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"Nothing! This is your America. Tell him about it, Herschel."

"Wasn't much," mumbled the boy. "They just punched me 'cause I was a Jew and I said I wouldn't go to school any more and papa said all right. So I ain't going." He relapsed into his sullen silence, nervously turning the pages of his book, his eyes unchildlike and furtive.

"It is like this," his father took up the tale. "We always lived in a Jewish neighborhood; he didn't know anything else but that he was Jewish. I guess he thought everybody else was Jewish like his mamma and me. And then I got a chance to buy this place cheap and we moved here. He goes to school and the boys call him 'Jew' and 'Sheeny' and hit him. He says no, he is American; they call him foreigner even if he tells them he came here when he was one year old and his big brother Abe was in the army and went to France. That is what they learn in school in America."

"But you can't blame the little children; they don't know any better," I protested.

"And their parents!" he shot back at me. "Last month we had a block party here for the boys who came back. No, they did not hang up any signs, 'No Jews Allowed,' like they did in my cousin's neighborhood. But they made us feel we weren't wanted. I heard things I didn't like to remember after my Abe went and fought for what all your American newspapers called 'Democracy.' Abe wasn't drafted, either; he was under age and went anyhow. But my cousin's boy was; made to fight for 'Democracy' and knowing folks looked down on his father and called him 'a Jew pawnbroker.' In Russia they drafted us into the army; but they didn't lie to us; they said we had to fight for the Czar and that settled it. So we weren't disappointed like our boys over here."

A customer came in just then; followed a heated discussion anent an overcoat promised two days ago and

not yet repaired. My dreamer of the Pale was lost in a voluble, cringing tradesman, earnestly calling heaven and earth to witness that the delayed garment would surely be ready on the morrow. The customer leaving partly mollified, he turned to me again, shrugging hopelessly, the weary shrug of the Ghetto.

"Nu, in America it is hurry, hurry, hurry, and if you are five minutes late they will take their clothes away and not come back again. What was I saying—oh, yes, it was different in Russia."

"Maybe in your day," I reminded him. "But now—revolution—uncertainty—"

A strange glow filled his tired eyes. "Uncertainty, revolution," he repeated, a bit disdainfully. "Yes, but that will pass—like that—like a cloud. And afterwards! It will all be sure and certain and like the time the 'nehim,' the prophets, tell about; we will all sit under our own fruit trees and not be afraid and 'unsere Leute' and the 'goyim' will not make war any more. It will be time for 'Meshiach' then, for even old Russia was very beautiful."

When I left him I wondered how time had mellowed his memories of the step-mother land, how, seen over a stretch of softening years, the crooked had become straight and the bitter sweet. And suddenly I understood. I know a woman forced by a great sorrow to leave her southern home. At first her heart was filled with resentment; later, time softened her grief and she began to brood over the tender courtesies, the old-fashioned charm of the life she had left behind her forever. The other day I found her crying softly as a friend sang 'I see gwine back to Dixie.'

"I don't want to go back home," she told me, half-ashamed of her emotion. "My life there is a closed book to me. But I do feel all the loveliness it held for me. Perhaps 'Dixie' means the same thing to all of us—

the old days which were not always happy but which we want to recapitulate and relive again."

I did not understand here at the moment, but after my talk with the little homesick tailor I knew what she meant. For he, too, has his "Dixie."

And, as for his wild dreams about a Utopian Russia—yes, indeed, he is quite mad—but he is in good company, for weren't the prophets from Amos down to Malachi a set of mad idealists?

A meeting of the Karachi (India) Bene-Israel Community was held last month in the synagogue to celebrate the opening ceremony of the Syndicate Building by Mr. Abraham Reuben, sub-engineer of the municipality and vice president of the community. The syndicate was formed last year to provide cheap and healthy dwelling places for the poor Jews of Karachi, and the present structure was named after the founder, Mr. Abraham Reuben.

The following are among the contributors to the fund for providing higher commercial education, in connection with which Degrees of Bachelor of Commerce and Master of Commerce will be granted by the London (Eng.) University: Sir Edward Stern, £2,000; Messrs. Lazard Brothers, £600; Messrs. N. M. Rothschild and Sons, £500, and Messrs. Leopold Walford, Ltd., £262 10s.

Deputies Nomborg, Farbstein, and Winezihier have investigated the pogrom in the suburb of Warsaw, Shiletz, and the attack on the abattoir. It was attended by cruel scenes, the sufferers having been mostly the Shochetim. Even a policeman fainted at the horrifying sights and the desperate cries of Shemang Yisroel coming from the victims. In the streets the Jews were dragged out from the cars and beaten, and in some streets it was possible to walk on the beards cut and torn off.

The deputation of orthodox Jews which returned to Warsaw from Paris claims to have achieved an important success. According to its statement the delegates sent a memorial to the Peace Conference, drawing its attention to the contemplated expulsion of 15,000 Jews from Warsaw on the alleged ground that they were foreigners. In reply the delegates received an assurance that M. Paderewski had been approached on the matter, and that he had promised that the order would be annulled. The news caused great satisfaction in Jewish circles.

At Skempe (near Lipno, Poland) the authorities averted a pogrom attempt by peasants against the Jews, but the soldiers subsequently attacked those in the synagogue and broke up its furniture and belongings. They wished to set fire to the synagogue, but the Christian neighbors objected to such a course, fearing that the conflagration might spread. Many Jews were, however, beaten, and a number of houses and shops were plundered. At the request of the Rabbi, the district authorities were summoned to Skempe from Lipno.

Joseph Duveen of London and New York has been knighted by King George. He is the eldest son of the late Sir Joseph Duveen and assisted his father in saving for the British nation many celebrated paintings which from time to time were offered for sale, and which but for their efforts and those of other patriotic friends of English art, might have been lost to the nation. He also continued the work of his father in connection with the Tate Gallery, and recently provided funds for building another wing to that building.

The Jewish community of Cardiff, Wales, have contributed 1,000 guineas for the endowment of a Jewish Ward in the King Edward VII Hospital.