a single gray hair in his head, he was the marvel of his countless friends who saw in him a tower of strength for many, many years yet to come. Fate willed otherwise. His strong frame broke down suddenly. His heart became affected within the last few months, and when he contracted pneumonia, 12 days ago, he succumbed abruptly to a complication of ailments, in spite of all the medical efforts which unstinted love and money could marshal to his aid.

Thus we lose the builder of a movement, the leader of masses, the man who has inscribed his name in letters of gold upon the annals of Jewish labor and its far-reaching influence on the destinies of our people here and abroad.

Pine was a man of vision and heart and indomitable courage, and he it was who, four years ago, placed himself at the head of the endeavor for Palestine Labor, releasing a flood of fresh enthusiasm in the ranks of the movement and bringing to its service the best elements of Jewish labor leadership and all the great unions. He

threw himself heart and soul into the work, traveled through the country, and gave to it all of his energy and all of his time freely, enthusiastically, lovingly. He spoke and labored to the very last, unmindful of his own condition, braving all danger to his so suddenly shattered health.

Who knows, but what his days were not shortened by the constant exertion in behalf of a cause he espoused so late in life but with all the more abandon and youthful inspiration. Rarely does a man win such affection, genuine, deep affection, as was felt for him. And he made his name a by-word in Palestine. He was the only man in the world who was placed on the rolls of that unique Jewish Workers' Organization in the Homeland as honorary member. None before him ever gained that distinction, and no second name yet appears beside his.

Pine's achievements, numerous and lasting, have secured him a safe and honorable position in Jewish history, but over and above all the great things he has done in his life time, will stand out his complete and full-hearted association with the aims and labors of our pioneers in Palestine. His spirit will continue to live in us and to guide us in the noblest task ever set before men, that of rebuilding a nation upon the foundations of a labor commonwealth.

## NATIONALITY AND THE INDIVIDUAL

By ISAAC ZAAR

A CENTURY of struggle for national independence has forced upon the attention of the world this phase of human liberty, but has as yet not placed nationality where it belongs—at the very root of all culture.

Nationality is still taken to connote the state wherein one happens to have been born or naturalized—a matter of political allegiance which may be changed at will. The Europeans, it is true, know better. With them the fight for autonomy or minority-group rights within the larger state has been, and still is, a very vital affair, and they have learned to tell people from polity. However, even they are inclined to confound the nature of nationality with its ultimate desire for statehood. Every people, as every individual, has a hankering for complete liberty of action, though conditions usually enforce compliance with a lesser degree of freedom—or none at all, and this natural tendency is mistaken for the very essence of nationality. The world war has helped many suppressed peoples to attain political sovereignty, as has the nineteenth century in the case of Greece, Servia, Bulgaria, Rumania, Montenegro, and Italy. It would seem, then, that nationality, which has in so many instances broken the bonds of the state, could not be identified with the organized whole. But as each submerged people is usually either kept down below the surface or rises violently to political equality, its part in the state rarely reaches such stage of import-

ance as will make it stand out as a separate and distinctive unit. The world thus hears of a nationality only when it is up in arms, forgetting it for all practical purposes so long as it is compelled to remain more or less inarticulate. And that which does not hold the centre of the stage steadily and forcibly, but pops into sight for a while, and at great intervals, is not likely to become a matter of popular study and knowledge. The result is that even the thinking minority is divided on the subject.

Some genuinely believe that nationality is a sort of fad or, at least, a traditionary bias which ought to be abandoned for the good of humanity, while others contend that nationality in itself is not an evil, that it may enrich the mosaic of world culture, provided it does not deteriorate into imperialism or chauvinism. In both cases, it may be observed, nationality is looked upon, not as the integral, ineluctable part of society that it is but as a mere social phenomenon which can be driven out of our lives if we are so minded. Small wonder that the battle for national rights within the state rarely, if ever, appeals to the outside world, and no one of the now independent nations would have gained its statehood if its freedom should not have fitted in with the schemes and ambitions of the controlling powers. We can thus readily understand how the misconceptions and the conflicts of interests have served to divert the attention of thinkers

from the vital importance of nationality for the development of human culture.

## II

States may come and go, while a people will stay on for thousands of years. The State may be of inestimable value in solidifying its population into one harmonious whole, but it will break up into pieces if the artificially poined elements prove incompatible. What counts in the formation of a nationality, is not the political bonds—or the geographic boundaries—but the constancy and efficacy of interaction between the individuals of a given group. Thrown together, by whatever reason, a number of people will, through social contact and intermarriage, create, in the course of long generations, a common heritage and a common physical type. Blood mixture, aided by uniformity of environment, will shape the *ethnos* of the aggregate, while deposits upon deposits of joint experience and history, aided by deliberate design and policy of the leadership, will create the *ethos* of the group. Hardened into an ethnical and cultural unit, the group, now termed nationality, will henceforth continue through history as a potent factor in the life of humanity, the extent of its influence depending on the number and strength of similar groups with whom it may come into contact—or conflict.

Nationality is thus both the product and the crucible of the individuals composing it, and can no more be changed by an exertion of the will than society at large can. With all our

seeming freedom of choice and independence of reason, we are firmly rooted in society, molded and controlled by it.

Formerly the individual was thought of as the center and creator of the group. Modern sociology considers the group as the centre and creator of the individual. So long as man was looked upon as an independent unit who could think and act as he pleased, society was a matter of desirability and enlightened personal interest, and clever people were found who argued for a "natural" life, free of all social bonds. This anthropocentric theory led thinkers to assume that man could make of himself what he wanted and that by proper education all national and racial barriers could be made to disappear. That theory, so plausible and so appealing to our vanity, is still controlling the minds of the many, and nationality is considered a mere habit of thought which can be cast aside by the fiat of superior reason.

Reason, however, has long since been dethroned as an independent force controlling our wishes and actions by virtue of its own innate and logical principles, irrespective of environment, inner adjustments, and experiential habits. Man is no more looked upon as the creator of his own destiny. Our mental control is merely the resultant of adjustments as they take place in the course of our adaptations to surroundings, experience, and expectations. The seeming independence of our thoughts or behavior is nothing but the momentary victory of one set of impressions over another,—a victory which depends upon the

comparative force of the new and the old in their conflict for mastery over our minds at any given time. We acquire mental poise when our knowledge is firmly grounded and can calmly view the attack of a new experience, easily absorbing or repelling it. We are bewildered, confused, when the conflict between different sensations or judgments is too violent and too long in coming to a close. And we change opinions and attitudes to the extent that the new crowds out the old in our mind.

While this conflict or adjustment takes place in our consciousness, we appear to be choosing at will, which is all right for all practical purposes but all wrong if it should lead us to disregard the conditions governing that will, or reason, of ours. We can compare and choose, that is to say, think only when faced by varied experience or judgments. The more diversified the ideas and interests before us the more thinking must we do and the more original do we grow,—in our own estimation and as measured by the prevailing standard of mental ability and knowledge.

This variety of experience and ideas is acquired chiefly in contact with the group, or groups, within which we live. The group is thus seen to be the primary factor of the individual's mental development. If the group is small, isolated or exclusive, its members are narrow-minded, for the fund of knowledge to be gained by each through interchange of ideas with the rest is limited. Life becomes rigid, regulated to the minutest detail, and

anything new becomes an event, an innovation which is ruled out, tabooed,—unless it fits in with the old habits without in the least disturbing the placid surface of the group's life.

Civilization, or culture, became possible only with the rise of conditions which produced diversity of contact with nature and its inhabitants. The centres of culture always have been those groups which were more mobile than the rest; whose interests called for more frequent intercourse with other people. The urban population is always the higher cultured because of greater variety of influence and interaction.

Our mental content is the cumulative product of *diversified* social influence. Imagine for a moment a uniform society, and no matter how large numerically, it will present no differences of outlook to any member and no one will be any different from the rest, i. e., will not be independent, original, free in his thoughts and actions. A subdivided society is thus the essence of our mental growth; a society of many culture centres which can influence each other, enrich one another and give the individual the variety of experience which results in his mental independence.

A subdivided society can be of two kinds, horizontal, or class, and vertical, or nationality. Classes can serve as sources of interaction only to the extent that they can, or are permitted, to intermingle. Otherwise, they are separate worlds, like castes whose members continue through life in their respective orbits. And whenever



classes are able to intermingle freely, they tend to amalgamate and to form one uniform culture.

The only kind of social subdivision that presents the opportunity for variety of free contact is the vertical—which may be sectional or ethnical. Sectional subdivisions, like states of a union, undoubtedly contribute to the diversity of a people's culture, but the differences between them are either so great that the sections tend to isolation or so small that they offer no striking contrasts. In the one case they tend to break up—or check the rise of—national culture, while in the other the tendency is to uniformity, which is greatly helped along by governmental policy, education and growing bond of interests,—common history and common defense. Local cultures may persist, but they stand apart

from the general flow of the national life and lose their power of influence upon the whole. Which means that they either merge or cease their historical function, disappearing as centres of stimulating interaction.

We thus come to the conclusion that only an *ethnically* subdivided society can serve as permanent, ever varying foundation of culture-diversity which feeds the mental content of the individual.

The ethnic culture-forces may be independent, federated or autonomous. The only pre-requisite is that they have freedom of expression. A suppressed nationality cannot make itself felt in the life of society, whose members are thus deprived of a diversifying factor and are to that extent mentally poorer,—whether they care about it or not.

## Keyless

By P. M. RASKIN

Wherever I go there are windows and  
doors,  
And laughter—within;  
But, ah me, a door needs a key—  
And I cannot break in.

Wherever I go—on the upper floors  
There is life in its prime.  
But I see no stair to reach up there—  
And I cannot climb,

## THE OUTLOOK IN PALESTINE

By N. BENARY.

**P**ALESTINE is not yet in the happy position of a country where the newcomer can take the beaten track. Great riches lies hidden in the land, but initiatives and expert knowledge are required to dig it up. It was lack of initiative which brought about the failure of the Fourth Aliya (The middle-class immigration of the years 1924-25). Those arrivals took to the industries they found in the country: house building, stores, hotels, soda stands, real estate brokerage. Nothing new was tried. Real estate speculation alone swallowed up a fortune which could have secured many thousands of dunams of fruitful soil. The middle-class Jew failed to open new avenues of livelihood and profit. To this very day hundreds of thousands of pounds' worth of various products are imported which could be manufactured in the land. No large capital is required. Those few who did know how to take advantage of the many openings succeeded handsomely. It is well known that in the years 1924-1925 not only was there no scarcity of money but that there actually was a surplus thereof, so much so that the banks refused to accept deposits, and all of that capital went to naught for lack of practical knowledge, solidarity and organization.

Not a little of the energy and earnings of the Jewish workers has been lost in those years. In Tel-Aviv alone labor earned in the years 1924-25 a million pounds in wages, and much of

it was squandered away. Out of the thousands of workers, only some six hundred thought of the future and saved up something which later went into building the suburban settlement Borochow and various cooperative industries.

The labor cooperatives deserve special attention. They spring up and develop by themselves almost without any institution to take care of their financial needs.

Some years ago the Palestine Workers' Fund founded a few industrial cooperatives and took care of them for a time. In later years, however, just when they became more numerous, there was no one to aid them, except the special committees on cooperation attached to the Labor Councils and whose activity is necessarily very limited. The cooperative movement arose and is developing, thanks to the initiative, perseverance and endurance of its sponsors. We now have 76 cooperatives, and their majority came into being with the beginning of the present crisis. Of this number, 36 are in Tel-Aviv, with a capital of £20,000 of their own and £12,000 in credit. They employ 827 members who draw in wages £10-600 a month.

These figures speak for themselves. But what is still more important, cooperative labor knew, not only to show the way in such traditional trades as tailoring, shoemaking and carpentry, but to strike out in such fields as chemistry, electrical supplies,

machinery and agricultural implements, chicken coops, beehives, poultry feed, etc. And there are still any number of small and large industries catering to human needs which offer great possibilities to cooperative labor. The quality of the cooperative products is so high that at this year's government exposition in Haifa the cooperative section carried away 18 medals, ten gold and six silver. The interest in their articles was so lively that Arabs from far and near placed orders with the cooperatives.

All of which goes to show what energy, initiative and stubbornness will create in this land of ours. Unfortunately, the great majority of workers lack the will for initiative. True pioneer spirit is expressed not alone in the determination to suffer through the worst vicissitudes, but primarily in the indomitable will to conquer new avenues of labor and new sources of creativeness. We saw how in the year of plenty Tel-Aviv had more workers than it needed, while in certain localities there was a scarcity of labor. They were satisfied to work three days a week at a higher wage in Tel-Aviv rather than toil six days elsewhere,—and to enjoy the conveniences of a city, theatre, lectures, sea bathing, discussions, dances right in the street of the free Jewish municipality. The Palestine crisis is the Tel-Aviv crisis,—of the middle-class Jew who built and traded without foundation or calculation; who embarked large capital in brokerage and windy affairs, and the Tel-Aviv worker who thirsted for pleasant surroundings and did not think of the

morrow, did not save, did not strive to create something new, but squandered his strength and his earnings futilely in a city of unemployment.

By this time it is well established that Palestine must be a land of intensive agriculture. She is at present exporting goods that are her natural monopoly and fears no competition. The sun, that hot cauldron so much abused by every newcomer at first, shedding its great and clear light nine months of the year; the sea breezes all along the coast mitigating the scorching heat; the valleys which, in Jesreel, lies some 1,200 feet below the sea level and are thus so appropriate for all sorts of tropical vegetation; the mountains rising to two and three thousand feet above the sea surface and rivaling by their climate southern France—all this makes it possible to develop an intensive and varied agriculture, particularly in the field of plantations. On the mountains the best sort of grapes, olives and figs grow, while down in Judean and Samaritan lands the famous orange groves thrive, whose products find a ready sale upon the markets of the world. In the valley of Jesreel the grape ripens a month and a half sooner than in southern Europe (Italy, Spain, etc.) and is first to reach the European market. Its quality is on par with the best sort of French grape.

In the Valley of Beth Shan cotton is nicely developing, while in the Jordan valley bananas and rare tropical fruits grow. On the ranges of Upper Galilee flourish apples, pears, plums, peaches, etc. Vegetables are raised all the year round. This brief and tentative enumeration suffices to show how

rich and varied Palestine agriculture is capable of becoming. With the development of the country, particularly with the carrying out of the irrigation plans in connection with the Rutenberg program, extensive farming is gradually appearing. Not only will there be no more room for the primitive Arab method of working the soil, but even the fields of the Jewish farmer which are worked with modern implements will give way to plantations, vegetable gardens, tree nurseries and industrial plants. Intensive agriculture will make possible such close settlements as are found in densely populated lands.

The beginnings of such development are already apparent. In these days of industrial depression, agriculture not only did not suffer, but made progress. We were so overwhelmed by the

slump that we overlooked the advance achieved in that field within the last year. Six new colonization centres have been added in the valley of Jesreel this summer. Others have appeared in Judea, while the old colonies have increased their possessions and their working population. Altogether 1,700 people have settled on land within the year.

Our farming population is no longer so small in comparison with the total Jewish community. It ascends to the respectable figure of 30,000. Out of this total 10,400 have been settled by the Zionist administration. *Jewish agriculture in Palestine is steadily increasing.* Proper attention to this fact by both private and national capital will immeasurably broaden the opportunities for labor and immigration.

**גדול מספר הברי ההסתדרות בכפר ובטיף  
בשנות תרפ"ז-תרפ"ו**



How Jewish labor in Palestine has grown within the last five years.

## PURIM NIGHT

By JOSEPH VOGEL

TEN YEARS . . . . I remember distinctly how I descended into the cellar, selected a large potato, and scraped a hole in it large enough to hold a candle. The noise of rattlers filled my ears. (With what difficulty I had at length mastered the art of manipulating a small rectangular piece of wood to which was fastened, at the end of a strip of narrow watch-spring, a knob of lead!) Then in the evening, the subdued lights of the synagogue and the mellifluous chanting of the rabbi. A parade! In the synagogue, too! Had not we youngsters anticipated this event for several weeks, during which we patiently translated Hebrew exercises? And on a Saturday morning, when the rabbi would reward us with a story from the Bible. How avidly we listened to the account of the beautiful Esther, and loyal Mordecai; the weak king Ahasuerus, and the deserving punishment of the scoundrel Haman! On Purim evening, as we paraded in the synagogue, we somehow felt that the racket we made with our rattlers could be heard in the very heavens. Later came the Purim supper, with its delicacies, and jollity, and the recounting of colorful tales.

Ten years had passed since I participated in a Purim festival, and now, quite unexpectedly, an invitation from my aunt to a Purim supper. I accepted eagerly.

Alas! This supper, even though conducted in an orthodox fashion, showed

the influence of modernism. Of beautiful Hebrew melodies there were none. Where were the long slender candles to cast flickering shadows into the corners of the room and illuminate the faces of the diners with a pale oriental hue? My grandfather, only recently arrived from Russia, chanted a prayer and proceeded solemnly to cut the holiday twist. Following some pointed ignorance on my part, father called out, "Muzhik", and proceeded to explain to all at large that this term applied to young ignoramuses in Russia who knew nothing of, or cared little for, Jewish tradition. My uncle, a truly religious man, sat quietly at the table, gazing at the wall. It seemed that if externals this evening were drab, at least in his mind memories played, of white-robed savants telling stories in hushed tones; of silken-curved boys striking muted tunes from soothing harps, and, withal, a gentle deep blue sky in which shone diamond stars casting majestic light upon the white walls of Palestinian abodes.

Next to uncle sat a young man, who came to this country three years ago. He was telling volubly of his experiences in the various European cities. And as he came to the universities he had visited, his eyes lighted up and he became suddenly lost in silence, overcome with emotion. "How wonderful it would be to attend an American college!" he frequently exclaimed. He learned to speak English fluently



in the short time he lived in this country, only a slight accent remaining in his speech.

Suddenly I felt the elbow of my little brother poking at my ribs. "Kid Collegiate," he whispered, pointing to the necktie of three bright colors my grandfather was wearing. My little brother took the whole supper in humorous fashion. Whenever the girl at the extreme left end of the table spoke in her quaint and broken English, he giggled shamelessly, and poked me with his none too gentle elbow in an endeavor to make me enter into his merriment. I contrasted this little fellow of fourteen years with the young man of perhaps twenty-five across the table. The former, an American living in a Christian neighborhood, and only gentile boys for friends, felt himself entirely alien in this typically Jewish festival. The latter, three years in this country, was endeavoring desperately to become fully Americanized, but would perhaps not be able to enter wholly and harmoniously into the spirit of American customs until a long period of years had elapsed.

Before the last course of the supper was served, my father tried to induce the men present to sing some exotic song, and himself began to chant, "daie di dee daie's" and to beat time with his fingers on the table. But no one took him up, and lamenting the fact that even this beautiful custom of "daie di dee daie-ing" was passing away, he, too, fell in with our silence. My aunt, entering at that moment, remarked: "Come, come, this is an evening of merriment. Hershele, sing a little, or tell a few stories." Whereupon

uncle suddenly remembered a humorous story he had heard at a Purim festival many, many years ago. His face flushed, his hands became eloquent, he appeared so different from the everyday individual I knew. As by common consent, we relaxed into genuine ease. The constraint was completely gone. We all soon found that we had a tale impatient to be told. Even little brother brings in a story of a wise Jew who, when told that if he would work he'd be paid a dollar instead of the customary half dollar given to the hobo, replied, "Instead of the dollar, give me half and let the hobo do the work for the usual wage."

I found I wished to speak of the Yiddish writers. I had recently been reading a book on the Yiddish drama and my interest had been fully awakened in the numerous Yiddish writers of merit who were scarcely known to the English-reading public. Yet no sooner had I mentioned the name of David Pinski than my father named a dozen more as great, and began to discourse upon their merits at great length.

"But I've never seen you read a book, father," I exclaimed in astonishment, "How do you know about these writers?"

Father smiled indulgently. "My son, you've much to learn. You are a reader only of the barren English newspapers. The Yiddish ones give us not only news, but literature, the authors of which often become known to the public through the newspaper."

Thus the conversation coursed along from one worldly topic to another, and but little was said in connection

with Purim. At length the elaborate repast was over. Uncle started to say the benediction. Grandfather sang the opening words, and the others joined. Here at least was a bit of biblical atmosphere. I remained silent, however, and aunt dryly remarked with much displeasure upon the younger generation that forgot the Hebrew prayers by neglecting to repeat them.

The hour grew late. Mother finally warned me that it was time to leave if I expected to catch my train back to college. When the young man across the table heard the word college, his eyes brightened and he burst out with much excitement, "Oh, you go to college?"

Later, as I put on my overcoat in the kitchen, he came in to say goodbye again. His face was flushed and his hand, when he extended it to me,

trembled. "I am studying at home," he remarked, "I shall never be able to go to college." A great hunger shone in his face, a hunger for learning; and as I bid him farewell, I felt myself overwhelmed with sympathy.

And as I descended the stairs, the darkness before me changed into a picture. The picture vibrated wildly; it seemed to be borne by a storm. In a flash I saw the man I had just left. His arms were lifted and his features were contorted with agony. Then in another flash I saw the face of my little brother, a calm face, disturbed only as the darkness trembled. Again I was moved, but my heart felt lighter, for my brother's face, the face of the rising generation, was serene and confident. I walked away from the house filled with memories of Purim night.



## SONNET

By JACOB SALZBURG

The stars are shining bright, and heaven and earth  
 Are given to sleep. Within their beds are laid  
 The sons of joy forgetful of their mirth,  
 The weary sons of darkness, undismayed.  
 Now loved and unloved sleep in quiet peace,  
 And silence, statue-like, stands round them all.  
 They might be those whom death has paid release,  
 So little to the world seem they thrall.  
 What miracle this, that put the sun to bed,  
 And bade the darkness like a great black cat  
 Sit hunched above the earth! that made the dead  
 Touch pale hands with the living; together sat,  
 Almost in one, the present and the past;  
 And put eternity into our grasp!



## WITH THE PIONEERS

By REBECCA SCHMUCKLER

ONE Saturday I was quite unceremoniously left with Zipporah at Geva with only these few words for introduction, "Here's the American girl Harzfeld talked to you about." So I, a foreigner, bewildered, lost, without any conception of what a kvutzah was, catching at the word "Halutz" as at a straw, remained with Zipporah for a while. I must have looked dazed and, probably, stupid, for Zipporah with kind hospitality took me under her wing.

Zipporah's room spelt freshness, cleanliness and simplicity to me. Like all other rooms in the barrack-like house, the walls were painted blue, the ceiling whitewashed, the floor of cool tile. There was a screened window opposite the door and underneath it a couch. The couch looked tempting from a distance, but its cretonne cover hardly made it more comfortable to sit on. (It was made of boards, placed across boxes). I saw two cots near one wall, heaped invitingly with pillows,—these were not disappointing, they proved soft. Opposite the cots stood a little table. Later I noticed three or four good prints on the walls, a vase, writing materials on the table, and, in the corner, an improvised closet.

As I sat on the couch in a state of mental haze, questions of all sorts, born of misconception and misinformation, chased themselves in endless circles through my mind. Would my clothes be communal property? Would

I starve? Would I work hard and grow thin?

Zipporah did her best to make me feel more at ease. But she was not the convivial type that would put an American at ease. Besides, I felt that even her attitude was tinged with skepticism and mistrust as she endeavored to 'make conversation'. That was quite a concession on her part, to 'make conversation' with me. I never afterward knew her to do it again. She did not know the meaning of 'social charm' that we Americans are so accustomed to look for and to give.

Of course, the usual questions were asked. Everybody, after evincing great surprise at the presence of an American girl in Palestine who wished to work and not merely to tour, put the same queries:

"How long have you been here? How do you like our country? Why did you come?" Zipporah offered me a Hebrew book. Under pretence of reading, I studied my hostess. I found her head noble, with its straight nose, well formed lips, arched eyebrows. Her mannish bob added a great deal of strength to her face. She had a strong manner and a strong personality. I was then a bit afraid of her, awed into insignificance by the aura of vigor and sureness that surrounded her.

Few impressions remain with me of my first stay in the Kvutzah. Only one stands out in relief. That is a

picture of Roma, as I first saw her. We had entered a long wooden shack. "This," I was told, "was once our barn, but the cows died of a contagious disease and we have partitioned it off and are using it for living quarters. We have another barn now—our pride, and the pride of the Emek."

We entered a narrow passage which offered room enough for one person to pass comfortably but difficult for two to negotiate. The earthen floor was peculiarly bumpy and I stumbled clumsily a few times. The floors were of rough cement mixed with earth. In the last room (very much like the others) Roma, a woman of 28 or thereabouts, was resting. Her voice was rich and caressing; her manner gracious. She was tall and slim, well-built. Her face was by no means pretty, but pleasant and charming. My first thought at seeing her was, "She has the face and manner of a mother." It was as if some rich spiritual content were radiated in her face and manner. I later discovered that she was not even married. Yet, strangely enough, her face and manner have always remained with me as symbolizing motherhood.

In her I sensed an entirely different person from Zipporah. Different in background, concepts, personality. Yet both were somehow akin. Zipporah had been in the country for 15 or 20 years. That made the difference. Roma still bespoke Europe, refinement, comfort. She had as yet not thoroughly integrated the life of her choice—that of frugality, simplicity and work—with the vestiges of her previous "Bourgeois" existence as the daughter of a middle-class

shop-keeper in Lodz. Roma was still more European; Zipporah was Palestinian. (The older workers are easily recognized by their hardness of spirit, good common sense and thoroughly acclimated air.)

This same conclusion struck me forcibly that evening when I saw Roma in Cheder HaOchel (mess-room). Darkness had fallen. I was beginning to be intoxicated with the delight of a night in the Emek. That and my bewilderment almost finished me; indeed, bewilderment plus a state of spiritual intoxication was the keynote of my personality for the whole year.

Someone somewhere was making a banging and a clanging. "That's supper." The bell in the kvutzah was merely a slab of iron suspended on which one struck with a hammer. That bell wakes one at sunrise, calls to meals—and to meetings.

In the wooden shack of a dining-room, I noticed Roma talking vivaciously to a group who were seated on benches at the long crude tables. I was surprised to see her wearing a black silk dress,—simple, true, but it was silk! I had been led to believe that the Halutzim despised refinements and scorned the 'silks and satins'. Everyone else I noticed, was dressed in simple cotton; the men in khaki or white "flappers" and soft white or black shirts buttoned up close around the neck on one side.

The room was noisy with talk and laughter and the clatter of dishes. Again people talked to me, asking, why, wherefore, what? The simple Kvutzah meal was served. It was a soup of noodles and peas, cooked with

oil and some "kashe", black sour bread, and weak tea.

Here and there people and faces stood out in the confusion—the beautiful face of a girl with sensitive black eyes, large white brow; the closely-shaven head of a young man in his early twenties, strong, cleanly cut face, more of the Nordic than the Jewish in his face; an ugly strong face; a pock-marked face, a Beau Brummel face, a heavy woman with ungainly body and feet . . .

I was excited and nervous and kept wondering, "Where do I fit in in this scheme of things? Why, most people hardly know that I am here. Indeed, most people were highly indifferent as to whether I was there or not. I represented nothing of importance in this community.

It seemed understood that I was not to work next morning. But I insisted. I was anxious to plunge; anxious to prove that I would not shirk. In the "Sidur Hoavodah" (work planning) that evening I would be told where I was to work next morning.

Supper over, dishes cleared, Nachshon banged on the table for attention. "Put your papers away for the while and let us arrange the work for tomorrow."

"Who is he?" I wondered, "is he the president of the group?" It is well I did not voice that question; soon I found out how utterly ridiculous it was.

This was evidently where the Kvutzah's business was carried through. I listened carefully but I caught little. I did glean, however, that the work for the next day was be-

ing arranged. The various branches of the group's economy were gone over and discussed: whether the new ploughing ought to start tomorrow, and who was to do it; that the sowing of wheat (for example) was not yet finished, that the same person went out on that job, etc. Thus they passed through all the branches of the Kvutzah's work, detailing various members of the group to different tasks. Various people expressed a desire to work at certain tasks. Nobody objected. When the agricultural phase of the Kvutzah's work had been disposed of they came to the question of who was to succeed the people now working in the kitchen. I understood that everybody, man or woman, worked in the kitchen; that they took turns, as the women in the laundry and the nursery.

Woman in the Kvutzah is "emancipated." That is, she is no longer bound down to purely household tasks for her husband and children. Her work is productive in the same sense that his is. Her work is a "day's work," no matter whether she works in the field loading hay, in the garden, in the laundry, kitchen, nursery. Traditionally disagreeable tasks, and those usually assigned to women, like cooking, washing, etc., are divided among the whole group, wherever possible, so that no individual has more of his share in a work that from some points of view is undesirable.

It was not long before I understood the spirit and principles of the Kvutzah. Then it revealed what to me was a perfect system, without a flaw. But for the while only, during the period that I was so over-



whelmed by the newness of the life that I had entered upon so precipitately. I now understand that it is an attempt to live more nobly, more simply, and with the minimum of pain and exploitation to the rest of society. As such, it has succeeded. It has its flaws, and it can be improved upon. But which institution cannot?

Next morning, while it was still dark, I was awakened by the same clanging that had summoned me to supper. I jumped out of bed. It was dark and cold, and I must confess that it was with a few misgivings that I began to dress. I felt a slight pang at the renunciation of comfort; but I steeled myself to think ahead and not backward. It was of my own volition that I was here, dressing in the twilight of pre-dawn. I was going to see it through, and yet, before the year was over in the Kvuzah, the bond that tied me to them had become part and parcel of my being and was broken with difficulty, reluctance, and even pain.

My outfit was typically American. Later the girls told me that my wide gym bloomers and my heavy collegiate slip-on sweater of orange and blue evoked quite a good deal of laughter and fun. From my outfit I was nicknamed "the American Cossack," "the boy from Monohoton." Strange contradictions existed in this group of advanced social ideas and conservative practices. At first, these very bloomers were almost scandalously immodest to the girls who wore long linen dresses and dark bloomers underneath, and who only lifted their dresses to give them room for move-

ments in the field. The idea of wearing pants in the "Hatzet" was shocking and distasteful. Yet, before six months were up, the girls adopted the idea of wide bloomers and were borrowing mine to pattern theirs.

I was entirely oblivious to the fun poked at me; and felt my way very cautiously. Why, I was so afraid of not doing what was right in the eyes of these people that I did not even wash that first morning. (I was not sure that it was the proper thing to do before work).

Three or four girls had already assembled at the kitchen by the time I reached there. About six of us left for the "Gan" (garden)—one half mile distant, at the foot of the hill. We each carried something—spade, huge loaf of black sour bread, shovel, basket.

We talked little as we walked. Indeed, who could talk at such a time. Does one talk when one enters a huge cathedral? The earth was fresh and soft and resilient. The dew was still wet upon the ground. The sun was slowly rising from behind the hills of Kumi.

When we came to the Gan, we deposited our various burdens in a little Succah that was standing in the field. Meanwhile the girls had decided amongst themselves how the work in the garden was to be allotted for the day. I was put to planting carrots with these other girls, (my knowledge of farming was extremely limited; here I could do the least harm) who, I later learnt, were also new arrivals. But they had come from Russia, and were relatives of

some of the Haverim (fellow members).

I was an American, a stranger, and withal strangely reserved. They had been entirely "accepted." I wondered whether I ever would be.

After the very simple breakfast which two of the girls prepared (it consisted of grated radish seasoned with oil, black sour bread and weak tea) we went back to our work.

As the sun mounted higher and higher in the heavens, I grew warmer and warmer—and tireder and tireder; and it was with increasing wonder that I watched the other girls on whom the work seemed to make no impression. They were prepared for the work they found there, through special training in the old country. Even had they received no such training their adjustment, as compared to mine, was simpler and easier. They came from small towns and had worked at home. They knew how to work; I did not. Of course, there were many like me, all over Palestine, even in my Kvutzah, many who had been students in Europe and who had never worked before they came to Palestine. Even for them adjustment was not so difficult. At least, their cultural backgrounds were similar to those of the group they found in Palestine; they were not so foreign to each other.

As we worked, we talked. The girls told me that in the winter season they usually rested for one hour or so during the middle of the day. During the summer, the midday rest was from 3 to 3½ hours, because the days were longer, and the sun almost unbearably strong. Once it started to rain, the work in the Gan was nigh impossible, due to the heavy mud.

They told me stories of ankle-deep mud, and heavy rains, and days spent darning stockings, mending clothes and sorting seed. Indeed, as the winter progressed, I found 'ankle deep' mud an understatement of the truth. I still remember three pairs of stockings wringing wet that hung from the foot of my bed every night. The walk from my room to the dining room was a precarious bit of maneuvering between water puddles and deep mud. I still recall with dismay delightful whitewash inadvertently bespattered with mud . . .

Eventually I, like everybody else, took my turn in the laundry and in the kitchen. I did not work in the nursery. The turn there was for 6 months and we felt (I and the Kvutzah) that six months of a precarious year was too much to spend on one branch of work. Nor would I have liked to endanger the children's health by any of my witlessnesses.



## HOMELANDS MADE TO ORDER

By B. ZUCKERMAN

**T**HE Jewish Communists have found a new homeland for our people. In Russia, of course. This time, however, not in Crimea, nor in Southern Russia, nor in White Russia, but—in Siberia.

Our communists are tireless in their search for weapons against Zionism, and their fertile brains are ever ready for new schemes to “defeat” Palestine in the minds of world Jewry. The Russian Empire is large. If Crimea will not do, the Ukraine will or White Russia, and if all the others fail, there is Siberia on the map. Should the newly discovered “Jewish territory” share the fate of the old hopes, there are other sections equally as tempting, as for instance, the marshes of Poliessye. Some of them are still Russian property and, should they prove inadequate in area, why, the Soviet power will come to aid and push the boundaries further into Poland.

Remarkable enough, there are types of Jewish journalists who pride themselves on their “neutrality” and yet permit themselves to swim along in the muddy stream of Jewish Communism. They appear to be happy every time they can, with “true impartiality,” play into the hands of that group. Now, while it may have been excusable for them to be carried away by the vision of a Jewish republic in Crimea when first presented to the world, there is no justification for being fooled this time, when everything

the Communists find it advisable to say on the new “Jewish state” in Siberia is a clear admission of the defeat of their political plans in Crimea. A hundred thousand families were to have been settled in Crimea in order to make it into a Jewish territory. But fewer than three thousand have actually been colonized, and there is no optimist living who would hope of placing another three thousand Jewish families on Crimean land. Under such circumstances to follow blindly the new clarion call of Jewish communists betrays an unpardonable lack of understanding. The Siberian project is designed to detract the attention of our masses from that colonization work which alone bears in it the seeds of the territorial solution to the Jewish Question—that of Palestine. In reality it will merely serve to create new illusions and greater disappointments for the Russian Jews. But what is most important, such illusions may destroy the benefits of the colonization in Russia thus far achieved. For it turns Jewish attention from the work in hand, which is by far not yet completed and requires additional means before it can be considered safe.

Altogether we have succeeded in settling some fourteen thousand families in eight regions since 1924, when colonization commenced. The largest region is the Ukranian with eight thousand settled families. This region is not a single territory, but divided in

several districts. The two most important are: Sdei Menucha (now termed Kalinin colony) with four thousand families, and Krivoy-Rog with some three thousand colonists. The second region is the Crimean, with its nearly three thousand settlers. The fourth is the White Russian with less than two thousand families. The rest, some thousand colonists, are spread over five different regions: Homel, Caucasus, Daguestan, Izbekistan and Pskov-Smolensk.

These figures are rather impressive under the conditions. To have taken fourteen thousand Jewish families out of unproductive labor into healthy agricultural pursuits is an achievement that is more than philanthropy, an achievement that will not lose in significance even if new openings of trade in the cities should lure back from the fields some of the colonists.

Within the area of those districts there are, judging from the Comset (Committee for settling Jews on the land) told Dr. Rupin (the famous colonization expert who has lately visited the Russian Jewish colonies), possibilities for settling another fifteen thousand Jewish families. There is thus room for enlarging the colonization work in the old sections. While the colonies in Russia will never grow into a Jewish territory, a Jewish republic, some may rise to the status of autonomous districts, as Sdei-Menucha has already done—which would be an attainment of great importance.

This is a large task deserving of the greatest efforts. Millions of dollars will be required to complete and, so to say, round out the colonization work

in the areas mentioned, and everybody who really has the interests of the Russian Jew at heart is in duty bound to see that what has been begun is carried through to a successful issue. The Jewish communists have no interest in colonization as such, let alone in creating an autonomous Jewish province in Russia. There is no sense in building a Jewish Territory unless there is the desire to safeguard and perpetuate national existence—something that the communists are laughing out of court. What they are interested in is to fight Zionism with every means at their disposal. Every sensible person can see and appreciate the value of land settlement for the Jew in Russia, but it is ridiculous to pin on it territorialist hopes.

Judging from the noise created by the well-oiled publicity agencies, there are already thousands of Jewish families organized and ready to go to Siberia to lay the foundation of a national homeland, that a wave of enthusiasm has swept over the masses, and that everybody is willing to be the first settler in Amur . . .

Now, we do not mean to imply that there is absolutely no chance for Jewish colonists in Siberia. The Amur region, or any other, ought to be looked into, investigated. Every possibility for settling Jews on land should be made use of, be it in Russia, in Poland, in Argentine or in the United States of America. Our masses are in such need of productive labor, particularly agricultural labor, that no colonization plan ought to be dismissed without a thorough study. But no colonization project should be permitted to detract

our attention from strengthening and enlarging the great work already begun. It ought to be clear that Siberia will at best offer less opportunity than Southern or White Russia. Jews will not so easily be induced to travel to such distant wildernesses. It will cost at least twice as much to settle a family in Siberia than elsewhere. It will take more time to prepare the soil than it has taken in Southern Russia, and we doubt whether American Jews, through the Joint Distribution Committee, will undertake to finance both the colonization begun and the one proposed in Siberia. As to a republic, that will not impress the leaders of the

J. D. C. If they take to the idea of a Jewish homeland at all, they will choose Palestine, not Siberia.

It is clear that first consideration is due to the colonization in Southern and White Russia; that, to the extent American Jewry is able and willing to help, primary thought must be given to the colonization possibilities in the old areas, though Amur, as any other place which may hold out healthy prospects, calls for a thorough and impartial investigation. But let us remember that the talk of a Jewish homeland in Russia is designed solely to break the hold Palestine has on our people.

## HOW LONG ?

*By Z. C.*

Aye,  
 What if I cry  
 Tear down the bars  
 Break through the glass  
 Make all that's beautiful your own?  
 No, they dare not!  
 The cowards are content to grovel  
 In the dust, and shy of sun  
 See naught but shadow of their fallen selves  
 And smirk and fawn upon the boot  
 That tramples on them  
 In contempt.  
 Lugs of flesh  
 Are they;  
 Bereft of spirit.  
 Alone I must go dreaming  
 Snatching . . . reaching out for life . . .  
 Alone to be forever?  
 Alone,  
 Aye . . . how long?



# JOSEPH TRUMPELDOR

(Born Dec. 4th, 1880; Died February 20th, 1920)

By HAROLD BERMAN

Joseph Trumpeldor typifies the Halutz spirit—limitless devotion to the national ideal and boundless desire for constructive labor. His heroic defence of the North-Palestinian settlements against overwhelming odds, during the turbulent days of post-war chaos, earned the admiration of both the English and the French, and his death on the field of battle, with the words "It is good to die for our country" sealing his lips forever, has won him the heart of our people for all time to come. Every anniversary of his death is commemorated by modern Jewry in all parts of the world.—Ed.

JEWISH history is so rich in dreamers and martyrs that it would seem as if the roster were already complete; the niches had all received their saints and there was no room for more. And surely one would not think of finding any more in this matter-of-fact age, in the age of the machine, of prosaic and rational self-seeking. Yet such is not the case. Even in this age the tribe of the dreamers of great and selfless dreams is not altogether extinct. Now and again, if but rarely, we behold the seer of visions in our midst. We follow in his footsteps and learn to estimate aright the greatness of his soul and of his deeds, even when it is not given to us to emulate them.

There were but few men of such superlative calibre among us in recent years, and these few deserve commemoration and enshrinement in the nation's Pantheon. Joseph Trumpeldor was one of them, one of the bravest of this small band of national heroes whose idealism and abnegation have made a Jewish homeland possible.

It is characteristic of Trumpeldor that he didn't hail from an environment that was Jewish, but one that was Russian in character and make-up. Unlike most of the Jewish youths who had forsaken European safety and comfort for the romantic uncertainty, dangers and hardships of new-old Palestine, he was born and reared far from the ghetto, where life was distinctively and exclusively Jewish, and where the very fabric of one's life, the very air that one breathed was permeated with Jewish questions, Jewish problems, and Jewish solutions. He was born in the remote Caucasus where only a few Jews were permitted to reside, in the home of a man who had served Nicholas I for a period of twenty-five long years, and, as a reward, had earned the privilege of living outside the Pale. The son grew up outwardly in the midst of an exotic and conquered native population, ruled over by a strange nation and invader, while inwardly and at home he came under the influence of deeply ingrained notions of military discipline and honor.

During the Russo-Japanese War, in which he served with honor and distinction, we find his father writing to him the following: "Even on the battlefield you will not disgrace my name, the Jewish name, or the *Russian Army*." He did not disgrace either of the three, he brought honor to all of them. He had entered the army as a private, distinguished himself in brilliant manner, received

a medal for bravery and was promoted to the rank of Captain. But he lost an arm—an arm sacrificed for the honor and glory of a step-Motherland. After a period of time spent at the hospital, and nearly a year more spent in a Japanese prison-camp, he returns to Russia towards the end of 1905, is mustered out of the service, becoming an officer of the Reserve, and begins the study of law, though dentistry had been his early love. Such restless spirits as his are not, as a rule satisfied with the study of one science, but must needs master many or rather, none at all thoroughly. The inner dynamics of their soul makes them flit from topic to topic, from one interest to another, equally human. And in obedience to this inexorable law Trumpeldor takes up the study of law at the St. Petersburg University. But he soon began to read sociology and economics and related subjects, and his mind wanders off to the position of the Jew, to the Palestinian settlement, and conceives the idea of establishing "communes" of young and enthusiastic Jewish workers in Palestine.

To minds like his, there are no half-way measures. When they conceive a thought or embrace an ideal, they feel at once the necessity of acting upon it, and acting whole-heartedly, and to the exclusion of every other idea or interest. Law becomes to him no more than that long-forgotten dentistry; Palestine and the Communes are everything now. It's the all-in-all of his existence. He writes, he corresponds, draws up plans. The upshot of it all is that in August 1911 a meeting is held at Remen, Province of Poltava, in the pres-

ence of seven people, Trumpeldor being one of the seven and the moving and animating spirit of all the seven. A small beginning, but the foundation for a great movement. In October 1912 he goes to Palestine. His object was to establish a "Commune" for young and devoted enthusiasts like himself on the holy soil of our land, but he found the time yet unpropitious and he worked for a while as a common laborer at Dgania.

In 1913 he came to the Eleventh Zionist Congress, at Vienna, and took advantage of the opportunity to travel about a good deal in Russia, making propaganda for his ideal. Returning to Palestine, he worked at Jaffa, and in Galilee, "where they (the Arabs) are killing our guards" and workers. That was the place for him, —where fellow-Jews and fellow-idealists were to be protected against an invisible and lurking enemy. And then the World War came, and Trumpeldor, as a Russian subject and Reserve officer, had to leave Turkish territory and become a fugitive from his beloved Palestine, as did thousands of others. He went to Alexandria where many other Russian subjects took refuge.

Here, in the midst of the din and confusion of war time and the British preparations, the idea of a Jewish Legion was born in Trumpeldor's brain, —a Jewish Legion to fight for Palestine, to assist in wresting the country from the Turk, so that the Jewish people could with justice lay claim to the land of their fathers at the conclusion of the war. He broached his plan to the British officials, but they "were not

yet ready" to consider it. Eventually, they did, however, become ready to consider it, but in a somewhat modified form. The "Zion Mule Corps" was organized and sent to Gallipoli. Trumpeldor served as Captain. In 1916 the Mule Corps died a somewhat premature death, after the great British *debacle* at Gallipoli. Trumpeldor goes to England. While there, he hears of the Russian Revolution and returns to Petrograd, to dream once more of his beloved Jewish Legion.

But the Bolshevik Revolution came along, and Russia was out of the war. Everything was changed now, the prospects, the outlooks, the hopes. Even the very journey to Palestine became fraught with greater danger. There were upheavals, fights and confusion everywhere; disturbances and battles in every district, town or village. But he persists in making the journey, and he finally does arrive in Palestine, for the third and last time. He arrives there, in November 1919, after suffering much hardship and braving untold dangers, with a new idea. He is not thinking of a Jewish Legion any longer, but of the Halutzim, the Jewish youth who are to go forward to the conquest of the land by means of settlement, self-sacrifice and self-denial.

In Palestine, Trumpeldor found indescribable poverty and misery among the few remaining settlers in the colonies. How could it have been otherwise after a war of more than three years, during which the country had been denuded of all its resources in men and wealth, and been living in isolation from the great outside world! He vows *never to leave the country*, to

stay in it and share the miseries of its people.

On Monday, February 29th, 1920 (11th Adar, 5680), while at work with some companions at Metulah, Trumpeldor heard the sound of shooting at the near-by tiny pioneer settlement of Tel Hai. He knew what these sounds meant and hurried to the scene. On his arrival there he found the courtyard of the house invaded by hostile Arabs and the inmates besieged in their home. Hastily gathering a few men together, he assumed command of the pitifully small force, in a brave attempt to repel the invader, and in the course of the battle he fell mortally wounded. "That's nothing!" he told his anxious comrades who hastened forward, seeking to remove him out of the danger zone. "Nothing at all!" he repeated, as, leaning against a wall, he seized his rifle and started firing until the enemy was repelled and he was dragged by main force into the house. He begs someone to replace the intestines into his ripped-open belly, and when each one in turn shrank away, he said again, "It's nothing; wash your hands and I'll show you how to do it!" A little while later he said: "These are my last moments. Tell them to *stand to the last for the honor of our nation.*"

Only much later when the sun was setting on the scene of carnage and destruction, he turned to his comrades and said: "Let three men go to *Kephar Giladi* and fetch a doctor"—and no more.

When the doctor arrived and examined his wounds, Trumpeldor said once more: "That's nothing.

*It's good to die for our country.*" And he died on the stretcher, on the way to the village, while looking down on the soil that he loved so dearly, and so readily gave his life for.

At midnight, on the 23rd day of Adar, two graves were dug on an eminence overlooking Kephah Giladi, the scene of Trumpeldor's last exploits—one for the men and one for the women who had fallen in that Arab assault. For among the victims there were two young women pioneers; Deborah

Drachsler and Sarah Zisik, besides several young men. There they sleep their last sleep, in the land that they so loved, and for which they readily gave their young lives.

"He always was a Utopian"—writes the Hebrew master Brenner (who himself fell a victim to an Arab outbreak a short while thereafter)—"He always lived with the world and yet devoted to the four cubits that he found himself in at the time, to the people in whose company he happened to be."

## THE UNIFORM

By ALBERT HERSCHEL

The man's face was coarse,  
 Scarred by brutal passions  
 As storms scar a rugged mountain;  
 Sinister as an abandoned house.  
 (Perhaps he was an abandoned being,  
 Lacking care of tender hands that keep repair),  
 He wore the uniform of the city police.

He was hired to fight thugs,  
 To put down strikes,  
 To restrain that monster traffic,  
 To fight for peace.

He clubbed a drunkard that morning,  
 The beast was still in his face.  
 He was sitting in the street car  
 With thoughts—man dares not fathom—  
 A crippled woman rose from her seat  
 And painfully toiled to the door.

Other men, much better than he,  
 More honored in their places,  
 With better homes and better past,  
 More favored by nature and man,  
 Kept their places, nor stirred.  
 This coarse, rugged man lent a kindly hand  
 And gently, tenderly, fatherly, helped her from the car.  
 He wore the uniform of the city police.

## Gleanings and Comments

### *Fatuous Wisdom*

ASO to speak leader of the pure and-simple Zionists, and some sort of editor, we believe, of one of their official journals, has spread himself on a column and a half of the Sunday BROOKLYN DAILY EAGLE, February 26th, 1928, with one of those outpourings against Yiddish, which are so characteristic of small men accidentally in high places—with this difference, that it is more inept and more stupid than anything we have seen in a long while.

It were a waste of the reader's time—and an offense to his refined taste—to quote all the silly inconsistencies the home-baked "leader" managed to pack into his article, but we cannot resist the temptation to regale the curious with a couple of choice morsels.

Extemporizing his facts, to illustrate the decline of Yiddish in this country, he says no more and no less than:

"The Yiddish theatres have been struck the hardest. Where there used to be 25 Yiddish theatres in New York City there are now about ten of any importance."

Such an exceedingly well-informed writer will not, of course, be satisfied without an excursion into the future, and we have this oracular utterance:

"Only a generation more will be needed, probably, and the only language the American Jew will know, *outside of the real tongue of the Jews, Hebrew*, will be the English language."

This Zionist specimen probably meant to say something, but . . . oh, well, the reader can judge for himself.

### *Nearly Right*

FOR once we find ourselves at one with the *New Palestine*, in its comments, in its March 2nd issue, on the fanatics and obscurantists in the Homeland who are now trying their level worst to destroy the unity of the Jewish Settlement as conceived and legalized by the Jewish Community Ordinance promulgated by the British Administration. Says the official Zionist journal in America:

"...The Jewish community having been made one by a law which is not the Law of Moses, those who have used the Torah to divide Israel (they have risen in every generation) become — dissentients. And so the streets of Jerusalem (city of peace!) now contain messengers of the dark forces whose interests are opposed to progress, order, democracy, and who seek to wean the superstitious, the fanatic, the weakminded to withdraw—nothing less — from Knesseth Israel, the Community of Israel recognized by a Government not of the Abrahamic covenant."

We are likewise agreed that

"The opposition which the heirs and beneficiaries of Chaluka Jerusalem are setting up to Knesseth Israel may ultimately prove a blessing. Those for law and order, progress and enlightenment, will be relieved of the encumbrance of the self-confessed Ghetto dwellers, who, from year to year, must dwindle in numbers."

But we take objection to the remark which the editorial writer of the *New Palestine* makes in such matter-of-fact fashion and which is designed to make believe that it was the Zionist Organization which "wrested this grant of autonomy from an understanding Administration." The

assertion is in need of being qualified by adding that it was the whole of the modern Yishuv (Settlement), and particularly Jewish labor, that has brought this about, using all possible influences, including what modicum is given the London Zionist leadership to enjoy.

### *Misplaced Confidence*

**T**HE *DAY*, in its issue of February the 11th, calls upon the Jewish women of America to secure the reopening, and continued existence, of the Bezalel Art School which was closed by the Zionist Executive in Palestine for lack of the tremendous sum of four thousand dollars.

We second the appeal, though we see no good reason for limiting it to the women,—or for making it at all.

The *Day* says quite truly that

"Such schools are an ornament to any country. Nowheres are they profit bearing institutions and everywhere they are maintained by State or municipality."

Clearly, the newspaper should have taken the stand that it was the duty of the Keren Hayesod, or the United Palestine Appeal, to provide the needed funds. It, however, takes the present Zionist administration seriously. It says:

"But our 'State-under-way,' Zionism, more exact, the Keren Hayesod, is simply not in a position to bear the cost of the 'Bezalel'. The amount is not large, altogether four *thousand dollars* a year. But at a time of such great needs in Palestine as at the moment, four thousand dollars is a big sum, and it had to be cut from the budget."

Let the *Day* demand that the local

Zionist expenditures, running into a million a year, be reduced just a wee bit, and the "Bezalel" will not have to go begging.

### *Modesty With A Vengeance*

**I**N the February issue of THE MENORAH JOURNAL there is an illuminating article by Jacob De Haas, Brandeis in Zionism, from which we learn of the truly remarkable achievements of the Movement under the guidance of the present Supreme Court Justice. Having taken over the management of affairs Zionist at a time when the European leadership found itself compelled to offer \$2,000 to rich American Jewry for the maintenance of the local Zionist organization, Mr. Brandeis brought the cause to a state where it had 149,013 enrolled members and enjoyed the confidence of governments and nations during the war period.

It is impossible to conceal our admiration for the man who was so Herzlian in breadth of vision and regard for principle, as the following quotation brings to light:

"The late Jacob H. Schiff was at one time willing to play a part in Zionism, provided he were not forced to avow himself a Zionist. There was much correspondence, and a good deal of legal talent took part in the attempt to draw up a statement which would look like a Zionist avowal on the part of Schiff and yet avoid the commitment. Brandeis was adamant. Schiff should pay the shekel as acceptance of the Basle Program, and—there the matter ended.

A crypto-Jew, a man of great influence in financial affairs, signified through the writer that he was willing to aid Zion. Brandeis' answer was: "Let him first avow, as I know to be the case, that he is

a Jew, then we will discuss his offer of support."

What is no less remarkable and what will raise the stature of Brandeis enormously in the eyes of American Jews—when they have learned of it—is the fact that he has, as Mr. De Haas states, given to Palestine causes, since 1924, about four hundred and fifty thousand dollars!

This is what we call *Modesty with a Vengeance*. We can appreciate the repugnance of a great man to the cheap publicity of mere money giving, we can realize his aversion to playing upon the minds of the people by a show of generosity, even though it would have bound his followers to him all the more strongly, but for the good of the cause, this fact, now that it is out, must be given the widest possible currency.

### *Colonization in Poland*

**T**HE Joint Distribution Committee, in its answer to the plea of the Federation of Polish Jews in America for special colonization effort in Poland, pleads modesty of appropriation for Eastern Europe for the year 1928 and thus sidetracks the proposition, for the time being.

The *Verband*, official organ of the Federation of Polish Jews in this country, in whose February number the Joint communication appears, takes issue with the J. D. C. and rightly says:

"We are absolutely convinced that were the J. D. C. to endorse the idea and send an official delegation to Poland to negotiate with the government, which would possibly extend a definite promise to give the swampy lands in the Pinsk district

for Jewish colonization, the campaign here of the J. D. C. would acquire new impetus and secure larger sums with greater ease."

While Polish colonization would cost somewhat more than Russian, Dr. J. Rosen, who enjoys the confidence of the J. D. C., and the public, as an expert, states, in a letter printed in the same issue, that draining the swamps and the rest of the necessary expense for settling a family would be about \$1,500, provided the land can be secured free of charge, which is, we believe, not very much higher than in Russia. However, it is not alone the cost that must be considered, it is the need.

"The Jews of Poland must be given either a huge loan of millions of dollars to make possible the extending of sufficient credit to put them on their feet economically, or else a plan of such a nature as to justify their hoping that eventually they might become equal with the non-Jewish farmers who earn their livelihood by tilling their own soil. The first plan is as yet a mere fantasy; the second can and should be realized as speedily as possible."

### *A Lecture on Duty*

**M**R. JABOTINSKY must have been in a very pleasant mood when he penned his article, Palestine Immigration and Youth—in the Sunday edition of the JEWISH MORNING JOURNAL for February 12th. Well disposed and at peace with the world, he took an attitude truly philosophical, not minding at the time that it was at the expense of an element he, and many others, had first induced, through propaganda and otherwise, to come to Palestine.

Jacobinsky apprises us of the state of mind of the Chalutzim in Poland who find themselves shut off from the Homeland and are beginning to despair of ever reaching the land of their hopes, under the present Zionist leadership and British policy. He admits that it is a tragedy for so many young men and women who had given up years to prepare themselves for productive work in Palestine, but "he takes it easy," telling them:

"First, aid those who are out to change the present Zionist policy, to so change it that the portals of Palestine shall again open; second, proceed with your preparations for a life of colonization pioneers—even though no promise of an early release can be held out to you. Palestine needs, not only twenty year old pioneers, but twenty-five year olds as well, and thirty year olds still more. And if an ideal is not important enough for you to wait and toil as Jacob waited and toiled for mother Rachel—if that be the case, God speed to you and quit talking ideals."

The political allusion, the facetious simile, the leave-taking, and the general levity of tone remind strongly of the days when Zionists were being treated to such complacently indifferent advice by the antis, and young Jabotinsky was battling fiercely for a more respectful hearing. Now he feels safe, he is sure of Zionism and its hosts, and he can afford to tell Chalutzim to go if they do not like it.

And he has a new "philosophy" now. He would altogether rule out duty from the relationship between the individual and his people. Says our highly "original" thinker:

"The whole thing about duty is a myth. It cannot be demonstrated that the individual is under an obligation to his nation. Moral duty can only result from a contract freely entered into. No one is consulted on whether he shall be born a Frenchman or a Negro, or a Jew. Wherefrom shall duty arise?—Ridiculous. Gentlemen, your people has no claim upon you, no rights over you, and if you find it to your taste to do something for the people, it is your own free choice, just as if you had elected to become a sculptor or a pianist. For your own satisfaction you are doing it, not for the sake of your people; and just as you owe nothing to the people, so the people owes nothing to you. Can you hold to the very end? You are tired? Or have you perhaps discovered that you have erred in your choice—that it is not at all within you to become a violinist, but, say, to be an astronomer? Well again. Best wishes to you for success in studying strange heavens; the Jewish people will do without."

We shall waste no time on analyzing Jabotinsky's edition of Max Stirner's long-forgotten philosophy, but we do find it hard to swallow lectures to the very youth he—and all of us—brought up on the idea of self-sacrifice for the people. To get our youth where we want them and then tell them they can go if they do not like it, is more than cynicism, it is *moral turpitude*.

h



## THE BUSINESS OF GETTING ZIONISTS

By M. SCHIFFMAN

**A**BOUT four months ago I received a letter requesting me to attend a meeting of the local Zionist district. The purpose of the meeting, the letter stated, was to elect officers. Up to that time, during the last 2 years, they had no officers save one—the president—who served as chairman, secretary and treasurer. The “duly elected” officers neglected their duties and there was no one else to do their work.

The secretary not only failed to call meetings, but himself had not as much as shown up at a *single meeting*.

During these many days of inactivity not a word of inquiry was received from “Headquarters” concerning our leaderless and memberless district. Finally, the chairman-secretary-treasurer, who is an ardent Zionist, decided that this was an unhealthy state of affairs which could not be tolerated any longer. A “Gewald” was then issued to the “members” to come together and really elect officers.

At that meeting I had the honor to be chosen secretary. As soon as the meeting was over I sat down and advised “Headquarters” of the results of our meeting. I also visited the main office on the following day and asked the man in charge of the districts, what aid we might expect of his office in our endeavor to build up a strong organization of devoted Zionists. The Zionist gentleman was very obliging. He assured me that his office would do “most anything” to help us. The main thing, I was told, was to get as many mem-

bers (Read—\$6.00 checks) as possible. The office would be only too glad to provide us with speakers. There was, of course, no question advanced by this youthful “leader in Israel” as to whether we had any sincere Zionists to start the work with or whether the secretary knew his duties as an official of a body of Zionists. The word propaganda was not mentioned during the entire conversation.

More than four months have now passed and during all this time I received 2 letters from Headquarters. One came at the infancy of my officialdom and in it I was congratulated upon being elected to the important office. The second, dated February 17th, was about the membership drive. In this letter “the importance of strengthening the Zionist Organization” is stressed.

“Surely this is a timely letter,” I said when I began to read. We can all stand a lot of strengthening. But how was this to be done? Are we to solidify our position by improving upon the material which we already possess? Are we to try and make better Zionists of those who already stand within the gate waving our flag on holidays? Shall we try to do away with the present system of accepting anybody and everyone who signs a check of six dollars and make instead the name “Zionists” stand for something? Or shall we leave everything untouched and unchanged and

with the advent of every new year get new members — and also a few of the old ones—by means of moving pictures and orators?

This is the scheme promulgated by the all-wise headquarters:

1) Appoint a special membership committee. Send the names to us so that we can communicate directly with the membership chairman.

2) Collect the dues at once from members, who were enrolled in 1927.

3) Utilize the lists of the U. P. A. contribution to be *solicited* for Zionist membership.

4) *Make every Zionist member responsible for the enrollment of two new members.*

5) Celebrate the festival of Purim, March 6th, by holding a large Zionist meeting for membership *enrollment*. We will be pleased to send you either an English or Yiddish speaker.

6) Instruct your treasurer to remit all membership dues at once to the national office."

Such sagacity! It truly was worth waiting for more than 4 months.

You see: getting Jews to become members of the Zionist organization no longer requires convincing and converting. All you have to do in order to satisfy your leaders is to "enroll" and to "solicit" people who will agree to pay \$6.00 annually for Palestine. Is there another group of Jews that is so busily engaged in making Palestine synonymous with "Torbe?"

Notice also that the feast of Purim must be celebrated "by holding large Zionist meetings for membership enrollment." Holidays have no meaning to our "leaders" except an opportunity

to get members. Studies in Jewish history, about the Jews under Persia, Jewish customs and traditions,—all of that is of no importance to them.

Our fathers allowed even their land to rest after being exploited during six years. The land "enjoyed its Sabbath." Our exploitation of the formula Zionism knows no bounds. We do not sow and we expect to reap continually!

Get the checks in any old way! Don't give a hang if the "solicited" and "enrolled" are not in sympathy with the Basle program. It does not matter even if they openly oppose the idea that the Jews are a nation possessing national traits. "Instruct your treasurer to remit all dues at once!" Never mind instructing the members to act as Zionists and to live a Jewish national life!

The meetings of our district are as dull and uninteresting as are those of any other Zionist district. For, what can we have to talk about, besides "Torbe," with members whose only claim to Zionism is a check of \$6? And even the ardent Zionist has nothing to say at the meetings. First, because he realizes that "practical men" would not discuss "abstract things," second, because he knows that nothing that he may say will ever be echoed in the actual upbuilding of Palestine. The "Central Office" is not interested in what members of any district may *think*. It gives no accounts to the average Zionist and it never consults him, or his district on current problems. Is there any wonder that districts die of anaemia?

And not only our own Headquarters but also institutions subsidized by Zionists have learned that districts are to be satisfied with bills, are to pay them promptly without having to go to the trouble of telling them anything about their work or well paid idleness.

Some 3 years ago I was secretary of a Zionist district near Boston, Mass. Once, I remember, we received 2 letters—one from the Jewish Congress and the other from the Histadruth Ivrit. In both letters we were reminded to do our "duty" and pay the yearly subsidy. I then wrote to the "Central Office" asking them why we had to pay for the upkeep of the institutions

that we were told nothing about. During the entire year we received not a single letter or report from the above institutions, they are not eager that we should know of their activities. Why should we carry a burden that is not ours? I received no reply.

We hear much about Zionists who do not give as much as they should. But we hear very little about leaders who undertook to realize a dream by stripping it of all content.

There are no differences of opinion among American Zionists, because there exist no opinions. Opinions are not wanted here. What we do appreciate here is a big "Pushkeh."

## THE ORDER WITH AN IDEAL

By M. L. BROWN

**T**HE Jewish fraternal bodies at one time embraced ninety per cent of American Jewry. In the years of immigration the fraternal orders prospered. The Jews were strangers in the country, and were in need of self-help, of friendly encouragement. Their instinct for self-preservation taught them to organize into fraternal bodies.

Recently the future of the Jewish fraternities has been questioned, many symptoms pointing to their decline. The very latest news: Order Brith Abraham, almost 70 years old, having had at one time a membership close to fifty thousand, is now practically defunct, has lost almost the entire membership, has no funds, and is today a tragic picture of helplessness

and irresponsibility as a financial institution entrusted to provide protection for thousands of Jewish families. In the graveyard lie a good many Jewish fraternal orders once prominent and numerically strong: Sons of Judah, Sons of Jacob, Sons of Benjamin, Keshet Shel Barzel, Aharas Israel—everyone of them had its day and has completely gone out of existence, causing distress and tears to many a Jewish widow and orphan.

With the exception of B'nai Brith, the foremost and oldest Jewish order of international fame, all others are providing or undertaking to provide their members with life insurance benefits, thus becoming cooperative public service organizations, but due

to the unsound assessment system of benefits, lack of a constructive program and an ideal to inspire the members, to arouse them to enthusiasm and devotion, most of the orders are on the decline, losing ground. The situation is becoming particularly dangerous now because Jewish immigration is practically at a standstill and thousands of members are joining the general fraternal orders. Grave problems are facing most of the conservative Jewish fraternal associations, which failed to see the writing on the wall, the need of a complete change of their insurance system.

While at the conventions of most of the Jewish fraternal orders one may listen to oratorical fireworks of their leaders and see a display of campaign ammunition by candidates running for high office, one need not be deceived.

This condition should be of concern to American Jewry. The various orders have a membership of about five hundred thousand and their insurance obligations run into more than one hundred millions of dollars, affecting a large number of Jewish families.

The future of the Jewish fraternal orders is easy to foretell. They are going, they must go, unless a radical change in their benefit system and a revaluation of their social values and functions takes place. The Jew is no more an immigrant, not so vitally in need of mutual aid and cooperation as before. He must be given an ideal, a real constructive program of Jewish and humanitarian importance, otherwise the orders are doomed morally as they are financially.

It is gratifying to note that the

Jewish Labor fraternities present a healthier picture. Their insurance system is sound, their insurance rates adequate and based on recognized tables of mortality, and their activities are of interest to their constituents.

The Jewish National Workers' Alliance will celebrate its fifteen years of existence as an order with an ideal. Under the banner of progressive nationalism and social justice it is making great strides, gaining in influence, creating new values, making friends everywhere. Progressive elements, radical Jewish men and women, who are hungry for cooperative activities, for a proper mental background for Jewish cultural work, find in the branches, and ladies' clubs of the Alliance a worthy cause to work for, to be inspired by.

The Alliance is a Jewish fraternal order with an elaborate program for social and educational activities, recruiting its members from the ranks of Jewish labor and progressive Jewry. It aims at constructive Jewish life. It has given liberal support to labor in Palestine, establishing sanatoriums, helping in the drives for funds, and it has latterly aided in forming the Hassneh Insurance and Mortgage Co. of Palestine.

The Alliance was instrumental in the birth of the Jewish Peoples' Schools (Volks Schulen) where thousands of children are taught Yiddish and Hebrew, literature and history and where the environment is distinctively Jewish, helping in the preservation of the "Jewishness" of the home.

And it has made it possible

for the Jewish Teachers' Seminary to be organized and developed into a very promising institution of Jewish learning. It has been constantly devoting its attention to the spreading of the Jewish culture and to fostering the social, economic and educational advancement of the Jewish masses of America.

The Alliance is not content with purely materialistic aims, with providing its members with attractive features of cooperative insurance, scientifically prepared and actuarially solved, but has by its various activities induced other Jewish fraternities to become of greater usefulness to American Jewry.

Lofty idealism, creative cooperative work, a sound economic foundation have brought forth a promising vigorous Jewish workers' fraternity, proud of its achievements and ever ready to serve in the ranks of progressive Jewish labor and constructive forces of American Jewry.

## JEWISH GIFTS

IMPORTED FROM PALESTINE

Tapestries of Nordau, Herzl,  
Weizmann, Balfour and  
Herbert Samuel  
Bezalel Cameos, Bibles, etc.

Write for price list.

REZNICK, MENSCHEL & CO.

Books of Jewish Interest  
40 Canal Street, New York City  
Tel. Dry Dock 8216

Open every day from 9 A. M.  
to 9 P. M., except Saturdays

## WITH OUR FRIENDS

By THE EDITOR

THE Executive Committee of the Zeire-Zion Hitachduth has found it expedient to withdraw its endorsement from THE VANGUARD, as a glance at the masthead in this issue will convince the reader.

The Zeire-Zion had nothing to say against the joint circular letter that went out to all our organizations with the first issue of the magazine. Editorially they greeted us very warmly in their official party journal FARN FOLK, and one of their leaders wrote us a very nice and very encouraging letter. Everything was running along smoothly—until the February number.

While the official communication does not specify, we know that it was Mr. De Haas's article that brought down upon us the ire of our former friends.

We note that FARN FOLK takes issue with Mr. De Haas, and we are set to wondering why no leader was found among them to present the case right in THE VANGUARD which had invited, and still does, everybody who has something to say, to come and say it.

We had hoped that a free platform and vigorous tone would not raise objections within our own ranks, but, then, that is not the first miscalculation we have made, nor the last, we fear.

We are sorry to lose a valued endorsement, but we shall proceed in our chosen way.

Mrs. Rose Isaacs, of the Women's League for Palestine, writes us: "I hope THE VANGUARD will continue in its policy of upholding the true interests of Palestine."

\* \* \*

We appreciate but we do not comprehend the following little note from a very good man in Rochester, N. Y.

"I have received your publication, read it, enjoyed its contents, and fully appreciate its place and usefulness in progressive, modern Jewish life, but very much regret that I cannot in-

crease the already large number of papers and periodicals which come into my house. With every assurance of good will and hopes for your success, I am, etc."

\* \* \*

During the month we have heard from more friends than heretofore—in the tangible, concrete, and helping fashion we so need and appreciate.

We are ready for more of such expressions of goodwill. Our readers are the only reliance and support of THE VANGUARD.

## GALA CONCERT

OF THE

# Pioneer Woman's Organization

OF NEW YORK

IN CELEBRATION OF ITS

## THIRD ANNIVERSARY

Will Take Place

SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 24, 1928

AT THE ENGINEERING AUDITORIUM

19 West 39th Street

WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF

BINYAMIN ZEMACH

BEN-ARI

HAIELE GROBER

I. PIROZHNIKOFF

IRVING KORENMAN

## GLIMPSSES OF THE STAGE

By ZMIRA CARMEL

*Escape*

ALTHOUGH Galsworthy's play *Escape* has been running at the Booth now for some time, it is nevertheless one of the outstanding dramas on Broadway. And here again, as in *Justice*, we find the cry against man's blind incomprehension of the laws of his own innate being which on the whole are kindly and well-meaning, and his confusion in the face of the accepted tenets of organized society when he is to choose between the two. What would you do if suddenly you found a criminal emerging from under your bed, or from behind a curtain? Give him up to the police or help him escape? Thus in the play a representative cross-section of English society answers this question.

Captain Dennet, a gentleman and a world war hero, while sitting in Hyde Parks, allows himself to be drawn into a conversation with a young lady confessing to the profession of the "original sin." They speak of sundry matters rather pleasantly. The Captain is about to go on, when a plain clothes man approaches the girl with the intent of arresting her on the charge of accosting strangers. The Captain, a chivalrous soul, rushes to her rescue, and in the argument that ensues, knocks the fellow down, who, in falling strikes his head on a rail and instantly dies. Captain Denning is arrested and is sentenced to five years at Dartmoor. After three years in prison, he makes his

escape, one foggy night, and the scenes that follow show the reaction of the various types he encounters. First, there was the lady at the Inn, who is aghast when he tells her he slept under her bed all night, but who, nevertheless, provides him with hat and coat, fishing rod and basket, money and brandy. The judge, he meets by the wayside, enjoys the Captain's cryptic remarks, gives him matches and a cigar, winks and looks the other way. The out-of-door girl who loves to hunt and never gave much thought to the matter, does not hesitate to take him in, while her pious and righteous sister protests most vigorously. She pitied the poor hunted fox, but evidently with a hunted man it was different, yet when faced with the question, lied to the constable. Or the little girl who was so taken by the gentleman, and the young lady who was so pleased because he didn't look at her bare leg. The picnickers were of another opinion. "When in doubt," said one of them, "kill it." Besides, he stole their Ford. And then there was the stolid farmer. The law was the law and the criminal a criminal, and there were no two ways about it. And finally, the parson, smug, conventional, highly moral, regretting that he was not Catholic, not because it would enable him to give sanctuary to the young man, but because he would have more power. Asked what Jesus would say, replied that Jesus was a genius and his ways were beyond understanding. Evidently the church and Jesus

are two separate and different things. Still the good man is on the point of lying to save him, when the Captain comes out of hiding: "It's one's better self one can't escape from," he says to the preacher and allows himself to be handcuffed.

Leslie Howard gives a fine performance, the man and the part being indistinguishable; as does Frieda Innescourt, the lady of the Inn, while the others play up splendidly to them. The play in itself is somewhat episodic, but it has good continuity and the production is in excellent taste.

### *The First Stone*

**THE FIRST STONE**, at the Civic Repertory, with Eva Le Gallienne, is a sincere and earnest exposition on the question, which in spite of our enlightened day and progressive trend, is still with us . . . "Is Sauce for the Gander, Sauce for the Goose?" The author without much ado goes directly to the task, and answers it rather convincingly, I would say, with the help of Josephine Hutchison, who interprets the role of the young daughter with so much warmth and sympathy. For it is the children Anita and Victor Peri who demand that their mother return, and later, when she returns, that she remain with them. That John Peri, the husband, a slow, kindly, reserved man who would rather "just sit and listen" than talk, had ordered her from the house when he had learned of the stories that were buzzing among the folks for miles around, is a secondary matter.

Jane Peri, played by Eva Le Gallienne, questions the ways of both

God and man, and comes to her own conclusions that no power on earth can break the bond between herself and her children, and, furthermore, that no man with the guilt of moral transgression upon his soul can pass judgment upon his wife who has misadventured. Her plea is clear, logical and to the point. John is shamed out of his attitude, but one feels that John Peri forgives his wife not because he has been swayed by reason, but because he loves her and the children so much. Miss Gallienne does some fine acting in a reserved New England way, and true to life and history are Alma Kruger as Aunt Minnie and Leona Love as Mrs. Bascom, the grim, sermonizing old dame.

### *The Merchant of Venice*

**EVERY** now and then we have *The Merchant of Venice* with us, this time with George Arliss, who, a fine actor, gives us a good Shylock with reservations, and that's about all. The cast with the exception of Miss Stuart, who played Portia at the time, Miss Byington as Nerissa and Rommy Brent, who gives a fine performance as Launcelot Gobbo, is at the very most negligible. The settings are artistically gotten up and the glees and madrigals charming, adding much to the beauty of the play.

You can make good money  
soliciting subscriptions  
to  
**THE VANGUARD**



## BRIEF NEWS FROM THE HOMELAND

*Compiled by* M. RIVLIN

The Jewish National Fund bought recently a tract of land of about four dunam (one acre) near Rehavia, Jerusalem, for the erection of a Workers' House.

A committee was organized in Jerusalem to help free from prison those arrested for default in payment of debts. The committee is interracial.

The Ihud cooperative of iron workers of Tel Aviv is now engaging twenty-four men.

The soap cooperative factory Hasharon placed on the market a new kind of washing soap which met with a great reception.

A seminary for Jewish working-women was opened in Haifa. Its curriculum includes History of Labor in Palestine, Labor Problems, and courses in general Literature, Philosophy, History.

The Advisory Board of the Municipality of Jerusalem decided to build three public parks in Jerusalem, each no less than ten dunams in area.

The biblical play, Jacob and Rachel, produced by Ohel, the workingmen's dramatic studio, proved a tremendous success.

A new Jewish Bank, called the Bank of Jerusalem, was organized recently

by Palestinian Jews, of the Old Yishuv. The first five shares of the bank were subscribed by Chief Rabbi Kook.

Two Jews opened the first Jewish flower conservatory in Tel Aviv. Until now the only flower growers in Palestine were Germans.

Many Jews of Talpioth, the aristocratic suburb of Jerusalem, are engaging Arabs in planting gardens. Even the work of planting the public garden of the quarter was given to two Arab contractors. Dr. Joseph Klausner, Mrs. Shoshana Buchmill, and Mr. Stern threatened to resign from the Vaad Hashchuna. A general meeting of the inhabitants of Talpioth decided to force the committee to engage Jews for its public works.

The Town Planning Committee of Jerusalem certified the plans of the new Jewish quarter, Kiryath Shmuel, which will be erected between Rehavia and Mitzpah-Jerusalem. The land was purchased by the Keren Shmuel Free Loan Association of Jerusalem. One hundred and thirty Jews will erect houses there with the aid of the association which will give them a mortgage of one thousand dollars per house. Work on the first twenty houses will begin next summer.

The Jewish match factory, Nur, of Acre was sold recently to the International Match Trust which has its

headquarters in Switzerland. The factory will continue to operate for the next two years under the present Jewish management.

The Jewish colonists of Nahalal sold this year 110,000 young plants to planters in Egypt.

The girls' Kvutzah, Hazafon, near Tel Aviv, sold to the Palestine Government eleven thousand young trees.

A direct cable connection between Palestine and England was opened recently through Haifa and Cyprus.

36,650 tons of watermelons were exported from Palestine during 1927, which brought a return of 112,242 pounds sterling.

Twenty-two workingmen, all Jews, are now employed by the Blum Tooth factory of Tel Aviv. Mr. Blum, for-

merly of Philadelphia, announced that his factory had already emerged from the experimental stage, that his product meets all scientific requirements, and that the factory will operate henceforth without interruption.

The Hapoel Athletic Club of Palestine has branches in Jerusalem, Tel Aviv, Binyamina, Hedera, Zichron Yaakob, Athlith, Afula, Gesher, Tiberias, Haifa, Rehoboth, Petach-Tikvah, Magdiel, and Kfar Saba. Its main sport is soccer, but it also has clubs for swimming, chess, bicycle-riding, rowing, and general physical exercises. The Hapoel has its own first-aid stations.

Within the last month the Hapoel soccer club played four major games, winning three and drawing one.

A group of bicycle-riders, members of the Hapoel Club, started a tour of the country on their two-wheelers.

## Assure Your Future in Palestine !

If you want to help Palestine and secure a future for yourself, you can find no better way than to plant an orange grove there.

Orange plantation is the best business in Palestine, bringing a return of as high as 25 per cent on the investment.

Hefzi-Bah is the ideal place for orange plantations. It is one of the oldest colonies in Palestine; it is located between two railroad stations, those of Hedera and Binyamina; it faces the Mediterranean Ocean; and it has enough water with its own motor for all purposes.

The Binyan Hayishuv Co. has now a small tract of orange land in Hefzi-Bah to sell to American Jews.

The plantation work in Hefzi-Bah is under the supervision of the Planters' Association of Palestine. The deed is guaranteed by the Anglo-Palestine Bank.

For further information apply

**AMERICAN BINYAN HAYISHUV OF PALESTINE, Inc.**

**15 Park Row, New York, N. Y.**

## SOME REVIEWS

**OLD TESTAMENT STORIES.** Edited by Walter L. Bennett, Instructor in English, Blodgett Vocational High School, Syracuse, New York. 227 pages, 12 mo., cloth. Price 80 cents. Charles E. Merrill Company.

*Old Testament Stories* is a collection of typical excerpts from the literature of the Old Testament with an introduction and notes compiled for high school students. The purpose of the editor has been not to cover the entire history of the Hebrew people, a task which would result in a work unsuited to the needs and interest of youthful students of English, but Genesis, Exodus, Joshua, Judges, Samuel, Kings, and Daniel together with the books of Ruth and Esther.

The editor has utilized the notes to stimulate the interest of the pupil in the theme, but not to summarize the story to be studied. The story itself is presented in the language of the Authorized Version, with archaic words occasionally replaced by modern ones and with the poetical forms from the Revision of 1885 sometimes used. The pupil is left to consult the dictionary for unfamiliar words. Such Hebrew words as require defining, are explained in the text. While designed for young students, the book makes interesting reading to all.

**THE INVISIBLE GOVERNMENT.** By William Bennett Munro. The Macmillan Company. New York. 1928. \$1.75.

We agree with the publishers that Professor Munro's little book is "highly provocative". The six lectures, delivered in 1926 and 1927, now brought together under one cover, deal with problems of government, democracy, American sectionalism and some of the forces influencing the polity. Neither fully nor always intelligently, but indeed provocatively, rousing thoughts—and objections.

The author takes under his wing "the well-to-do" whose power has, "with amazingly few exceptions", "strongly in-

fluenced the course of public affairs". (P. 115) He believes that "some races" have more political genius than others". (P. 41). As to vox populi, vox dei, the Professor says: "For myself, if I thought that the voice of the people was the voice of God I should be sorely tempted to become an atheist". (P. 16). From which we gather that the author is a believer, too. At the same time he is not for private enterprise at all costs. "There is nothing that a government should not do, if it can do the thing better than it would otherwise be done." (P. 23.)

The concluding paragraph of the book is very interesting, even if slightly exaggerated.

"The united States is a league of nations within a nation, it is a vast and varied union of unlike regions, each possessing a sense of distinction in interests and in point of view from all the rest."

**ARNOLD LEVENBERG.** By David Pinski. Translated by Dr. Isaac Goldberg. \$2.50.

This moving novel by the great Jewish dramatist is announced for April by Simon and Schuster, publishers, New York.

**HOUDINI: HIS LIFE STORY.** By Harold Kellok. From the recollection of "Beatrice Houdini". Probable price \$3.50.

This biography of the greatest magician, who was a Jew, is announced for next month by Harcourt, Brace & Company, New York.

**WHY A DEVOUT CATHOLIC BECAME A JEW**

The reasons which induced a devout Frenchman, on the point of entering the priesthood, to embrace Judaism, are related in Aime Palliere's "The Unknown Sanctuary", which is announced for pub-

lication by Bloch Publishing Co., who have the sole English rights. This extraordinary confession of faith has been enjoying a wide circulation both in France and Germany. Mrs. Stephen S. Wise is now working on the English

translation and the book will be ready in early Spring.

Palliere will this Spring visit the United States, at the invitation of Dr. Stephen S. Wise, to deliver a series of lectures.

### New Contributors To This Issue:

**B. ZUCKERMAN**, member Joint Distribution Committee, formerly manager People's Relief, on the Executive Committee of the Poale-Zion.

**N. BENARY**, prominent leader of Palestine labor, practical agriculturist, Hebrew writer of note.

**HAROLD BERMAN**, for years contributor to American-Jewish publications, translator from Yiddish and Hebrew.

**REBECCA SCHMUCKLER**, Hunter College, active in Avukah (Student Zionist Organization), lived a whole year in Palestine as member of Kvutzah (Labor Commune).

**JOSEPH VOGEL**, has contributed to American Hebrew, New Masses, New Student, etc.

**ALBERT HERSCHEL**, graduate Pennsylvania University.

**JACOB SALZBURG**, a poet of promise, making his first debut in public print.

**M. BROWN**, founder and now President of the Jewish National Workers' Alliance, editor of its publication, Die Stimme.

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

## The Jewish National Workers' Alliance

### *The Most Modern Cooperative Order*

THE ALLIANCE has a modern insurance system. It issues policies of from one hundred to three thousand dollars, on the whole life or limited payment plan (fifteen and twenty years), with the privileges of: Paid-up policies, extended insurance, cash surrender values.

It provides its members with three classes of health insurance: six, nine and twelve dollars per week: Extra tuberculosis benefit \$100.

Members pay according to age at entry. Age limit 18 to 60.

THE ALLIANCE has the best sanatorium connections for its members.

THE ALLIANCE fosters and maintains schools (Folk-Shulen) for Jewish children in all cities.

THE ALLIANCE promotes Jewish culture, social idealism, and the interests of Labor.

THE ALLIANCE raises funds for the workers of Palestine and lends assistance to all campaigns in behalf of Labor in the Jewish Homeland.

THE ALLIANCE has special clubs for Jewish working women.

It has branches and Women's Clubs all over the United States and Canada.

For further information apply:

**JEWISH NATIONAL WORKERS' ALLIANCE**

189 SECOND AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Phone: Stuyvesant 3072-3

*When writing to advertisers, please mention The Vanguard*



# Scatter-brained!

No wonder he never accomplishes anything worthwhile!

**H**IS mind is a hodge-podge of half-baked ideas. He thinks of a thousand "schemes" to make money quickly—but DOES nothing about ANY of them.

Thoughts flash into and out of his brain with the speed of lightning. New ideas rush in pell-mell, crowding out old ones before they have taken form or shape.

He is **SCATTER-BRAINED**.

His mind is like a powerful automobile running wild—destroying his hopes, his dreams, his **POSSIBILITIES!**

He wonders why he does not get ahead. He cannot understand why others, with less ability, pass him in the prosperity parade.

He pities himself, excuses himself, sympathizes with himself.

And the great tragedy is that he has every quality that leads to success—intelligence, originality, imagination, ambition.

His trouble is that he does not know how to **USE** his brain.

His mental make-up needs an overhauling.

There are millions like him—failures, half-successes—slaves to those with **BALANCED, ORDERED MINDS**.

It is a known fact that most of us use only one-tenth of our brain power. The other nine-tenths is dissipated into thousands of fragmentary thoughts, in day dreaming, in wishing.

We are paid for **ONE-TENTH** of what we possess because that is all we **USE**. We are hundred horse-power motors delivering only **TEN** horse power.

What can be done about it?

The reason most people fall miserably below what they dream of attaining in life is that certain mental faculties in them **BECOME ABSOLUTELY ATROPHIED THROUGH DISUSE**, just as a muscle often does.

If, for instance, you lay for a year in bed, you would sink to the ground when you arose; your leg muscles, **UNUSED FOR SO LONG**, could not support you.

It is no different with those rare mental faculties which you envy others for possessing. You actually **DO** possess them, but they are **ALMOST ATROPHIED**, like unused muscles, simply because they are faculties you seldom, if ever, **USE**.

Be honest with yourself. You know in your heart that you have failed, failed miserably, to attain what you once dreamed of.

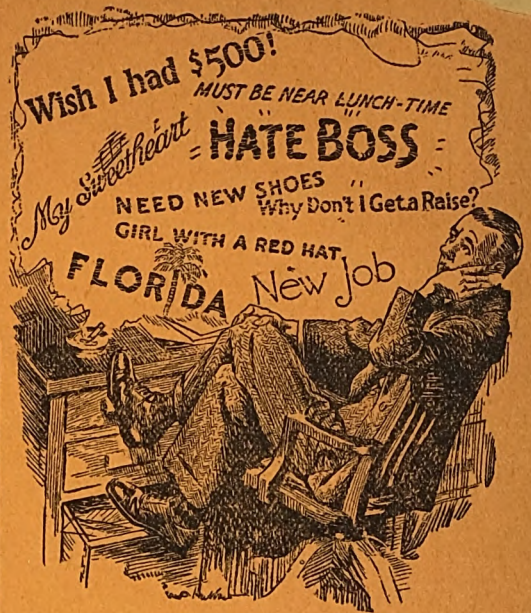
Was that fine ambition unattainable? **OR WAS THERE JUST SOMETHING WRONG WITH YOU?** Analyze yourself, and you will see that at bottom **THERE WAS A WEAKNESS SOMEWHERE IN YOU**.

What **WAS** the matter with you?

Find out by means of Pelmanism; then develop the particular mental faculty that you lack. You **CAN** develop it easily; Pelmanism will show you just how; 600,000 Pelmanists, **MANY OF WHOM WERE HELD BACK BY YOUR VERY PROBLEM**, will tell you that this is true.

Among those who advocate Pelmanism are:

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| T. P. O'Connor, "Father of the House of Commons."                   | Frank P. Walsh, Former Chairman of National War Labor Board.                         |
| The late Sir H. Rider Haggard, Famous Novelist.                     | Jerome K. Jerome, Novelist.  |
| General Sir Robert Baden-Powell, Founder of the Boy Scout Movement. | Gen. Sir Frederick Maurice, Director of Military Operations, Imperial General Staff. |
| Judge Ben B. Lindsey, Founder of the Juvenile Court, Denver.        | Admiral Lord Beresford, G.C.B., G.C.V.O.   |



Sir Harry Lauder, Comedian.  
W. L. George, Author

Baroness Orczy, Author.  
Prince Charles of Sweden.

—and others, of equal prominence, too numerous to mention here.

Pelmanism is the science of applied psychology, which has swept the world with the force of a religion. It has awakened powers in individuals, all over the world, they did not **DREAM** they possessed.

A remarkable book called "Scientific Mind Training" has been written about Pelmanism. **IT CAN BE OBTAINED FREE**. Yet thousands of people who read this announcement and who **NEED** this book will not send for it. "It's no use," they will say. "It will do me no good," they will tell themselves. "It's all tommyrot," others will say.

But if they use their **HEADS** they will realize that people cannot be **HELPED** by tommyrot and that there **MUST** be something in Pelmanism, when it has such a record behind it, and when it is endorsed by the kind of people listed here.

If you are made of the stuff that isn't content to remain a slave—if you have taken your last whipping from life,—if you have a spark of **INDEPENDENCE** left in your soul, write for this free book. It tells you what Pelmanism is, **WHAT IT HAS DONE FOR OTHERS**, and what it can do for you.

The first principle of **YOUR** success is to do something definite in your life. You cannot afford to remain undecided, vacillating, day-dreaming, for you will soon again sink into the mire of discouragement. Let Pelmanism help you **FIND YOURSELF**. Mail the coupon below now—while your resolve to **DO SOMETHING ABOUT YOURSELF** is strong.

## THE PELMAN INSTITUTE OF AMERICA

Approved as a correspondence school under the laws of the State of New York

71 West 45th Street, Suite 652 New York City

The Pelman Institute of America,  
71 West 45th St., Suite 652,  
New York City.

I want you to show me what Pelmanism has actually done for over 600,000 people. Please send me your free book, "Scientific Mind Training." This places me under no obligation whatever.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

When writing to advertisers, please mention *The Vanguard*



*Do You Know that*

# **The Vanguard**

Is the **ONLY** independent Jewish-English publication in America?

That it is not fettered by "angels", financial backers, or strict party tenets?

That it, therefore, can—and does—tell the truth, without favor or malice?

For only **TWO DOLLARS** you can have **THE VANGUARD** every month for a whole year.

Join our growing army of readers, and put wholesome fear into the hearts of the irresponsible and the incompetent who mismanage our national affairs.

To **THE VANGUARD**,  
32 Union Square, New York City.

Enclosed please find \$2.00\* for one year's subscription to *The Vanguard*.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

\$2.50 for Canada.