# CHILDREN OF MEN

 $\mathbf{BY}$ 

## BRUNO LESSING



"For He doth not afflict willingly nor grieve the children of men."

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# Children of Men

Bruno Lessing [Rudolph Edgar Block]

The immigrant scene never lacked for an operatic sort of pathos. That quality found an adroit recorder in Rudolph Edgar Block (1870–1940), who took "Bruno Lessing" as his nom de plume. Block, born in New York, graduated from the College of the City of New York and earned his living as a reporter for the Sun and the Recorder. In the mid-1890's, he began working for the Hearst newspapers as editor of the Sunday comics.

Children of Men, Block's 1903 collection of stories, seemed to Meyer Waxman genuinely reflective of "the tragedy of Jewish life at the time." The book, Waxman thought, "expresses the best that there was in this Anglo-Jewish fiction during the early stage." Sol Liptzin reminds us that Block's vignettes had their share of humor, too.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1.</sup> Waxman, A History of Jewish Literature (New York, 1960), 4:970; Liptzin, The Jew in American Literature (New York, 1966), p. 113.

## The Americanisation of Shadrach Cohen

There is no set rule for the turning of the worm; most worms, however, turn unexpectedly. It was so with Shadrach Cohen.

He had two sons. One was named Abel and the other Gottlieb. They had left Russia five years before their father, had opened a store on Hester Street with the money he had given them. For reasons that only business men would understand they conducted the store in their father's name—and, when the business began to prosper and they saw an opportunity of investing further capital in it to good advantage, they wrote to their dear father to come to this country.

"We have a nice home for you here," they wrote. "We will live happily together."

Shadrach came. With him he brought Marta, the serving-woman who had nursed his wife until she died, and whom, for his wife's sake, he had taken into the household. When the ship landed he was met by two dapper-looking young men, each of whom wore a flaring necktie with a diamond in it. It took him some time to realise that these were his two sons. Abel and Gottlieb promptly threw their arms around his neck and welcomed him to the new land. Behind his head they looked at each other in dismay. In the course of five years they had forgotten that their father wore a gaberdine—the loose, baglike garment of the Russian Ghetto—and had a long, straggling grey beard and ringlets that came down over his ears—that, in short, he was a perfect type of the immigrant whose appearance they had so frequently ridiculed. Abel and Gottlieb were proud of the fact that they had become Americanised. And they frowned at Marta.

"Come, father," they said. "Let us go to a barber, who will trim your beard and make you look more like an American. Then we will take you home with us."

Shadrach looked from one to the other in surprise.

"My beard?" he said; "what is the matter with my beard?"

"In this city," they explained to him, "no one wears a beard like yours except the newly landed Russian Jews."

Shadrach's lips shut tightly for a moment. Then he said:

"Then I will keep my beard as it is. I am a newly landed Russian Jew." His sons clinched their fists behind their backs and smiled at him amiably. After all, he held the purse-strings. It was best to humour him.

"What shall we do with Marta?" they asked. "We have a servant. We will not need two."

"Marta," said the old man, "stays with us. Let the other servant go. Come, take me home. I am getting hungry."

They took him home, where they had prepared a feast for him. When he bade Marta sit beside him at the table Abel and Gottlieb promptly turned and looked out of the window. They felt that they could not conceal their feelings. The feast was a dismal affair. Shadrach was racking his brains to find some explanation that would account for the change that had come over his sons. They had never been demonstrative in their affection for him, and he had not looked for an effusive greeting. But he realised immediately that there was a wall between him and his sons; some change had occurred; he was distressed and puzzled. When the meal was over Shadrach donned his praying cap and began to recite the grace after meals. Abel and Gottlieb looked at each other in consternation. Would they have to go through this at every meal? Better—far better—to risk their father's displeasure and acquaint him with the truth at once. When it came to the response Shadrach looked inquiringly at his sons. It was Abel who explained the matter:

"We—er—have grown out of—er—that is—er—done away with—er—sort of fallen into the habit, don't you know, of leaving out the prayer at meals. It's not quite American!"

Shadrach looked from one to the other. Then, bowing his head, he went on with his prayer.

"My sons," he said, when the table had been cleared. "It is wrong to omit the prayer after meals. It is part of your religion. I do not know anything about this America or its customs. But religion is the worship of Jehovah, who has chosen us as His children on earth, and that same Jehovah rules supreme over America even as He does over the country that you came from."

Gottlieb promptly changed the subject by explaining to him how badly they needed more money in their business. Shadrach listened patiently for a while, then said:

"I am tired after my long journey. I do not understand this business that you are talking about. But you may have whatever money you need. After all, I have no one but you two." He looked at them fondly. Then his glance fell upon the serving-woman, and he added, quickly: "And Marta."

"Thank God," said Gottlieb, when their father had retired, "he does not intend to be stingy."

"Oh, he is all right," answered Abel. "After he gets used to things he will become Americanised like us."

To their chagrin, however, they began to realise, after a few months, that their father was clinging to the habits and customs of his old life with a tenacity that filled them with despair. The more they urged him to abandon his ways the more eager he seemed to become to cling to them. He seemed to take no interest in their business affairs, but he responded, almost cheerfully, to all their requests for money. He began to feel that this, after all, was the only bond between him and his sons. And when they had pocketed the money, they would shake their heads and sigh.

"Ah, father, if you would only not insist upon being so old-fashioned!" Abel would say.

"And let us fix you up a bit," Gottlieb would chime in.

"And become more progressive—like the other men of your age in this country."

"And wear your beard shorter and trimmed differently."

"And learn to speak English."

Shadrach never lost his temper; never upbraided them. He would look from one to the other and keep his lips tightly pressed together. And when they had gone he would look at Marta and would say:

"Tell me what you think, Marta. Tell me what you think."

"It is not proper for me to interfere between father and sons," Marta would say. And Shadrach could never induce her to tell him what she thought. But he could perceive a gleam in her eyes and observed a certain nervous vigour in the way she cleaned the pots and pans for hours after these talks, that fell soothingly upon his perturbed spirit.

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As we remarked before, there is no rule for the turning of the worm. Some worms, however, turn with a crash. It was so with Shadrach Cohen.

Gottlieb informed his father that he contemplated getting married.

"She is very beautiful," he said. "The affair is all in the hands of the Shadchen."

His father's face lit up with pleasure.

"Gottlieb," he said, holding out his hand, "God bless you! It's the very best thing you could do. Marta, bring me my hat and coat. Come, Gottlieb. Take me to see her. I cannot wait a moment. I want to see my future daughter-in-law at once. How happy your mother would be if she were alive to-day!"

Gottlieb turned red and hung back.

"I think, father," he said, "you had better not go just yet. Let us wait a few days until the Shadchen has made all the arrangements. She is an American girl. She—she won't—er—understand your ways—don't you know? And it may spoil everything."

Crash! Marta had dropped an iron pot that she was cleaning. Shadrach was red in the face with suppressed rage.

"So!" he said. "It has come to this. You are ashamed of your father!" Then he turned to the old servant:

"Marta," he said, "to-morrow we become Americanised—you and I."

There was an intonation in his voice that alarmed his son.

"You are not angry—" he began, but with a fierce gesture his father cut him short.

"Not another word. To bed! Go to bed at once."

Gottlieb was dumbfounded. With open mouth he stared at his father. He had not heard that tone since he was a little boy.

"But, father-" he began.

"Not a word. Do you hear me? Not a word will I listen to. In five minutes if you are not in bed you go out of this house. Remember, this is my house."

Then he turned to Abel. Abel was calmly smoking a cigar.

"Throw that cigar away," his father commanded, sternly.

Abel gasped and looked at his father in dismay.

"Marta, take that cigar out of his mouth and throw it into the fire. If he objects he goes out of the house."

With a smile of intense delight Marta plucked the cigar from Abel's unresisting lips, and incidentally trod heavily upon his toes. Shadrach gazed long and earnestly at his sons.

"To-morrow, my sons," he said, slowly, "you will begin to lead a

new life."

In the morning Abel and Gottlieb, full of dread forebodings, left the house as hastily as they could. They wanted to get to the store to talk matters over. They had hardly entered the place, however, when the figure of their father loomed up in the doorway. He had never been in the place before. He looked around him with great satisfaction at the many evidences of prosperity which the place presented. When he beheld the name "Shadrach Cohen, Proprietor" over the door he chuckled. Ere his sons had recovered from the shock of his appearance a pale-faced clerk, smoking a cigarette, approached Shadrach, and in a sharp tone asked:

"Well, sir, what do you want?" Shadrach looked at him with considerable curiosity. Was he Americanised, too? The young man frowned impatiently.

"Come, come! I can't stand here all day. Do you want anything?" Shadrach smiled and turned to his sons.

"Send him away at once. I don't want that kind of young man in my place." Then turning to the young man, upon whom the light of revelation had quickly dawned, he said, sternly:

"Young man, whenever you address a person who is older than you, do it respectfully. Honour your father and your mother. Now go away as fast as you can. I don't like you."

"But, father," interposed Gottlieb, "we must have someone to do his work."

"Dear me," said Shadrach, "is that so? Then, for the present, you will do it. And that young man over there—what does he do?"

"He is also a salesman."

"Let him go. Abel will take his place."

"But, father, who is to manage the store? Who will see that the work is properly done?"

"I will," said the father. "Now, let us have no more talking. Get to work."

Crestfallen, miserable, and crushed in spirit, Abel and Gottlieb began their humble work while their father entered upon the task of familiarising himself with the details of the business. And even before the day's work was done he came to his sons with a frown of intense disgust.

"Bah!" he exclaimed. "It is just as I expected. You have both been

making as complete a mess of this businss as you could without ruining it. What you both lack is sense. If becoming Americanised means becoming stupid, I must congratulate you upon the thoroughness of your work. To-morrow I shall hire a manager to run this store. He will arrange your hours of work. He will also pay you what you are worth. Not a cent more. How late have you been keeping this store open?" "Until six o'clock." said Abel.

"H'm! Well, beginning to-day, you both will stay here until eight o'clock. Then one of you can go. The other will stay until ten. You can take turns. I will have Marta send you some supper.

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To the amazement of Abel and Gottlieb the business of Shadrach Cohen began to grow. Slowly it dawned upon them that in the mercantile realm they were as children compared with their father. His was the true money-maker spirit; there was something wonderful in the swiftness with which he grasped the most intricate phases of trade; and where experience failed him some instinct seemed to guide him aright. And gradually, as the business of Shadrach Cohen increased, and even the sons saw vistas of prosperity beyond their wildest dreams, they began to look upon their father with increasing respect. What they had refused to the integrity of his character, to the nobility of his heart, they promptly yielded to the shrewdness of his brain. The sons of Shadrach Cohen became proud of their father. He, too, was slowly undergoing a change. A new life was unfolding itself before his eyes, he became broader-minded, more tolerant, and, above all, more flexible in his tenets. Contact with the outer world had quickly impressed him with the vast differences between his present surroundings and his old life in Russia. The charm of American life, of liberty, of democracy, appealed to him strongly. As the field of his business operations widened he came more and more in contact with American business men, from whom he learned many things—principally the faculty of adaptibility. And as his sons began to perceive that all these business men whom, in former days, they had looked upon with feelings akin to reverence, seemed to show to their father an amount of deference and respect which they had never evinced toward the sons, their admiration for their father increased.

And yet it was the same Shadrach Cohen.

From that explosive moment when he had rebelled against his sons he demanded from them implicit obedience and profound respect. Upon that point he was stern and unyielding. Moreover, he insisted upon a strict observance of every tenet of their religion. This, at first, was the bitterest pill of all. But they soon became accustomed to it. When life is light and free from care, religion is quick to fly; but when the sky grows dark and life becomes earnest, and we feel its burden growing heavy upon our shoulders, then we welcome the consolation that religion brings, and we cling to it. And Shadrach Cohen had taught his sons that life was earnest. They were earning their bread by the sweat of their brow. No prisoner, with chain and ball, was subjected to closer supervision by his keeper than were Gottlieb and Abel.

"You have been living upon my charity," their father said to them: "I will teach you how to earn your own living."

And he taught them. And with the lesson they learned many things; learned the value of discipline, learned the beauty of filial reverence, learned the severe joy of the earnest life.

"One day Gottlieb said to his father:

"May I bring Miriam to supper to-night? I am anxious that you should see her."

Shadrach turned his face away so that Gottlieb might not see the joy that beamed in his eyes.

"Yes, my son," he answered. "I, too, am anxious to see if she is worthy of you."

Miriam came, and in a stiff, embarrassed manner Gottlieb presented her to his father. The girl looked in surprise at the venerable figure that stood before her—a picture of a patriarch from the Pentateuch, with a long, straggling beard, and ringlets of hair falling over the ears, and clad in the long gaberdine of the Russian Ghettos. And she saw a pair of grey eyes bent keenly upon her—eyes of shrewdness, but soft and tender as a woman's—the eyes of a strong man with a kind heart. Impulsively she ran toward him and seized his hands. And, with a smile upon her lips, she said:

"Will you not give me your blessing?"

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When the evening meal had ended, Shadrach donned his praying cap, and with bowed head intoned the grace after meals:

"We will bless Him from whose wealth we have eaten!" And in fervent tones rose from Gottlieb's lips the response:

"Blessed be He!"

### A Swallow-Tailer For Two

"Isidore? Bah! Never again do I want dot name to hear!

"Isidore? A loafer he iss! Sure! Ve vas friends vunce, unt don't I know vot a loafer he iss? Ven a man iss a loafer nobody knows it better as his best friend.

"Don't you remember by der night uf der two Purim balls? Vot? No? Yes! Dere vas two Purim balls by der same night; der one vas across der street from der odder. Yes. Der one, dot vas der Montefiore Society. I vas der president. Der odder, dot vas der Baron Hirsch Literary Atzociation. Isidore vas der vice-president.

"Isidore unt I lived together. Oh, ve vas such friends! David unt Jonathan dey vas not better friends as me unt Isidore. Everyt'ing vot Isidore had could belong also to me. Unt if I had somet'ing I always told Isidore dot I had it. I did not know vot a loafer he vas.

"So it comes der day of der Montefiore ball, unt I ask Izzy if he iss going. 'No, Moritz,' he says, 'I am going by der Baron Hirsch ball.' 'But anyway,' I says, 'let us go by der tailor unt hire for rent our evening-dress swallow-tails.' 'Sure,' he says. Unt ve vent by der tailor's. But dot vas such a busy times dot every tailor ve vent to said he vas so sorry but he had already hired out for rent all der swallow-tails vot he had, unt he didn't haf no more left. Ve vent from every tailor vot ve know to every odder tailor. Der last vun he vas a smart feller. He says: 'Gents, I got vun suit left, but it iss der only vun.' Den Izzy unt me looked into our faces. Vot could ve do?

"'Id iss no use,' I says, unt Izzy says it vas no use, unt ve vas just going away, ven der smart tailor says: 'Vy don't you take der suit unt each take a turn to wear it?' So Izzy says to me, 'Moritz, dot's a idea. You can wear der suit by der Montefiore ball, unt I can wear it by der Baron Hirsch ball. Der dancing vill be all night. You can have it from nine o'clock until it is elefen o'clock. Dot iss two hours. Den you can excuse yourself. Den I put on der suit und wear it by der Baron Hirsch ball from elefen o'clock until id iss vun o'clock in der morning. Den I excuse myself. Den, Moritz, you can haf it again by der Montefiore ball until id iss t'ree o'clock. Dot iss two more hours, unt if I want it after t'ree o'clock I can haf it for two hours more.'

"Say! Dat Izzy iss a great schemer. He has a brain like a Napoleon. He iss a loafer, but he iss a smart vun. So, anyvay, ve took der suit. Der tailor charged us two dollars—oh, he vas a skin!—unt Izzy unt I said ve would each pay half, unt ve each gave der tailor a gold watch to keep for der security uv der suit. Unt den—I remember it like if it vas yesterday—I looked into Isidore's eye unt I said: 'Isidore, iss it your honest plan to be fair unt square?' Because, I vill tell you, der vas somet'ing in my heart dot vas saying, he vill play some crooked business! But Isidore held out his hand unt said, 'Moritz, you know me!' Unt I trusted him!

"So ve went to der room ve lived in unt I put der suit on. It fitted me fine. I look pretty good in a evening swallow-tail unt Isidore says I looked like a regular aritztocrat.

"'Be careful, Moritz,' he says, 'unt keep der shirt clean.' I forgot to tell you dot ve hired a shirt, too, because it vas cheaper as two shirts. 'Come, Moritz,' he says, 'let us go!' 'Us!' I says, astonished. 'Are you coming by der Montefiore ball, too?' 'Sure,' he says. 'You are der president, unt you can get me in without a ticket. I don't have to wear a swallow-tail evening dresser because I ain'd a member.'

"It took me only a second to t'ink der matter over. I am such a qvick t'inker. If he comes to my ball, I says to myself, I vill come by his! 'Sure, Izzy,' I says. 'As my friend you are velcome.' So ve vent to der Montefiore ball.

"Der moment ve got into der ballroom I seen vot a nasty disposition Isidore got. 'Izzy,' I says, 'go get acquainted mit a nice lady, unt dance unt enjoy yourself unt I vill see you again at elefen o'clock.' 'No, Moritz,' he says. 'I vill stick by you.' I am a proud man, so I said, very

dignified, 'All right, if you vill have it so.'

"Unt Isidore stuck. Efry time I looked around me I seen his eyes keepin' a look-out on der swallow-tail evening dress. Such big eyes Isidore had dot night! 'Don't vatch me like dot, Izzy,' I said. 'Dey vill t'ink you are a detectif, unt dot I stole somet'ing.' Efrytime I drops a leetle tiny bit from a cigar ashes on my swallow-tail shirt Izzy comes running up mit a handkerchief unt cleans it off. Efry time I sits down on a chair Izzy comes up unt vispers in my ear, 'Moritz, please don't get wrinkles in der swallow-tail. Remember, I got to wear it next.' Efry time I took a drink Moritz comes unt holds der handkerchief under der glass so dot der beer should not drop on der swallow-tail shirt. 'Izzy,' I says to him, 'I am astonished.'

"So a hour vent by unt den comes in Miss Rabinowitz. Ven I see her I forget all about Isidore, unt about everyt'ing else. Oh, she is nice! I says, 'Miss Rabinowitz, can I haf der pleasure uv der next dance?' 'No,' she says, 'I ain'd dancing to-night because my shoes hurts me. But ve can haf der pleasure of sidding out der next dance togedder.' Den she says to her mamma, 'Mamma, I am going to sid out der next dance mit dis gentleman friend of mine. You can go somevere else unt enjoy yourself.' Dot gave me a idea. 'Isidore,' I says—Isidore was right on top uf my heels—'gif Miss Rabinowitz's mamma der pleasure of your company for a half-hour, like a good friend.'

"Isidore looks a million daggers in my eye, but he couldn't say nodding.

"He had to do it. Unt I found a qviet place where it vas a little dark, unt Miss Rabinowitz sat close by me unt I vas holding her hand unt I vas saying to myself, 'Moritz, dis is der opportunity to tell her der secret of your life—to ask her if she vill be yours! Her old man has a big factory unt owns t'ree houses!' Unt den I looked up, unt dere vas Isidore.

"'V'y did you leave Mrs. Rabinowitz?' I asked. He gafe me a terrible look. 'Moritz,' he says, 'Id iss elefen o'clock unt der time has come.' 'Vot time?' asked Miss Rabinowitz. 'Oh, Moritz knows vot I mean,' he says. So I excused myself for a minute unt I vispered in Izzy's ear, 'Izzy,' I says, 'if you love me, if you are a friend of mine, if you vant to do me der greatest favour in der vorld—I ask you on my knees to gif me a extra half-hour! Dis iss der greatest moment uv my life!' But Isidore only shook his head. 'Elefen o'clock,' he said. 'Remember der agree-

ment!' 'A quarter of a hour,' I begged. I had tears in my eyes. But Isidore only scraped a spot off my swallow-tail shirt unt den he said, 'Moritz, I vill tell you vot I'll do. I vouldn't do dis for nobody else in der vorld except my best friend. You can wear der suit ten minutes longer for fifty cents. Does dot suit you?' Vot could I do? I looked at him mit sorrow. 'Isidore,' I said, awful sad, 'I didn't know you could be such a loafer! But you haf der advantage. I will do it.'

"He even made me pay der fifty cents cash on der spot, unt den he vent off to a corner where he could keep his eyes on der clock unt vatch me at der same time. Dose fifty cents vas wasted. How could I ask a lady to marry me mit dem big eyes of Isidore keeping a sharp watch on der clothes I had on?

"'Id iss no use, Miss Rabinowitz,' I says. 'I had a matter uv terrible importance vot I vanted to tell you, but my friend iss in great trouble, unt ven Isidore has troubles in his heart, my heart iss heavy!' 'Oh,' she says, so sveet, 'you are such a nobleman! It makes der tears come to my eyes to hear of such friendships!'

"Dot vill show you vot a prize she vas. I hated to tell her a lie, but vot could I do? So I says I haf to go out mit Izzy unt get him out of his trouble, but at der end of two hours I come back. 'I will wait for you,' she says. Unt den, mit a cold, murder eye, I goes to Isidore unt says to him, 'Come, false friend! I keep der agreement!'

"So Isidore dusts off my coat unt says he found a room upstairs where ve could change der clothes. Ven ve got to der room I took der swallow-tail evening-dress coat off, unt der vest off, unt der pants off, unt der shirt off, unt I says to Isidore, 'Dere iss not a spot on dem! I shall expect you to gif dem back to me in der same condition ven der two hours iss up. Remember dot!' Unt den a horrible idea comes into my head. 'Vot am I going to wear?' I says. 'I don't know,' says Isidore. He had already put der pants on. 'Unt I don't care,' he says. 'But if you vant to put my clothes on, for friendship's sake I lend dem to you.'

"You know how little unt fat dot Isidore iss. Unt you see how tall unt skinny I am. But vot could I do? If I vent home to put on my own clothes I know it would be good-bye Isidore unt der swallow-tail evening suit. I would never see dem again. I couldn't trust dot false face. 'Moritz,' I says to myself, 'don'd leave dot swallow-tailer out uv your sight. No matter how foolish you look in Isidore's short pants, put dem on. You aint a member uv der Baron Hirsch Literary Atzociation.

You don'd care if your appearance iss against you. Stick to Isidore!' So I put on his old suit. My! It vas so shabby after dot fine swallow-tailer! Unt I felt so foolish! But, anyvay, dere vas vun satisfaction. Der swallow-tailer didn't fit Isidore a bit. He had to roll der pants up in der bottom. Unt der shirt vouldn't keep shut in front—he vas so fat—unt you could see his undershirt. I nearly laughed—he looked so foolish. But I didn't say anyt'ing—nefer again I vould haf no jokes mit Isidore. Only dot vun night—unt after dot our friendships vas finished.

"So ve vent to der Baron Hirsch's across der street. Ven ve got by der door Isidore asked me, astonished-like, 'Haf you got a ticket, Moritz?' 'No,' I says, 'but you are der vice-president, unt you can pass in your friend.' But Isidore shooked his head. 'Der rules,' he said, 'uv der Baron Hirsch Literary Atzociation is different from der rules uv der Montefiore Society. Efrybody vot ain'd a member has got to pay.'

"Say, vasn't dot a nasty vun, vot? But vot could I do? It cost me a quarter, but I paid it. Unt as soon as ve got in by der ballroom Isidore got fresh. 'Moritz,' he says, "ve vill let gone-bys be gone-bys, unt no monkey-business. I vill introduce you to a nice young lady vot got a rich uncle, unt you can sit unt talk mit her while I go unt haf a good time. At vun o'clock sharp I vill come back unt keep der agreement.'

"'Isidore,' I says, awful proud, 'vit your nice young ladies I vill got nodding to do. But to show you dot I ain'd no loafer I vill sit out in der hall unt trust you.'

"So I took a seat all by myself. My! I felt so foolish in Izzy's clothes! Unt Izzy vent inside by der wine-room, where dey was all drinking beer. 'Moritz,' I says to myself, 'you make a mistake to haf so much trust in dot false face. Maybe he iss getting spots on der shirt. Maybe he is spilling beer on der swallow-tailer. He iss not der kind uv a man to take good care vit a evening dresser. 'Moritz,' I says it to myself, 'be suspicious!' Unt dot made me so nervous dot I couldn't sit still. So I vent unt took a peek into der wine-room.

"Mein Gott, I nearly vent crazy! Dere vas dot loafer mit a big beer spot on my shirt in der front, unt drinking a glass of beer unt all der foam dropping in big, terrible drops on der pants uv der swallowtailer. I vent straight to his face unt said, 'Loafer, der agreement is broke. You haf got spots on it. You are a false vun!' Unt den Isidore—loafer vot he iss—punched me vun right on der nose. Vot could I do? He vas der commencer. I vas so excited dot I couldn't say nodding. I

punched him vun back unt den ve rolled on der floor.

"Ve punched like regular prize-fighters. I done my best to keep der swallow-tailer clean, unt Izzy done der best to keep his suit vot I had on clean, but dere vas a lot of beer on der floor unt ven der committee come unt put us out in der street-my! ve looked terrible! But nobody could make no more monkey business vit me dat night. 'Izzy,' I says—I vas holding him in der neck—'take dot evening dresser off or else gif up all hopes!' I vas a desperate character, unt he could read it in der tone uv my voice. He took der swallow-tailer off-right out on der sidewalk uv der street. Den I put it on unt I vas getting all dressed while he vas standing in his underclothes, trying to insult me. Unt just ven I got all dressed unt he vas standing mit der pants in his hands calling me names vot I didn't pay no attention to, but vot I vill get revenge for some time, dere comes up a p'liceman. Ve both seen him together, but I vas a qvicker t'inker as Isidore, so I says, 'Mister P'liceman, dis man iss calling me names.' He vas a Irisher, dot p'liceman, unt he hit Izzy vun mit his club, unt says, 'Vot do you mean by comin' in der street mit-out your clothes on? You are a prisoner!' So I says, 'Good-night, Isidore!' unt I run across der street to der Montefiore ball. Dey all looked at me ven I got in like if dey wanted to talk to me, but I vas t'inking only uv Miss Rabinowitz. I found her by her mamma.

"Miss Rabinowitz,' I says, 'I haf kept my word. I promised to come back, unt here I am!' She gafe me a look vot nearly broked my heart. 'You are a drunker,' she says.

"Miss Rabinowitz,' I says, 'dem iss hard words.' 'Go away,' she says. 'You look like a loafer, Instead of helping your friend you haf been drinking.' Den her mamma gafe me a look unt says, 'Drunker loafer, go 'way from my daughter or I will call der police.'

"Vot could I do? As proud as I could I left her. Den a committee comes up to me unt says, 'Moritz, go home. You look sick.' Dey vas all laughing. Den somebody says, 'He smells like a brewery vagon.' Vot could I do? I vent home.

"Der next morning Isidore comes home. 'Moritz,' he says, 'you are a fool.' I gafe him vun look in his eye. 'Isidore,' I says, 'you are der biggest loafer I haf efer seen.' Ve haf never had a conversation since dot day.

"My! Such a loafer!"

### Deborah

Her name was Deborah. When Hazard first saw her she was sitting on the steps of a tenement with Berman at her side, Berman's betrothal ring on her finger, Berman's arm around her waist. "Beauty and the beast!" Hazard murmured as he stood watching them. He was an artist, and a search for the picturesque had led him into Hester Street—where he found it.

Presently Hazard crossed the street, and, with a low bow and an air of modest hesitation that became him well, begged Berman to present his compliments to the young lady at his side and to ask her if she would allow an enthusiastic artist to make a sketch of her face. Hester Street is extremely unconventional. Deborah looked up into the blue eyes of the artist, and, with a faint blush, freed herself from her companion's embrace. Then she smiled and told the artist he could sketch her. In a twinkling Hazard produced book and pencil. While he sketched they chatted together, ignoring Berman completely, who sat scowling and unhappy. When the sketch was finished the artist handed it to Deborah and begged her to keep it. But would she not come some day to pose for him in his studio? Her mother or sister or—with a jerk of his thumb-this sturdy chap at her side could accompany her. And she would be well paid. Her face fitted wonderfully into a painting he was working on, and he had been looking for a model for weeks. His mother lived at the studio with him—the young lady would be well cared for—five or six visits would be sufficient—a really big painting. Yes. Deborah would go.

When Hazard had departed, Deborah turned to her lover and observed, with disappointment, that he looked coarse and ill-favoured.

"It is getting late," she said. "I am going in."

"Why, Liebchen," Berman protested. "It is only eight o'clock!"

"I am very tired. Good-night!"

Berman sat alone, gazing at the stars, struggling vainly to formulate in distinct thoughts the depth and profundity of his love for Deborah and the cause of that mysterious feeling of unrest, of unhappiness, of portending gloom that had suddenly come over him. But he was a simple-minded person, and his brain soon grew weary of this unaccustomed work. It was easier to fasten his gaze upon a single star and to marvel how its brightness and purity reminded him so strongly of

Deborah.

In the weeks that followed he saw but little of Deborah, and each time he observed with dismay that a change had come over the girl. In the company of her mother she had been visiting Hazard's studio regularly, and the only subject upon which Berman could get her to talk with any degree of interest was the artist and his work.

"Oh, it is a wonderful picture that he is painting!" she said. "It is the picture of a great queen, with a man kneeling at her feet, and I am the queen. I sit with a beautiful fur mantle over my shoulder, and, would you believe it, before I have been sitting five minutes I begin to feel as though I really were a queen. He is a great artist. Mamma sits looking at the picture that he is painting hour after hour. It is a wonderful likeness. And his mother is so kind to me. She has given me such beautiful dresses. And not a day goes by but what I learn something new and good from her. I am so ashamed of my ignorance."

"Each time I see her," thought Berman, "she grows more beautiful. How could anyone help painting a beautiful picture of her? She is growing like a flower. She is too good, too sweet, too beautiful for me!"

The blow came swiftly, unexpectedly. She came to his home while he sat at supper with his parents.

"Do not blame me," she said. "I prayed night after night to God to make me love you, but it would not come. It is better to find it out before it is too late. You have been so kind, so good to me that it breaks my heart. Is it not better to come to you and to tell the truth?"

Berman had turned pale. "Is it the painter?" he whispered. A flood of colour surged to Deborah's cheeks. Her eyes fell before his.

"He is a Christian, Deborah—a Christian!" he murmured, hoarsely. Then Deborah's colour left her cheeks, and the tears started to her eyes.

"I know it! I know it! But—" Then with an effort she drew herself up. "It is better that we should part. Good-bye!"

"Good-bye!" said Berman. And his father arose and called after the departing figure:

"The peace of God go with you!"

With an artist's eye Hazard had been quick to perceive the beauty of Deborah, and the possibilities of its development, and, with an artist's temperament, he derived the keenest pleasure from watching that beauty grow and unfold. Her frequent presence, the touch of her hand and cheek as he helped her to pose, her merry laughter, and, above all, those big, trusting brown eyes in which he read, as clear as print, her love, her adoration for himself, all began to have their effect upon him. And, one day, when they were alone, and suddenly looking up, he had surprised in her eyes a look of such tenderness and sweetness that his brain reeled, he flung his brush angrily to the floor and cried:

"Confound it, Deborah, I can't marry you!"

Deborah, without surprise, without wonderment, began to cry softly: "I know it! I have always known it!" she said. And when he saw the tears rolling down her cheeks he sprang to her side and clasped her in his arms, and whispered words of love in her ear, and kissed her again and again.

An old story, is it not? Aye, as old as life, as old as sin! And always the same—so monotonously the same. And always so pitiful. It is such a tempting path; the roses bloom redder here, and sweeter than anywhere else in the wide world. But there is always the darkness at the end—the same, weary darkness—the poor eyes that erstwhile shone so brightly grow dim in the vain endeavour to pierce it.

Like a flower that has blossomed to full maturity Deborah began to wilt and fade. Her beauty quickly vanished—beauty in Hester Street is rarely durable—Deborah grew paler and paler, thinner and thinner. To do him full justice Hazard was greatly distressed. It was a great pity, he thought, that Deborah had not been born a Christian. Had she been a Christian he could have married her without blasting his whole future career. As it was—Fate had been cruel. Let Hazard have full justice.

But it fell like a thunderbolt upon Berman when Deborah's mother sent for him.

"She has been raving for two days, and she keeps calling your name! Won't you sit by her bedside for a while? It may calm her!"

His heart almost stopped beating when he beheld how frail and fever-worn were the features that he had loved so well. When he took her hand in his the touch burned—burned through to his heart, his brain, his soul.

"Berman will not come!" she cried. "He was kind to me, and I was so cruel. He will not come!"

Berman tried to speak, but the words stuck in his throat. Then, with that sing-song intonation of those who are delirious with brain fever, Deborah spoke—it sounded like the chanting of a dirge: "Ah, he was so cruel! What did it matter that I was a Jewess! What did it matter that he was a Christian! I never urged him, because I loved him so! He said it would ruin his career! But, oh, he could have done it! We would have been so happy! Once he made the sign of the Cross on my cheek. But I told him I would become a Christian if he wanted me to. What did I care for my religion? I cared for nothing but him! But he was so cruel! So cruel! So cruel!"

It was more than blood could stand. With a cry of anguish Berman fled from the room. In the dawn of the following day Deborah's mother, grey and worn, came out of the tenement. She saw Berman sitting on the steps. "It is over!" she said. Berman looked at her and slowly nodded. "All over!" he said.

When Hazard awoke that morning his servant told him that a strange-looking man wished to see him in the studio. "A model," thought Hazard. "Tell him to wait." Berman waited. He waited an hour. Then the Oriental curtains rustled, and Hazard appeared. He had walked halfway across the room before he recognised Berman. He recognised him as the man who sat beside Deborah when he had first seen her. The man who had his arm around her waist. The man whom he had referred to as a sturdy chap—who had, indeed, looked strong and big on that starry night. And who now loomed before his eyes in gigantic proportions. He recognised him—and a sudden chill struck his heart. Berman walked toward him. Without a word, without the faintest warning, he clutched the artist by the throat, stifling every sound. The artist struggled, as a mouse struggles in the grasp of a cat. From his pocket Berman drew a penknife. He could hold his victim easily with one hand. He opened the blade with his teeth. As a man might bend a reed, Berman bent the artist's back until his head rested upon his knee. Then, quickly, he slashed him twice across the cheek, making the sign of a cross.

"You might have married her!" he whispered, hoarsely. Then he threw the helpless figure from him and slowly walked out of the room.

The newspapers told next day, how a maniac had burst into the studio of Hazard, the distinguished young painter, and without the slightest provocation had cut him cruelly about the face. The police were on the slasher's trail, but Hazard doubted if he could identify the man again if he saw him. "It was so unexpected," he said. To this day

he carries a curious mark on his right cheek—exactly like a cross.

#### The Murderer

When Marowitz arrived at the station-house to report for duty, the sergeant gazed at him curiously.

"You're to report at headquarters immediately," he said. "I don't know what for. The Chief just sent word that he wants to see you."

Marowitz looked bewildered. Summons to headquarters usually meant trouble. Rewards usually came through the precinct Captain. Marowitz wondered what delinquency he was to be reprimanded for. He could think of nothing that he had done in violation of the regulations.

Half an hour later he stood in the presence of the Chief.

"You sent for me," he said.

The Chief looked at him inquiringly. "What is your name?" he asked.

"Marowitz."

The Chief's face lit up. "Oh, yes," he said. "From the Eldridge Street station. Do you speak the Yiddish jargon?"

Marowitz drew a long breath of relief.

"Yes, sir," he answered. "I live in the Jewish quarter."

"Good," said the Chief. "I want you to lay aside your uniform and put on citizen's clothes. Then go and look for a chap named Gratzberg. He is a Russian, and is wanted in Odessa for murder. He is supposed to be hiding somewhere in the Jewish quarter here. You'll have no trouble in spotting him if you run across him. Here,"—the Chief drew a slip of paper from his desk—"here is the cabled description: Height, five feet seven; weight, about 150 pounds. Has a black beard. Blue eyes. Right ear marked on top by deep scar."

He handed the paper to Marowitz.

"Keep your eyes open," he said, "for marked ears. It'll be a big thing for you if you catch him. When I was your age I would have given the world for a chance like this."

When Marowitz left headquarters he walked on air. Here was a chance, indeed. He had been a policeman for nearly six years, and in all that time there had come no opportunity to distinguish himself through heroism or skill, or through any achievement, save the faithful performance of routine duty. His heart now beat high with hope. How pleased his wife would be! His name would be in all the newspapers. "The Murderer Caught! Officer Marowitz Runs Him to Earth!" Officer Marowitz already enjoyed the taste of the intoxicating cup of fame.

In mounting the stairs of the tenement where he lived Marowitz nearly stumbled over the figure of a little boy who was busily engaged in playing Indian, lurking in the darkness in wait for a foe to come along. The next moment the little figure was scrambling over him, shouting with delight:

"It's papa! Come to play Indian with Bootsy!"

"Hello, little rascal!" cried the policeman. "Papa can't play to-day. Got to go right out after naughty man."

Suddenly an idea came to him.

"Want to come along with papa, little Boots?" he asked. The little fellow yelled with joy at the prospect of this rare treat. He was six years old, and had blue eyes and a winsome face. His real name was Hermann, but an infantile tendency to chew for hours all the shoes and boots of the household had fastened upon him the name of "Boots," by which all the neighbourhood knew him and loved him. An hour later, and all that day, and all the next day, and the day after for a whole week, Marowitz and his little son wandered, apparently in aimless fashion, up and down the streets of the East Side. The companionship of the boy was as good as a thousand disguises. It would have been difficult to imagine anything less detective-like or police-like than this amiable-looking young father taking his son out for a holiday promenade.

Occasionally they would wander into one or another of the Jewish cafés, where little Boots ascended to the seventh heaven of joy in sweet drinks while Marowitz gazed about him, carelessly, for a man with a dark beard and a marked ear. In one of these cafés, happening to pick up a Russian newspaper, he read an account of the crime with which this man Gratzberg was charged. It appeared that Gratzberg, while returning from the synagogue with his wife, had accidently jostled a

young soldier. The soldier had struck him, and abused him for a vile Jew, and Gratzberg, knowing the futility of resenting the insult, had edged out of the soldier's way, and was passing on when he heard a scream from his wife. The soldier, attracted by the woman's comeliness, had thrown his arms around her, saying, "I will take a kiss from those Jewish lips to wipe out the insult to which I have been subjected." In sudden fury Gratzberg rushed upon the soldier, and, with a light cane which he carried, made a swift thrust into his face. The soldier fell to the ground, dead. The thin point of the cane had entered his eye and pierced through into the brain. Gratzberg turned and fled, and from that moment no man had seen him.

Marowitz laid down the paper and frowned. He sat for a long time, plunged in thought. Then, with a shrug of his shoulders, he muttered, "Duty is duty." And, taking little Boots by the hand, he resumed his search for the man with the black beard and the marked ear.

It was a long and tedious search, and almost barren in clues. Two men whom he approached—men whom he knew—remembered having seen a man who answered the description, but their recollection was too dim to afford him the slightest assistance. In the course of the week he had made a dozen visits to every café, restaurant, and meeting place in the neighbourhood, had conscientiously patrolled every street, both by day and by night, had gone into many stores, and followed the delivery of nearly all the Russian newspapers that came into that quarter. But without a glimpse of the man with the marked ear.

There came a night when the heat grew so intense, and the atmosphere so humid and suffocating that nearly every house in the Ghetto poured out its denizens into the street to seek relief. Numerous parties made their way to the river, to lounge about the docks and piers, where a light breeze brought grateful relief from the intense heat.

"Want to go down to the river, Boots?" asked Marowitz.

The lad's eyes brightened. He was worn out with the heat, and too weary to speak. He laid his little hand in his father's, and they went down to the river. Marowitz walked down a long pier, crowded with people, and peered into the face of every man he saw. They were all peaceful workingmen, oppressed by the heat, and seeking rest, and none among them had marked ears. The cool breeze acted like a tonic upon little Boots. In a few minutes he had joined a group of children

who were running out and screaming shrilly at play, and presently his merry voice could plainly be distinguished above all the rest. Marowitz seated himself on the string-piece at the end of the pier, and leaned his head against a post in grateful, contented repose. His mind went ruefully over his week's work.

"He cannot be in this neighbourhood," he thought, "else I would have found some trace of him. I have left nothing undone. I have worked hard and faithfully on this assignment. But luck is against me. To-morrow I will have to report—failure."

It was a depressing thought. He had had his chance and had failed. Promotion—the rosy dawn of fame—became dimmer and dimmer. Now suddenly rose a scream of terror, followed instantly by a loud splash. Then a hubbub of voices and cries. Then, out of the black water, a wild cry, "Papa! Papa!" Even before the people began to run toward him Marowitz realised that Boots had fallen into the river. A swift, sharp pang of dread, of horrible fear, shot through him. He saw the white, upturned face floating by—sprang swiftly, blindly into the water. And not until the splash, when the shock of the cold water struck him, at the very moment when he felt the arms of little Boots envelop him, and felt the strong current sweeping them along—not until then did Marowitz remember that he could not swim a stroke.

"Help! Help!" he cried, at the top of his voice. But the lights of the pier had already begun to fade. The cries of the people were rapidly dying out into a low hum. It was ebb tide, swift and relentless as death. A twist in the current carried them in toward another pier—deserted—and dark—save for a faint gleam of light that shone through an aperture below the string-piece and threw a dancing trail of dim brightness upon the water.

"Help! Help!" cried Marowitz, in despair. He heard an answering cry. The faint light had suddenly been cut off; the opening through which it had shone had suddenly been enlarged; Marowitz saw the figure of a man emerge.

"Help! For God's sake!" he cried.

The man climbed quickly to the top of the pier, shouting something which Marowitz could not distinguish—seized a great log which lay upon the pier, and, holding it in his arms, sprang into the water. A few quick strokes brought him to Marowitz's side. He pushed forward the log so that the policeman could grasp it. Then, allowing the current to

carry them down the stream, yet, by slow swimming guiding the log nearer and nearer toward the shore, the man was finally able to grasp the rudder of a ship at anchor in a dock. A few moments later they stood upon the deck, surrounded by the crew of the ship; the loungers of the wharf alongside gazing down upon them in curiosity. Boots was safe and uninjured. The moment he felt his feet firmly planted on the ship's deck he burst into wild wailing, and Marowitz, with his hand upon his heart, murmured thanks to God. Then he turned to thank his rescuer, who stood, with the water dripping from him, under a ship's lantern. The next moment Marowitz's outstretched hand fell, as if stricken, to his side, and he stood stock still, bewildered. The lantern's rays fell upon the man's ear, illuminating a deep red scar. The water was dripping from the man's long black beard. And when he saw Marowitz draw back, and saw his gaze fastened as if fascinated upon that scarred ear, a ghastly pallor overspread the man's face. For a moment they stood thus, gazing at each other. Then Marowitz strode forward impetuously, seized the man's hand, and carried it to his lips, and in the Yiddish jargon said to him:

"You have saved my boy's life. You have saved my life. May the blessing of the Lord be upon you!"

Marowitz then took his son in his arms and walked briskly homeward.

"What luck?" asked the Chief the next day, when he reported at headquarters. Marowitz shook his head.

"They must be mistaken. He is not in the Jewish quarter."

The Chief frowned. Then Marowitz, with heightened colour, said:

"I want to resign. I—I don't think I'm cut out for a good detective."

"H'm!" said the Chief. "I guess you're right."

#### Unconverted

The Reverend Thomas Gillespie (it may have been William—I am not sure of his first name) noticed a tall old man with fierce brown eyes standing in the front of the crowd. Then a stone struck the Reverend Gillespie in the face. The crowd pressed in upon him, and it would

have gone ill with the preacher if the tall, brown-eyed man had not turned upon the crowd and, in a voice that drowned every other sound, cried:

"Touch him not! Stand back!"

The crowd hesitated and halted. The tall man had turned his back upon the Reverend Gillespie, and now stood facing the rough-looking group.

"Touch him not!" he repeated. "He is an honest man. He means us no harm. He is but acting according to his lights. He is only mistaken. Whoever throws another stone is an outcast. 'Before me,' said the Lord, 'there is no difference between Jew and Gentile; he that accomplishes good will I reward accordingly.' Friends, go your way!"

In a few minutes the entire crowd had dispersed; the tall man was helping the clergyman to his feet, and the first "open-air meeting" of the Reverend Gillespie's "Mission to the East Side Jews" had come to an end. The Reverend's cheek was bleeding, and the tall man helped him staunch the flow of blood with the aid of a handkerchief that seemed to have seen patriarchal days.

"Friend," he then said to the clergyman, "can you spare a few moments to accompany me to my home? It is close by, and I would like to speak to you."

The clergyman's head was in a whirl. The happenings of the past few minutes had dazed him. He was a young man and enthusiastic, and this idea of converting the Jews of the East Side to Christianity was all his own idea—all his own undertaking, without pay, without hope of reward. He knew German well, and a little Russian, and it had not taken him long to acquire sufficient proficiency in the jargon to make himself clearly understood. Then began this "open-air meeting," the sudden outburst of derisive cries and hooting before he had uttered a dozen words of the solemn exhortation that he had so carefully planned, then the rush and the stone that had cut his cheek, and—he was only dimly conscious of this—the sudden interference of the tall man. He was glad to accompany his rescuer—glad to do anything that would afford a moment's quiet rest. The Reverend Gillespie wanted to think the situation over.

The tall man led him into a tenement close by, through the hall, and across a filthy court-yard into a rear tenement, and then up four foul, weary flights of stairs. He opened a door, and the clergyman found

himself in a small dark room that seemed, from its furnishings, as well as from its odours, to serve the purpose of sitting-, sleeping-, dining-room, and kitchen. In one corner stood a couch, upon which lay an old man, apparently asleep. His long, grey beard rose and fell upon the coverlet with his regular breathing; but his cheeks were sunken, and his hands, that clutched the edge of the coverlet, were thin and wasted.

"Rest yourself," said the tall man to the clergyman. "You are worn out."

The clergyman seated himself and drew a long breath of relief. He was really tired, and sitting down acted like a tonic. He began to thank his rescuer. It was the first word he had spoken, and his voice seemed to arouse a sudden fire in the eyes of his rescuer.

"Listen!" he cried, leaning forward, and pointing a long, gaunt finger at the clergyman. "Listen to me. I have brought you here because I think you are an honest man. You are like a man who walks in the midst of light with his eyes shut and declares there is no light. You have come here to preach to Jews, to beseech them to forsake the teachings of the Prophets and to believe that the Messiah has come. But to preach to Jews you must first find your Jews. You were not speaking to Jews. It was not a Jew who threw that stone at you. It is true the Talmud says, 'An Israelite, even when he sins and abandons the faith, is still an Israelite.' But you have not come to convert the sinners against Israel. You have come to convert Jews. And I have brought you here to show you a Jew.

"That old man whom you see there—no, he is not sleeping. He is dying. You are shocked? No, he has no disease. Medical skill can do nothing for him. He is an old man, tired of the struggle of life, worn out, wasting away. Oh, he will open his eyes again, and he will eat food, too, but there is no hope. In a few days he will be no more.

"He is a Jew. We came from Russia together, he and I, and we struggled together, side by side, for nearly a quarter of a century. It did not take me long to forget many of the things the rabbis had taught me, and to become impatient of the restraints of religion. But he remained steadfast, oh, so steadfast! His religion was the breath of life to him; he could no more depart from it than he could accustom himself to live without breathing. It was a bitter struggle, year after year, slaving from break of day until dark, with nothing to save, no headway, no future, no hope. I often became despondent, but he was always cheerful. He

had the true faith to sustain him; a smile, a cheerful word, and always some apt quotation from the Talmud to dispel my despondent mood.

"He argued with me, he pleaded with me, he read to me the words of the law, and the interpretations of the learned rabbis, day after day, month after month, year after year—always so kind, so gentle, so patient, so loving. And all the while we struggled for our daily living together and suffered and hungered, and many times were subjected to insult and even injury. And he would always repeat from the Talmud, 'Man should accustom himself to say of everything that God does that it is for the best.'

"Then Fortune smiled upon him. An unexpected piece of luck, a bold enterprise, a few quick, profitable ventures, and he became independent. He made me share his good fortune. We started one of those little banking houses on the East Side, and so great was the confidence that all who knew him possessed in him, that in less than a year we were a well-known, reliable establishment, with prospects that no outsider would ever have dreamed of. Through all the days of prosperity he remained a devout Jew. Not a feast passed unobserved. Not a ceremony went unperformed. Not an act of devotion, of kindness, or of charity prescribed by the Talmud was omitted by my friend.

"Then came the black day—the great panic of six years ago—do you remember it? It came suddenly, on a Friday afternoon, like a huge storm-cloud, threatening to burst the next morning.

"They came to him—all his customers—in swarms, to ask him if he would keep his banking place open the next day. 'No!' he said. 'Tomorrow is the Sabbath!' 'You will be ruined!' they cried. 'We will be ruined!' 'Friends,' he said, in his quiet way, 'I have enough money laid aside to guard you against ruin, even if all my establishment be wiped from the face of the earth. But to-morrow is the Sabbath. I have observed the Sabbath for nearly sixty years. I must not fail to-morrow.'

"And when the morrow came the bank failed, and they brought the news to him in the synagogue. But he gave no heed to them; he was listening to the reading of the law. They came to tell him that banks were crashing everywhere, that the bottom had fallen out of the world of business and finance. But he was listening to the words that were spoken by Moses on Sinai.

"And," the narrator's eyes filled, and the tears began to roll down his cheeks, "on the Monday that followed he gave, to every man and to every woman and to every child that had trusted him, every penny that he had saved, and he made me give every penny that I had saved. And when all was gone, and the last creditor had gone away, paid in full, he turned to me and said, 'Man should accustom himself to say of everything that God does that it is for the best!'

"And the next day—yes, the very next day—we applied for work in a sweater's shop, and we have been working there ever since.

"We were too old to begin daring ventures over again. I would have clung to the money we had saved, but he—he was so good, so honest, that the very thought of it filled me with shame. And now he is worn out.

"In a few days he will die, and I will be left to fight on alone.

"But, oh, my friend, there, lying on that couch, you see a Jew!

"Would you convert him? What would you have him believe? To what would you change his faith? Ah, you will say there are not many like him. No! Would to God there were! It would be a happier world.

"But it was faith in Judaism that made him what he was. If I—if all Jews could only believe in the religion of their fathers as he believed—what an example to mankind Israel would be!

"My friend, I thank you. You have come with me—you have listened to my story. I must attend to my friend. May the peace of God be with you!"

The Reverend Thomas Gillespie (although, as I said, it may have been William) bowed, and, without a word, walked slowly out of the room. His lips trembled slightly.

The "second outdoor meeting of the Reverend Gillespie's Mission to the East Side Jews" has never taken place.