

A PIECE OF MOSAIC



JC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY

F. EMANUEL

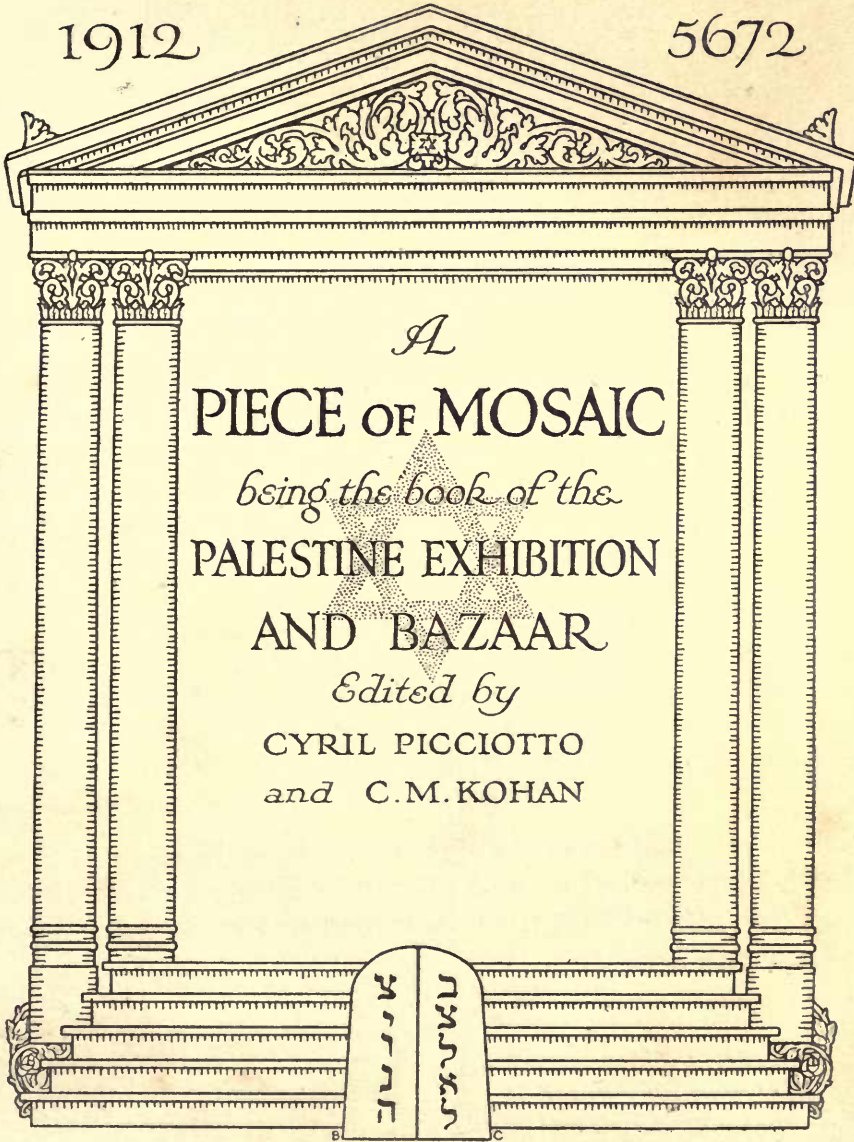
A PIECE OF MOSAIC

BEING THE BOOK OF THE

PALESTINE EXHIBITION AND BAZAAR

1912

5672



PREFACE.

IN giving this book to the Public, we welcome the opportunity of offering our sincere thanks to those writers and artists who acceded so generously to our request to contribute.

The task of editing has not been light, but it was rendered pleasurable by the zeal with which our contributors entered into our plan. Unfortunately, owing to the rigidly-defined space at our command, we have been reluctantly compelled to exclude a number of contributions which we should otherwise have been glad to use ; and for these, as well as for those which appear in the book, we desire to express our gratitude.

We would thank, more especially, the Proprietors of *The Jewish World*, for permission to reprint Mr. Walter Emanuel's "Some Communal News" ; the publisher, Mr. T. Fisher Unwin, and the editor, Mr. Israel Cohen, of "Zionist Work in Palestine," for permission to reprint Prof. Schatz's article on the Bezalel Institute ; and, finally, Herr Schnitzler, for permission to translate and use a portion of his work.

But, above all, we wish to tender our warmest thanks to Mr. Frank Emanuel, who has throughout the preparation of this book most generously placed at our disposal the fruits of his taste and artistic experience.

London, 1912.

THE EDITORS.

LIST OF CONTRIBUTORS.

ISRAEL ABRAHAMS.	J. H. AMSCHWITZ.
WALTER EMANUEL.	MURIEL BENTWICH.
HELENA FRANK.	FRANK EMANUEL.
SAMUEL GORDON.	A. FIELD.
PHILIP GUEDALLA.	T. FRIEDENSEN.
C. M. KOHAN.	RICHARD GOLDBERG.
J. MEEK.	ABIGAIL KLOTZ.
CYRIL M. PICCIOTTO.	TOBIAS LEWIS.
NINA SALAMAN.	ESTELLE NATHAN.
BORIS SCHATZ.	LUCIEN PISSARRO.
ARTHUR SCHNITZLER.	I. ROSENBERG.
DOROTHEA WALEY SINGER.	ALBERT ROTHENSTEIN.
MABEL H. SPIELMANN.	WILL ROTHENSTEIN.
ALFRED SUTRO.	G. BERNARD SOLOMON.
ISRAEL ZANGWILL.	SOLOMON J. SOLOMON, R.A.
LOUIS ZANGWILL.	HERMANN STRUCK.

ERRATUM.

LIST OF CONTRIBUTORS.

For MURIEL BENTWICH *read* B. CRAKOWSKI.



THE FIRST CEREMONY.

BY BORIS SCHATZ.

BEZALEL.

BEZALEL, filled with wisdom to design
Stones, precious woods, rich-broidered fabrics,
gold,
Fed not the few with cunning manifold
Nor empty loveliness: his art divine
Set up a Tabernacle as a sign
Of oneness for a rabble many-souled,
So that each span of desert should behold
A nomad people with a steadfast shrine.

But we, its sons, who wander in the dark,
Footsore, far-scattered, growing less and less,
What whiteness gleams our brotherhood to mark,
What promised land our journey's end to bless?
We are, unless we build some shrine and ark,
A dying rabble in a wilderness.

ISRAEL ZANGWILL.



THE MESSENGER.
BY
MABEL H. SPIELMANN.



DOLORA sat at the window and watched the waves as they dashed with fury against the cliffs. Fitful clouds obscured the moon, and the wind swept the dreary landscape, whistling with eerie sound around the farmhouse high up near the edge of the cliff. It rattled the casement behind which a bright light flickered, making disproportionate shadows of a girlish figure sitting there.

"I tell you again, Dolora, as I have told you this many a time," mildly said the old woman knitting at the kitchen table, "that you are the joy of our old home and the blessing of our old age. Cannot you realise it?"

"That she is!" confirmed the white-haired farmer, looking up from his Bible to nod and smile, and resuming his reading at the line he had marked with a horny finger.

The knitting was dropped, and the mother's eyes looked with a gloating love at the young girl who sat so disconsolately on the wide window-sill. She merely shrugged her shoulders, fixing her eyes on the clouds of white spray that came shimmering forward, cresting the ocean's great billows. Her capriciousness, her indolence, her selfishness did not exist in the eyes of her doting parents. Her smile satisfied them. Her frown brought them self-reproach.

After a silence broken only by the sounds of the storm outside and the heavy rain that had just broken loose, Dolora turned away wearily, and with a little sob embraced her parents and bade them "Good night."

THE MESSENGER.

The old dame then resumed her knitting and sighed heavily—so heavily that her husband raised his head.

“Hey? What’s up, mother?”

“Michael, my man, that girl of ours is eating her heart out. Since her schooling is over, these two years past, she frets.”

“Frets for what? Every wish is gratified whether we can afford it or not.”

“She says it is dull here.”

“Dull! Why, we’ve been in the old place for three generations, and no one—man or woman—has found it dull before.”

“And we are too old to go away, Michael.”

“Too old,” he repeated. And the old couple looked blankly at one another. An ominous thud in the room above roused them and brought consternation to their wrinkled faces.

They hurried up the creaking stairs and found their daughter swooning on the floor. They lifted her on to her couch, where she lay, her dark hair streaming on the pillow, her face white as her gown. There she rambled in speech and was hot with fever.

The storm abated. Baby ripples once more rolled playfully in from the ocean on to the sun-heated sands. Sunshine streamed through the window of the sick-room, but the shadow of Death hovered round the old farmhouse on the cliff.

Doctors came and shook their heads when the grief-stricken parents besought them to save their child. Everything had been done that could be done, and the aged couple, helpless in their despair, waited for the parting they dreaded.

The first streak of dawn lit up the peaceful sea, and woke Dolora from her fevered sleep. With sudden strength she sat up and gazed in trembling wonder. For at the foot of her couch stood a grandly majestic figure, mystic and veiled. A vague light emanated from the face, and the eyes, though hidden, made their presence felt. The apparition was one of transcendent beauty, solemnity, and consolation.

“O Death,” cried the young girl, with extended arms, “you have come at last!”

“I am here.”

“The light is dim. I cannot see. Show me your face.”

“I show my face only to those I take.”

A PIECE OF MOSAIC.

"Take me!" she implored. "I have called you often. My life is grey and void. I am weary."

"I come not at the bidding of the weary. I am ever in your midst, but I reap only the chosen."

"I am ready."

"You are not ready. You are weary without cause. You have a life's work before you. You must live and learn the lesson of life."

The solemn figure had stretched his arm in command. Dolora sank back on to her pillow and she slept again—a refreshing sleep that brought hope to the afflicted parents. But they were warned that the danger was not yet passed.

Again Death stood staring her in the face with those veiled eyes radiating the promise of comfort and rest, and in his arms was cradled a babe cold and stark.

"See!" said the solemn voice mildly.

"Oh, why have you chosen the unconscious child?" asked Dolora, an unknown pity stirring at her heart.

"I would not let it live only to suffer. Disease had seized its tiny frame. It would have matured in suffering. Those only can be happy who are not doomed to a life of pain."

Dolora listened and sighed humbly.

Thus the Keeper of every soul's future hovered many times at her side, always accompanied by one whose spirit had flown. For when next he appeared to her, a lovely burden was in his arms—a girl with golden tresses.

"She was too sweet and trustful for the world," he replied in his gentle tones to Dolora's mute questioning. "Poor flower! She is at rest with me; trouble she has never known."

Dolora's tears fell fast. "Your voice is soothing—your presence is consoling. I beseech you, show me your face."

"I show it only to those I take," said Death again, and with his burden slowly disappeared.

The form that next was brought to her side bore an ugly wound.

"He had no kin," she heard the veiled presence say. "He was strong and lithe. He was a hero."

Again the shadow of Death was not long absent, and then an aged form lay at rest in his arms.

THE MESSENGER.

“ Why wait so long for him ? ” asked Dolora.

“ To teach the Lesson. Behold a miser who dragged out his wretched life in hunger and want ! ”

Dolora tossed restlessly on her couch : “ What troubles there are in the world ! ”

“ They can be smoothed and lessened. The battle of life must be fought and its lesson learned. My mission is to rescue only the helpless and to free the chosen.”

And then a woman, shrunken with years.

“ A heroine ! ” said Death. And Dolora listened, and listening was as one transfixed. “ She could not be spared, so good was she to all ; finding joy in the joys she gave, and comfort in smoothing others’ woes ; unwilling, too, to part from the humanity she served and that rendered love for love.”

No more did the Messenger from a brighter world visit Dolora. The fever had passed, and she was in her mother’s arms—weak in frame but strong in resolution. For Dolora had felt what most have felt who have been so near to the unlinking of the chain of life—who have passed through the ordeal—chastened.

“ Now you will get well and strong.”

“ Yes, well and strong,” replied Dolora, kissing away her parents’ tears of joy. “ The shadow of Death has been near me often. I have suffered in body and I have been wracked in mind. Poor mother, how tired you look ! Father, dear, I shall do my duty ! ”

Three score years later, Dolora sat in front of the fire in the kitchen of the old farmhouse near the edge of the cliff. With her foot she rocked mechanically the cradle in which lay sleeping her great-grandchild—a rosy bud of youth, an orphan, doubly dear. Her shrunken frame lay back exhausted on the pillows of the great chair. Her eyes grew dim as she gazed into the smouldering embers on the hearth, and her mind harked back to the past. She was just affianced when her parents died. Ten years of happy married life, then the crushing blow of widowhood, and the struggle with want and illness in the upbringing of her little children ; the fitting of the young ones to earn their own living, and then her work in the hospital ; then infirmity which brought her back from the workaday world to the dear old farmhouse by the sea—so familiar in every detail, so much dearer to her heart than ever before. And a

A PIECE OF MOSAIC.

few years later the advent of the tiny great-grandchild. The embers of the fire were burning out. Dolora's foot stopped rocking the cradle. The child awoke and cried, but the aged woman did not move.

The sunshine was streaming through the open casement, and the baby ripples of the ocean could be heard softly plashing on the sun-heated sands. Again Death stood before her in all his majesty, his arm upraised, beckoning her to rise and follow, while he slowly drew the veil from before his face. At the sight Dolora's eyes dilated with sudden joy, and a smile overspread her features that did not fade away as she gazed upon the great Consoler face to face.





"HE SLOWLY DREW THE VEIL
FROM BEFORE HIS FACE."

By J. H. AMSCHWITZ.

TO WHICH?



IS this my ode addressed to Bill or Jill?
If at the outset I could get that clear,
How light the task were! But, for good or ill,
That boon's denied me. Listen, then, and hear.

Now, Bill is eight, and Jill is eight,
And Jill is fair, and Bill is fair,
And Bill's important waggling pate
Is haloed round with golden hair,
And so is Jill's:
And Jill's fine eyes are ever great
With finding wonders everywhere,
And so are Bill's.
In short, they're twins, so like each other
That I am quite convinced their mother
Could never sort them out or know which which is,
Saving that Jill wears frocks while Bill wears breeches.
But the soul of the one is as bright as the sun,
The other's is blacker than blackest pitch:
And isn't it hard on an overworked bard
Who is writing an ode to he doesn't know which?

Now for the facts, quite few and shortly told.
Sleeping within my "garden grey and old,"
Sudden I woke to unmelodious shrieks,
And saw the lord of those aforesaid breeks
And her, the frock-dight lady: but the wall
Unkindly covered from my vision all
That could distinguish them, the frock and breeches,
Only this thing was plain, those eldritch screeches
Were hostile ragings of the battle-storm;

A PIECE OF MOSAIC.

One sought to hurl at my own prostrate form
What, in a day long dead, had been a turnip :
The other fought my fight, and his, or her, nip
Upon the threatening arm withheld the stroke.
Such, then, the sights and sounds to which I woke.

That's all. And yet—observe my plight.

I wish to thank my kind preserver :
Could string a dozen odes at sight,
And that with no less warmth and fervour
Than Horace felt about that fateful tree
That nearly squashed him, *nisi Faunus ictum*
Et-cetera. (You know the tag, I see.)

Of course, the simple thing was to have kicked 'em
Hard, both, and then inscribed an ode to each ;

Rough justice, certainly, which militated
Against my instinct, yet the way to teach

Respect for age ; but while I hesitated,
They fled and left me prey to doubts unnumbered,
With which, as you'll observe, I'm still encumbered.

So Bill and Jill alone can still
The tumult in my brain,
But neither Bill, I fear, nor Jill
Will show themselves to me again.
And here I'm sewed up with an ode
Which Fate has sure decreed
Must straight be stowed among my load
Of manuscript that none shall read.

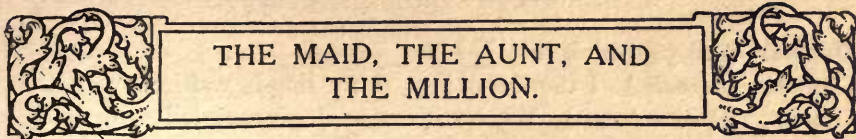
Yet I'll diddle you all, Bill, Jill, and Fate ;
For isn't that Bob on the garden gate ?
Bob, jolly and quaint, nor sinner nor saint, just home from school,
with an inky blob
Adorning his nose. By Jove ! Here goes—I inscribe the ode
TO BOB !

J. MEEK.



MAOZ TSUR.

BY ESTELLE NATHAN.



THE MAID, THE AUNT, AND
THE MILLION.

A DUOLOGUE.

BY ALFRED SUTRO.

MISS GERTRUDE HOLLINS, *an exquisitely pretty blonde, is seated alone in the vast drawing-room of her house in Mayfair. A FOOTMAN enters.*

FOOTMAN. Mr. Denzil Calverstone wishes to know whether you are at home, madam.

GERTIE. Ah! Show him in, please.

(The man retires; MISS HOLLINS rises rapidly and glances into the mirror. Satisfied with her inspection, she resumes her seat and picks up a book, which she is eagerly reading when the door opens, and the HON. MR. CALVERSTONE, a tall, good-looking man, with a keen eye and a frank smile, is ushered into the room.)

GERTIE. How are you? Sit down. What a wretched day, isn't it?

DENZIL. Vile! But I mustn't blame it, for it accounts for your being at home.

GERTIE. Yes, one really can't drive out in a gale like this. Aunt has, though.

DENZIL. Indeed?

GERTIE. She takes life very seriously—she regards it as her duty to drive out every day—

DENZIL. Admirable woman!

GERTIE. Mr. Calverstone, you mustn't make fun of my aunt.

DENZIL. Can you conceive me capable of such a thing?

GERTIE. I can conceive you capable—of a great many things. But aunt has been very good to me—

DENZIL. Thereby forestalling the rest of mankind, all animated with the same intentions.

GERTIE. You, too? *(She shakes her head sorrowfully.)*

DENZIL. *(Puzzled.)* I beg your pardon?

GERTIE. Nothing. Go on.

DENZIL. You are cryptic to-day.

GERTIE. I had no such intention. I am merely tired. Is there a Greek word for that?

DENZIL. What did you mean by "go on"?

GERTIE. I say that to the dentist when he hopes that he won't hurt.

A PIECE OF MOSAIC.

DENZIL. And you think that I——

GERTIE. (*Blandly.*) I think nothing. I am simply waiting.

DENZIL. (*With a laugh.*) What a disconcerting young lady you are!

GERTIE. People are discovering fresh qualities in me every day. Shall I break the ice, Mr. Calverstone?

DENZIL. Brrrrr! Is it as cold as that?

GERTIE. I had a letter from you this morning, acquainting me with your intention to call.

DENZIL. Yes.

GERTIE. A queer, formal, funny sort of letter.

DENZIL. Really?

GERTIE. I assure you. I showed it to aunt. He means to propose, she said.

DENZIL. Perspicuous lady!

GERTIE. So I say—go on! Or, rather—for, really, I like you—I will say—don't!

DENZIL. (*A little crestfallen.*) Ah!

GERTIE. Yes, don't! Because I am—oh, so tired of it all! There's no sense in it—is there now, really? I drag my wretched million behind me, and everyone wants that million. You do, don't you?

DENZIL. Much can be done with a million.

GERTIE. And I go with it. We have been in London for three months, aunt and I, and in that time I have been proposed to one hundred and twenty times directly, fifty by letter, seventeen by mothers and sisters, and once by telegram.

DENZIL. Answer paid?

GERTIE. I don't know—I didn't look, and I didn't answer. Well, it *does* get monotonous, doesn't it?

DENZIL. I can conceive the repetition palling.

GERTIE. If people would only be frank and say, "Beloved million, I adore you! Be mine, magnificent fortune! Dear stocks and shares, I *am* so fond of you!" there would be some sense in *that*. But they pretend to be fond of *me*. You would have, wouldn't you?

DENZIL. I *am* fond of you.

GERTIE. Well, if you really are, don't propose. Let's be friends.

DENZIL. With all my heart.

GERTIE. Really?

DENZIL. Really.

GERTIE. (*Clapping her hands.*) Oh, that's nice! Well, prove your friendship at once. Tell me what you think of me.

THE MAID, THE AUNT, AND THE MILLION.

- DENZIL. Are you acquainted with the story of the Archbishop of Granada and his secretary?
- GERTIE. Yes: the old gentleman admired the secretary's frankness, but deplored his lack of taste. Only I'm a good fellow, you know.
- DENZIL. Well, then, here goes. You're deliciously pretty——
- GERTIE. (*With a warning forefinger.*) Oh!
- DENZIL. Wait a bit. I'm giving the jam before the pill. As I say, you are deliciously pretty, but your education has been neglected——
- GERTIE. Oh, as to that, really——
- DENZIL. (*Laughing.*) Archbishop!
- GERTIE. You're right. Go on.
- DENZIL. You've been brought up in a little Yorkshire town, and you've no tastes. In literature you alternate between the severely Scriptural and the feebly sentimental. Music does not appeal to you—you quote Longfellow admiringly—in fact, you don't care about Art. Now, that is a serious drawback.
- GERTIE. Yes; it is—I can see that. What should I do?
- DENZIL. I don't know. The obvious thing would be to recommend your marrying someone who possesses the qualities you lack, thereby becoming your complement.
- GERTIE. Someone like—you?
- DENZIL. Well, perhaps—more or less.
- GERTIE. But why should I marry at all?
- DENZIL. One advantage would be that you would receive no more proposals.
- GERTIE. You know a great deal about men. Suppose I asked you to find me a husband?
- DENZIL. Heaven forbid! I wouldn't even buy you a horse!
- GERTIE. And yet you call yourself my friend!
- DENZIL. Friendship has limits. As you say, most men would be marrying you for your million.
- GERTIE. Although I am so—deliciously—pretty?
- DENZIL. There are a great many pretty women—and very few millions.
- GERTIE. I was so happy when I heard uncle had left me his money, and I'm not at all sure now that I don't wish he hadn't!
- DENZIL. It was quite a surprise to you?
- GERTIE. Quite. We knew he was well off, of course, but never imagined that he was especially rich.
- DENZIL. Not even aunt?
- GERTIE. No. She was his sister, you know—she lived with us, and kept house. She had no idea.

A PIECE OF MOSAIC.

DENZIL. I can't say I'm fond of aunt.

GERTIE. (*Drily.*) I'm sorry.

DENZIL. I can be frank, now that I'm no longer a candidate—for higher degrees. I suppose she'll live with you—when you marry?

GERTIE. Of course. It would break her heart to leave me.

DENZIL. H'm! I should fancy her heart was pretty tough.

GERTIE. What don't you like in her?

DENZIL. Heaps of things. For one, she encourages you to flirt.

GERTIE. Flirt! I!

DENZIL. Don't you know that you flirt?

GERTIE. (*With dignity.*) Mr. Calverstone—

DENZIL. I thought you wanted me to tell you things!

GERTIE. (*Laughing.*) Oh, if you're still the secretary—

DENZIL. Why not? You *do* flirt. You flirted with me.

GERTIE. I did not!

DENZIL. I beg your pardon—you distinctly encouraged me to believe that you were fond of me.

GERTIE. I *am* fond of you.

DENZIL. Then why wouldn't you marry me? I'm not proposing, mind.

GERTIE. That's quite understood.

DENZIL. You haven't told me why.

GERTIE. For one thing, I don't want to marry.

DENZIL. That's no reason.

GERTIE. I'm sorry. I think it is.

DENZIL. All women should marry.

GERTIE. Even those with a million? Besides, you wouldn't have allowed aunt to live with me.

DENZIL. Certainly not. But, anyhow, I'm only a friend—my proposal's withdrawn. But you did flirt with me.

GERTIE. How about you?

DENZIL. Me?

GERTIE. Yes, you. You certainly pretended to care for me.

DENZIL. I did care—

GERTIE. Oh! Would you have allowed a mere trifle like aunt—

DENZIL. She weighs twenty stone.

GERTIE. Don't be flippant. If you had loved me—

DENZIL. I might have, in time.

GERTIE. Oh! Then you admit that you don't now?

DENZIL. (*Cheerfully.*) Certainly not!

GERTIE. And yet you came here with the intention of—

THE MAID, THE AUNT, AND THE MILLION.

DENZIL. Why not? I like you quite well enough to marry you.

GERTIE. You are a horrid man!

DENZIL. Love, my dear Gertie—we are such friends that there's no reason why I shouldn't call you Gertie—love is a very different thing from what you have read in your foolish novels. Shall I give you a little lecture on love?

GERTIE. I am resigned. It's a wet afternoon.

DENZIL. There are two kinds of love—the meteoric and the evolutionary. The meteoric has its roots in the physical, and is as ephemeral as the rainbow. The other kind, based on solid observation and substantial fact, grows as steadily as the oak, and provides shelter for one's old age. The one is a wild and fantastic thing, compounded only of passion and delirium; the other is built up of sympathy and respect, admiration, affection, knowledge. The one dies, the other endures. There!

GERTIE. And what you were prepared to offer was Number Two?

DENZIL. Precisely. But that is all over.

GERTIE. Of course.

DENZIL. I assure you I had already begun to think what I would do with that million!

GERTIE. Then you imagined I would accept you?

DENZIL. Naturally. From the way you had flirted with me——

GERTIE. Oh!

DENZIL. I believed I had made an impression——

GERTIE. Of the Number One order?

DENZIL. Yes.

GERTIE. How modest you are! And what intentions had you?

DENZIL. As regards the million?

GERTIE. Yes.

DENZIL. At first I thought I'd give it to aunt——

GERTIE. As the price of her going away?

DENZIL. Yes. But then I reflected that she would probably do it for less.

GERTIE. (*Laughing.*) She might. But I wouldn't let her. Well, what would you have done—with that million?

DENZIL. Learned how to spend it.

GERTIE. That's easy enough. I've got through a good deal.

DENZIL. In the most ridiculous fashion.

GERTIE. (*Really angry.*) Mr. Calverstone!

DENZIL. Believe me, my dear archbishop, it's perfectly true. Of course, it's not as much your fault as aunt's—she ought to know better. You give absurdly lavish and sumptuous entertainments, keep open house

A PIECE OF MOSAIC.

for all sorts of parasites, and pour your bounty—for I know you are generous—into the laps of shameless and undeserving beggars. Don't you?

GERTIE. I thought there could be no harm in giving.

DENZIL. That's just it—that's why one needs training. Well, I've finished my lecture—I'll go.

GERTIE. Don't. Say some more.

DENZIL. I fancy I've said quite enough.

GERTIE. I should like you to tell me something about yourself.

DENZIL. Why?

GERTIE. So that *I* can have an innings, and play the secretary too. Please!

DENZIL. My dear Gertie—I may call you Gertie, mayn't I?

GERTIE. You took it for granted before.

DENZIL. Really? Very well, then—my dear Gertie—

GERTIE. You needn't go on repeating it, you know.

DENZIL. Of course not, of course not. As I was saying, then, dear Gertie—

GERTIE. You don't seem able to get beyond that.

DENZIL. What an idiot I am! And it's a very ordinary name!

GERTIE. Quite.

DENZIL. You want to know about me? Well, there's not much to say. I've been fairly successful at the Bar, I mean to stand for the House at the next General Election. When I was young—you must know that I have attained the ripe age of thirty-seven—when I was young, I was just the same kind of ass that most fellows are. Now I'm wise—don't you think?

GERTIE. Just a little hard, aren't you?

DENZIL. Only on the shell.

GERTIE. Inclined to be—shall we say, dictatorial?

DENZIL. A cloak for my natural timidity.

GERTIE. I should never have believed it! Selfish?

DENZIL. Can you call a man selfish who came here intending to propose? But I'll admit that there's room for improvement. You might have improved me. That's the advantage of marriage—the compensation for the sacrifice—

GERTIE. Oh! Sacrifice!

DENZIL. Does that surprise you? Do you imagine that there are any two people in this world who fit in so exactly that there are no concessions to make?

GERTIE. Aunt, I suppose, would have been a concession?

THE MAID, THE AUNT, AND THE MILLION.

DENZIL. On your side, yes. In return, I would have renounced a whole army of second cousins.

GERTIE. And, the aunt question settled, there would have been—other—bones of contention?

DENZIL. My dear friend, let me utter a profound truth. There is no such thing as a happy marriage.

GERTIE. Oh!

DENZIL. Some marriages are less unhappy than others—there you have the position in a nutshell. Marriage isn't a picnic—it's a duel. And when the two champions, after a preliminary bout or so, learn to respect each other, and shake hands, and jog on pleasantly—why, they're about as happy as they can be.

GERTIE. That's not a romantic picture.

DENZIL. But then life isn't romantic—it's we who put the romance into it, and then grumble because it collapses. Marriage is no more romantic than a gamble in wheat.

GERTIE. And yet you tell me I ought to marry!

DENZIL. Of course. It's progress. And that's what we're here for.

GERTIE. You're a most peculiar person.

DENZIL. If you had allowed me to propose to you—and had, let us wildly imagine, accepted me——

GERTIE. Please don't let us imagine anything so dreadful. You have persuaded me. My partner shall be the most lamb-like man I can find.

DENZIL. Then you'll be desperately dull. A married woman may still be spiritually an old maid if she never experiences the acute shock of the masculine intellect.

GERTIE. Like yours?

DENZIL. Let us say, like mine. At least I am progressive, ambitious, and dissatisfied. I am suspicious of the joys that money can buy. I should have dragged you out of this foolish social circle, and made you do something.

GERTIE. What?

DENZIL. The thing you were best fitted to do.

GERTIE. But supposing I had proved to be merely of the caressing order, capable of nothing than of simply loving my husband?

DENZIL. (*With a quick look at her.*) H'm! I should have worked for two, and my supernatural energy would have galvanised you into exertion.

GERTIE. And suppose that I should have loved you so dearly that the mere loving of you filled my life?

DENZIL. Now, I call that flirting.

A PIECE OF MOSAIC.

GERTIE. Oh, dear! Really?

DENZIL. Of course.

GERTIE. I'm so sorry! Why?

DENZIL. You conjure up images in me—you paint a picture—and I turn round and find it—gone.

GERTIE. I was only giving my idea of the—duel. I expected an avalanche of indignation and scorn.

DENZIL. You did?

GERTIE. Of course! To you, who look on marriage as a gamble in wheat.

DENZIL. (*Restlessly.*) Did I say that?

GERTIE. Not a moment ago! And fancy—if you gambled in wheat—with a partner who—occasionally—wanted—to kiss you!

DENZIL. (*With enthusiasm.*) It would be lovely!—(*he pulls himself up*)—I mean—disconcerting.

GERTIE. Wouldn't it? But go on, please.

DENZIL. I've lost my thread. Besides, I've an idea I've been talking nonsense.

GERTIE. Let me utter a profound truth, my dear friend. All clever men talk nonsense when they discuss women; and the more clever they are, the more nonsensical is the nonsense they talk.

DENZIL. I'm not sure that you're wrong. Miss Gertrude Hollins, do you love me?

GERTIE. (*Very demurely.*) I don't know, Mr. Denzil Calverstone.

DENZIL. I shall be obliged if you will pursue investigations in the proper quarter, and inform me of the result.

GERTIE. Certainly. And if you will be good enough to call again in seven years—

DENZIL. That's rather a long time, isn't it?

GERTIE. Are you aware of the number of miles that separate us from the dog-star?

DENZIL. I'll look it up in the cyclopædia when I get home. But I fail to see the connection.

GERTIE. What was it you said before about a woman's heart?

DENZIL. I don't file my observations; and whatever it was, I do now and by these presents most solemnly recant.

GERTIE. Dear me! Is all the snow melting? Has Primrose Hill been masquerading as Mont Blanc?

DENZIL. All except aunt. I take back all except aunt.

GERTIE. What *do* you mean?

DENZIL. Gertie, I love you.

THE MAID, THE AUNT, AND THE MILLION.

GERTIE. (*Nodding.*) I know. Number Two.

DENZIL. Number Two be—sugared! I tell you I love you. I love you just as much as I can possibly love. I believe it would be no exaggeration to use the word “adore.”

GERTIE. You surprise me. But, of course, as there’s no such thing as a happy marriage—

DENZIL. That’s all nonsense—mere cynical affectation.

GERTIE. You have disenchanted me, you see. As I look at you now, I find “Beware of the Dog” written all over you.

DENZIL. Then you won’t?

GERTIE. Didn’t I tell you that right at the start? You agreed to be friends.

DENZIL. I don’t want to be friends. Friendship is absurd. I want—

GERTIE. The million?

DENZIL. The million be hanged! Give it to aunt, or the British Museum, or take it and drop it in the Thames.

GERTIE. Suppose the money belonged to aunt?

DENZIL. ‘Pon my soul, I wish it did! But it doesn’t.

GERTIE. How do you know?

DENZIL. I looked up the will in Somerset House.

GERTIE. Oh!

DENZIL. My dear friend, I’ll be frank. At the start I wanted the million, then I fell in love with you. Now, that’s the truth.

GERTIE. Well, you can’t have us both.

DENZIL. I don’t want you both. I want you.

GERTIE. Then there’s aunt.

DENZIL. We give her the million! Aunt goes!

GERTIE. Never!

DENZIL. I will *not* live with aunt.

GERTIE. Although I should be there, too?

DENZIL. Well, you see—

GERTIE. You would find me—quite nice—at times—

DENZIL. Gertie!

GERTIE. Of course, I should—never—kiss you—when she was there—

DENZIL. Darling!

GERTIE. But I fancy—there would be—occasions—

DENZIL. The objection to aunt is withdrawn.

GERTIE. Unreservedly?

DENZIL. Quite. I give in.

GERTIE. Hasn’t it struck you as strange that she should be out to-day?

A PIECE OF MOSAIC.

- DENZIL. You told me that she——
- GERTIE. I had to invent an excuse. She wanted to leave us alone. She likes you——
- DENZIL. Most admirable aunt!
- GERTIE. And was anxious that I should——
- DENZIL. Accept me?
- GERTIE. Yes.
- DENZIL. We take aunt to our manly bosom.
- GERTIE. Then about the million?
- DENZIL. The miserable million! Look here, I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll keep a bit of it as pin-money for you, and with the rest of it form a trust—and build homes for the poor.
- GERTIE. You mean it?
- DENZIL. I do. Why should we begin our life with the burden of this monstrous wealth? I've money enough—I don't want any more.
- GERTIE. (*Slyly.*) Much can be done with a million.
- DENZIL. But more with you. I want you!
- GERTIE. Ah! Well, we've had quite a pleasant talk, haven't we?
- DENZIL. Gertie!
- GERTIE. I think you would make a very good—secretary.
- DENZIL. Tell me that you love me!
- GERTIE. Love you! I?
- DENZIL. You surely have not been playing with me all this time?
- GERTIE. Of course. What else?
- DENZIL. Merely leading me on?
- GERTIE. I should have thought that was sufficiently obvious.
- DENZIL. Well, I am——
- GERTIE. Engaged.
- DENZIL. As secretary?
- GERTIE. If you like. But I rather prefer your name to mine, and I think I'll take it.
- DENZIL. (*Happily.*) Gertie!
- GERTIE. You dear, foolish man! I've been meaning to marry you—for the last fortnight!
- DENZIL. Then you do love me?
- GERTIE. With a blend of Number One *and* Number Two! Only, remember that there's no such thing as a happy——
- (*He interrupts her in the usual lover's fashion, and the curtain discreetly drops.*)

[CURTAIN.]



RUTH WITH GLEANERS.

BY LUCIEN PISSARRO.



DRASHA.

BY LUCIEN PISSARRO.



BY WAY OF AN APPLE.

(Through the Yiddish from the Hebrew of Byalik.)

YOU want to know how I came to love?
I came to love by way of an apple,
For the path of the spirit is past all telling,
A thing well known—and now will I give you
Certain proof of it out of my life.
You want to know how I came to love?
I came to love by way of an apple.

My uncle had a beautiful garden,
He had a daughter with beautiful eyes.
In midst of the garden, a pool of waters
That trickled quietly, still and clear,
Stolen waters, like secret wine.
My uncle had a beautiful garden,
He had a daughter with beautiful eyes.

The garden had quiet hiding-places,
Fruit trees and plants of rarest show,
And all through the brilliant summer-time
Flowers and songs in overflow,
Fullness of shadow and fullness of shine.
The garden had quiet hiding-places,
Bough and blossom of rarest blow.

A PIECE OF MOSAIC.

And there came a day in the height of summer,
A day of heat and a day of light,
And I with my cousin Peninah
Went out to walk in the garden.
She, a young girl, and I, a stripling—
Sported together in the summer weather.
The day was hot and the day was bright.

The garden was deeply, darkly green,
Astir with life and light and gladness.
The apple tree laden,
The cherry bough shining,
While the pears grew red in the shadow,
The darkly deep green shadow,
And light and gladness was over all.

And we played and made merry together,
I and Peninah my cousin,
We sang and we danced like children,
And the precious fruits and the song-birds
Seemed to take part in my joy.
We danced and sang and made merry,
I and my cousin Peninah.

Peninah called me a "terrible tease,"
And I, I called her a "little bird,"
Or else I likened her to a lily,
I cannot remember, my brain has erred.
Oh, how fair was my cousin that day!
Peninah called me a "terrible tease,"
And I, I called her a "little bird."

And all of a sudden we came to a tree,
An apple, that gave forth a fragrant smell,
And fleet as a bird from the hand
My dove Peninah had left me,

IT CANNOT BE.

Lifted an arm and caught—
Caught at a bough of the apple
That gave forth a fragrant smell.

Swift then came back to me, clasping
A large and shining red apple,
Bit and halved it, and held
The second half to my mouth.
I opened it wide, my cheeks
Were scarlet—and there she stood
With half of a round, red apple.

And my tooth, as it peeled the juicy apple,
Felt and knew where *her* tooth had been,
And my nose was 'ware of a breath of Peninah,
And her breath, her perfume, went to my head,
It overcame me like honeyed wine,
My heart failed me, my courage left me,
Peninah has ever since been mine.



IT CANNOT BE.

(Translated through the Yiddish from the Hebrew of Byalik.)



NO, this is not the sun of spring
That smites to-day upon our head,
And this is not the spring's sweet shine
That on our dazzled eyes is shed.

No, this is not her sapful leaf
That pushed and struggled to the day,
Not this her young and winning wind,
The pure—that meets us in the way.

A PIECE OF MOSAIC.

The heart has not been glad enough,
The eyes have not yet looked their fill,
The boughs have scarce took on their load,
The standing ears are slender still.

The cherry, pear, and apple trees
Have scarcely lost their blossoms, white
As milk—it seems as though the wind
Had stolen them but yesternight.

The summer's with us still, not yet
Will vintage and the cold be here,
Our garden is not yet despoilt,
Our trees are not yet sere.

The scythe has not yet touched our fields,
The sickle has not lifted been,
The buds are bursting in the wood,
And vale and meadow decked with green!

Among the boughs the juicy fruits
Hang peeping row on row,
The lilies all are still erect
And still the flowers grow!

Still pictures fair on every hand
Of bounteous overflow appear—
Then why do we thus silent stand
Before the first-fruits of the year?

HELENA FRANK.



A POLISH JEW.

BY HERMANN STRUCK.



A HANDFUL OF EARTH.



HERE go the Urim and Thumim," some had said, and the nickname had stuck. It was a subtle tribute to the inseparableness of the pair, as well as a patent sarcasm on their ragged and out-at-elbows appearance, which suggested anything but the traditional glories of the sacerdotal regalia. Which of the two was Urim and which Thumim was not quite established, but they both accepted the sobriquet with the humble indifference of those who, living on the bread of charity, have learned not to be squeamish about the nature of any gift.

Urim and Thumim had fallen in somewhere on their mendicant rounds, and after spending the night in fierce Talmudical wranglings, had decided that they had been intended by Nature and Fate as mutual and congenial complements, which till then had been groping their way through the darkness of the world in search of one another. For some years longer they had continued their peregrinations, until the growing infirmities of age compelled them to seek a permanent place of abode. How old they were was lost even to themselves in the mists of antiquity, but, calculating their years from some vague point anterior to the Revolution, as they called the great Polish insurrection of '63, they came to the conclusion that they had well passed the appointed span of man's life.

The question had become a matter of great importance to them, and exercised their minds considerably. They would refer to it with mystic allusions.

"It's time we got ready for the journey," said Urim.

"The day is drawing to a close. The Master will soon call," the remark was capped by Thumim.

A PIECE OF MOSAIC.

And then they would look at each other and voice the same thought in the same breath, or rather want of breath, for they were both of them wheezy and asthmatical.

"Let's see how much we have got."

And out would come a long leather pouch, and they would jingle out the coins it contained on the table and commence to count. The last time they counted they looked at each rather longer and shook their heads more despondingly.

"Fourteen roubles and fifty-seven copecks—that's not enough, by a long way," they informed one another.

One would have thought that Urim and Thumim were misers. To have paid their way through life for seventy odd years, and at the end of that time still to have a surplus of fourteen and a half roubles was surely as much as reasonable men could expect. Then what were they hoarding up for? With the money they could have bought many necessities, and even a few luxuries—Urim required a new pair of phylacteries badly. Nor was there any false pride about them in the matter of providing against a pauper burial. They had given their brethren a chance of earning the blessings of heaven by caring for them in life, and they were quite ready and willing to confer upon them the still greater favour of allowing them to give them a charity funeral. What need, then, in Heaven's name, did Urim and Thumim have of money?

Deep down in their hearts they hid the consuming ambition which, if known, would have exposed them to endless ridicule—the ambition to die and be buried in Jerusalem. That this was not beyond the bounds of human possibility they knew. They had heard that Jews died in Jerusalem every day of the year. But the trouble was how to get there. From cautious inquiries they had learned that it was rather too far to walk from Slobotkin to Palestine, apart from the fact that some incidental swimming would have to be done. At their present rate of saving it meant that they would have to live about another century and a half to accumulate the necessary travelling expenses, and that was rather a long time to wait. They were both getting to feel a little tired. They had done so much waiting and watching and praying in their time—one can have even too much of the good things of life. There was but one thing to hope for—a miracle.

And true enough, as a reward for their faith, the miracle came. But, as might also be expected as a punishment for the godlessness of these days, it was only half a miracle. That is to say, the very morning after their last stocktaking, the travelling expenses for one of them arrived. Many years ago a nephew of Thumim had emigrated to America. He

A HANDFUL OF EARTH.

had kept in touch with his uncle by an occasional dollar, which sometimes reached him and sometimes got mislaid at the post office. But the nephew had taken the precaution not to register the fifty dollars he sent as a thank-offering for having won a big prize in the lottery, and so the contents of his letter escaped suspicion and detection. Urim happened to be out when the letter arrived, and he found Thumim awaiting his return in an agony of perplexity.

"Well, what are you troubling about now?" asked Urim when Thumim had told him of the godsend.

"I'm troubling because it's not enough," replied Thumim.

"But the agent said that for a hundred roubles he could get a man to Palestine. The dollars just come to that, don't they?"

"Yes, but don't you see there are two of us?" cried Thumim in exasperation.

"Then only one will go—the one the money belongs to," said Urim, his voice heavy with the leadenness of despair.

"What, and leave you here? Never! I shall stay as well."

"And saddle me with the iniquity of having prevented a Jew from going to the Holy Land? Perverse one, do you want to cut me off from the life to come?"

And at last, by the employment of many more arguments, cajolings, and threats, Urim drove the only all-too-willing horse to the water, or, rather, Thumim went to the passage broker to arrange about his journey, and came back with a face full of woe.

"What's the matter?" asked Urim.

"The agent says hundred roubles is not enough."

"How much more does he want?"

"He says the fare will come to hundred and fourteen roubles and fifty-seven copecks."

"Then what are you whining about? You've got the rest."

"You mean we've got it. Half of it is yours, isn't it?"

Urim looked up from the tome of the "Guide to the Perplexed," over which he was poring, and gazed hard at the other.

"I will give you my share——" he began.

"God forbid!" said Thumim quickly.

"Not so fast, my friend. I don't say I will let you have it as a free gift. You will have to sell me something in exchange for it."

"What have I got that is worth seven roubles and over?" asked Thumim sorrowfully.

"Not what you have, but what you will have. In exchange for the

A PIECE OF MOSAIC.

money, I shall expect you to let me have a portion of the Holy Land."

Thumim looked at him puzzled, and then a light dawned on him.

"Yes," continued Urim solemnly, "as soon as you get there, you will pack up a boxful of the sacred soil and send it to me here. You know for what purpose I require it."

"But you are paying too much," said Thumim, still remonstrant.

"Too much?" cried Urim with passionate reproach. "Seven roubles too much for a portion of the precious earth that has trembled to the trumpet-call of the seraphim on Sinai, that has been hallowed by the footsteps of our priests and prophets? Oh, heretic—oh, unrighteous one! My cheeks burn with shame for you! Only you must pay the postage on the parcel—that's in the bargain."

"But I could let you have the earth for nothing," said Thumim meekly.

"But if you don't take the money, how will you get there, fool?"

And then Thumim lifted his hands to heaven and improvised a new benediction:

"Blessed art Thou who hast given me this man for a brother!"

In a day or two Thumim was ready for the journey. Of course it did not take him all that time to do his packing, but he lingered and lingered, waiting, perhaps, for the other half of the miracle to happen, until Urim himself grew impatient and stirred the laggard to departure. A short, sharp wrench was better than this slow, gradual tugging at their heart-strings. A number of the townspeople gave Thumim their escort a little way, with sly nods and ironic whisperings to each other. They had not the least doubt that Thumim would presently get frightened at his adventure, and would come slinking back from the first station at which the train stopped.

But Urim knew better. He knew how he himself would have felt on the matter if the position of the two had been reversed. They said nothing when at last they were left alone, first because the creaking of the ungreased axle of the draycart, that took them to the railway junction, made conversation impossible, and, secondly, because they preferred to listen to their own and each other's thoughts. It was not till Thumim stood looking out on him from the window of the fourth-class *coupe* that Urim broke the silence between them.

"When you get there, give my kind regards to Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, our fathers of blessed memory," he said.

"I will," Thumim promised him gravely.

"And drink plenty of the milk and eat a great deal of the honey—

A HANDFUL OF EARTH.

then you'll live for ever," went on Urim, forgetting that, by acting up to his admonition and its promised result, Thumim would be defeating the very object of his journey.

And as the train started moving off, he called after his friend—

"But, above all, don't forget our bargain!"

And then he turned quickly to make his way to the vehicle that was to take him back to Slobotkin. But the driver was nowhere to be seen. The rascal, having received his fare in advance, had made off to a neighbouring farm, where he knew a load of flour-bags to be conveyed back to the town would mean another bottle of vodka.

Urim did not mind. He was unconscious of his aching feet, of the gnawing pangs of hunger during that six hours' tramp over the stony road. for the new-born hope within him buoyed him up and made his heart soar heaven-high. It gave him rather a shock, when at length he stumbled back into his miserable dwelling, to see Thumim seated at the table, staring at him with those rheumy, melancholy eyes of his that seemed for ever to be asking unanswerable questions. And then, when the first fright was over, he laughed with glee. Of course, it had been merely an hallucination—the sun had burned fiercely enough to blister anybody's brain. Thumim was by now well on his way, speeding along behind the iron steam-horse on his blessed errand. And if he had left his shadow behind, it was no more than was to be expected of his friendship—he knew that Urim would require company.

A week, two weeks went past, and, according to Urim's reckoning, Thumim should by now have reached his destination. It was only right to allow him a little breathing space before he attended to his commission, No doubt there was much to see, much to rejoice and to weep over. Urim pictured him standing on the shore of the Red Sea, trying to trace the footprints of the Israelite host. He pictured him scouring the cave of Machpelah for a chance encounter with Father Abraham. Perhaps by now he had gazed at the very spot where Elijah started his heavenward chariot journey. And then came the Fast of Ab, and while Urim was rocking himself on the loam flooring of the little village Bethel, he thought of Thumim revelling in an ecstasy of grief amid the ruin-heaps of the Temple, or pressing impassioned kisses on the Wailing Wall, where it still showed the dents made by the catapults of the heathen Greeks—Urim's notions of history were exceedingly vague, and his imagination ran riotously over things and events. Oh, what a glorious time Thumim must be having! But jealousy? Heaven forbid—not a trace of it.

However, when six weeks had elapsed, Urim thought he might allow

A PIECE OF MOSAIC.

himself to get a little impatient. Perhaps Thumim was unduly dilatory. The consignment of Holy Land should have arrived by now. And as day followed day still without tidings, Urim became anxious. Waiting took the very marrow out of one. And he did not feel very strong as it was, not since the day of that six hours' tramp. More and more frequently came those twinges in his head, the racking cramp at his heart. The visions multiplied. Old friends, whose very names he had forgotten, crowded in on him. Thumim came often, his eyes always questioning, but never vouchsafing any answer. Urim's wife and quiverful of little ones, snatched away—of no Jewish home be it said—by the dread epidemic nearly half a century ago, peopled his loneliness. Each day he crawled to the post office, only to be met by the official's curt shake of the head.

And then his anxiety turned to alarm, his alarm to despair. Had those ghostly messengers come to call him away? Would he be able to hold out long enough till— A faint tinge of doubt, of distrust, began to insinuate itself among his other emotions. Had Thumim proved false to his trust? Had he betrayed him, having gained everything human heart could desire, and therefore callous to the pangs of those others who went lacking? An impotent rage took hold of him. People shrugged their shoulders as they passed him in the streets, gesticulating wildly and fiercely upbraiding his recreant friend. He would die and be buried, with no handful of consecrated earth to hallow his resting-place. He would have to burrow his way, according to the beliefs and traditions of his kind, through the bowels of the earth until he arrived in the Promised Land, there to await the Resurrection. . . . Not to speak of the seven and a quarter roubles he had thrown away—a treasure, a very fortune—

The first of the Penitential Days had come. Urim was at home, for he had no longer the strength to go to the synagogue. He was adding to the iniquities of the past year by giving no thought to his transgressions, but by harping on Thumim's treachery. And then he heard footsteps stumbling up the stairs, and the postman panted in under the load of a heavy packet.

"There it is," he said gruffly, dropping it to the ground with a thud. "Is that what you've been pestering the life out of us for all this time? Well, it's worth it, I'm sure—full of gold, it must be, at the very least," he added with a sneering laugh. But if he had stayed to see Urim precipitate himself on the parcel with half-articulate cries of joy, he might have thought that there was some truth in his taunt, after all.

Three days later Urim was buried, and the contents of the package were strewn over his mortal remains, all of it except the few grains which

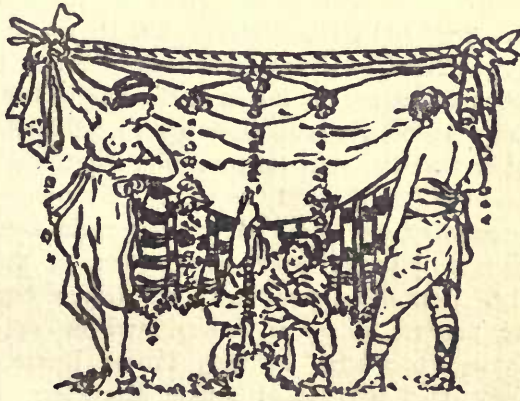
A HANDFUL OF EARTH.

each of his self-constituted mourners furtively kept back to profit him in his own hour of need.

And on the same day, almost to the very hour, Thumim was put to his rest in Jerusalem. In the streets of the city had been found the body of a nameless old man, who had arrived there some weeks ago, despoiled of his last copeck on the journey. He had died of exposure and starvation, for the few sous that came to him as his share of the Haluka he had hoarded up to defray the carriage of a parcel he had to send to Russia, in accordance with some mysterious bargain he was understood to have made.

And so Thumim had gone to the Holy Land, but the Holy Land had come to Urim. Which was the more fortunate ?

SAMUEL GORDON.



HEBREW CALLIGRAPHY.

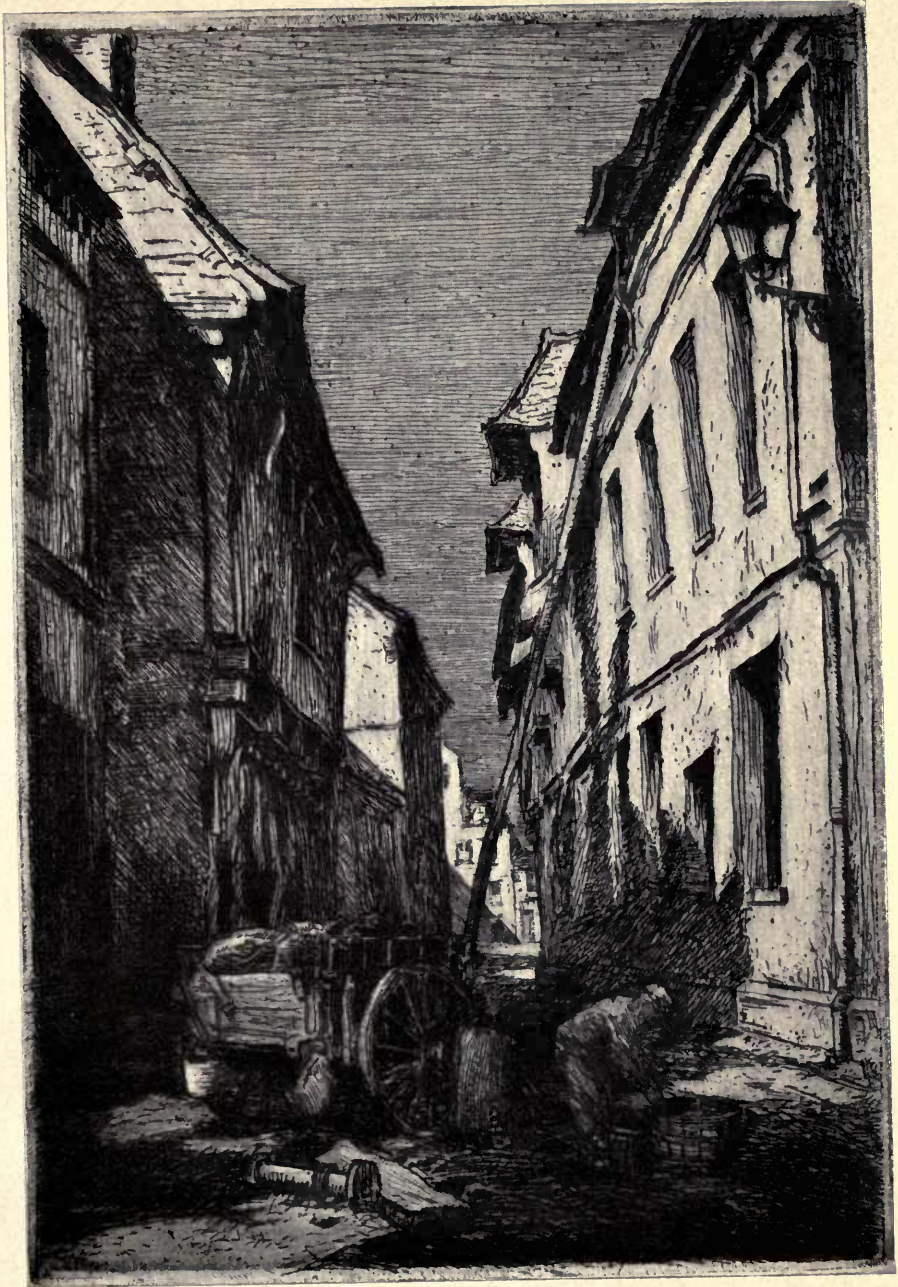
RENAN long ago remarked that in the fourteenth century calligraphy was the only art which the Jews were able to cultivate without external restrictions: Beautiful handwriting was, indeed, one of the prime elements in the Jewish liberal education of the Middle Ages, especially in Spain and Provence. This fact comes out curiously in several ways. Joseph Ezobi, a Provençal of the late thirteenth century, wrote a Hebrew poem called the "Silver Bowl" as a marriage offering to his son, and in it he gives the young bridegroom instructions as to his future course of life. Among his admonitions he strongly urges his son to acquire a good style of writing,

For in his penmanship man stands revealed,—
Purest intent by chastest style is sealed.

So, too, in his epistle to his son, composed about 1190, Judah ibn Tibbon declares that "beauty of handwriting is an index of the writer's worth."

That these counsels were practically followed is evidenced by the many fine MSS. that have come down to us. Many of these are illuminated, and often the drawings and gildings are far inferior to the text from the artistic standpoint. The best Jewish ornaments are just those in which handwriting predominates, as, for instance, the marginal Massoretic notes and intricate arabesque-like diagrams made up of small letters.

But it cannot be said that since the invention of printing there has been as much progress in technical beauty as might have been expected. The reason for this seems to me to be due to one main fact. One of the chief advantages of printing over handwriting is the increase of average legibility. Hence the great bulk of Hebrew books meant for popular use are printed in *square* letters, and in square letters of the most rigidly regular shape. In 1403 Profiat Duran, in the ninth of his canons, advocates the use of square characters, as "these are more original and beautiful." This was what one might have expected of a Spanish Jew, for undeniably the square writing was brought to perfection in Spain. Now, while books were still *written*, there was always room for individuality in the manner of the scribe. Alike as they are in general character, the Spanish MSS. reveal much variety in details. Nevertheless, even in the early period, the preference for square letters interfered somewhat with artistic development. Having a more cursive alphabet, the Arabs—restricted as much as Jews were by the objection to animal



A STREET IN HARFLEUR.

By T. FRIEDENSEN.

HEBREW CALLIGRAPHY.

figures—were able to interweave texts into architectural and other designs with singularly effective results. The same cannot be said of the Hebrew texts with which the Toledo Synagogue was adorned; they are stiff and unattractive. The same criticism must be made of the texts introduced in the ornamentation of the gallery at the new West End Synagogue. Mr. Singer tells us that he perceived this objection. "At one time," he says, "I thought of proposing that we should employ some form of cursive Hebrew, or, better still, revert to the archaic Hebrew, such as is found on seals and inscriptions. But, on the whole, it was thought best to rely on the ordinary *square* type, and gain in familiarity what was lost in artistic effect."

Though, however, besides the Spanish there were other styles, in some ways as beautiful and in yet other ways more susceptible of artistic originality, the Spanish, in the end, practically superseded all others. In the first printed books the types differed considerably; there are marked variations between the early Italian and the early Spanish printed books, and still more variations may be seen in the fine collection possessed by Mr. E. N. Adler. But, as Mr. Margoliouth truly remarks, "the Spanish forms soon superseded all the others, and they have, on account of their greater regularity, ever since maintained their ground, both in printing and writing."

From the point of view of practical convenience, this has probably been a gain. But, artistically, it has stood in the way of experiment with other forms, and has produced an undesirable monotony. The present writer is far from disputing the practical excellence of many of the types now in use. But it seems to him that we need something more than practical excellence. The time has come for our technical schools to take the question of artistic Hebrew printing more thoroughly in hand, and to give us beauty as well as regularity and clearness. Beginnings have certainly been made, and some are already showing what can be done. But success can only be attained if our type-cutters will once more examine closely, and reproduce not too slavishly, besides the best Spanish also the best models not of Spanish provenance. They will be on the right way to better things if they will boldly introduce more *curves* into their letters. We ought to have a sumptuously beautiful edition de luxe of the Hebrew Pentateuch, without pictures, but with original initials and borders, and also with something a little fresher and a good deal more off the conventional style than we are accustomed to. In the present revival of Hebrew speaking we could do with a corresponding revival of the olden richness of Hebrew calligraphy.

ISRAEL ABRAHAMS.

A VISION OF THE SEA.

THE waves this day, against the silent rock
Are hurling all their host in storm and strain—
Great seas that, gathering strength; again, again,
Fall prone, and all their seething hearts unlock.
This day the waves—a wandering, surging flock
Of passionate forms—are raising wild refrain
With souls for ever calling God in vain,
And hands that helpless at His portals knock.

Israel, ye whose sovereign spirit braves
The wrath of ages with triumphant psalm,
How have ye come to seem a desolate sea,
Your hope in tempest while the rock stands calm,
Your god-like singing but incessant waves
Lashing the silence of eternity?

NINA SALAMAN.



Dim, watery lights, gleaming on gibbering faces,
Faces speechful, barren of soul and sordid,
Huddled and chewing a jest, lewd and gabbled insidious,
Laughter born of its dung flashes and floods like sunlight,
Filling the place with a sense of a soul lethargic and kindly,
Touches my soul with a pathos, a hint of a wide desolation.

WHAT IS SHE AMITODO?

(Extracted from the Note-Book of an East End Worker.)



TO say that Mrs. Edelman eludes the established categories is barely to hint at her personality. Many other people do not lend themselves to classification; that trait in itself would leave Mrs. Edelman almost ordinary. Oddly enough, it is in the pursuit of the conventions that she becomes herself; for convention and Mrs. Edelman are as the poles apart, but, like true opposites, they are drawn towards each other.

The career of a Woman of Fashion, difficult and disastrous as it may well be in Mayfair, assumes in Whitechapel a positively heroic complexity. The field is so much wider, and the materials at hand are so overpowering. Grant that the essence of fashion is rivalry, and you may conceive the cumulative effect of its antagonisms. Your aristocrat is hemmed in by untold restrictions of taste and tradition; not so the circle of Mrs. Edelman. There the battle is fought on the untrammelled merit of the combatants; a button for a button, and a seam for a seam—or, rather, two buttons for a button, and two seams for one. To Mrs. Edelman every woman's clothes are a challenge, and she must therefore be equipped in advance to meet all possible situations. Fashion to her is what Rumour was to Virgil—a *monstrum informum ingens horrendum*, a thousand-eyed tyrant loud for perpetual homage: with this difference, that she, at any rate, yields an exultant obeisance.

For one reason, above all others, Mrs. Edelman's pursuit of the conventions is—from the conventional point of view—catastrophic. It is unkind to call a woman ugly, but by no humane evasion can Mrs. Edelman be called merely plain. She is ugly, poor creature, with an insistent, an indecent ugliness such as a sculptor in a fury against mankind might seize on for a gargoyle. How it came upon a woman's shoulders Darwin alone could tell.

First impressions are paramount. Certainly, nothing that Mrs. Edelman has said or done since first I saw her—not her stout heart, not her shrewd instinct, not her plaintive humour—can soften the incisive lines of that

A PIECE OF MOSAIC.

first impression. One came to her through an atmosphere of cookery, for Mrs. Edelman was perpetually at supper. A vast dish, steaming like a locomotive, was before her. As she revealed herself through the mist, one felt that no genie bursting his brazen shackles in ancient Baghdad could have risen more grimly to the view. Mrs. Edelman's official status—she is cook to a charitable institution—exacts an official garb—a black dress, a white apron, a white cap. Here you have in theory a uniform quite ingenuous in its simplicity. For theory, however, when her principle is at stake, Mrs. Edelman cares not a whit. One may kill simplicity with imagination. Accordingly she sees to it that even black and white shall be full-blooded and flamboyant. Not since good Queen Bess braved it in ruff and farthingale was woman so befrilled as Mrs. Edelman. On her head a turret of stiffened linen sits a little awry, yet solemn as an archiepiscopal mitre. That one sees first; and then the angles upon angles of the formidable apron zig-zagging from shoulder to waist, from waist to ankle, swerving heavily round the sharp corners of her figure to merge at last, with a bewildering suddenness, into a breathless cascade of streamers. Often enough the domestic uniform is either frowsy or coquettish; Mrs. Edelman's is neither. If anything, it is military—military in its rectilinear precision, military in its suggestion of panoply, of fortification. Not by the turret alone, but by the sheer extent of cubic dimension in every frill of her equipment, she compels a martial simile, an outward and visible expression of virtue entrenched.

I did not come alone to the interview; Mrs. Arnovitz came with me. Mrs. Arnovitz is one of those little yellow women in whom every Ghetto abounds, the unfortunates of an unfortunate race. If ever a soft-hearted community bestows a Diploma for Suffering, Mrs. Arnovitz will be the first recipient. Her capacity for suffering is inexhaustible. She seems to stand at the cross-roads of Destiny weary and pessimistic, yet curious for new misery; with much scepticism as to the alleged resources of a Providence she has already rendered bankrupt in misfortunes. Nothing has escaped her. Her entry into the world was signalised by the death of her mother, her infancy by small-pox, her adolescence by hunger, her marriage by widowhood, her widowhood by exile. An abundance of relatives in Galicia is her one advantage. Alas, it is quite illusory! Their only function in the world is to leave it. Every post brings its victim. Ascendants, collaterals, descendants; connections by marriage; cherished ones in either hemisphere fall one by one before the fatal postage stamp—often to arise again.

But to-day a new hope, and incidentally a new problem, had brought

WHAT IS SHE AMITODO?

her to me. I confess it perplexed and bewildered me—to such an extent that at her suggestion we sought out Mrs. Edelman, whose advice in the crises of other people's lives is notoriously efficacious.

I was to be the mouthpiece. Mrs. Edelman disliked Yiddish, and Mrs. Arnovitz spoke nothing else. I explained, therefore, in the language of Burke, that we had a mission.

"Vell?" said Mrs. Edelman, without a pause in her mastication, handing each of us a glass of rum, "Vell?"

Mrs. Arnovitz looked gratefully at the glass and suspiciously at her hostess, wavered, drank, wavered again, and then remembered simultaneously her manners and her one word of English.

"Tengkw," she said.

A gratified little sigh escaped Mrs. Edelman, less at the display of so much amenity than at the singular propriety of the expression.

To understand Mrs. Edelman you must realise that she is British to the bone, that English is her tongue. But if in the pursuit of convention she sometimes stumbles over fashion, she breaks down altogether over language. True, she has been seventeen years in England; but the years have left her English indeterminate. In her pronunciation, idiom, construction, the unexpected happens unfailingly. Yet to Mrs. Arnovitz the Queen herself is not more thoroughly a British institution than is Mrs. Edelman.

I opened the case by stating, simply, that Mrs. Arnovitz had a daughter. Mrs. Edelman nodded her head judicially, since it was now clear on what kind of problem she had to adjudicate.

Tactfully, and without undue insistence, I brought out the salient details—that she was a good girl, that she was accomplished in domestic duties, that she was even learned, and could almost write—she had been brought up in Galicia—that she was beautiful.

I hesitated, aiming at significance, and then brought out *Imperfection Number One*.

"Unfortunately," I said, "she has the Evil Thing—the Falling Sickness."

Mrs. Edelman shrugged her shoulders as if to signify resignation, even indifference.

"Vell?" she said again.

To my amazement, Mrs. Arnovitz also had regarded this shortcoming in much the same broad-minded way. One must conclude that epilepsy is after all no serious failing in a bride.

I was a little nettled, and remained silent for a moment. Mrs. Edelman repeated her admonition, somewhat more severely.

A PIECE OF MOSAIC.

"Well," I said, "not only that"—and here I brought out *Imperfection Number Two*—"she is twenty-three."

I was immediately conscious that I had scored.

"Tventitri!"

Poor Mrs. Edelman! Doubt, astonishment, wonder, despair were in her look. Twenty-three! Why, the "girl" was an old maid!

It is pleasant to be able to pile up wonders.

"An old maid!" I retorted. "Let me tell you, Mrs. Edelman, there is a young man who wants her. He doesn't mind her being twenty-three, because he is in love with her. You may well look astonished; but then he doesn't know about the Evil Thing. Now, I say, he ought to be told; Mrs. Arnovitz says 'No.' Otherwise, believe me, it's a splendid match. He's a butcher's assistant, and he earns ten shillings a week—and prospects! But——"

I had reached the climax. Solemnly, bitterly I brought out *Imperfection Number Three*.

"But—he wants a dowry. He wants five pounds!"

Mrs. Edelman flashed a sympathetic glance at Mrs. Arnovitz, who had followed our conversation with a close, uncomprehending scrutiny. Mrs. Edelman's exclamations, now incredulous, now despairing, had proved too much for her. She was whimpering.

"Fife pounds!" she echoed, swaying backwards and forwards. "Fife pounds! Fife pounds!"

For Mrs. Arnovitz to raise such a fortune was not only impossible—it was unthinkable. Mrs. Edelman, I could see, immediately realised where the tragedy lay. I already knew the situation would appeal to her, for I knew that, above all else, she was romantic. A close devotion to penny, and even threepenny, novelettes had taught her the existence of romantic passion of a kind, and in a degree, uncomprehended in the Ghetto. Her own marriage, it is true, had been unfortunate; the wretch had run away. But she still keeps over her fireplace an enlarged photograph of the faithless Edelman—an abrupt gentleman all but hidden in a cuirass of murky linen illumined by a diamond stud. And she still persuades herself it was a love-match, although, as all the world knows, the rogue made off with her dowry within a week of the wedding. Luckily she is quite unconscious of her personal defects, and I have even reason to believe she thinks herself comely. Certain it is that her whole outlook is romantic. No doubt her experience of the dowry system has taught her to despise it.

I became severely practical. Mrs. Edelman would have none of it, and, as the result of a merciless cross-examination, I had to admit that

WHAT IS SHE AMITODO?

the suitor would take Miss Arnovitz without the fortune, but that his mother insisted. I urged that the tragedy lay not there, but in the Falling Sickness. A girl like that, I told her, should go into a Home; she had no right to think of marriage. It was socially, ethically, morally indefensible.

At this point pity and indignation welled up so irresistibly in Mrs. Edelman that her emotions crystallised into a new word. With her arms thrust out above her head and her little eyes moist with pity, she threw it at me.

“De poor girl! What is she *amitodo*? What is she *amitodo*?”

Reserve, fashion, aristocratic prejudice broke down; I and my influence were swept aside. Her humanity proving too strong for her, Mrs. Edelman lapsed into Yiddish, and in that musical dialect flung her sympathy around and around the would-be mother-in-law like a great mantle.

I withdrew into the background, ethically, socially, and morally defeated, and not a little aghast at the recklessness of romance. Aghast, perhaps, also at the mysterious word “*amitodo*,” which had fallen like a bomb between us, until a sudden inspiration made it clear.

Do you not know the verb *amitodo*? It is so simple. One conjugates it like this:—

What am-I-to-do?

What art thou am-I-to-do?

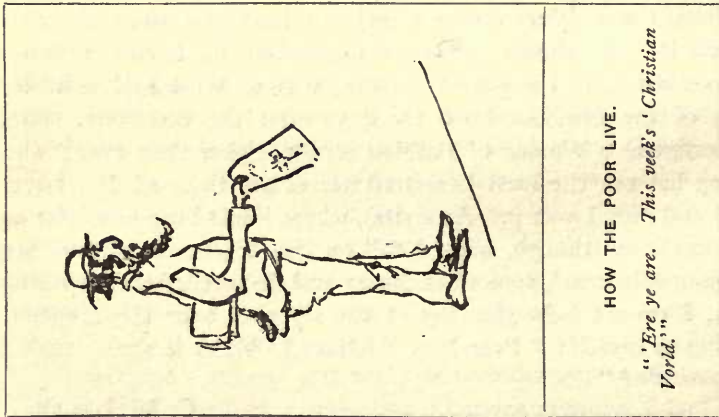
What is he, she, or it am-I-to-do?

What are we am-I-to-do?

and so on through all possible evolutions.

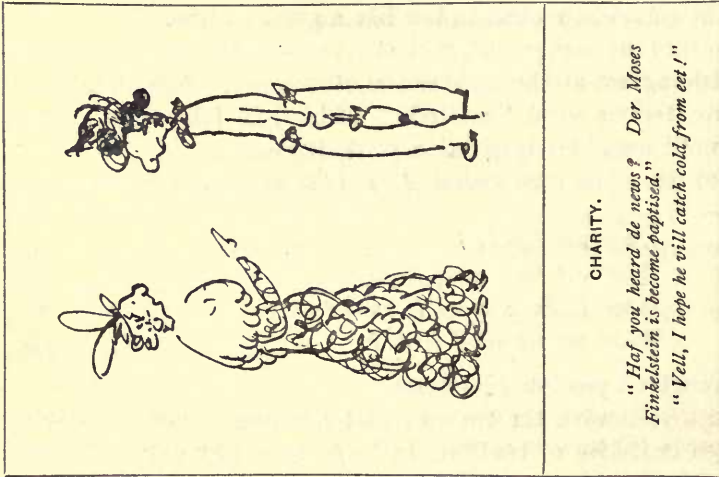
I consoled myself with the thought that a woman whose personality breaks through centuries of tradition in language might well understand romance more thoroughly than I did. And so it has proved. Thanks to Mrs. Edelman, the wedding was as smart as a butcher's cart and a new hat could make it. She shone. How she maintained for twenty minutes a refined conversation, in the purest English, with a West End minister was the talk of the neighbourhood for days after the ceremony. Mrs. Edelman's prestige as a Woman of Fashion stands higher than ever; and on her visiting list not the least honoured names are those of Mr. Lever (*né* Levisohn) and Mrs. Lever (*née* Arnovitz), whose joints I can vouch for as “prime.” Sometimes, though, when I call on Mrs. Edelman and find her in her less fashionable mood, somewhat dreary and dishevelled and anything but romantic, I cannot help glancing at the sly eyes over the fireplace, and murmuring to myself: “Poor Mrs. Edelman! What is she *amitodo*? What is she *amitodo*?”

C. M. KOHAN.



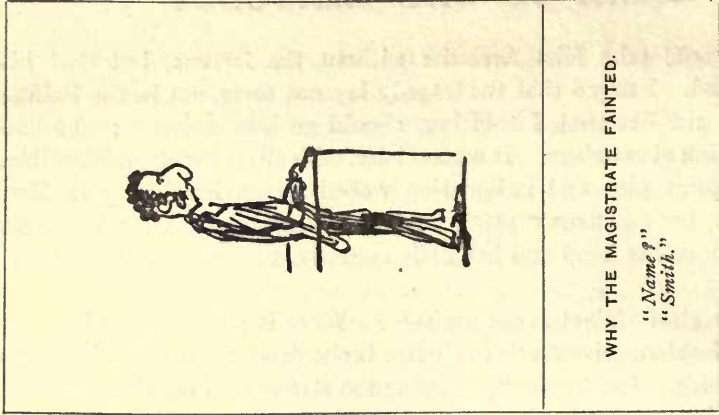
HOW THE POOR LIVE.

"Ere ye are. This week's 'Christian World.'"



CHARITY.

"Haf you heard de news? Der Moses Finkelstein is become baptised."
 "Yell, I hope he vill catch cold from eet!"



WHY THE MAGISTRATE FAINTED.

"Name?"
 "Smith."

TALES OF MINE OWN PEOPLE
 by
 WALTER EMANUEL.

SOME COMMUNAL NEWS.

(With apologies to the Communal Press.)

—♦—

MR. CHOLMONDELEY MARJORIBANKS, of Park Lane and Neerleigh Court, has acquired yet another 1,000 h.p. motor-car, which, in its neat coat of scarlet, yellow, and gold, is quite one of the smartest turn-outs to be seen in Town. By the by, it is not, we believe, generally known that Mr. Marjoribanks suffers from a great secret sorrow. It is a source of acute grief to Mr. Marjoribanks that he cannot ride in more than one of his magnificent cars at the same time.

* * * * *

Mr. Abe Isaacs, the elder brother of Mr. Cholmondeley Marjoribanks, although a millionaire several times over, goes regularly to Synagogue.

* * * * *

Master Guy Abrahams-Jones, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Wolf Abrahams-Jones, of 765, Sunderland Avenue, Bayswater, who recently became a pupil of the Sunderland College for the Sons of the Nobility and Gentry, has received a report "Very satisfactory" for his work during the past term.

* * * * *

Mr. Simeon Feuerheim has passed his Public Examination.

* * * * *

Mr. Arthur Gumberg, L.D.S., had the honour last week to extract a tooth from the mouth of one of our most popular Princesses. In honouring Mr. Gumberg, the Princess has honoured the Community.

* * * * *

There is, by the way, no more loyal section of the population than our co-religionists. A touching example of this is the fact that Mr. Gumberg, we are told, now wears the Royal tooth, superbly mounted in gold, on his watch-chain, where it is much admired by his numerous *clientèle*.

* * * * *

Among those present at the successful At Home given on the 5th inst. by Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Mimosa at Hurstmonceaux, 521, Warwick Avenue, W., were several ladies and gentlemen of the Christian persuasion, including Miss Jane Smythe, one of whose cousins, as is well known, is related by marriage to His Grace the Duke of Middlesex. Miss Smythe was much lionised. She will be obliged if the lady who took her umbrella by mistake will return the same.

* * * * *

At the recent Barmitzvah party of Master Jack Smelowiski, the son of Mr. I. Smelowiski (and Mrs. I. Smelowiski), of Brick Court, Bell Lane, Spitalfields, the catering was the subject of much flattering comment. The bolas, it is whispered, came from the old-established stall of Mr. Fritz Katz, while the water was supplied by the well-known Metropolitan Water Board.

A PIECE OF MOSAIC.

We regret to hear that, at the disastrous fire which broke out on Tuesday last at the City depot of Humburger's Indestructible Iron Safe Company, the whole of the stock was destroyed.

* * * * *

We are afraid that there is no denying the fact that anti-Semitism dies hard. While in America our co-religionists still suffer from an *embarras de richus*, it is unfortunately too true that in this country, also, one occasionally comes across an ebullition of ill-feeling. For example, upon learning that Mr. Wolffe, the Channel swimmer, was of the ancient race, a Gentile, instead of admiring him for his doggedness, was heard to remark spitefully: "How characteristic to try to get to France without paying his steamboat fare!"

* * * * *

There is jubilation in the camp of the Zionists. A Jewish "Hamlet" was successfully produced at an East End theatre the other day, and it is now being asked: "If a Jewish Hamlet is a success, why not a Jewish State?"

* * * * *

A correspondent vouches for the truth of the following. The latest importation from Germany was about to preach a sermon. "Why does he wear the black cap, daddy?" asked a juvenile worshipper. "For the murder of the King's English, I expect," answered daddy.

* * * * *

"There are many," says a contemporary, "who lean too much upon the charitable inclinations of the Rothschild family." Some, it is true, may lean on those inclinations, but, surely, more fatten on them?

* * * * *

Some recently published statistics prove that Jews are longer-lived than members of other communities. The fact is, no doubt, due to our heavy burial fees.

* * * * *

We have to apologise to all concerned for a regrettable misprint which crept into our account of the testimonial presented by the Hornsey congregation last week to their president, Mr. Vielgeld. The opening words should have been: "We the *undersigned* members of the Hornsey Synagogue"—not "We the *undersized* members."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.


RACHEL.—We do not think you would feel lonely at Brighton. IGNORAMUS.—The Shecheta Board is "a snapper-up of unconsidered trifa." SHOCKED AND ASHAMED.—We quite agree with you that the gentleman named Levi, who sells watches and calls his catalogue "The new book of Levi-tickers," has exceeded the limits of good taste. PERPLEXED.—We are afraid there is no getting over the fact that to many persons a Fast is an empty ceremony. NE MO.—Yes, the office of Chief Rabbi has been held by a Jew ever since its institution, and the community is not a little proud of the fact, and is determined that it shall continue so.

WALTER EMANUEL.



MISCHA ELMAN.

BY SOLOMON J. SOLOMON, R.A.



PEREZ'S ENGAGEMENT.

I.



WILBRAHAM PEREZ was an estimable rich young man engaged in the law, and he suspected nothing of the vein of sentiment in him till a long and painful process of discovery revealed it bit by bit. He was in law, only because, by the family traditions, it would have been sinful to lack a vocation. It was a family with a genius for the ordinary; that had polished and perfected it to the pitch of art. Probably never before had the ordinary been made so attractive. A Perez was invariably amiable, of large means, refined, optimistic, with an unimpeachable sense of the right thing, and a gift of happy obscurity. A Perez knew exactly where to tread: wise men on the steeps follow those paths which have been trodden hard by the generations of donkeys. Wilbraham was, by all the omens, a typical Perez.

His first perception that there was some element of errantry in him came as a surprise to Wilbraham. For some years he had frequented in friendship a pleasant household that looked out on Kensington Gardens from the North side, and that comprised a stately valetudinarian mother and two radiant daughters: a household to appeal to a Perez: wherein all was spaciousness and ease and shining superfluity. Rhoda, the elder daughter, was the good and domestic one. She wore her antique chatelaine with pride, and from the wave of her hand arose all the far-famed amenities of the household. She was of imperial build, handsome of feature, gentle and loving of expression. She was serious, even solemn, with a deep sense of the many things that were sacred to her. Perez approved of her immensely.

Judith, the younger, was nineteen and slender; nymph, even as her sister was queen. Judith was the brilliant one, intolerant of house-keeping, restless, eager, many-sided, imaginative. Perez disapproved of her immensely.

Yet it was not Rhoda, but Judith, whom Perez one day asked to marry him. And nobody more amazed at it than he!

Judith accepted him, wore his ring, but postponed matrimony *sine die*. That she was a bewilderment he had always known, but that she

A PIECE OF MOSAIC.

might refuse to tread the familiar paths in the familiar way had not really occurred to him. As *fiancée*, she eluded him as much as ever before—eluded his understanding and the reach of his hand. Things did not at all take the satisfactory shape that had been his inborn conception of the betrothed pair's progress. Perez, in fact, was rather out of it. Judith occasionally threw the poor dog a look of graciousness, or gently put her finger-tips on his arm, when he was thrilled for a fortnight to come. But, per contra, she sometimes laughed at him—not before people, of course. And then her accomplishments! With their eternally flashing this way and that, they dazzled his eyes to blinking. Sometimes they even stirred him uneasily: as when she studied up her costume-dances—all sorts of Greek and French things and weird choreographies of the moment; posturing exquisitely in the drawing-room, in tinsel and spangles, to spectators as dubious as himself. Once or twice was well enough, he would murmur, with a gesture magnanimously permissive. But, really, this constant performance! It was going too far: it was, well, stooping—somewhat! The disapproval would seethe in him for weeks: till on some rare day a swift touch of her lips against his would clarify his soul like magic.

And then, suddenly, the drift and the meaning of it all came to him: though he closed his mind to the understanding. Impossible! Judith—his Judith—could never wish to be an actress! The theatricals she had organized for a charity? That had been a reputable affair socially, with a resounding chunk of money for widow and orphan. The acknowledged brilliance of her performance was in a way to be deplored, of course: all this unmeasured applause, immoderate complimenting, might have touched her vanity to issues dangerous.

It soon was visible that it was indeed a case of the lioness and tasted blood: of the rousing of appetite insatiable. There was now a perpetual poring over acting editions, a muttering and a declaiming, a standing and a striding, bowings and stiffenings, cinematographic metamorphoses—faces solemn, tragic, mocking, laughing. Perez, perturbed to his innermost marrow, could only wait and watch the issue of his fears: watch her make steadily—with compass true set—for the universe of the theatre; though her route thither was of the most distinguished. She joined all sorts of Societies for readings and performances—Shakespeare and Greek tragedy, if you please—under high academic auspices; with horrid tea and coffee and discreetly-pitched conversation afterwards. Even for Perez the histrionic here took on a dignity, and he would not have been without a certain pride in these coquettings of hers with the art, could he have been sure they were to end in these amiable regions. It was only when she spoke

PEREZ'S ENGAGEMENT.

yearningly one day of the professional stage that he was moved to remonstrations. The professional stage, with thousands a year a-gathering against her majority! Alas, the remonstrations only illumined her to herself: gave her a sure sight of her own resolution—clinched the resolution. Judith at once flung out her definite announcement; her inexorable decision. She was going on the stage. The bolt had fallen. Poor Perez!

II.

THEY had done nothing so vulgar as quarrel. At the most anxious moment, when he had asked her if their engagement meant nothing to her, if she had rather it were forgotten, she had merely said: "You silly!" A tear had quivered on her eye-lash for a moment, and he had seen her distinctly push his ring deeper on to her finger. That altered his mood surprisingly. She condescended even to self-defence. She was so young to tie herself up in marriage just now: she had a right to know and feel something of the pulse of things! He had no heart to fight her, no weapons in his armoury to fight with. He accepted the new situation—astonished at his acceptance, which in advance had seemed incredible. And so the engagement continued.

But soon it was forced on Perez that Judith was more remote from him again than in all prior experience. For—effectively—on the stage she went! Into societies and around the special stages of intellectual cachet he had been able to follow her: from the real theatre he was inexorably shut off. He did not like stage-doors: they stirred his imagination unhappily. The ghosts of he knew not what—of things poignant and unseizable—haunted these dingy lobbies in sordid side alleys. Judith began to live in her own whirl, wide and far-reaching; for her power of penetration was marvellous, and nothing was alien to her that savoured of the foot-lights. If Perez could not follow her in these new horizons; in a manner she brought them to him. For, from the universe of the theatre, from its heights and from its depths, even from the purlieu of its outermost regions, Judith recruited a swarm of friends and acquaintances that poured into the house through the door she had flung wide-open. And Rhoda received them all solemnly and sweetly, saw to it that they might warm themselves well in that plenteous atmosphere. Perez stood among them all—a lost soul: full of disdain at obvious Bohemianism; shocked by the clouds of smoke that blew from feminine lips. When he told Judith that some of her women seemed hopelessly common, she laughed, assured him they were dears—called him a dear! Again he smothered down his revolt, and accepted the new situation.

A PIECE OF MOSAIC.

Yet, as the months went by, still new phases were destined to distress his vision. Was Judith changing profoundly? Her triple armour of pride?—had she thrown it off? Horribly perplexing—she did not appear to be holding to her own personal standards. The atmosphere of *sans-gêne* had penetrated. She had become impossibly “unconventional.” Her life seemed chockful of Platonic friendships—toadstool growths, not even mushroom. She gadded about blithely with all sorts of men. She visited them alone at their chambers, and then not always at tea-time. Now Tom, now Dick or Harry, took her to restaurants; or escorted her to performances, and brought her home afterwards. And not a soul to keep an eye on her. With his own eye at a distance, Perez yet saw it all clear, and put his back up. Good heavens! Was there no code that a lady might be proud to hold to?—nay, to value her holding to it more than all the rest of life? Where was the stately reserve—the high disdain—to keep off the familiarity of this mob?—brute beast of many heads that he would gladly have consigned to an unhallowed slaughtering!

Yet Judith wore his ring: would even flash its gems before him sometimes—with meaning. He knew she had her own way of reaching him—of speaking to him with a delicacy beyond the rivalry of language. If only he could understand these other matters. But he was silent: it was not in him to risk their engagement. So once again he accepted—broke himself in to the acceptance of all her stooping; mangling limb and bone in the process.

And the engagement continued.

III.

JUDITH'S stage career at length took a definite trend. Her “understudy” period in London was relatively brief, and led to its natural sequence of work in the Provinces. Counting her own income in thousands, she of course never failed of an engagement. Companies certainly liked to have her with them—this brilliant Jewess, with her exotic beauty. Did she not give her earnings several times over to the various “funds”? Was she not notoriously generous to the struggling? Did not her luxurious residence in hotels give a cachet, an added sense of status to her humblest fellow-worker?

To Perez, at any rate, her Provincial progress was certainly no darker than her unchaperoned career in London. He was biding his time, hoping—believing—that the flame would burn itself out, that his hour would strike—a little sooner—a little later—he must be patient. But even then he was already aware that a new name had crept into the situation.

PEREZ'S ENGAGEMENT.

The name of Nicholls, indeed, grew from something quite casual—unnoticed almost—to something quite portentous. An intervening stage of incredulity, of beating down some prevision that sought hard to obtrude itself, and Nicholls was an all too solid fact—established, undeniable. With Nicholls Judith had flaringly associated herself: Nicholls, the actor; the genius whom the need of common money had kept under; whose voice floated like a soft wind of summer, or soared to the beauty of an organ note. It was as though she had found an artistic deity, and all the enthusiasm, all the energy of her, turned to the worship of him. Herald of his name and fame to the last breath of her, athrob with service, she guarded and smoothed and cherished. The notoriety of it spread everywhere. In torture, Perez wondered and waited. What was the nature of the bond between her and this man?—this strange passion of devotion? Better perhaps to have killed her and killed himself at the beginning than have allowed her to set her course on those treacherous seas. It was to Rhoda he staggered at last with the burden of poisoned fruit of which his whole soul was a garden luxuriant. And Rhoda soothed him with wise words; with her staunch loyalty to Judith; with the atmosphere of ordered serenity round her: while the valetudinarian mother moved in and out like a shadow of dignity; passing to her carriage to the obeisance of butler and footman, to the mysterious satisfactions of her questing.

Judith still did not return his ring. Perez, worn out by the struggle, at last accepted even Nicholls. And the engagement continued.

IV.

ONE day Perez was moved abruptly by a masterful inspiration. He left London by an early train, and went straight to Judith. He must press her to marry him at once.

She was full of unaffected delight to see him, and his own ring flashed music at him from its rightful finger. But when she called him "old boy" and "dear old boy," it gave him an odd little shiver. He did not like the current coin of Bohemia, however it might ring of the true metal. Nor was he fortunate in his hour, for it was *matinée* day, and she must hurry. "But come and see the play, fetch me back after, I'll give you tea, and we'll have a lovely chat." She added that it was a fine play—very modern—he'd enjoy it, and "I am very good in it, you know."

So Perez took his seat in the stalls, rather more tranquil than for a twelvemonth. And for a time the play tranquillised him deeper. It was bland, it was sweet. It handled him masterfully—it wormed itself into his confidence. Then suddenly in the second act it took him by the throat

A PIECE OF MOSAIC.

and shook him like a rat : and, before he could adjust himself to the new pitch, it stormed into a scene of passion. Nicholls held Judith in his arms hideously. The lips of the twain met—a contact that was absolute. Perez lowered his eyes. An infinity of time passed. Perez looked up at the stage again. The lips were yet in contact. His brain was riven as by axes. Could he sit it out ? But neither could he move ? A horrible spell held him. The curtain rose for the last act—a bedroom to the last intimate detail. And Judith was there, as in the sanctity of her own privacy, in a flimsy pink wrap that was agape in front, where gleamed the lace-work and frills of lingerie ; her hair spread over her shoulders as he had never seen it. A knock at the door—Nicholls entered. She stood facing him a-quiver—he defied her to show the strength to send him away. Then the blood of all the generations of the Perezs' rose up and cried aloud within him. He staggered out of the theatre.

In the air he paced about waiting for her. And as he paced, all that he had accepted, all that he had gulped down from the beginning, he vomited again : all that he had ever surrendered he laid violent hold of. He raged against the whole past of the business—against her bespangled dancing in the drawing-room, against her early theatricals, against the high academic societies, against her flight into Bohemia, against the unconventionalities of her existence, against this stage-work which had soiled her womanhood.

And when she appeared at last, not the creature of the pink wrap and frills, but the high-bred lady, every inch of her—her girlish face alight with a smile for him only—he was stricken to dumbness.

“ Well ? ” she asked ; “ didn't I do wonderfully ? ”

Her unconsciousness of any dishonour was so supremely absolute that the universe shook around him. In that moment he doubted of everything—of faith, love, womanhood, of the foundations of the world. His silence answered her, and abruptly she looked at him—saw the full yawning of the chasm between them. Her smile died ; the trouble in her eyes matched his. It was the crisis of their lives.

Then words of humility, words of appeal began to fall from him. “ Dearest, I have waited for you two years. Won't you marry me now, and leave this awful stage ? ”

But that was impossible, she reasoned. She was only twenty-one. She was making a name, carrying with her an “ authority.” It would be treason—even were she not tied up by a three years' contract to Nicholls.

“ It is unsettling my life. I had counted on you at my side.”

“ I am sorry. If only you had a little sympathy with my aspirations ! ” And he did not see the tear that she swiftly brushed away.

PEREZ'S ENGAGEMENT.

" Aspirations ! " he echoed.

" Ah ! " she exclaimed. " You hate the stage horribly ! "

" Yes," he returned bitterly ; " when the woman who is precious to me—before a thousand eyes——" Indignation choked the rush of words.

Her eyes rested on him gravely. " Poor old boy, I really believe you don't understand."

" I don't ! " he said tersely.

" It is my work—the sacred vocation—it is art."

" It is dishonour."

" Ah, no—you don't understand."

" I don't ! "

And there they left it.

V.

SHE sent him back his ring, his presents, and every scrap of paper on which he had ever written to her—he was amazed that she had preserved everything, even to the hastiest and crumpled-est half-sheet. He was of course able to perform the complementary duty to the same degree of fullness.

The engagement at last was ended. Like a sensible man, he should have raised his head again some day, and looked around for a wife—somebody who would not burn his fingers again. But a year or two passed, and Perez still continued the role of recluse. Not even the old household knew him any longer : Rhoda understood and respected his remoteness.

There followed for Perez years of a strange mood which would not burn itself out. The engagement was indeed no more ; the silence of the eternities flowed between them ; but Perez had long known that his great flaming of rebellion had been only momentary. He had now long swallowed Judith's " art " even to the dregs—to its embracings and the laying of mouth on mouth ; had gulped down its flimsiest pink wrappings, its frilliest lingerie. He had surrendered ; as he had surrendered during this whole amazing adventuring of his into the realm of sentiment. He knew she still possessed his spirit : no other woman could gain entry. And so, during all those years, he continued to follow her whereabouts, searching out her name in the stage papers, and falling on any word or tidings of her as one perishing of hunger.

There came a morning at length when the world read the news that Nicholls had at last taken a theatre in London. It whizzed in Perez's mind at once that Judith was now twenty-five, and had come into absolute control of her fortune. " She will ruin herself for him ! " The words escaped him, as he held the calm sure prevision of the event.

A PIECE OF MOSAIC.

Eighteen months of pyrotechnics and blazing—the sure making for disaster of genius without capacity—and Judith's hundred thousand pounds had fired themselves out, and only the bits of blackened casing to clear away after the carnival! Nicholls fled to the Colonies. Judith was penniless.

It was after the collapse that Perez went to see Rhoda again for the first time. Judith, he learnt, had taken a high-handed policy towards the family. She would have neither reproaches nor generosity. The slender uncertain earnings of a touring actress would suffice her. And with Judith, he knew, it would be an absolute facing of consequences till the last gasp. "Perhaps she will think of *me*, perhaps send *me* a word." So ran his wistful thought, as he turned from the house. "A word would be precious," he added aloud. But his heart held no hope.

And the years took on their terrible course, with their ashen days, and that sense of the measureless ocean of silence. He still followed her movements. She had passed out of the eye of the world; pushed into a deepening obscurity by the press of new aspirants. There were big gaps in her record now—ominous. Stretches of idleness? Great God! was she suffering privations? It maddened him—maddened him! The nights brought not rest, but an arid duration. There came at last a gap of months. Then he traced her again, and kept hold of her.

One day he arose, conscious it was the seventh anniversary of their parting. It was a bold initiative he had acted on—those years ago. Repeat it? Yes! He would go!

At once he was off. Unreal miles flew past him: the clangour of unreal stations, the gruffness of unreal voices, marked the stages. At her theatre he cajoled the address, and found her in a tiny frowsy lodging in a mean street. At the first glance he saw she had suffered—starved!

VI.

THEY stood in silence; he bowed before her, she looking at him hard.

"You?" she broke at last. "Why have you come, Wil?"

"How good it is to be with you again—it is seven years to-day since I heard the sound—the dear sound of your voice."

"It is seven years too late."

"Not one day of those seven years but I have loved you."

She puzzled over his words a moment. "This is a strange idea of yours—this coming to me here! Why have you not married a woman to suit you, and found happiness?" Then in a seeming lighter mood: "I really must scold you—a bigger silly than I thought!"

PEREZ'S ENGAGEMENT.

" I am not that. I have become wise—very wise——"

" Really, Wil, it's hopelessly impossible—our meeting again like this. You never believed in me—in the real me—I saw that. How can I have won your good opinion now? "

" I cared deeply, Judith, but I was only human. Your association with Nicholls hit me."

" There was no need. Poor Nicholls—poor childish genius! "

" And in that miasma of hurt and doubt, it seemed to me that you could never have cared for me at all."

" Never cared? " she echoed. " Should I have worn your ring those two years? "

" I could not grasp it. I asked myself a thousand times why you had ever accepted me."

" Because you were so modest and upright. I wore your ring because you represented my steady faith in human nature. All those others—they were to me like people at a fair—on the swings and roundabouts—they fascinated me as a carnival fascinates a child—passionately! "

" I have come to take the child home."

" It is impossible. There is a gulf between us."

" I have bridged the gulf. In the long hours of the long years, I have had time to think."

" I, too, have had time to think," she murmured.

" When your fortune crashed, it crashed my intelligence aflame, and by the light I saw—yes—the child, and the people on the roundabouts: the child, whose eyes sparkled at the colour and gaiety, and at all the fun of the fair. You were always just a child—an eager generous splendid child—who staked and lost all for a genius in whom she believed."

She looked away from him, and her voice was low. " I was touched, believe me—touched deeply—by your coming for me that day, seven years ago. If you could only have told me you believed in me then—in the real me—I could even have found it in my heart to sacrifice my great enthusiasm. But, in one swift instant, you made me feel the gulf of a thousand miles between us. I saw I had lost your trust, and I thought to do you a service."

" Won't you give me the chance to win you back again? Not a day of those seven years, but I have been faithful."

" Ah, you hurt me again. After all, it has been a mistake your coming today. Don't you see it makes it worse for us both? "

" It must not—it shall not do that——"

She stopped him with a gesture. " I, too, have had time to think, and

A PIECE OF MOSAIC.

which of our enthusiasms can stand the test of the years? One sees clearer as one sits amid the ashes."

"Yes," he assented; "one sees clearer as one sits amid the ashes."

"And when one looks back to where roared the riot and music of the fair, one sees only a bit of barren muddy ground. You were right, Wil. Enthusiasm intoxicates us actresses—to stupidity and blindness. We make a fetish not of art, but of the word 'art.' Tell us that something hideous is 'art,' and we feel a glory in sinking ourselves in it—to the bottom—to the dregs at the bottom. Those dregs soil one. You were right—I repeat it. There must ever be a gulf between you and the rather soiled broken woman you see today."

"I see only the eager child—with sparkling eyes! I see only the real you—you are beautiful through and through, and I want to worship."

"But in the years to come, the thought of it all would rise up between us like a sword."

"No! No!"

"Better for us each to go our way. I have chosen, and must battle it out my way."

"Judith! I love you!"

He held out his arms to her, but she shook her head.

"It is dear of you, but I see clearer. Go home, Wil. I am not good enough for you."

Perez went suddenly blind—the tears were streaming—and, ashamed, he turned away. She swiftly rose, and touched his arm.

"I am sorry my life has hurt you so badly. I want you to know, as my good-bye to you, that if I could choose over again, I would rather die than live so as to hurt you."

"And yet you are going to live so as to hurt me worse."

She staggered, ashen to the lips: finding no answer.

"Don't you see it? Every hour of your struggle will be an agony for me. Judith, let me take care of you. You ceased to care for me—let me try again to win you back."

"I never ceased to care." She breathed the words. "Not a day of these seven years that I ceased to care."

"Judith!" She put her arms round his neck, and he held her to him. "We understand each other now," he whispered.

"Yes, we understand each other now."

And with the sacred kiss of the true woman, she gave him consolation for the years of bitterness.

LOUIS ZANGWILL.

February, 1912.



STUDY FOR CARRYING THE LAW.

BY WILL ROTHENSTEIN.



THE BEZALEL INSTITUTE.*



It is a long time now since we lived in the golden age when we were not blessed with all sorts of "ists," who attack one another and treat one another as the greatest enemies. We all had only one place of meeting then—the Beth Hamidrash. There were indeed various groups, according as they studied the Talmud or the Mishna or simply offered up Psalms. The only difference was based upon learning and not upon one's purse. We all had a Chalukah box, we called out with one voice "Next year in Jerusalem!" and in the dreary autumn we would pray together for dew and rain, though not for our own little town, which was always raining and in which one sank knee-deep into the muddy ground.

At that time I was still an innocent *cheder* boy, and listened to the words of my *maggid*.

It was one Saturday afternoon, after the third Sabbath meal. Our Beth Hamidrash was crowded with the people of the little town, who were packed together like herrings. We all pressed forward to the reader's desk at which the *maggid* stood. With open mouth and wide-open eyes we swallowed in every word. Not a sound was heard but the voice of the *maggid*. We all held our breath, and only now and again could one hear a sigh from the listeners, who, in the gloom of the chamber, seemed like dumb shadows from another world.

The Beth Hamidrash was wrapped in the deepest darkness, and one could only see the faint reflection of the perpetual lamp upon the gold-embroidered curtain which my Aunt Rachel had presented when her only

* Reprinted from "Zionist Work in Palestine." Edited by Israel Cohen. Fisher Unwin, London, 1911.

A PIECE OF MOSAIC.

little son died. One also saw something of the florid "Mizrach" which I had drawn in an access of piety as an atonement for my grievous sins. A gentle melancholy filled my heart as we were about to usher out the dear and holy Sabbath, and in my glowing imagination the Beth Hamidrash almost assumed a fantastic appearance.

And the *maggid* spoke. He spoke of sorrow, longing, and sweet hope, all in the same tone. He skilfully answered all the questions which he had cleverly propounded before. But what threw the greatest spell over us was that which he told us about the Land of Israel. For he was a messenger of the Collecting-box Organisation of Rabbi Meir Bal Ness in Palestine.

I sat crouched in a corner and saw nothing of the people around me. I listened to the words as though they came from another world. I saw with my mind's eye the gigantic Wailing Wall, the two-thousand-year-old tombstone of our people, streaming with the tears of the Jews who flock from all the four corners of the earth to pour out their hearts. I heard the weeping of our Mother Rachel in her lonely grave on the road to Bethlehem—weeping for her children who had been driven away and who came not home. I saw our land sown with holy graves and also covered with splendid gardens, in which oranges bloom in winter and fragrant citrons blossom, and the sweet Johannisbread is eaten by goats.

The week-day "Wehu-Rahum," which my Cousin Berl suddenly struck up in a melancholy tone, banished me at once from dreamland, and I found myself again in our dreary and dirty little town. I felt, so far as I remember, an irresistible need to see something of that beautiful magic land at least for a little while, to handle with my own fingers some object that had come from there. And soon after the "Havdalah" I went with my old father, who apparently had a similar feeling, to the inn in which the emissary from Palestine was staying, even at the risk of being mud-bound in the street. I still remember the pain that seized my child-heart when I saw a little carved box, upon which there was a sort of potato-shaped figure, with the inscription—"Tomb of our Mother Rachel." There was also the picture of a wall with four brooms standing behind it, and designated the "Wailing Wall." I regarded this as a profanation of our sanctuary, and I swore within my heart that, as soon as I should be grown up and become a good artist, I would betake myself to Jerusalem and draw the sacred places so beautifully that all Jews would have a delight therein.

* * * *

Many years passed. I grew up and learned how to paint and make sculptures, but I did not journey to Jerusalem, nor paint the tomb of our Mother Rachel and the Wailing Wall, nor give any delight to my fellow-

THE BEZALEL INSTITUTE.

Jews. Strangers, non-Jews, taught me art and gave me their ideal: and for this I worked and wrought all manner of beautiful things. I looked upon art as a temple and upon artists as its priests. I dreamed that I should become a high priest in the service of sacred art, that I would teach mankind the ideal of the great and the beautiful, to love the good and to hate the evil. Art was the language of my soul, which every man of feeling can understand, no matter to what nation he belongs or what language he speaks. I wished to put my art to the service of all mankind and to bring joy to all.

But again the years rolled by and brought disappointments. I saw how the sanctity of art is dragged into the dirt and sold for filthy lucre. The golden calf stands upon a high pedestal, and all the priests of art bow low before it. I felt cold and ill at ease in the world of artists. I lost my god, and with a soul rent in twain and a vacant heart I turned my back upon the magnificence of Paris.

* * * *

Among the cloud-capped Pyrenees, on the silent shore of the deep blue Mediterranean, I had a new dream. I dreamed of a group of enthusiastic artists far from the bustling world and its crowd of art critics, surrounded only by the charms of Nature. We are all robust in health, keen in thought, with ambitious designs filling our mind.

We win our bread by the labour of our hands, but we do not sell our creations, the products of our mind, for any money in the world. We all live as one family, and have only one task among us—all to show our fellow-creatures how fine and beautiful is God's world, and how happily men could live if they would only begin to live humanely. And I already then looked upon the land of Israel as the land in which I would be able to realise this dream.

And years again passed by and brought new disappointments. The beautiful dream vanished as a dream. Real life taught me the bitter reality. There is no lack of art, but there is a lack of bread and freedom. The unfettered mind of man has invented clever machines, and the machines and factories have turned man into an unthinking slave. The machine has estranged him from the beautiful world of Nature, it has torn him from his family and driven him from his home. It demands from the labourer neither thought nor understanding, but his flesh and blood. It has even robbed him of his last consolation, the pleasure of creation, for in the factory he never creates a complete article, and often does not see how it looks when finished. He has only one task—to hurry after the machine with maddening speed, to drive it ever onward, and to be always

A PIECE OF MOSAIC.

on the guard that it does not tear his fingers away. The factory poisons the workman with its foul air, it petrifies his soul by its cold precision, it shortens his days by its cruel haste. The healthy type of workman of a former age, who thought over his work with love and with care, who gave to mankind objects of art, is now no more. Hence in modern manufacture there is no individual taste, because the workman has been robbed of it. The iron devil hammers away and whizzes along with maddening speed, and the workman who flits around it like one confused is animated by only one thought—when will the factory whistle give the signal that he may hasten away as quickly as possible from this inferno and its ministering demons? This is how life is lived in God's beautiful world. The greatest and healthiest portion of humanity is crushed and crippled in body and soul.

And naturally the Jews suffer more than everybody else. Not because they comprise mostly artisans and labourers, but because the unfortunate Jew must suffer more than the unfortunate non-Jew, inasmuch as he is everywhere an unbidden guest, without a home of his own, and must pay for the hospitality he receives with the lives of the best of his children. He has a bill payable at a very distant date: when all men will become human. . . . But until that golden age, he will perish not merely as a people, but even as a man.

* * * *

And then I had a new dream. In the land of Israel, the land whither my grandfather went to die, and whence my good and pious mother obtained a handful of earth for her grave, our fellow-Jews are beginning once again to show a revival. The erst barren hills are covered again with plantations, the valleys are decked again with flowers; a new and healthy life is again awakening, a new life without any smoky chimneys above and grimy labourers below. The labourer is free—he creates only such things in which his intelligence and individual taste can find expression, things which assume ever new and more beautiful forms. The women are famous for the carpets, lace, and embroideries which they make. The Palestinian faience, majolica, glass, carvings, and the beautiful copper and silver work enjoy a renown throughout the world. They have a specifically Jewish-Palestinian style, which reflects the beauty of the Biblical age and the fantasy of the Orient.

Our workman in Palestine has become an ideal for his comrade in civilised Europe. He knows nothing of barrack-like dwellings, without light or air, in which the European workmen with their families pine away. He has his bright cottage in a green garden, and his secure employment

THE BEZALEL INSTITUTE.

in the co-operative society to which he belongs. He is not embittered by an eternal and fruitless hatred against a manufacturer and his assistants. He is his own master and comrade in the workshop, in which all work together like brothers. His family life is not afflicted by constant cheese-paring and by gnawing care for the morrow. He is insured against accidents and old age by his society. The education of his children is attended to by its schools, and the intellectual recreation of the workmen is provided for by the Beth Haam, where they hear lectures and concerts and witness dramatic performances. The ideal of the workman is work, knowledge, and art. He represents the renaissance of his people, and offers a new ideal to all nations, as his ancestors once did in Palestine.

Among these workmen there is also a small number of aristocrats—not blue-blooded or purse-proud aristocrats, but the chosen ones of God, blessed with a God-like genius for art. They do not sell their gifts for empty honours or filthy lucre, and do not look down upon the people as creatures of a lower order. They are real children of their people, which has brought them up and endowed them with a portion of its generous soul. They live for their people, help it in the fight for existence, and enrich its mind with ever new ideals.

There are a number of great artists among them. The Jews had always a gift for art, but in their dispersion they had maimed souls, and their talents could not develop naturally. The Jewish boy who studied among strangers had to suppress his inborn feelings and instincts and lose his own individual self. His creations always reflected alien sentiments, and thus we had more virtuosi than creative artists. But in the Jew who spends his best years, the time of schooling, in Palestine, in the land where every little stone tells him long-forgotten legends, and where every hill awakens the memory of the former freedom of his people, where as an artist he draws the real Jewish types beneath the blue skies of his own land—in that Jew there awakens the slumbering spirit of the Jewish prophet of old.

The new generation of Jewish artists have brought modern technique to the aid of the ancient Jewish spirit, they have introduced a new note into the artistic world, and opened up a new epoch in Jewish history. All this has been accomplished by the school founded there, in which work and amity are united.

* * * *

For many years I dreamed this beautiful dream awake. To bring about its fulfilment I travelled through many lands. I studied everything bearing upon the subject, and when I thought myself sufficiently endowed

A PIECE OF MOSAIC.

with ability, and felt within me the strength to give up everything in order to devote myself wholly to the sacred cause, I went to Theodor Herzl. I approached the man who had the courage to tell the whole world openly what he felt, and who had the power to attempt to realise his ideas. I spoke to him of my ideals with glowing enthusiasm for a full hour. He wanted to be informed about every detail. His handsome presence inspired me. Upon his majestic brow there were deep thoughts to read, and in his sorrowful eyes the noble Jewish soul—the soul which gazes upon a fantastic world and yet beholds the bitter reality of to-day. And after I had finished speaking and wondered with beating heart: What answer will he give me?

“Good, we shall do that,” he said, quietly and resolutely. And after a brief pause he asked: “What name will you give to your school?”

“Bezalel,” I answered, “after the name of the first Jewish artist who once built us a temple in the wilderness.”

“A temple in the wilderness,” he repeated slowly, and the beautiful sad eyes seemed to look into an endless vista, as though he felt that he would never see it himself.

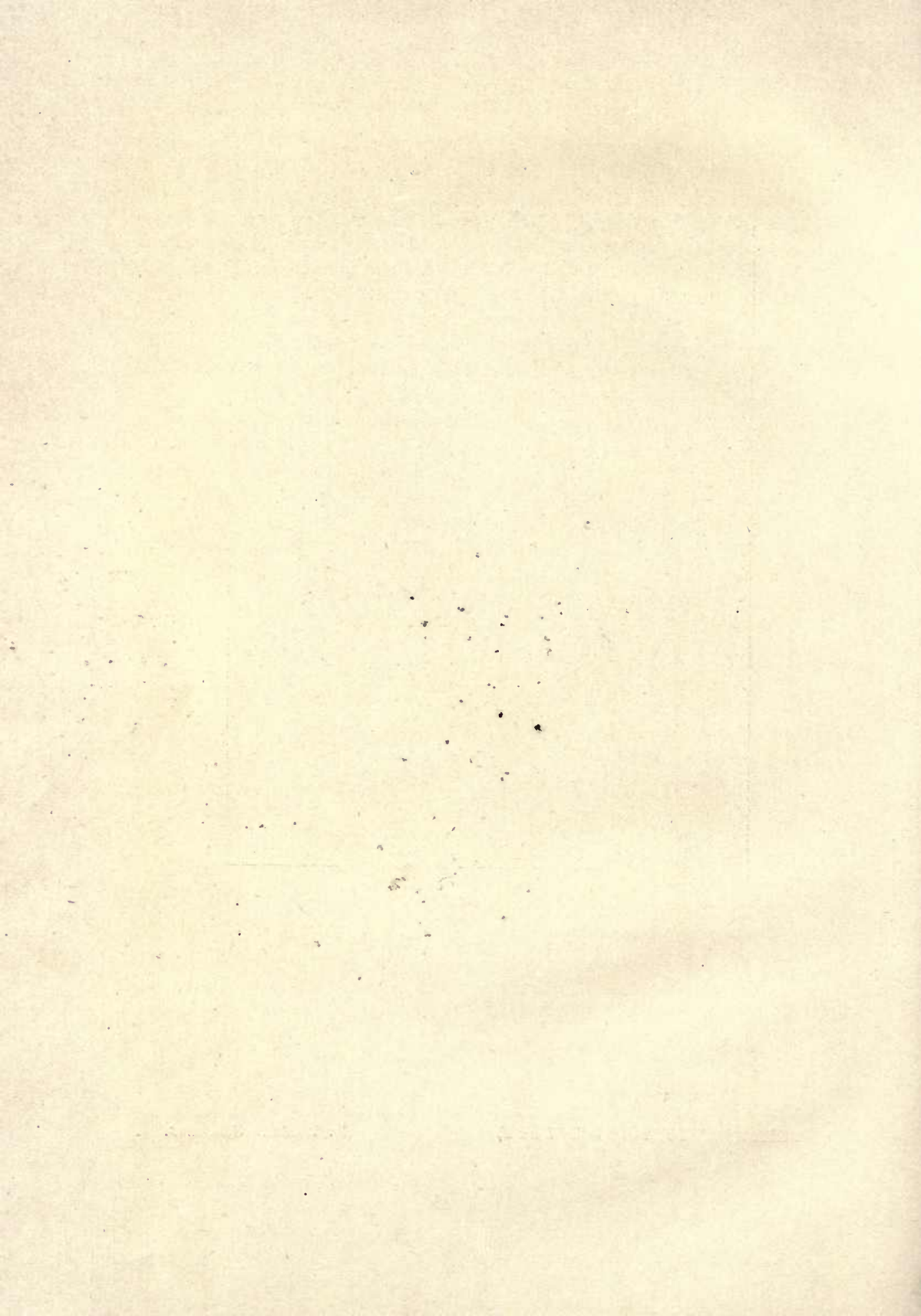
BORIS SCHATZ.





PORTRAIT OF AN OLD LADY.

BY RICHARD GOLDBERG.





THE EVELINA DE ROTHSCHILD SCHOOL AT JERUSALEM.



VISITORS to this Bazaar will be interested to know that, as far back as 1856, Sir Moses Montefiore founded in Jerusalem both a girls' school and a society of manual workers. The girls' school, it appears, was at first on a tiny scale. In 1866 it was renamed and established on a new basis by the Rothschild family in memory of Evelina, sister of the present Lord Rothschild, who died at the age of twenty-seven, only a year after her marriage with Baron Ferdinand. The Evelina Hospital for Sick Children in Southwark and the Evelina School in Jerusalem both perpetuate the memory of a gracious personality.

There is a Rabbinic saying that "by the breath of school-children the world is sustained." In the middle of the nineteenth century, schools of a certain type for Jewish boys were widely distributed throughout the East, and, though the education provided was almost entirely Talmudic, it yet furnished a form of culture and an outlet to intellectual aspirations.

But for girls the provision was sadly inadequate, and, indeed, hardly extended beyond the instruction given on such joyous occasions as the Seder night celebration. Although the Evelina School cannot be said to have entirely put an end to these mediæval conditions in Jerusalem, it has nevertheless set once and for all a high Occidental standard, which recognises the legitimate differences in the needs of the two sexes, but is as high for the one as for the other. It is not only by far the largest school for Jewish girls in Palestine, but it remains the best of its kind in the East.

The material is, of course, far easier than would be the case among the Mahommedan population. In spite of her neglected education, the

A PIECE OF MOSAIC.

home status of the Jewish woman in the East is very different to that of her Moslem sister, and while ignorance and superstition have had to be overcome, and prejudice, especially against respect for the most elementary laws of hygiene, has been slow to disappear, nevertheless, there has been from the first, in even the smallest pupils of the school, a certain foundation of self-respect on which to build. Gradually they assimilate English cleanliness and English public spirit, and it is fine to feel that these conceptions are helping to mould the new generation of Young Israel in the Orient. When in 1894 the supervision of the school was delegated by the Rothschild family to the Anglo-Jewish Association, the attendance was 200. In 1911 it had risen to 529! Unfortunately, increased numbers inevitably involve increased cost, and in spite of the generous additions by Messrs. N. M. Rothschild to the subvention originally promised by them, the Anglo-Jewish Association finds itself faced with steadily rising expenses on behalf of the school.

Already in 1896 it became necessary to move to more commodious quarters, but, notwithstanding further additions and reconstructions, the school soon outgrew its new home. It is at present temporarily housed in a building hired from the King of Abyssinia, pending the erection of the new school-house that has been designed for the Association by Mr. Delissa Joseph.

But bricks and mortar, though important, form the smallest contribution to the success of a great institution. After visiting the school about the time of its transfer to the Anglo-Jewish Association, the late Mr. A. L. Cohen expressed his admiration of the zeal and the splendid work accomplished by Mademoiselle Behar, the directress. At the same time he suggested that she should receive the assistance of a Ladies' Committee in London. A committee was accordingly formed in 1895, and in the same year Mademoiselle Behar paid a visit to England. She brought with her some of the products of the school workroom, and Lady Magnus was kind enough to hold a bazaar to dispose of the beautiful embroidery and other work of the school-children.

Two important reforms were introduced in this year. The first of these was the introduction of fees for the better-class children. In spite of her own misgivings on the subject, Mademoiselle Behar loyally carried out this decision, and, largely owing to her tact, the scheme proved most successful. So far most of the instruction in the school had been given in French. The second reform was an increase in the number of hours devoted to English. This policy received further development on the advice of Mr. Israel Abrahams, who visited the school in 1898, and recommended

THE EVELINA DE ROTHSCHILD SCHOOL.

that an English teacher should be sent to supplement the work of Mademoiselle Behar. Accordingly, in February, 1899, Miss Annie Landau was sent out from England, and English became the medium of instruction.

Mr. Abrahams warmly commended the work of M. Meyohas, the chief instructor in Hebrew, and in 1900 more time was made in the curriculum for Hebrew study. In the same year, on the retirement of Mademoiselle Behar, Miss Landau became head-mistress. The school, under her devoted guidance, has made steady progress, and has evoked the admiration of a series of visitors to Jerusalem.

Side by side with the cultivation of the mind, the school has always given attention to technical and physical training. Already in 1877 Madame Behar was able to report that the new cookery classes were very popular, and that lessons in gardening had also been welcomed by the children. An even greater innovation in the same year was the introduction of gymnastics.

In 1900 the courses in domestic training and gardening were further extended. Indeed, of the later developments of the school, perhaps none is more remarkable than the expansion of the workrooms. These provide both training for the pupils and employment for many who are past school age. By 1905, not only were the products of the millinery workroom being bought in Jerusalem, but they were also ordered in advance by tradesmen in Jaffa; and in the following year the demand for school-work had extended to Beirut, and included underclothing and lace in addition to millinery. The Sephardic lady under whose auspices the beautiful lace is made explained to the writer that she had been taught the art by some charitable nuns in Morocco, the country of her birth.

The problem of employment for past pupils is important in every school, but much more so in Jerusalem, where the development of trades and industries is the one overwhelming and urgent need of the entire population. It will be seen with what success this difficulty has been faced, and the zeal of teachers and pupils may be deduced from the "fruit of their hands," to use the phrase of the wise King, whose eulogium of the ideal housewife shows that our little Palestinian scholars are reviving a fine tradition of ancient Judæa. Their own works will "praise them in the gates" of the Palestine Exhibition and Bazaar.

An excellent feature of the school is the engagement of past pupils as "working girls." They gain a complete training as domestic servants by thoroughly and efficiently performing the work of the school, and the wages thus earned form a nucleus with which they can start in the world. Some of these girls have found good employment in Jerusalem itself

A PIECE OF MOSAIC.

as cooks to Europeans, while a number have been engaged as nurses at a large local hospital. The economic advantage of the training which fits girls for these posts is obvious. Incalculable must be the mental and moral benefit both to the girls themselves and indirectly through the example they afford. The education given to the girls of the Evelina School not only brings significance and a new power for good into their lives and homes, but it creates a standard to an ever-widening circle of other homes. Before we can fully realise what a school like this can effect in the uplifting of a people, we must visit the Ghetto of some town such as Tiberias or Safed, not so provided. Dirt, squalor, and ignorance jostle one another, and we seem to pass from the twentieth century to the Dark Ages.

But to return to our cheering twentieth-century institution. Eloquent testimony to the parents' appreciation of the work of the school is given by the crowds that throng the gates on the opening day, and by the keen disappointment of those mothers whose children, owing to lack of space, have been refused admission. This competition has at least the advantage that it can be used as a means of insisting on a very high standard of cleanliness and tidiness among the candidates.

But let us accompany the eager little pupil who, duly admitted, arrives at morning school at seven.

First comes the march past of the whole school, stimulated by the choral performance of the top class, who stand in the hall and lustily sing edifying Hebrew songs. Very strange must this orderly drill appear to the small person who, for the first time in her life, finds herself told exactly how and when to walk, to run, to stand still. But she soon gets accustomed to finding herself organised, and later in the morning she will be taking her part with the greatest zest in the various kindergarten games. Sixty or seventy children will play the "hunted bird," helped by a couple of pupil-teachers, who with much charm and grace dart in among them, rescuing the bewildered novice, assuring her with an infectious conviction that "she is the turtle-dove," and that it is the loveliest game in the world.

From the kindergarten class let us move to the Nature lesson. Here also the children are too young to have progressed very far with the English language, and the life-history of a young chick is being given in pure Hebrew (no patois languages are allowed in the school), by Mr. Gavisohn, the drawing-master, whose lightning sketches of each stage, from the shivering little chick just issuing from its shell to the well-grown, well-feathered mother bird, are eagerly followed by his class. The children evidently know that this lesson is going to appeal to them, and the master who has already won their enthusiasm finds it easy to command their breathless

THE EVELINA DE ROTHSCHILD SCHOOL.

attention, and when he perches the chick on its mother's back, it is clear that a joke forms part of the recognised programme of this lesson.

Next we come to a lesson on the prayers suitable for common occasions in our life, and the opportunity is utilised for moral and ethical teaching.

Meanwhile an older class is receiving a botany lesson in English, and a small "museum" in the school hall, containing a collection of treasures found by the children themselves, demonstrates the enthusiasm with which they enter into "Nature study." Such a collection, commonplace enough in an English schoolroom, constitutes a revolution, peaceful and happy, but a revolution none the less, in the mental environment of the inhabitants of an Oriental town.

Let us now pass to the "difficulty class." One of the great obstacles with which the teachers have to contend is the "curse of tongues." Although throughout Palestine Hebrew is gradually emerging as the common language of the Jews, in Jerusalem itself the process is so incomplete that no one language can be said to form a real bond between any large section of the inhabitants. Hebrew, and Hebrew in its corrupter forms, such as German Hebrew, Spanish Hebrew, and Persian Hebrew, are spoken by many of our people, but, in addition, Arabic in its various dialects, Italian, German, Persian, and other contending languages, form a very Babel. With children who enter the school as infants, the difficulty is not a serious one, for they soon pick up simple Hebrew and simple English, but for girls who enter later a special class has to be held. This class is a real "difficulty class" for the teacher, for, whatever language she speaks, she is not understood by the majority of her pupils, and her first task is to give to all the girls a sufficient mastery of the medium of instruction for the subsequent teaching to be of practical value.

Here we may watch a clever pupil-teacher, who can speak snatches at least of languages of which some of us have never even heard, endeavouring with ingenuity, patience, and humour to get into mental touch with girls who have begun their schooling too late.

Next we visit the class of Mr. Meyohas, who has charge of some of the brightest of the older girls, themselves in training as teachers, a career which is the ambition of every pupil of the school. It is wonderful to see how these girls appreciate the privilege of study, and how well they assimilate the scholarly teaching of their master. We found them engaged in reading a Hebrew book of excerpts from Rabbinical writers. Their voices and diction were charming, and they thoroughly enjoyed the point of Hillel's

A PIECE OF MOSAIC.

wise patience as contrasted with Shammai's impetuous severity. Soon after we heard one of the most promising of these pupil-teachers giving an elementary Hebrew reading lesson, and she also had gained the rapt attention of her little class.

Of these pupil-teachers we are told : " One of the heads of the Egyptian Education Department, coming to Jerusalem by request of the Anglo-Jewish Association, found the work so good that he deemed it unnecessary that they should be sent to England for further training." And, indeed, in the schools of the Palestine Jewish agricultural colonies, many of the women teachers have received their whole training at the Evelina School, some of them having been sent in from the Colonies for the purpose. Nearly all the teachers in these schools are Palestinian Jews, who carry out this work with enthusiasm, and have evolved most interesting conceptions for the future of their pupils. Theirs would seem to be a rare opportunity. The rising generation of our people in Palestine are stimulated by the necessity of carving out a fresh life for themselves—a life on new soil, where they must evolve their own ideals, for they cannot sink to the level of the Arabs around them, and at the same time they are far from wishing to produce a mere replica of our European communities.

But our Evelina School does not send forth its children all of one pattern. Indeed, the variety of their ancestry would alone suffice to prevent such uniformity. Here, under one roof, we have seen assembled the wiry Yemenite from Southern Arabia, the slim and dusky Persian, the Sephardi from Asia Minor, Salonika, or North Africa, with her large dark eyes and olive complexion, the swarthy Bokhariote, the clear-cut features of the Georgian, and finally a large proportion of children with the blue eyes, fair hair, and blooming cheeks which we are accustomed to associate with the Anglo-Saxon, but which is characteristic of a type of Palestinian Israelite to which, according to traditional portraiture, Jesus (like David) appertained. Very similar to this last type are many of the children whose parents hail from South Russia and Bulgaria, the latter often particularly tall and well-made.

There are even to be found in the school a small sprinkling of the children of proselytes ; for, strange as it may seem, the very centres of Jewish persecution, including Kishineff itself, have sent forth proselytes to the Holy Land. The visitor expecting to find one essentially Jewish type will indeed be bewildered by the physical variety of those of our people who have congregated in Palestine. Indeed, the first impression will be : Surely these are not Orientals ? And further inquiry will probably reveal a large percentage of children, grandchildren, and even great-grand-

THE EVELINA DE ROTHSCHILD SCHOOL.

children of those who have fled from Russian oppression to the less barbaric rule of the Turk, and have chosen for their new home the land associated with the history of their greatest ancestors. The repeated massacres and terrible suffering of our brethren in Central and Eastern Europe have tended to increase the number of those who seek refuge in another continent. Thus the immigrant or the family only recently settled tend to outnumber the original "native" population, and so it is that many of these children forcibly recall to us familiar little faces in our own country.

But the benefits of these schools extend beyond the confines of Palestine, beyond the lands of the East. There is a process of emigration from the Holy Land to all parts of the world, and especially to America and other Western countries. The reports of the Evelina School enumerate teachers, clerks, dressmakers, and hospital nurses, who are doing well in the United States, besides a smaller proportion who have found remunerative employment in Europe. But, naturally, the great majority remain in Palestine.

As we survey the stalwart figures and intelligent faces of the children who are receiving education, we feel no anxiety, but only a glow of pride in these co-religionists, who, under political or economic pressure, will perhaps scatter in many directions, but who, we may be assured, will bring credit to our community wherever they make their homes.

Thus does the Evelina School aid in the Jewish work of fusing East and West, acting as the agent whereby each shall bring its contribution of art, of knowledge, of spirituality towards the evolving of a finer life. Here, indeed, is ample missionary scope for the Western Jew. Looking forward to the future which these children are preparing for our race and faith, well may we say with the Rabbi: "Read not בְּנֵיךָ thy children, but בְּנֵיךָ thy builders."

DOROTHEA WALEY SINGER.

SUMMER BALLADE.

I LIKE to lie and listen to the sea,
And read about appalling waves of heat
In places where I know my friends to be
Seeking a brief, precarious retreat ;
I like to hear the ancient Ocean beat
Against the limits of my native land,
But yet I feel the things are bitter-sweet :
I wish my shoes were not so full of sand.

It pleases me to think about the spree
That I might have, if somebody stood treat,
With Harry Lauder and Sir Herbert Tree
Regarded from a padded, tip-up seat ;
I like an unripe William pear to eat,
I like to hear a frankly local band
Play Verdi to a most erratic beat :
I wish my shoes were not so full of sand.

To think of men in spats amuses me ;
It makes me laugh to look at the *elite*,
Whose trousers are not baggy at the knee,
Whose figures are invariably neat ;
I watch the sea and think about the Fleet
And rowing-boats and things, and Samarkand
And Matthew Arnold, and the price of meat :
I wish my shoes were not so full of sand.

Envoi.

Prince, tell me not in life, as in a street,
We trace (this sentiment is second-hand)
The temporary *spoor* of other feet :
I wish my shoes were not so full of sand.

PHILIP GUEDALLA.



ROMANCE.

BY ALBERT ROTHENSTEIN.

JAPPHICS.

ILLUSTRATED BY ABIGAIL KLOTZ.

I.

THERE was an old man of Malay
Whose nose rather gave him away :
So, forgetting his morals,
He dressed up in corals,
And ate seven babies a day.

Which indicates in an Awful and Unmistakable Manner the Perils of Assimilation.



II.

There was an old man of Chefoo,
Who frequently passed for a Jew :
For he couldn't a-bear
Bacon, Oysters, and Hare,
And a good many other things too.

Which clearly shows that the Exigencies of the Individual Digestion are apt to lead to Erroneous Conclusions.

III.

It is said that Señor Torquemada
Got a succulent Jew of Granada,
And put him to boil
In a saucepan of oil,
And left him to cool in the larder.

Which pleasingly exhibits Religious Enthusiasm at its B oiling point.

A PIECE OF MOSAIC.

IV.

There was once a Talmudical Sage,
Who, whenever he got in a rage,
Just went to his parlour
And cursed in Cabbala,
And so reached a healthy old age.

Which conclusively proves that Black Magic, as a Natural Outlet for the more Violent Emotions, should be included in every Educational System.

V.

An aristocratical Pig,
Whose traditions of breeding were big,
Observed: "I refuse
To be barred by these Jews,
And I think it is most *infra dig.*"

Which demonstrates to a nicety that There Are Two Sides to Every Question.

VI.

Said an unshaven Sage of Hongkong,
Whose whiskers were pious and long:
"It's no matter for jest
When the birds build their nest
In the Beard of a Sage of Honkong."



JAPPHICS.

VII.

I.

A Rabbi in goodly Beirout
Livened up his discourse with the flute ;
And this notion harmonical,
Though uncanonical,
In crowded attendance bore fruit.

2.

To hear him men came from Azore,
From China, from far Mogador ;
And he'd tootle all day
A devotional lay,
Which was soon whistled out in Lahore.

3

Such fame, I am grieved to relate,
Contrived this good man to inflate ;
And he's now on the " Halls,"
Much admired by the Stalls,
Twice nightly, at Six and at Eight,

Which shows the intimate connexion between Church and Stage ;
facilis descensus Averno.

VIII.

LINES IN MEMORY OF A HAREM SKIRT.

I.

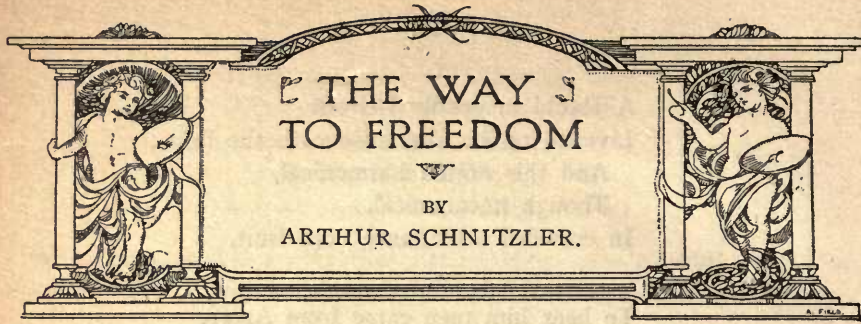
There was a young lady of Sarum
Who to Synagogue went in a " Harem."
The wardens, in fright,
Held a meeting that night,
And pronounced it " un-jewish " to wear 'em.

2.

The Minister, young and susceptible,
Was charmed with this vision delectable ;
But the Isaacs and Moseses
Looked down their noses,
And thought she was " hardly respectable."

Which illustrates the truth that Every Great Reformer is Misunderstood
by His Own Generation.

CYRIL PICCIOTTO.



THE cyclists' club whizzed by over the path, the men's cloaks fluttered, their badges gleamed, and coarse laughter rang out over the meadow.

"Horrible people!" Leo remarked carelessly, without changing his position.

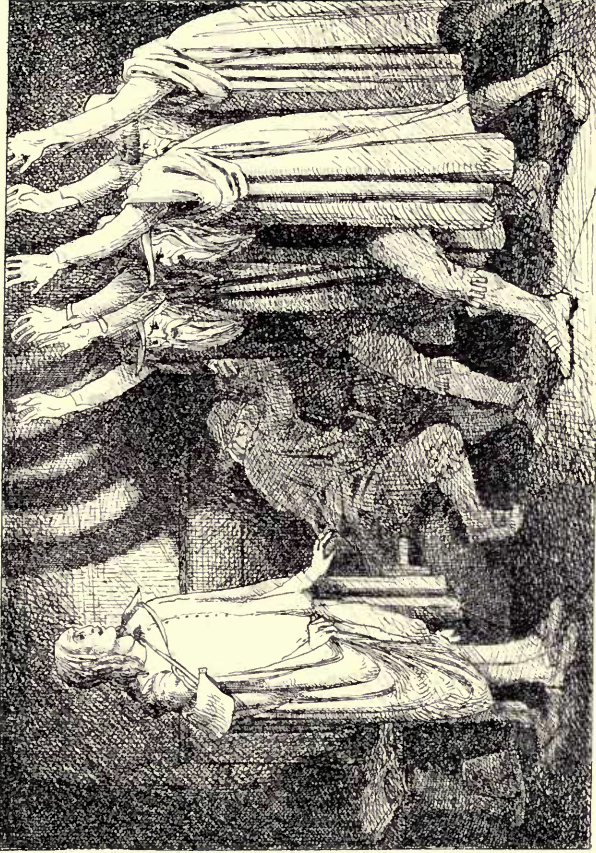
Heinrich indicated them with a slight movement of his head. "And these people," said he with set teeth, "imagine they are more at home here than we."

"Well," answered Leo quietly, "I don't suppose these people are so far wrong."

Heinrich turned towards him scornfully and said: "I beg your pardon, my dear Leo—I forgot for the moment that you yourself cherish the wish to be only tolerated."

"I have no such wish," Leo answered, smiling, "and you need not misunderstand me so maliciously. But surely you can't blame these people for considering themselves natives, and you and me foreigners? After all, that is only the expression of their healthy instinct for an anthropological and historical fact. Neither Jewish nor Christian sentimentality can alter that, and all that it implies." And, turning to George, he asked with studied politeness: "Don't you agree?"

George flushed and cleared his throat, but did not have the opportunity of replying. Two deep lines had appeared on Heinrich's forehead, and he burst out with asperity: "My instinct is just as valid for me as Messrs. Jalandek junior and senior's is for them. And this instinct tells me infallibly that here is my home—yes, just here, and not in some other country that I do not know, which, from other people's descriptions, does not appeal to me in the least, and which certain people wish to persuade me is my fatherland because my ancestors, some thousand years ago, were scattered thence over the world. And do not forget that the ancestors



THE EXCOMMUNICATION OF SPINOZA.

BY G. BERNARD SOLOMON.

THE WAY TO FREEDOM.

of Mr. Jalandek, and even those of our friend, the Freiherr von Wergenthin, were as little at home here as yours or mine."

"Don't be angry with me," replied Leo, "but you take rather a narrow view of the matter. You always think of yourself and—forgive me for saying so—of the irrelevant circumstance that you are a poet, who, quite by chance, having been born in a German country, writes in the German language, and, because he lives in Austria, about Austrian people and conditions. But the question is not primarily about you or about me. Neither does it concern a few Jewish officials who get no advancement, the few Jewish soldiers who are not promoted, the Jewish tutors who are given professorships late in life or not at all. Those are, so to speak, only inconveniences of minor importance. The question is about quite different people, whom you do not know, or only slightly, and we are concerned with issues into which, I assure you, my dear Heinrich, you have not gone sufficiently deeply in spite of the obligation you should feel. Most certainly you have not, or you could not talk about them, as you do, in so superficial and egoistic a way."

Then he told them his experiences of the Bâle Zionist Congress, in which he had taken part the previous year, and which had given him a deeper insight than ever he had received before into the character and emotional state of the Jewish people. He now knew that in these people, whom for the first time he had seen close at hand, the longing for Palestine was not produced artificially. To them it was a true, ever-present sentiment, now breaking out again in their need. No one could doubt this who had seen, as he had, the religious fire burn in their eyes when a speaker declared that the hope of going to Palestine must be abandoned, and they must content themselves, for the present, with colonies in Africa and the Argentine. Yes, he had seen old men—not uneducated old men, but learned, wise men—weep because they feared that, even if their most audacious Zionist plans were realised, perhaps not even their children and their children's children would set foot in Palestine, far less they themselves.

George had listened in astonishment, and he was even a little impressed. But Heinrich, who had walked with short steps to and fro in the meadow while Leo was speaking, declared that Zionism appeared to him the most terrible affliction that had yet fallen on the Jews, and Leo's words had convinced him more than any experience or thought he had before had on this subject. National sentiment and religion were words which, with their superficial and cunning ambiguity, had always irritated him. The idea of fatherland was a fiction, a political abstraction, entirely indefinite

A PIECE OF MOSAIC.

and intangible. It was the idea of the home, not of the fatherland, that stood for something substantial, and therefore every man had the right to be considered as belonging to the country for which he had affection. And, as for religions, he accepted Christian and Jewish, as well as Greek and Indian legends, but they were all equally intolerable and distasteful to him when they tried to convert him to their dogmas. He did not feel as though he belonged anywhere. He was as little in sympathy with the weeping Jew as with the bawling Alt Deutscher in the Austrian Parliament, with the Jewish usurer as little as with the aristocratic robber-knight, with the Zionist innkeeper as little as with the Christian-Socialist storekeeper. And least of all would the knowledge of persecution and hatred suffered in common attach him to people with whom he felt no spiritual tie. He had no quarrel with Zionism, if it frankly professed to be only a moral principle and a charitable enterprise. The idea of founding a Jewish State on a religious and national basis appeared to him to be a senseless revolt against the spirit of all historical evolution.

"And deep in your heart," he cried, standing before Leo, "you do not believe either that the goal can be reached—you do not even wish it, even if you derive a certain amount of pleasure from contemplating it. What is your 'home,' Palestine, to you? A geographical term. What does the faith of your fathers mean to you? A collection of observances which you no longer keep, and most of which seem to you, as much as to me, absurd or in bad taste."

They continued their conversation for some time, at times becoming violent, almost hostile, then again quiet and honestly anxious to convince each other. Sometimes, to their surprise, they found they were agreeing with each other, only to contradict each other the next moment. George, reclining at full length on his coat, listened to them. At times he agreed with Leo, in whose words he felt a warm sympathy for his race, who proudly turned away from those who refused to look upon them as equals. At times he sided with Heinrich, who angrily scorned an undertaking which at once fantastically and short-sightedly proposed to collect the best of the race, who had given all for the country in which they lived, or, at any rate, worked for its cause, and to send them to a strange land, whither no longing called them. And suddenly it dawned upon George how difficult it was for just these best, of whom Heinrich spoke, and in whose souls the future of generations was preparing, to come to a decision—how just these must feel, tossed hither and thither between the fear of appearing obtrusive and the exasperation at being expected to give way to an insolent majority; between the innate consciousness of being at home where they lived and

THE WAY TO FREEDOM.

worked, and the indignation of finding themselves persecuted and scorned just there. How complicated the sense of their being, of their value and rights, must have become between defiance and weariness !

For the first time the term "Jew," which he himself had so often used carelessly, mockingly, and contemptuously, appeared to him in a new, austere light. A vague knowledge came to him of the secret fate of this people, which dawns in some way in all who are descended from them. It comes no less to those who endeavour to flee from their origin as from a disgrace, a sorrow, or a legend, than to those who with stubbornness refer to it as to a fate, an honour, or a historical fact that cannot be changed.

And as he lost himself in watching the two who were speaking, and contemplated their figures, which showed up sharply against the reddish-violet sky, it struck him, and not for the first time, that Heinrich, who insisted that here was his home, had the appearance and the gestures of a fanatical Jewish preacher, whilst Leo, who wished to journey with his people to Palestine, had the features and carriage that recalled a sculpture of a Greek youth which once he had seen in the Vatican or in a museum in Naples. Heinrich and Leo still stood together in the meadow. Their conversation became inextricable. Their words followed each other rapidly, became entangled, glanced off each other, and disappeared into space, and suddenly George became aware that he only heard the sound of the words, without being able to follow their meaning.

A cool wind sprang up, and George, shivering slightly, rose from the grass. This recalled him to the minds of the others, who had almost forgotten his presence, and they resolved to return home. Bright daylight still flooded the country round, but the sun was setting dark red and dull over the long evening clouds.

As he strapped his cloak on to his bicycle, Heinrich said : " After this sort of conversation, I always feel a dissatisfaction that almost amounts to physical discomfort. Yes, really. It leads to absolutely nothing. And what do the political views of people matter when politics are neither their profession nor their business ? Do they have the slightest influence on their mode of living or the shaping of their existence ? You, as well as I, Leo, will never do anything but what it is given to us to do according to our powers and faculties. Never while you live will you go to Palestine, even supposing the Jewish State is founded, and you are at once offered the position of Prime Minister, or, at any rate, of Court pianist——"

" Oh, you cannot tell," Leo interrupted him.

" I know it for a fact," said Heinrich. " And I do not mind confessing to you that, in spite of my absolute indifference to every form of religion,

A PIECE OF MOSAIC.

I shall never be baptized, even were it possible through this fraud—and you know it is less likely than ever—to escape all the narrow-mindedness and rascality of the anti-Semite.”

“Hm!” said Leo. “But supposing they revive the *auto-da-fé*?”

“In that case,” said Heinrich, “I here give you my solemn promise to act according to your wishes.”

“Oh,” George put in, “those times do not return.”

The others could not help laughing at George, who, as Heinrich remarked, was kind enough, in the name of Christendom, to reassure them as to their fate.

Meanwhile they had crossed the meadow. George and Heinrich pushed their bicycles over the uneven path made by carts. Leo, his cloak fluttering, walked by their side. All were quiet for quite a long time, as though fatigued. Where the rough path joined the wide road, Leo stood still and said: “Here, I am sorry to say, we shall have to part.” He stretched out his hand to George and smiled. “You must have been very much bored to-day,” said he.

George blushed. “Why, do you take me for——”

Leo still held George’s hand. “I take you for a very clever and kind man. Do you believe that?”

George was silent.

“I should like to know,” Leo persisted, “if you believe that. I am really anxious to know.” His expression had something sincere and heartfelt in it.

“Yes, of course I believe you,” answered George, still somewhat impatient.

“I am glad,” said Leo. “I am really fond of you, George, and should like to think we are friends.” Leo looked deep into his eyes, then again shook hands with him and Heinrich, turned, and left them.

George, however, suddenly had the feeling that this young man who went his way, his cloak fluttering, his head bent slightly forward as he went down the wide road, was not going home, but somewhere into a strange country where no one could follow him.

II.

HEINRICH was sitting at a big table placed in the middle of the room, and strewn with papers and letters, when George entered. On the upright piano, too, and on the sofa lay papers of every description covered with writing. Heinrich still held in his hand a sheet of paper, yellow with age,

THE WAY TO FREEDOM.

as he rose and greeted George with the words: "Well, how are things in the country?"

This was his usual way of asking after Anna's health, and George resented it each time, thinking it too familiar. "Thank you, quite well," answered he. "I came to ask you if you would care to go there with me to-day."

"Oh, yes, with pleasure. There is only one thing. I was just arranging various papers. I shall only be able to come in the evening about seven. Will that suit you?"

"Certainly," said George. "But I am disturbing you, as I see," he added, pointing to the littered table.

"Not at all," answered Heinrich. "I am only putting these in order, as I said. They are the literary remains of my father. These are letters to him, and these notes, in diary form, taken chiefly during his Parliamentary life. Heartrending, I tell you! How this man loved his fatherland! And how did they thank him for it? You have no idea in how subtle a way he was pushed out of his party. A bewildering game of cross-purposes, malice, narrow-mindedness, brutality—in one word, truly German!"

George was in revolt. And this man, he thought, dares to scoff at anti-Semitism! Is he better—more just? Does he forget that I, too, am a German?

Heinrich continued: "But I will erect a monument to this man. He and no other shall be the hero of my political drama. He is the truly tragi-comic central character that I wanted."

The silent revolt within George grew. He began to long to protect old Berman from his son. "Tragi-comic?" he repeated almost hostilely.

"Yes," answered Heinrich firmly. "A Jew who loves his fatherland—I mean, as my father did—with the feeling of being a part of it, with loyal enthusiasm, is most certainly a tragi-comic character. That is, he was so during the period of liberation of the 'seventies and 'eighties, as even clever people come under the spell of intoxicating phrases. To-day such a man would certainly be only comic—yes, even if he were to hang himself on the first nail he came across. I should not be able to see his fate in any other light."

"It is a mania of yours," replied George. "Sometimes one really gets the impression that you are unable to see anything in the world but always and everywhere the Jewish question. If I were as impolite as you are sometimes, then I would say, pray forgive me—that you were suffering from delusions of persecution."

A PIECE OF MOSAIC.

"Delusions of persecution!" repeated Heinrich dully, and stared at the wall. "Ah, so you call that delusions of persecution! Well!" And suddenly, with set teeth, he continued angrily: "I want to ask you something, George, on your conscience."

"I am listening."

He stood square in front of George and fixed his eyes on his forehead. "Do you believe that there is one Christian on earth, and were he the noblest, justest, and truest man—one single one—who, in a moment of indignation, resentment, or anger against his best friend, his mistress or his wife, if they were Jews, or, at any rate, of Jewish descent, would not, mentally at least, reproach them with the fact?" And, without waiting for George's answer: "There is not one, I assure you. You can take an example. Read, for instance, the letters of any famous personage in every way thoroughly clever and excellent, and notice the passages containing bitter and ironical remarks about his contemporaries. Ninety-nine times they deal with an individual without reference to his descent or religion. In the hundredth case, where the erring human being has the misfortune to be a Jew, the author most certainly does not forget to mention this fact. It is so. There is nothing to be said. What you please to call delusions of persecution, my dear George, is in reality nothing more nor less than an objective and very intense knowledge of a condition in which we Jews find ourselves. And much rather than call it delusions of persecution, one should speak of delusions of security, of peacefulness, delusions of safety, which may be a much less striking form of illness, but for the sufferer a much more dangerous one. My father suffered from it, as did many another of his generation. However, he was so completely cured that he went mad as a result."

The lines appeared on Heinrich's forehead, and again he stared at the wall past George, who had sat down on the black leather sofa.

"If that is your view," answered George, "then you must, to be logical, join Leo Golowski——"

"And wander out to Palestine, do you think? Politically and figuratively, or actually? Eh?" He laughed. "Have I said I wanted to go away from here, or especially that I should like to live only amongst Jews? That would be—at any rate for me—a most superficial solution of a very deeply-felt problem."

"That is what I think, too. And that is why, to tell the truth, I understand less and less what you want, Heinrich. Last autumn, on the Sophienalpe, when you were arguing about it with Golowski, I was under the impression that you took a much more hopeful view of the question."

THE WAY TO FREEDOM.

"More hopeful?" Heinrich repeated, offended.

"Yes, from what you said then, one could not help thinking that you believed in a gradual assimilation."

The corners of Heinrich's mouth curled contemptuously. "Assimilation—a word—yes, it will come, one fine day, in a very, very long time. But it will not come as quickly as some people wish it—not as soon as some fear; and it will not exactly be assimilation, but perhaps something that is involved in the deeper meaning of the word. Do you know what we shall probably find in the end? That we—we Jews, I mean—have been a human ferment. Yes, that is what we shall discover in one or two thousand years. That's a consolation, too. Just think of it!" He laughed again.

"Who knows," said George indulgently, "if we shall not see that you were right in a thousand years? But until then?"

"Yes, sooner than that, my dear George, we shall not find a solution to the question. For the time in which we live there is no solution. That is certain—no general one, at any rate. It is more likely that there are a hundred thousand solutions. This sort of problem must be settled, as far as possible, for each one by himself. Each one must find for himself some place where, notwithstanding his anger or his despair—his disgust, even—he can breathe freely again. Perhaps there really are people who, to do this, must go as far as Jerusalem. But I am afraid that some of them, arrived in their supposed home, would feel themselves strangers there. I do not believe, in any case, that such wanderings to freedom can be taken in company, as the roads that lead there do not run through the country outside, but in ourselves. For this it is necessary to see clearly into oneself—to see clearly into one's darkest corners, to have the courage of one's nature, not to allow oneself to be misled. Yes, the daily prayer of every respectable man must be to see things as they are."

Trans. by CISSIE M. MARKBREITER.



There was a Bazaar called **בַּצְלָאָל**
For donations the Jews **לְהַתְּפִיל** .
When Herr Schatz saw the figure,
He grinned like a nigger,
And then hurried home to say **הֵלֵל** .

ANON.



*The initial lettering has been specially designed for this book by
A. Field*

By
Appointment
to



H.M.
the King.

THE FLORAL DEPÔT, LTD.

*Expert Florists
and Decorators,*

47, BAKER STREET, LONDON, W.

(Our Only Address.)

Telephone Nos. :

3821 and 3822 Paddington.
1333 Mayfair.
201 Hounslow.

Telegraphic Address :

"Anthoflor, London."

OUR SUPPLY AND SERVICE, IN WHICH WE
TAKE A PERSONAL PRIDE, HAVE NO EQUALS.

We are able to supply all your
wants with PALMS, FERNS,
FLOWERING PLANTS, and
CUT FLOWERS, also FLORAL
DECORATIONS, MEMORIAL
DESIGNS or EMBLEMS.

Remember our Charges are the most moderate
and a trial will demonstrate our assertion.

We make a speciality of supplying
BAZAARS, EXHIBITIONS, and every
description of ENTERTAINMENT.

Estimates and proposals supplied upon shortest notice and without charge.

47, BAKER STREET, LONDON, W.

LANGFIÉR, Ltd.,

Court Photographers.

STUDIOS

TELEGRAMS: "SPECKLESS, LONDON."
TELEPHONE: NO. 1582 GERRARD.

23a, OLD BOND STREET, W.
343, FINCHLEY ROAD, N.W.
HOTEL CECIL, STRAND, W.C.

Any Lady or Gentleman filling in and forwarding the coupon found below we shall be pleased to photograph in any of our numerous styles for one-half of our usual charges, a percentage of which will be given to the Funds of this Charity.

To Messrs. LANGFIÉR, Ltd., 23a, Old Bond Street, W.

Date.....

Sirs,—I wish to avail myself of your offer in "A Piece of Mosaic," and will call to sit on.....

Name (Mr., Mrs., Miss, or Rev.).....

Address.....

All the STALLS and FITTINGS for this EXHIBITION have been provided by

HENRY BEVIS,

104, King's Cross Road, W.C.

DESIGNER AND MAKER OF ALL KINDS OF SCENIC BAZAARS.

Withers & Co.,

HIGH-CLASS CATERERS
AND BALL FURNISHERS,

Baker St., and George St.,
PORTMAN SQUARE, W.

Ball Suppers, Dinners,
Wedding Receptions,
— Bride Cakes, —
Barmitzvar Luncheons.

ON HIRE everything requisite for Parties of all kinds

Temporary Ball and Supper Rooms
erected in any part of the Kingdom.

General Manager - - W. T. TITCOMBE.

BANCROFTIAN CO.

The Leading City House for
MOTOR, CYCLE and SPORTS.

Motor Car Tyres
— a Speciality. —

The CHEAPEST HOUSE IN THE
UNITED KINGDOM for Accessories.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE.

*Special Discounts will be allowed off any-
thing required by the Patrons and Com-
mittee of this Bazaar.*

Patronised by the Leading
Members of the Community.

64, Bishopsgate, E.C.

— Telephone 9897 London Wall. —

For Antique Furniture



FOR
Modern Furniture

of antique design and style of finish,

FOR
Decorations and Restorations

of old-world type and beauty adapted
to present-day requirements,

CONSULT
GILL & REIGATE, Ltd.

The Soho Galleries

**73-85, OXFORD STREET,
LONDON, W.**

*We specialise in styles of the 16th,
17th, and 18th Centuries, and we
have on show the Largest Stock of
Genuine Antiques in London.*

BANCROFTIAN CO.

NOTION, CYCLE, and FINEST

Modern Car Tyres

— a specialty —

THE GREAT ST. MARKS

STREET, LONDON, E.C. 4

Telephone No. 1000

Branches in all parts

of the world

and in the Colonies

and India

44, Bishopsgate, E.C.

Williams & Co.

WINDMILL STREET, LONDON, W.

Bank of London and South City

Ball, Napier, & Co.

Woolman & Co.

— a specialty —

Bank of London and South City

WINDMILL STREET, LONDON, W.

Telephone No. 1000

Branches in all parts

LONDON :

PRINTED BY WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS, LIMITED,

DUKE STREET, STAMFORD STREET, S.E., AND GREAT WINDMILL STREET, W.

For Antiques Furniture

Modern Furniture

— a specialty —

— a specialty —

— a specialty —

— a specialty —

— a specialty —

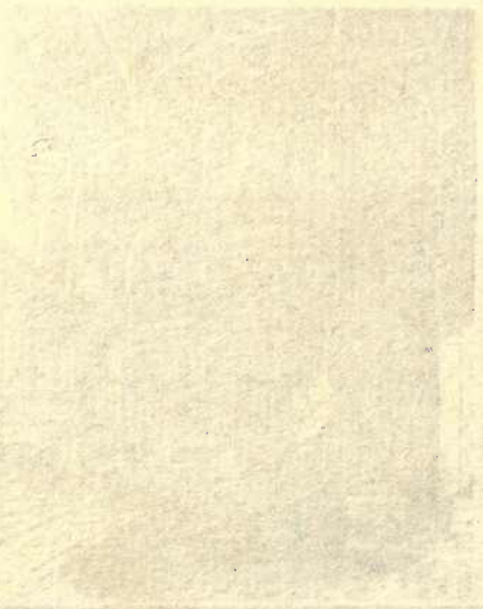
— a specialty —

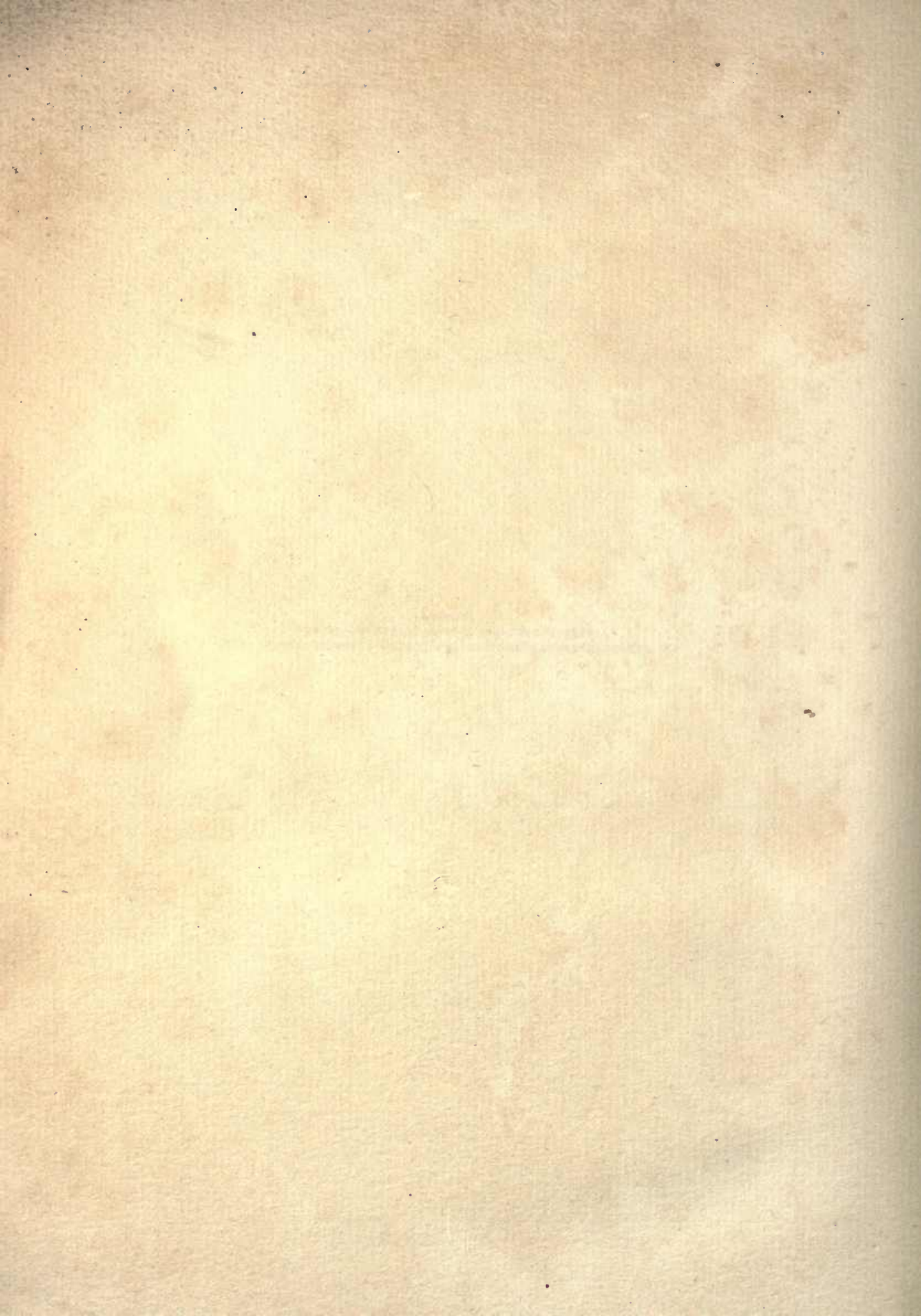
— a specialty —

— a specialty —

— a specialty —

— a specialty —





UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



A 000 048 539 1

