

1868 == 1918



Fiftieth Anniversary
of the
Jewish Orphan Asylum
Cleveland, Ohio

IV
995
645
149
918



BRANDEIS
UNIVERSITY

LIBRARY

FROM THE LIBRARY
OF
JACOB RADER MARCUS



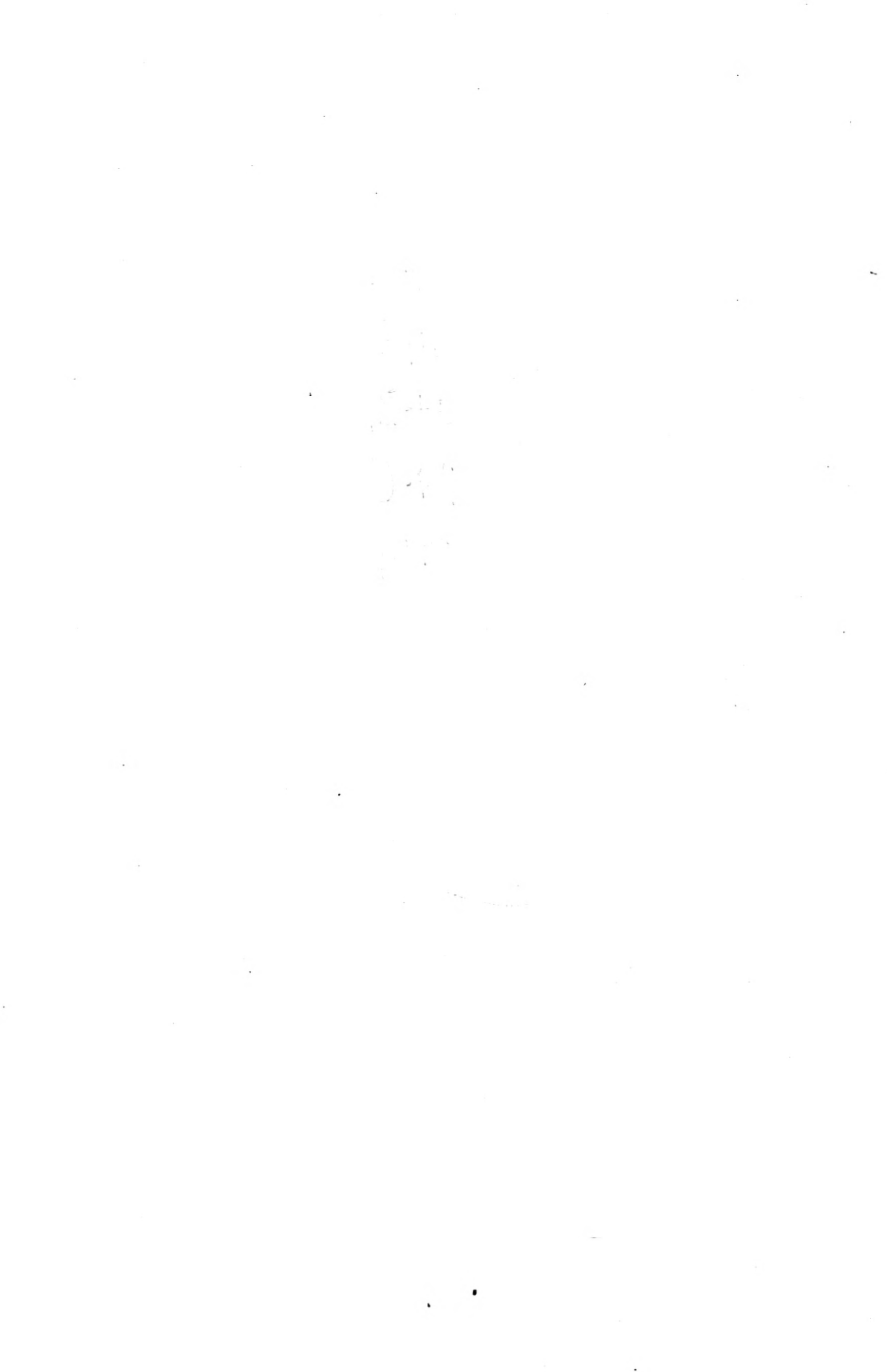
JACOB RADER MARCUS
HEBREW UNION COLLEGE
CINCINNATI - 20. - OHIO
MANUSCRIPT FROM:

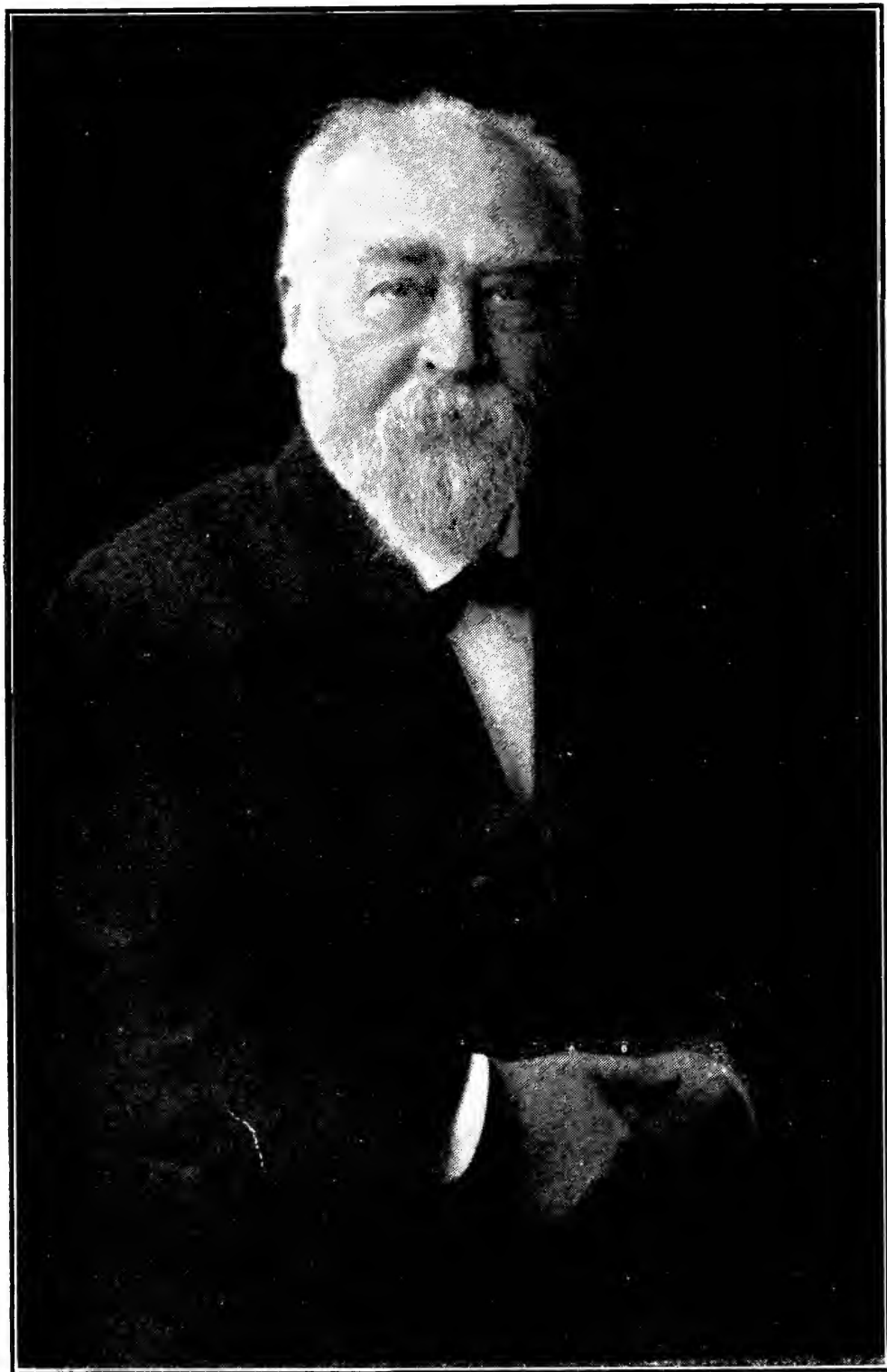


1868 === 1918



Fiftieth Anniversary
of the
Jewish Orphan Asylum
Cleveland, Ohio





DR. S. WOLFENSTEIN

**Dedicated to the Alumni of the
Cleveland Jewish Orphan
Asylum (to his girls and boys)
by the former superintendent
Dr. S. Wolfenstein**

Contents

	Page
Preface	7
Historical Personal Notes	9
From Our Fortieth Anniversary	20
A Delicate Subject	40
Expectations	42
Zionism	44
Puzzling Questions	49
Modern	51
The Home Versus the Institution	53
Theory and Practice	57
Playgrounds	59
A Reply	60
The Need of Jewish Tendency, etc.	63
School Discipline	65
Corporal Punishment	67
Dependent Children	68
Morbidity and Mortality Among Children	71
Nursing a Desirable Profession	72
Problems in Every Day Life	76
The Physical Conditions of Orphans	79
Scientific Charity, by Leo W.	81
Individuality, by Leo W.	83
The Cottage Plan	88
Seder at Our Home, by Martha W.	90
On Trained Nursing, by Martha W.	92
Our Anniversary, by Martha W.	94
Vacation, by Martha W.	97
A Letter from Dr. B. Felsenthal	100
"Our Martha Lives," Eulogy, by Rabbi Jacobson	100
"When Doctors Disagree," by Anna Koppel	103
A Summer Evening—Reminiscence	107
Starting Out in Life	110
Work Among Orphans—Paper Read by the Superintendent	114
Industrial Education—Paper Read by the Superintendent	129
Charity	122
Charity Reports	124
To President William Stix	126
William Stix—An Appreciation	127
Eight Pulpit Addresses	127
From Talks to Confirmants	142
Eulogy at Funeral of M. Buchmann	149
Eulogy at Funeral of David Adler	151
Eulogy at Funeral of Abraham Hart	153
Eulogy at Funeral of Mrs. Lizzie Hays	155
Eulogy at Funeral of Mrs. M. Thurnauer	157
Eulogy at Funeral of Dr. M. Rosenwasser	159
Eulogy at Funeral of Kaufman Hays	161
Eulogy at Funeral of M. A. Marks	163
From the Seventieth Birthday Celebration of Dr. S. W.	165
Resolutions Passed by the Board	179

Preface

In July, 1903, I started, with the approval of the Board, the publication of "The Jewish Orphan Asylum Magazine" as a monthly periodical. In the prospectus issued with the first number it was modestly said: "This Magazine is sent forth with the object in view to reach all friends and patrons of the institution and to bring them some news from the orphans' home in Cleveland."

For fully eight years the Magazine continued to be issued monthly and afterwards up to date as a quarterly, bringing to its readers, among whom there have been none more interested than our Alumni, a number of valuable articles treating upon the modes of education and the development of orphans. Among the news from the Home have been my talks to the confirmants, sermonettes delivered by me on Sabbaths and holidays — also eulogies spoken by me at the graves of a number of our Trustees and Directors, at whose funerals to officiate I had been called upon.

It appeared to me that many of these various articles might be of value to be reprinted and preserved. Wanting to add in some way my humble share toward the celebration of the Fiftieth Anniversary of our Orphan Asylum, I concluded to collect these articles mentioned in a volume and dedicating it to our Alumni.

Thus I present this booklet, with a few Historical Personal Notes, to those whom I used to call "my girls and boys" — hoping that they may read its contents with interest and pleasure.

S. WOLFENSTEIN.

Historical Personal Notes

Forty years are passed since I had been elected as Superintendent of the Orphan Asylum. On the 12th of May, 1878, at a special meeting of the Board of Trustees and Directors, held at Cincinnati, in the home of the late Mr. Abraham Aub, I and my wife of sainted memory had been elected Superintendent and Matron, to enter upon our duties in July, following the tenth anniversary of the institution. I then had been a Trustee, representing District No. 2, I. O. B. B., and also the Recording Secretary of the Board.

My official connection with the Orphan Asylum dated back to January, 1875, when, at a meeting of District Grand Lodge No. 2, held at Indianapolis, I was elected as a Trustee of the Orphan Asylum in place of Mr. Abr. Kramer of St. Louis, who had refused to accept the office. I was then Rabbi of B'nai-El Congregation, in St. Louis, having occupied this pulpit since my arrival in this country, in August, 1870.

In April, 1875, I made my first appearance in the Orphan Asylum at the quarterly meeting of the Board. Since that time I attended every quarterly meeting of the Board, traveling the respectable distance from St. Louis to Cleveland at my own expense. Mr. Louis Aufrecht and his wife, who had been the first Superintendent and Matron of the Asylum, invited me to stop with them during my visit at Cleveland, which always lasted from Friday morning until Monday night. I gladly availed myself of their kindness, thus decreasing my expenses in not needing to pay a hotel bill. Another advantage I gained by my stopping at the Orphan Asylum, which consisted therein, that I learned to know the inner working of the institution and becoming acquainted with the children.

At the meeting of the Board held in October, 1876, I was elected as Recording Secretary, which office I accepted under the condition not to receive any salary for my work. I held this office to the time of my resignation as Superintendent in October, 1913, for fully thirty-seven years, always considering my work a task of love, of honor and devotion.

At the quarterly meeting of the Board held in January, 1878, Mr. and Mrs. Aufrecht tendered their resignation, due to their impaired health, the same to take effect at the Anniversary in July of the same year. As instructed by the Board, I advertised in the Jewish papers, stating that the Board was ready to receive applications for the positions to be vacated. I received twenty-one applications, which I submitted to the Board at their quarterly meeting, held the following April. After I had read all the applications with the voluminous correspondence connected therewith, the President, Mr. Aub, asked me: "Whom of these applicants do you recommend?" I respectfully declined to assume any such responsibility — whereupon the motion was made and carried to adjourn the meeting and to reconvene at a special meeting to be held May 12, at the city of Cincinnati, in the home of President Aub.

I had not the least idea to understand the motives of this resolve of the Board. As usual I left Monday afternoon for home. On the train I met President Aub and Director Solomon Levi, who went to their homes in Cincinnati. With them was Mr. Jacob Rohrheimer of Cleveland, who was the Treasurer of the Orphan Asylum, and who told me that he was going on a little business trip to Crestline, O. While sitting together in the smoking compartment of the car, Mr. Aub informed me that they were a Committee of the Board charged to inform me that the Board desired me and my wife to become Superintendent and Matron. Within a week or ten days, he told me, I would receive a call signed by

every member of the Board, asking us to accept the position. My surprise was intense!

At Crestline Mr. Rohrheimer left the train. Messrs. Aub and Levi had to go to their car on the train for Cincinnati and I remained in my seat, reaching St. Louis, after a sleepless night, the next morning. I had made our acceptance dependent upon the decision of my wife.

For almost twenty-four hours we were discussing the matter. My wife could not see her way clear. She could not understand how she could do the work at the Orphan Asylum, having to take care of her own six children, the oldest being about twelve years and the youngest soon to be born. We were sitting at breakfast the next morning, still talking and discussing the subject, when Mr. Isidor Bush entered our house, a guest we were always glad to welcome in our home.

“Rebezzin” — he addressed my wife — “I had a message from Mr. Aub in Cincinnati, requesting me to see you and use all my influence on you to accept the position as Matron of our Orphan Asylum, with your husband as Superintendent.”

After many hours of talking and discussing, my wife yielded to the pleadings of our dear and so highly esteemed friend and we concluded to accept the call extended to us in such a distinguished and pleasant manner. The special meeting of the Board was held in Cincinnati and we were elected for our positions at the Orphan Asylum.

Before leaving St. Louis I requested my dear friend, Mr. Jacob Furth, to accept the office of Orphan Asylum Trustee, of which as a matter of course I had to resign. He was elected by the Board and later on by the Grand Lodge and remained a very valuable member of the Board to the present date, being at present the honored Vice President of the Orphan Asylum.

After the July meeting we entered upon our duties at the institution. I cannot say that I have the pleasantest recollections of our first year's work. My predecessor, who is now dead these many years, for he died due to Bright's disease but a very few years after he had left Cleveland, was a schoolmaster of the old German type. He believed in the rod as an educating medium and governed the children by fear. I always believed and still believe in kindness, in love and affection when dealing with children. Mr. Aufrecht never had a child of his own, while I was the father of six of my own children and now considered myself the father of the two hundred whose care had been entrusted to me and my wife.

The exact number of children in the Home when we entered upon our duties was 208. Two incidents are in my recollection from those days of the trying first year of our activity, which I consider worth while to mention.

Mr. Jacob Rohrheimer, the Treasurer of the institution, living in our neighborhood, used to come almost daily to the Home, and I had become intimately befriended with him. He once came in the dining room during the noon meal of the children; there was the usual noise and chatter of the children — something very strange to Mr. Rohrheimer. He had not been in the dining room since my predecessor had left. Then there was perfect silence. The children were not permitted as much as to whisper. This I considered a cruelty — an unpardonable wrong. I am glad to say that I was instrumental in having this cruel wrong done away with in many institutions of our country — both Jewish and non-Jewish. Mr. Rohrheimer left the room, I believe, in disgust. When meeting him after the meal of the children he warned me, saying: "These children will grow over your head; they will become unmanageable."

I assured him of my full ability to keep the children under proper control, of which he soon became convinced.

This is the other incident that I have in pleasant recollection: Dr. T. T. Seeley, of whom the Orphan Asylum had bought the land occupied by the institution, was our neighbor. He kept a sanitarium, called the "Watercure," in our rear. His and our property were separated by shrubbery and an old fence. Toward the end of the second summer of my superintendency he called on me. "I came," he addressed himself to me, "to congratulate you upon the conduct of your children. Your predecessor," said he, "was a clever man; he kept strict discipline among the children, especially the boys, but he did not know what they were doing behind his back. They used to break down my fence, pillage my garden and pelting the fruit trees before the pears and apples were ripe. I rarely complained to him, for I knew this meant some stout whipping for the orphan-culprits, for whom I always had a sympathizing heart. Now I must tell you, they have not bothered me this year at all. I asked a certain curly-headed boy, whom I had caught many a time before in my grounds: 'How is it that you are not coming any more over the fence? Are you afraid of your new Superintendent?' 'Oh, no,' said the boy. 'We are not afraid of the Doctor. He never whips a boy. We all like to please him'."

This certainly was a pleasant visit. Dr. Seeley and I were good and friendly neighbors, until he moved away from Cleveland. When his apples and pears were ripe he used to invite the boys to come over and help themselves.

At the eleventh Anniversary of the Home, in July, 1879, which was the first anniversary of our work, I surprised the Board by introducing at the services of the Anniversary Sabbath the confirmation of the girls and boys who had reached the age to be discharged from the care of the Asylum. This was quite an event, witnessed by a large multitude of visitors. I shall never forget the beaming face of our President, the venerable Mr. Abraham Aub. He was

accompanied by his wife and his daughter, Belle, who afterwards became the wife of Mr. Abraham Wiener, who then was the Vice President of the Orphan Asylum, and who, thank God, are both with us today, and who, I believe, have been present at every following Anniversary of our Home. There was no end to the compliments showered upon us — my wife and myself — at this occasion. It is with much satisfaction to me that the observance of the Anniversary Sabbath has been continued with the same solemn ceremony up to this date. I have before me the names of fourteen girls and fifteen boys, of whom my first confirmation class consisted. Am grieved to say five of them are not any more among the living — three of the girls and two of the boys. All the others are mothers or fathers of their own families, all doing well, and some already have grandchildren.

Thirty-five classes have been confirmed by me at the thirty-five Anniversaries which I celebrated at the Orphan Asylum. They number one thousand five hundred and thirty two (1532) pupils. Six hundred and fifty-nine (659) were females and eight hundred and seventy-three (873) were males.

I do not want to include any statistics in these notes, hoping the Orphan Asylum authorities will furnish them in their fiftieth Annual Report, but a few remarks about my confirmants I cannot omit. It is with much grief that I have to chronicle that ninety-nine (99) — thirty-eight (38) females and sixty-one (61) males — have gone to the great beyond, summoned away from this world while young in years. This represents a mortality of $6\frac{1}{2}$ per cent, which, I believe, is above the usual percentage.

The 1434 of my former girls and boys, who are among the living, have been and are, to use a common expression, "making good" in this world, with hardly any exceptions whatsoever. I can only repeat what I once said in one of my Annual Reports about our graduates: "Many of our

children have come to us from the lowliest of homes, and in returning to them they bring with them the benefits of what we have striven with much patience to impart to them here. Into dirty and shiftless homes they bring habits of cleanliness and order, into petrified and aimless poverty they bring ambition, and striving for higher things; into ignorance they bring useful knowledge; into soulless superstition, a firm and reasonable religious foundation. Involuntarily, by the very force of its strength, the light of their education vivifies and fructifies all that comes under its influence — and order, cleanliness, intelligence and comfort spring forth and thrive in its wholesome glow. Many poor parents, who have spent their best years in toiling through the dark, narrow alleyways of life, now rest in pleasant homes, which their children, our wards, useful, prosperous and respected citizens, have prepared for them. Into business, the arts, the professions, the home — into every branch of life they carry with them the benefits which they have derived here. Our girls have become women and mothers and are raising their children to good Jews and patriotic Americans. Our boys are preaching Judaism for the Jews and fighting with an army for the nation.”

The largest number of our graduates have been and are keeping in contact with me. Many of them have been married — a large number of marriage ceremonies have been performed by me, and their children are calling me “Grandpa.”

Three hundred and twenty (320) of the girls and two hundred and ninety-seven (297) of the boys are married.

While I do not wish to go into much details about my work, I have to mention some facts which are standing out prominent and were of lasting value and influence. Right in the first year of my superintendency I prevailed upon the Board to erect our schoolhouse. It is still serving well the purpose for which it was built. I insisted on having it

located where it is standing, which was about 150 feet in front of the old building. The Local Board opposed me in this. They wanted me to give my reasons for having the contemplated building so far out in the front of our premises. When I told them that I was looking forward to the time when a new main building would stand there on one line with the new schoolhouse, one gentleman looked at me with amazement. "Doctor," he said, "while you still are a young man, I do not think that you will in your life see such a building erected."

Well, it was at the twentieth Anniversary of the Orphan Asylum that we dedicated the new building, and the gentleman who could not see so far into the future was with us at the dedication.

During the sixth year of our work my wife commenced to ail under the heavy strain of her manifold duties, the number of children having increased after the completion of the schoolhouse to about three hundred and fifty.

Her condition alarmed me and I had under consideration to resign our positions. In fact I had written out our resignations to submit the same to the annual meeting of the Board held in July, 1884, but my wife would not consent. "I cannot leave these children," she told me. "I would rather die in their midst, but I hope God will help me and restore me to health." Alas! her hopes were not realized. Only a few weeks after the 1885 Anniversary, in the preparations for which she was altogether too active, she succumbed on July 25, 1885, the day when ex-President General Grant expired, she breathed her last on earth.

After her demise the Board granted me the privilege to select a Matron. Several ladies occupied the position. Among them, who have been excellent in their work, were Mrs. Charlotte Steiner and Miss Johanna Weil. Mrs. Steiner resigned on account of impaired health, but for three consecutive years she spent the summer with us, considering

the Orphan Asylum like her home. Miss Weil married one of our teachers and became at his side the Matron of the Chicago Jewish Orphans' Home, where she, after hardly two years of blessed work, departed this life. Miss Lily Price—one of our girls—acted as Matron for nearly two years, but, due to impaired health, she had to relinquish the work, being relieved by my daughter, Laura, who had served as Matron previously, but had also to yield to the strain of the task. She remained in the position from August, 1912, until I left, October 31, 1913.

The death of my wife, followed within three weeks by the death of her niece, Bertha Brieger, who had been Assistant Matron, have not been the only visitations with which Providence had tasked my life. I had to mourn the loss of my youngest son, Joseph, who died December 8, 1893, after an operation for appendicitis, at the age of seventeen years. I had to bewail the loss of my son, Dr. Julius, who departed this life at the age of twenty-nine years after seven months of ailing caused by tuberculosis. My daughter, Martha, joined her brothers, having been called hence March 17, 1906, after several years of the most patient suffering, being in the thirty-seventh year of her life. My cares for the children, to whom I was like to my own children—both father and mother—I had to consider as a God-sent comfort in my great grief.

In the year 1892 we erected the building which was to house our manual training department. Through it I was enabled to carry out my plan of a thorough industrial education of our children. Up to that time our seventh and eighth grade pupils visited the public school. We withdrew them, giving to them in our home school a much better chance for development, considering their future life, than the public school of those days was able to offer.

I consider it my duty not to leave unmentioned the celebration of my seventieth birthday, December 10, 1911,

prepared by our Board, by the Grand Lodges Nos. 2 and 6, I. O. B. B., and by our Alumni. That celebration is kept by me and my children in undying and grateful remembrance.

I also want to make mention of the very pleasant relations existing between the Local Board and the entire Board of Trustees and Directors and myself during the entire time of my superintendency.

Words could not describe my relations of intimate friendship with the Presidents of the institution, as they followed each other: Abraham Aub, Abraham Wiener, Abraham Hart, David Adler, William Stix, Louis S. Levi, and the present President, Philip Stein, Messrs. Abraham Wiener and Louis S. Levi being the only surviving of our ex-Presidents, while the other four have gone to their eternal reward. Their memories will be gratefully cherished by me until I shall be called to join them with the great army.

After the forty-fifth Anniversary of the Home, which was the thirty-fifth of my superintendency, I felt that my strength was giving away, and I submitted my resignation to the meeting of the Board held in October, 1913. On October 31 I left the institution, the Board extending to me some beautiful resolutions and the granting of a pension of \$3000 per annum for the remainder of my life.

I handed over the children, the buildings and their contents to my successors, leaving to them everything, including a splendid staff of teachers, assistants and employes in the very best of condition. Had my health not failed me, I would have gladly continued in the work —with the same success, to which I can point with satisfaction — a success which had been recognized all over our country — without requiring to make any costly changes in the buildings and in the general work, excepting such as always had been made to further the progress and advancements of our children.

For some years I have agitated the proposition to remove the institution into a rural locality. This, my agitation, has been caused by the deterioration of the surroundings of the Orphan Asylum. Many a time this thought had been on my mind: Could it be possible to have the plant of the Orphan Asylum — as it is now — bodily transferred into the country on some farm not too far from the city, I would gladly continue with the work, as it has been done these many years past. I would continue the Orphan Asylum as a congregate institution and not wanting to experiment with the so-called cottage plan.

With expressing this thought, being fully aware that the wise theorists dabbling in educational methods of rearing orphans will call me an old fogey, I shall close these notes, sending my heartiest greetings to the men and women to whom I have been privileged to be a foster father in the days of their childhood and wishing to thank them for their so gracious kindness extended to me at my seventy-fifth birthday — never to be forgotten!

May God bless them all with their dear families and grant them a life of health and vigor.

S. WOLFENSTEIN.

From Our Fortieth Anniversary

(From the July number of the Magazine, 1908.)

In the following columns we publish a symposium of articles written by a number of our former wards upon request of the Superintendent.

The lady-writers are: A mother, a teacher, a business woman and a nurse; the gentlemen are represented by a Rabbi, a physician, a lawyer and a business man.

The fortieth anniversary of the Jewish Orphan Asylum in Cleveland! The thirtieth anniversary of the Superintendency of Dr. S. Wolfenstein! How almost ominous to me is this second phase! Right at the height of life's banquet the words startle me with the same solemnity as that with which the warning must have of old startled the Macedonian monarch when at the dramatic moment of his royal feasts his slave, to whom this office was assigned, would suddenly in portentous voice intone the admonition: "Remember, O King Philip, that thou art mortal!"

Not until I was reminded of this anniversary had I realized that I have arrived at life's high noon. It seems but yesterday that I was regularly discharged from this noble B'nai B'rith institution which had been my home for seven years. And yet it is now just thirty years ago — full thirty years ago — that I left there, crying bitterly — not weeping, but crying — that I must go.

The boyish, almost babyish grief is surcharging my bosom and bringing the moisture to my eyes as I am writing now — not because of any regrets, not in the way of any sentimental looking-back — but simply because that in spite of the lapse of time I am still that self-same boy, feel myself so, and have never ceased so feeling myself.

Don't tell me it was thirty years ago. It was only yesterday that I wrote Dr. Wolfenstein that letter of burning indignation when for the first time I was confronted with the actual state of conditions in American Judaism outside of the world of the Orphan Asylum. I had returned to my native city. Immediately the first Saturday morning I went to the synagogue. The evening before there was but a hurried sundown service, attended by a handful of mourners. I asked no explanations. My enthusiasm and conceit could account for everything. The men were too busy in the stores to get home and change their clothes in time for so early a service, the ladies were more necessary in the homes for the preparation of the sacred Sabbath evening meal, about whose hallowed beauty I had read and heard so much. But, now, this splendid Sabbath morning, with the weather ideal, and in a community so large and prosperous, and composed of families famed throughout the land—as my boyish heart imagined—for their Jewish ardor and philanthropy, surely a goodly congregation would throng the house of God, and I would under the most impressive auspices participate in the first adult service of my life! What my disappointment and humiliation—particularly as I was destined for the ministry—when after waiting some twenty minutes the good old Rabbi announced that services would have to be abandoned for lack of a minyan!

I recall this now—not the words, but the tenor of that passionate letter. I was terribly in earnest then. And here is just where my persistent, I trust my eternal, boyhood comes in. Whether fortunately or unfortunately, I am in the same way—not necessarily for the same things, but in the same way—terribly in earnest to this very day. This is the one supreme thing I feel that the Orphan Asylum has wrought in me.

I know that it has done much more for me. But at the knowledge of these other things for which I am indebted

to the Orphan Home I arrive only by a process of reflection and philosophy.

I came to the institution a frail child, of very delicate constitution and intensely nervous temperament. The physical care and discipline I received there were such that, though I have retained the appearance of delicacy, I have been and am the hardiest of the hardy, capable of long hours of work and never knowing a day's sickness until a malarial mosquito, four years ago, put me to bed for three days. I am convinced that were it not for the good food and sanitary training of the Orphan Asylum I would have undoubtedly succumbed physically early in life's struggle instead of living to record this exceptional record of good health.

My intellectual ambition likewise I owe to the institution. It early stimulated me into competition for educational prizes and scholarship standing. In this regard, however, I must remark one regrettable feature which likewise, I believe must be put to the Asylum's account. I can find pleasure never in knowledge simply for the sake of knowing, but only in knowledge that helps to being and doing. In Cleveland we were forever filled with the passion to be and to serve — not to shine in ourselves, but to develop ourselves in order to pay back the debt which as orphan children housed, clothed, fed, schooled by the magnanimity of the world, we ought to feel we owed to the world, and particularly to the world of Judaism.

Moral fiber grows rich and is toughened in the Asylum soil and atmosphere. In a great republic of boys and girls — one hundred and thirty strong in my time, now five hundred strong — one can not be long, and to any advantage, untruthful, dishonest, cowardly, brutal, over-weening, etc. And the chaste virtues likewise luxuriate there. I remember yet the moral shock I experienced when, upon my emergence from the Orphan Asylum, I first came into contact with the grosser impurities common to the children of my own age

in the unsheltered world. I can merely state the broad facts in this connection, but cannot enter detailedly into them or their reasons.

It was likewise an atmosphere of Jewish ceremonial that we had in our dear old B'nai B'rith home. Though the creation of Reform Judaism, the Asylum was what even in those days must have been regarded rather strongly conservative in its observances, and I stepped out of its portals perhaps a somewhat orthodox little bigot.

My ceremonial enthusiasms and prejudices I have outgrown. Perhaps I have outgrown likewise much of the theoretical, uncompromising moralities of that sequestered school. I have retained the constitution of health and at least the aspiration for intellectuality. In these four regards I have yielded to the world in what I have lost; and possibly in what I have retained I might have been the same—though I doubt it—even had I never been in Cleveland.

At any rate my principles have changed. But in my devotion to principle, in my intensity of espousal of what at any time seemed to me to be true and right, in my indignant denunciation of that which at any time seems to me wrong and false, in this regard I have not changed.

And this loyalty of conviction, this irresistible compulsion that I feel within me ever to speak and act as I honestly think and feel—this one poor little virtue upon which I pride myself, a virtue—if virtue it be—that has often stood in my way and which I cannot help heeding even though often to my own detriment—I feel I owe to the Jewish Orphan Asylum in Cleveland. It sent me out upon the world an idealist—very likely a most foolish one, for the content of my ideals has wholly changed with the years—and that self-same idealist—most likely still a most foolish one—I have remained until this very day. It may be wrong to count no costs and to value no friendships when a righteous principle is involved. But it is just in this respect that

I have my one little source of self-pride; and the one only thing that makes for what small good opinion I have of myself I attribute in particular to the influence of the Jewish Orphan Asylum in Cleveland.

How anyone can be aught save an idealist when reared in such an institution is beyond my conception.

There he is, in what is necessarily, unavoidably, a home of material and moral and intellectual luxury, a cradle of the most magnificent opportunity obtainable in this our age and country. It has been afforded to him—he early learns—has been founded and is continually maintained by the largesses of the rich and the sacrifices of the poor. A whole people's generousities and self-denials are heaping him with benedictions. Every Jew he comes to look upon almost with awed gratitude, and the world of Judaism with veneration. He is a poor boy—a poor girl. How can he pay back his tremendous debt? He has no means. Is it by talents then? It is not long before he learns the fatal theories of modern science and has it brought home to him that, whatever his fitful brilliancies, being as he is the offspring of those who have early gone under in the ruthless struggle for existence, he cannot regard himself as being endowed with the qualities of a champion but must content himself with the rank of a follower rather than with that of a leader in life.

Destitute alike, then, of means and of talents, how can he meet his overwhelming obligation?

Natively, irresistibly, not explicitly perhaps, but none the less overwhelmingly, comes to him the same answer in his dilemma as came to the poor student of Socrates, who, when all his fellow-students brought the illustrious teacher of Greece their rich gifts for tuition at the season's opening, having no offering of his own to give, first hesitated abashed, then rushed forward, threw himself at the philosopher's

feet, and clutching the great man's knees convulsively, exclaimed: "O Socrates, I give thee myself."

Thyself, thy honest self, poor boy — poor girl — is all that at thy best thou ever canst render unto the world, particularly the Jewish world, which has so lavishly heaped its benefits upon thee! This from the first was to me the Sinaic charge of the Orphan Asylum, and the solemn injunction has never ceased its reverent thunderings unto my soul. Through all these years the best in me has come from this Orphan Asylum inspiration. In whatever I have fallen below my best I have simply by so much weakened in this inspiration under the buffetings of the world. But I thank God that that Orphan Asylum spirit has ever come to my redemption, to bring me always back to my better self; and that Orphan Asylum spirit still dominates me as vigorously as ever it did when as not yet a fourteen year old boy I first emerged from its protecting portals.

What has helped to sustain this dominance has been my occasional renewal of immediate contact with the Orphan Asylum itself, and my continual, even though at times fitful communication, or perhaps I should rather say communion, with Dr. Wolfenstein. No less to me than to those who have been and are his immediate wards he is a religion, the very incarnation of the spirit that has called into being and perpetuated the institution — the spirit of love, devotion, of fatherly providence — a help in every need, wisdom's own counselor in every difficulty, the most judicious of friends in every joy — the Thomas Arnold of American Judaism, among whose boys and girls the genius will yet be found who will be the Thomas Hughes writing even a more compelling and convincing "Tom Brown" telling all the world what a noble and lovable inspiration to hundreds and thousands of orphaned Jewish children has been and is the great schoolmaster and fatherly Superintendent of Cleveland. He is to us the ultimate expression of what we believe American

Israel to be in making, in striving, in aspiration ; and because of the realized ideal in him we can never think but ideally and with confident enthusiasm of American Israel.

I have tried to write of the Orphan Asylum, and may seem to have written only of myself. But to give in direct statement the facts of the Asylum's forty years, and particularly its last thirty years, would be simply to repeat in inevitably familiar phrase that with which the world of American Judaism has long been acquainted. And, however eloquent such statement, its inescapable platitudinousness would have destroyed its force and obscured its truth. I trust, then, that the personal form of this attestation will be attributed not to egotism, but to my overwhelming sense of what my Alma Mater has been and forever is to me, and to my consciousness of my utter incapacity of otherwise testifying to her worth than by paying her the meed of my inmost soul's profounded personal appreciation and tribute.

MOSES P. JACOBSON, Shreveport, La.

In behalf of the mothers, who spent their girlhood days in the dear home at Cleveland, I wish to contribute a few words.

Forty years have passed since the noble Order of B'nai B'rith dedicated this Home for the Orphans, during which time hundreds of fatherless and motherless children have found shelter therein, have been taught the lessons of life, and reared to useful manhood and womanhood.

Today we are preparing to celebrate a most important event in the history of our institution, the thirtieth anniversary of the arrival of our dear friend, Dr. Wolfenstein, to assume the arduous duties and responsibilities of a father and teacher.

We all know how wonderfully well he has succeeded, the sacrifices he has made, and how he has endeared himself to all his boys and girls.

As children, very few, if any of us, understood or appreciated the advantages and opportunities we were enjoying. As we grew older and became more thoughtful, we learned to realize the earnest efforts of our kind benefactors.

We, mothers, in particular, can speak from experience and testify to the vast amount of patience and unselfish love, which is constantly required in the rearing of children.

We recall the great indulgence of our foster parents and teachers, and can now better understand what made it possible for them to perform their good deeds so willingly and untiringly.

For what greater pleasure can we have than to see our children growing up well and happy, to become useful members of society?

Especially, on occasions like this, do we remember the past, and our hearts are filled with love and gratitude.

Each one of us should then strive to lend what assistance we can to help care for the poor little orphan children, who, less fortunate than our dear ones, have no home of their own, but must be dependent upon others for their welfare and happiness.

We can only show ourselves truly thankful by doing what we can to lighten the burdens and brighten the lives of others, no matter how little that may be, for,

“A gift in need,
Though small indeed,
Is large as earth
And rich as heaven.”

REBECCA LOEB (nee Rosenbaum), Chicago, Ill.

On July the Fourth, on the anniversary of the Nation's birthday, will be celebrated the fortieth anniversary of the birth of the Jewish Orphan Asylum of Cleveland, Ohio. What a significant coincident! What a momentous occa-

sion! How fruitful of thought and ennobling sentiment! The birthday of the Nation and the founding of the Home! The Jewish home of the otherwise homeless; a home which has not alone been a Jewish Home, but whose very atmosphere permeates with the loftiest patriotism. What solemnity surrounds the confirmation ceremony when with the benediction is given the admonition: "My children go forth into the world and be ye a blessing."

When the founders established this Home they meant to provide food, raiment and shelter for the child of adversity. Here was to be reared the waif, who by an immutable law of a Divine Providence had been bereft of his natural guardians.. Here was to be brought the innocent child, alas too frequently snatched from an unhealthy environment and with patience and love raised to decent manhood and virtuous womanhood. Here was to be given not only the material necessities of life but spiritual food for the development of the soul. Here was to be bestowed that careful preparation and training for life's journey that has always been the primal duty of the ideal Jewish home. That the work has been well done, that those who engaged in this mission of love and sacrifice "builded better than they knew," let the orphan graduate bear witness.

So well is the reputation of the Home established as the best managed institution of its kind in the world, that statistics need not again be brought into evidence. Still, it is interesting to note that the one-time beneficiary makes the most of the education and advantages given him. "By the fruit of your labors ye shall be judged." The graduate is still young, yet he is successfully engaged in the various professions and in mercantile pursuits.

It is a truism that charity begets charity, that those who have been helped become helpers. So it is with most of our boys and girls. They are found eagerly engaged in the several communal activities of their respective cities,

and always ready and willing to assist their beloved Alma Mater. This assistance is always voluntary.

Some years since a mother took her five year old child to the Home and placed it in charge of the Superintendent. Several days later the Superintendent received a letter pleading as only a mother can, that the child be returned to her. The Superintendent replied that the child was happy and perfectly at home. Nine years later the child graduated from the Home and blossomed into sweet and pure womanhood. Then the mother wrote to him who had been friend, teacher and father, wanting to know what she could do to show her gratitude for his noble work. The answer came: "You owe us nothing, we have tried to do our duty." The orphan's benefactors have ever maintained a noble silence.

Being so housed and so reared, how can the graduate be other than bound to his old home by the strongest ties of affection? To him "institutional charity" is unknown. The scene of his childhood with all of its blessed memories is to him a sanctuary, a fountain-spring of inspiration.

It were as futile to attempt a description of the Cleveland Jewish Orphan Asylum or to chronicle its history without our Doctor, as to enact Shakespeare's Hamlet without the leading character. The life of our Doctor and the history of the Home are inseparably intertwined.

His influence is the guiding star of many a destiny, for, when for the graduate, the clouds gather, when the sun is obscured (as he has been so wisely taught it sometimes will be), he once again turns toward him, who in spite of his many personal sacrifices and endless duties, is ever ready to give counsel, aid and encouragement. And his children rise and call him "blessed."

HARRY SIMON, St. Louis, Mo.

It is indeed a great honor and privilege to be permitted to express my congratulations to our Alma Mater on the occasion of its fortieth anniversary.

If any of the graduates of the Jewish Orphan Asylum of Cleveland have met with success, much of it is due to the careful training and the fatherly interest shown to each and every one of us by that noble head of the institution, Dr. Wolfenstein. Unlike the absent-minded professor, who did not recognize his own little daughter, when she unexpectedly accosted him on the street, Doctor knows thoroughly each of the five hundred children in his care. Not only that, but he remembers every one of the vast number of his wards, and if by chance he meets one of them even after an interval of many years he can call him by name and sometimes tell him how many times he was in "company." Verily I believe it is this thought and interest in the individual that has made the Home what it is, the greatest of its kind.

My congratulations are extended not only to the Superintendent and his corps of workers, and the good President, Mr. Stix, who is doing so much to make the children happy, but as well to the other officers and Board of Directors. Surely their noble efforts have been crowned with glorious success.

Since I represent the teachers—and there are not as many of our graduates in this profession as one would naturally expect—I cannot refrain from mentioning one of our number who endeared herself to us all, one whose life was devoted to her work, and whose one aim was to make others happy. You all know that I refer to Rose Rosenberg. I speak of her with sorrow because of her untimely death, rather with gladness that she lived, and that by her lofty ideals and her sweet, noble, unselfish life influenced for good, all who knew her.

The record of the Jewish Orphan Asylum of Cleveland is history. Its reputation has long been established as the most perfect of its kind. I sincerely hope that it will continue successful in its splendid work.

May the protecting hand which has hovered over this

Home, guarding the motherless and fatherless during the past four decades, ever lead the way to greater success, so that this glorious institution may continue to be a great force for good in our country.

AMELIA BEER, Cleveland, Ohio.

This is the fortieth anniversary of the foundation of our Asylum. Forty years ago the Jewish Orphan Asylum at Cleveland, dedicated to the highest interest of the orphans of the then districts Nos. 2 and 6, I. O. B. B., was launched on its career of activity. How well it has realized the hopes of its founders is known of all men.

This institution was called into being by a crying need. Many a helpless child, who had been bereft of either one or both of its parents, stood in need of some person or institution which might fill, as nearly as possible, the place of its natural protectors. To such as have come beneath the fostering wing of our Asylum it has proved a lasting boon.

Yes; to the little ones committed to its care it has been a Home. As nearly as an institution can take the place of home our Asylum has done so. It were idle extravagance to say that any institution can be what mother is to offspring — can supply a mother's tender care, her gentle love, her sweet self-sacrifice, her heroic devotion. All else pales into insignificance beside that strongest, tenderest, truest, most loving thing in Nature — a mother's heart. It is praise enough to say that our children are joyous and happy; that they wear upon their brow the look of contentment; that they sigh for no other home; that they miss not the ministrations of home.

Our inmates have sprung from a parentage that has hailed from all parts of the civilized globe. It has been and is a heterogeneous mass of children gathered under one roof. When we consider the previous preparation of the children, the early environments of many of them, their sad and un-

fortunate desolation, we justly marvel at the achievements of our Asylum. It has, in the main, given its wards a thorough training in the rudiments of education, has taught them the value of character, has instilled into their young minds a love of their country, and loyalty of their religion, their history and their race.

The education of our children has been zealously fostered. Their morals have been ceaselessly guarded. Their physical welfare has been an object of tenderest solicitude. They have been well equipped with the weapons needed in life's combat. Here they have found a home wherein they have been taught the precepts and traditions of Judaism, have studied the history of their people and its sacred language, have been imbued, as far as possible, with reverence and love for their religion, and have lived in and breathed the atmosphere of a lofty and exalted Judaism.

Those who have gone from beneath its roof are scattered to every nook and corner of our land. They have, in the main, become good citizens and reflected credit upon their Alma Mater and themselves. They have entered the learned professions, hold positions of responsibility and trust in the counting-room and all departments of commerce, and may be found earning an honest livelihood in the various trades and callings that make up the sum of human industry. The comparatively few exceptions only prove the rule. Those who have fallen by the wayside are few; those are legion who have won for themselves respected names, lived upright lives, achieved honorable success in their respective vocations, and reflected by their careers all that is highest and best in American citizenship.

The successes of her inmates speak the most eloquent eulogy upon our Asylum. Their effect will extend to generations to come. They are a lasting monument to her excellence, which will linger long after the noble pile on Woodland Avenue will have crumbled into dust.

Honor to whom honor is due. Let us place the laurel wreath upon the brow of those who merit it. To the noble order B'nai B'rith, and the galaxy of philanthropic men who were its intrepid leaders, belongs the highest meed of praise for this best of all charities. At their feet we lay the homage of our grateful appreciation. No true graduate of our Asylum in whose heart beats the just sentiment of gratitude will fail to join this order, and, by his active participation in its labors, aid in the perpetuation of its usefulness and glory.

Then follows the array of Presidents, Abraham Aub, Abram Wiener, Abram Hart, David Adler and William Stix, with their advisers, whose disinterested labors entitle them to be forever enshrined in the memory of those to whom our Asylum is dear.

Last, but not least, a word of love for those two splendid men who were the active administrators of this sacred trust — Louis Aufrecht and S. Wolfenstein. Mr. Aufrecht was the pioneer who cleared away the forest and prepared the soil for its future productiveness. He wrought wisely and well. He laid the foundations upon which the master-builder has reared the glorious superstructure. Peace to his ashes!

Then came our Doctor Wolfenstein. He threw his great heart into his work. The forest, that had erstwhile been redeemed, he made to blossom as the rose. Under his firm though gentle guidance our Asylum has become a nursery in which the tender blossoms of humanity, that have been transplanted there, have been cared for, nurtured and developed. Upon the altar of duty he has brought the self-sacrifice of a lifetime. His love, radiating from one of the kindest of countenances, has for thirty years bathed our Asylum with streams of sunshine filling the hearts of our little ones with happiness and joy. To him they turn as they would to father. May their prayers, as they fall

from those purest of lips, be answered by the benedictions of Providence, granting to him still many years of contentment and peace, full of health and prosperity to him and his, sweetened by the grateful love of those to whom his love has been so dear.

NATHAN COHN, Nashville, Tenn.

A double celebration—the fortieth anniversary of the foundation of our Alma Mater, and the thirtieth anniversary of the superintendency of our beloved foster-father, “Doctor”—certainly calls forth expressions of gratitude and best wishes for many, many happy returns of the day from the pen of some of the former girls in behalf of all. Since various professions, pursued by our girls and boys, will doubtlessly be represented in the columns of this Magazine number, I shall ask my readers to forgive the following outburst from a supposedly hard-headed, practical business woman.

Let me start with my school days when I was known as the “Tomboy” of the institution. Well do I remember the old Fifth reader window (second floor of the school house, facing the detestable stable) and its great window ledge, which was such a tempting “jumping off” place, in spite of the warnings of dear Doctor, who feared that we would become cripples. But, we lay the blame to Dr. Z., who would teach us jumping, etc., in the gymnasium, and, of course, we girls (then, as now) couldn’t let the boys get ahead of us in any branch.

Flora K., Phoebe S., Phenie L.—do you follow me to the back yard on Monday afternoons, when old Billy grazed in the field, where we were supposed to lend a helping hand to the laundresses. Do you recall that empty ashwagon that would insist upon our piling into it and hitching up old Billy for a run down the gully! Then, too, we weren’t one bit particular about straddling the old horse, minus harness,

holding on to his mane and going lickety-cut down the hill. Strange, but we did survive and these little escapades made us all the stronger and better fitted for the struggles we had to combat with in the outside world.

But here I am departing from my subject matter, namely, giving an outline of a business woman's career from the viewpoint of her O. A. equipment.

An institution, headed by a man whose great goodness of heart is only equaled by his soundness of judgment, cannot fail to inculcate the essential business qualifications to its charges, i. e., "Punctuality, Loyalty and Untiring Services."

If any one doubts the great results achieved in the past thirty years of the institution, I would ask him to call upon the foremost merchants, manufacturers, et al., for an accounting of the services rendered by the protege (I refer to the business woman) in any community she may adopt as her home. While I agree with the ideas of many of the supporters of our beloved institution that girls should be at the head of households, still they must in turn agree with me that girls, in order to be successful matrons, should be successful business women, too.

Having had greater opportunity than most of my former schoolmates, I have traveled considerably throughout this glorious country, meeting with former friends at various points, and the meeting after a lapse of years has been mutually a happy one. Our girls and boys feel as close to one another as sisters and brothers do. Is that not in itself proof positive that institutions of the character of the Cleveland Home should be perpetuated?

Long live the glorious Cleveland J. O. A. and the dear man at its head, Dr. S. Wolfenstein!

LILY PRICE, New York.

As far back as the history of the human kind records we read of the custom which we are about to follow when we celebrate the fortieth anniversary of our old home, the Cleveland Jewish Orphan Asylum. The ancients and the moderns are alike in celebrating the anniversaries of all great achievements and by that precedent we are justified in our present celebration, for though the heroes of war, the explorers of unknown places and the builders of great industries may gain more widespread notoriety, their achievements are not to be placed in the same rank with those obtained by good and noble men and women who in their quiet way assume the burdens of the weak.

Forty years ago, through the inspiration of that Almighty Being who we are taught cares for the widow and the orphan, the purposes for which our Home was built were put into actual execution and for forty years each succeeding year has added brilliancy to its record and enhanced the name of the institution which sheltered us from life's storms during the years we most needed protection. And this glorious record, made in a quiet, unassuming way, has by its very brilliancy placed the Cleveland Jewish Orphan Asylum in the enviable position of being the foremost institution of its kind, and gives us sufficient cause for celebration.

The good accomplished and the results produced by our old Home I have often heard extolled. But how few realize the immense amount of work and worry expended in obtaining these results. The almost magical transition in the physical, mental and moral makeup, from the rough and frequently tainted material to the finished product, is to be seen by anyone whose life brings him into contact with the source of supply and the complete work.

When we think of congregating five hundred children, ranging in age from five to fourteen years, of different nationalities, sometimes speaking different tongues, differing temperamentally, and whose physical conditions are such

as need close attention, I repeat, when we think of congregating these five hundred children under one roof, following their individual tendencies, encouraging that which is good in them and weeding out the bad, correcting the mistakes of heredity and environment, looking after their moral welfare, and lastly fitting them to become useful members of society, fight life's battle like gallant soldiers and do credit to their Alma Mater, we begin to realize that this work has only been accomplished by steady, incessant and vigorous application.

To you our friends who, by your kindness and generosity, have accomplished the establishment and maintenance of this wonderful institution, and to you our teachers who have been and are at the present time doing this work, this celebration of the fortieth anniversary is a congratulation for victories achieved. Your hearts must surely warm and you must feel, on reviewing your work, that your efforts have been justified.

The former pupils will troop back to the family reunion to offer their thanks with grateful hearts and smiling faces and will pour forth their prayers for God's protecting hand to remain over the Home of their childhood. Their ambition will be stimulated by seeing the results of your labors again. And what do you think is the ambition of your former wards? Their highest ambition and constant dream is to become men and women of whom you can proudly say: "There is justification for all our labors." There is scarcely a boy or girl who has reaped the benefit of your benevolence who does not dream of the time and pray for its speedy approach when they can occupy the place now occupied by you and do for others as you have done for him.

These dreams will eventually become realities. We have now several of our boys on the Board of Directors and more awaiting the same honor and privilege. Some of our girls occupy important positions about the institution.

Our Directors hope to become Trustees and have their

places filled by other "boys" and "girls" and so when the pillars of the institution are its former inmates and the glorious record you have established by forty years of kindness is maintained, you will look back on the fortieth anniversary as on other anniversaries as one of the beacon lights showing the road to everlasting reward.

H. UNTERBERG, M. D., St. Louis, Mo.

This little symposium of gratulatory articles, while not representing all classes and vocations of our former pupils, nevertheless has a certain completeness about it, in that it gives opinions regarding the work of our institution from the viewpoint of the most characteristic types. It would, however, be incomplete without an article by one of our nurses. The following article, while not exactly congratulatory in tone, is by one of our girls of whom we think that we can justly be proud. Moreover, we regard every trained nurse whom we raise as a congratulation incarnate for our work:

THE NURSE

It is safe to say that most girls who earn their own living mean to succeed. Our ambitions vary, and it is a matter for the individual girl to decide in which field her efforts will lie.

I still feel the influence of the five years spent at the Orphan Asylum. I was confirmed and went away like many others to a surviving parent to earn a living.

On leaving the Home it was my ambition to work as a stenographer, for which position I had had some training. Soon, however, I found this calling unsuited to my temperament. But the spirit of devotion and unselfishness, fostered in me while at the Home, urged me to engage in a work that would in some way repay the care given by strangers when a child. It appeared to me that nursing offered the best field for carrying out my ideals. As soon as I was firmly convinced that I could be of some use as a nurse I took the

necessary steps to secure an appointment in one of the largest hospitals in the world.

No one, it goes without saying, should take up the vocation of the nurse unless she is willing to devote her entire time and attention to it. One must enter into the work with unflagging enthusiasm and ceaseless devotion to get any satisfaction, comfort or remuneration.

The life in the hospital is of the well-regulated variety, very reminiscent of the old customs at the Home. There are stated hours for everything. At first, to one unaccustomed, the work is very difficult; but continued application and ceaseless effort is duly rewarded.

In a large hospital there is very little creed distinction. Every individual has an equal chance to show her ability, and a good nurse is always given proper recognition.

I can scarcely find words to express my happiness, when in a recent interview with our Superintendent of Nurses, I heard my old Home highly praised, and then it became clear to me what benefits were derived from my education and training during childhood.

In all the years I have been away from the Home, Doctor has taken an unflagging interest in every step that I have taken. His counsel and advice, whenever sought, was always willingly and cheerfully given. Now that I am in this work, I feel it incumbent on me to show myself as having been worthy of his assistance. If I do accomplish anything at all worth mentioning, it will be due largely to his sympathetic guidance.

The work is really worth while. One works for a certain and feels as if there is a true mission in life — the mission of kindness, gentleness and trained skill in alleviating suffering.

And so, I am quite happy in my work. I expect to keep at it in the same spirit and ever strive to be a credit to my hospital, and to be worthy of the Home — by being a credit to myself.

SADIE HAHN, Mount Sinai Hospital, New York.

A Delicate Subject

(October, 1906.)

One of the drawbacks in the management of public institutions is the fact that the reports of their officials are, as a rule, exhibiting only the bright side of the institutional work; while deficiencies, which are but natural with all human work, remain unmentioned, or what is still worse, are hidden from sight. In the twenty-eight years of my activity as Superintendent of our institution, I held in view of the public an unvarnished picture of the inner life of our Home; in fact my attention was always closely devoted to the discovery of defects and shortcomings, I being eager to improve our work. It was many a time not to the liking of some of our Board members, when I spoke or wrote on subjects which did not redound to the glory of our Home, but were apt to cast a reflection upon the efficiency of our work. To mention one instance: Our readers may remember that in one of the early numbers of our Magazine I published letters, which were written to me by some of our former pupils, who had gone wrong. This was not considered proper and it was thought it would harm our institution.

Should we keep secret that we had reared in our Home girls and boys who, growing up to man and womanhood, have become faithless to the lessons we tried to inculcate in them and by their deeds have disgraced themselves and us?

The same has happened and will continue to happen to the best of fathers and mothers. Our scriptures say: "Parents should not die for the sin of their children." But I shall not dilate any longer on this preface, but come direct to my subject, which I have called a delicate one, and delicate indeed it is. It refers to the marriages of our former wards.

As unpleasant and surprising it might be to the friends and supporters of our institution, I have to state that a considerable number of our former pupils are married to non-Jews.

In the following I shall give statistical data concerning this matter:

During the twenty-eight years of my superintendency, we have discharged 518 girls and 690 boys at an average age of fifteen years. Four hundreds of the girls have reached the age of twenty years and over—the oldest being forty-two years past—accordingly these 400 are of marriageable age; but only 175 are married, while 225 remain still unmarried. Twenty-four of those, who are married, are married to non-Jews. This means that only 44 per cent of our marriageable girls are married, 13 per cent of the marriages consummated by the girls are intermarriages.

Of the 690 boys whom we discharged there are just about 500 who are between the ages of twenty-two and forty-two and of whom only 122 are married. Ten of these 122 are married to non-Jews. Expressed in percentage it means that only 24 per cent of our grown-up male pupils are married and that about 9 per cent of these marriages are intermarriages.

I have no statistical data at my command to compare these figures with Jewish marriages in general, and therefore am unable to say whether the percentage of intermarriages of our former wards is the same or below or above the rate of intermarriages in general. To judge from several articles which recently appeared in our Jewish weeklies and in which a warning voice was raised against intermarriages, there seems to be no doubt that marriages between Jews and non-Jews are rapidly increasing. This is the case not only in this, our country, but perhaps still more in Europe, especially in Austria and Germany.

The *Allgemeine Zeitung des Judenthums*, published in Berlin, brought, a few months ago, statistical data on this subject, which were very sad indeed. I say "sad" because I consider marriages between people of different religions a danger to the ethical standing of these people and decidedly a menace to the future of their offspring.

Being gravely concerned in the welfare of all my former pupils and no less in the achievement of good results of our work, I have inquired into the causes and reasons leading to these intermarriages. This is what I found:

Here was a girl, a full-orphan, well placed with a good family, distant relatives of hers, living in a fair sized town with a good Jewish community — earning her bread by her work, helping both in the house as well as in business, and being considered as one of the family. Grown up to womanhood, she is introduced into society and she makes her debut — but what happens? She remains "a wall flower." Who will dance with a poor girl?

With bitterness in her heart she returns to her home and resolves never to enter a club room again. Years passed by and the young woman passed her thirtieth year. By chance she makes the acquaintance of a gentleman, a non-Jew; the acquaintance matures into a love affair, a proposal follows and the young woman comes to me, not so much to ask my advice, but with much hesitation to give me information of her intentions. I disapproved of them and reasoning with her I could not help saying that I considered it a faithlessness on the part of anyone of our former wards to marry a non-Jew. "It was Jewish charity that took care of you when you were an orphan, helpless and homeless," I had to say, and I knew it sounded harsh to hear such words from one who had nothing but tender affection for the girl, whom he loved as were she his own child. "Do you want me rather remain an old maid, than to marry the man whom I love, though he is not of my religion?" was the retort. "I shall remain a Jewess by all means; I shall not change my faith."

Another girl — also a full orphan — is placed with her married sister. Instead of finding with her motherly affection and advice, of which she is much in need, being rather light-hearted, she is considered a burden. To get rid of the continuous scoldings she grasps at the first opportunity and marries — hardly eighteen years old — a non-Jew.

The history of these two cases has repeated itself with some variations in the twenty-four cases of intermarriages of our former girl-wards, though I am glad to say there were but a few marriages as described in the second instance. Fourteen of these girls were full orphans and no doubt desirous of getting a home, they accepted the proposal of a non-Jew with whom they had fallen in love; though I

believe they would have preferred a Jew, if they would have had the good fortune of meeting one, whom they like and who would have proposed to them.

The causes leading to the marriages of the ten of our former boy-wards were simple and plain love affairs and I am sorry to say, with the exception of two or three instances of real and genuine heavenly love, they were foolish affairs leading to misery.

In mentioning this I must add, that but a very few of these mixed marriages are turning out satisfactory. Some were divorced and others threaten to follow the same course. Many have been the sorrows I have shared with some of our unfortunate girls, whom to restore to a life of health and happiness has been a serious task, thank God, successful in almost every case.

I hope and pray that reading these lines may set right the minds of those whom some circumstance or other may lead into temptation.

(April, 1918.)

P. S. It is with much satisfaction that I can state today, twelve years after the above article has been published, intermarriages among our former wards have not been as frequent as in the previous years.

S. W.

* * *

Expectations

(March, 1907.)

In the last October number of this Magazine, I published an article under the heading "A Delicate Subject" in which I stated "that a considerable number of our former pupils are married to non-Jews."

After bringing statistical data in corroboration of my statement, I said in this article that I was unable to maintain whether the percentage of intermarriages of our former wards is the same or below or above the rate of intermarriages in general.

I can say now, after many inquiries and observations made in Europe, as well as in this country, though it is not much of a satisfaction to me, that the percentage of intermarriages among our people is considerable larger than it is prevalent among our former pupils.

Our Jewish press commented upon my article and I was not surprised at all to find that the sum and substance of the various comments terminated in a more or less explicit charge, that the rearing of the orphans in the institution is at fault. The editor of one of the many Jewish weeklies went so far as to say of our former pupils that "they possess neither the feeling nor the honor of the Jew."

And when one of our former pupils asked for a correction of this so broad and defaming statement, giving proofs of the loyalty of our former wards, not merely to the cause of their Alma Mater but to the cause of Judaism as well—the same editor repeated the charge

with the modification that he did not reflect upon all of our former pupils—but said he, “We cannot help repeating what we have said of many former inmates of the Orphan Asylum.”

And when I, in a personal letter addressed to this editor, demanded of him “to point out to me these many” of our wards, he answered “that he regretted deeply, if in the statement made in his paper with reference to former inmates of the Home, there was aught that cannot be substantiated,” and he added: “I should never have expressed myself as I have but for some reports that have been brought to me. I have since investigated matters, and will gladly correct my former statement in the next issue. All was brought about by the ‘mixed marriage’ discussion, which should also not have seen the light of day.”

And he finished his letter by saying: “I would ask you and others to drop the whole affair.” I do not intend to resume it in writing this article, but I considered it due to the good name of our former wards to place the matter before our readers in its proper light.

I desire though to address myself in the first place to our former pupils, a great number of whom are readers of this Magazine, in order to call their attention to the fact that there are “expectations” living in the hearts of their friends from the realization of which might be dependent the welfare and the future of our institution.

What are these expectations? Perhaps I might say what should these expectations be?

It is but natural that the supporters of our Orphan Asylum should expect that their money, their time and their best thoughts devoted to the object of rearing orphan children should bear good results.

While almost all of our friends do not expect anything in return for themselves for their contributions and their efforts, they are entitled to inquire and to ascertain whether the girls and boys raised in our Home are—saying it plainly—“turning out well.”

It might be satisfactory to many of our patrons to know that girls and boys raised in our Home are good men and women, good citizens, wherever they live. But there are others who will claim that our former wards should be eminently good Jews. In fact they expect that from the midst of our wards should rise men and women who will be ready to devote themselves to the cause of Judaism and to that which we all consider as the best of our people, the cause of charity and humanity—a cause to which they owe their very lives.

Those of the former wards of our institution who grew up under my care, who were confirmed by me before they left their childhood’s home, know best that my expectations of them are just such as described above.

I am teaching it and am preaching to our children, for their guidance in time to come, to strive as for their material welfare also for ideals in life. But how are they encouraged when stepping out at the average age of about fifteen years from the pure atmosphere of our home-life into the mart of the world to join the throng of the wage earners? How their innocent souls shrink back from the sordidity they have to meet!

The letters which year for year I am receiving from the girls and boys, who are starting out in life for themselves, would be a revelation to a great many of our people. Notwithstanding all the various modes of preparation extended to our children, especially during the last year of their school life, the experiences of their first struggles are coming to them, as a rule, like a shock, and without the solid foundation of their education received here they could not build successfully a decent life-structure.

Do I need to point out the faults and short-comings of our social conditions? We Jews are very sensitive and are quick with the charge of anti-Semitism, when we find that certain people draw the line on the Jew in their neighborly associates. Look around you and notice how the lines are drawn within the circles of our Jewish communities! What is the gauge of social equality among our people?

I am a very poor hand in expressing fault-findings in general, and shall not dwell any further on this unpleasant subject. I merely desire to hint at the conditions which are met by our pupils in entering upon practical life — conditions which do not tend to direct them into pursuits of and striving after ideals.

Considering the fact that a very small percentage of our co-religionists are devoting their time and their minds to activity in Jewish communal life, I am ready to say and to prove that a goodly number of our older former pupils, especially those who are getting into prosperity, are co-operating readily with our communal workers and are feeling themselves honored when called upon to become their associates.

A good number are keeping modestly in the back-ground, very often because they experienced that many a snub let them feel that they had been raised in an Orphan Asylum. This is a sad subject and as much as I should like to open it to gaze, I will refrain from doing so. I prefer to cover it rather for charity's sake.

In conclusion I would ask of our former pupils to kindly consider these lines and to furnish me information about their activity, for I wish to prepare a statement, based on facts, to give evidence to the assertions made.

* * *

Zionism

(June, 1907.)

Our readers might be surprised and to all probabilities not in the pleasantest manner to have "Zionism" spoken of in this Magazine. All Jewish papers have been and are continually dwelling on "Zionism," an expression which used to be known in connection with the late Dowie or "Elijah the Third," as he called himself, and which only since the times of the late Dr. Herzl has become a subject of discussion and deplorable discord among our people.

It is due to our readers to explain why this article has been written and is being published here. A Zionistic organ, "The

Chronicle," of whose existence—I must confess my ignorance—I did not know the least, published an editorial which has been reproduced in "The American Israelite" of May 9, and thereby was brought to my knowledge. This editorial reads thus:

"The alarming number of intermarriages which occur among former wards of Jewish Orphan Asylums, as is shown in the article by Dr. Wolfenstein of Cleveland, does not speak well of the training that is given the wards in these institutions. It is evident that there must be something lacking in the surroundings as well as in the instruction to inspire a love and devotion to the Jewish people which would result in a permanent bond; that the uplifting and uniting force of Jewish nationalism is usually excluded from the large institutions controlled by German or American Jews is in this connection a great source of regret. In these latter days, Jewish nationalism unites all those, whom everything else, including even our faith, fails to hold together. Aside from the question of loyalty and of the loss to our people, there is the other aspect of the mere misery and misfortune that is usually brought on by intermarriage for those concerned. A better and more thorough training in our Asylums would bring to the wards that strength of mind, which would guard against the pitfalls of intermarriage.

"The only consoling thing about the figures, presented by Dr. Wolfenstein, is that the Superintendent of a large Jewish institution, namely the Cleveland Orphan Asylum, has ventured to tell the truth about the failure in a certain direction of its work. It is not usual for officers or heads of Jewish institutions to tell all they know about the shady side of the work accomplished."

The "American Israelite" says editorially, that it considers "The Chronicle" terribly wide of the mark on this subject. The idea of this paper to try to put the blame of this intermarriage on the fact that Jewish Nationalism has no place in the instruction or make up of this institution is the narrowest kind of a view to take of this question. That is, what the "American Israelite" says. I could say a great deal more on the preposterous editorial of the Zionist organ. I hate polemics and, therefore, prefer to tell our readers what I am telling our children on "Zionism." Every Saturday after services I am devoting an hour's time to the girls and boys to be confirmed and then discharged from our Home, by giving them instruction for their future guidance. I am, so to say, rounding up the lessons on our religion, our history, our traditions and ceremonial, which are being imparted to our children during their stay with us in theory and more so in practice. Our relations as Jews to our country and our fellow citizens are fully explained. It is not Reform nor Orthodoxy that I am teaching our children; I try to teach them Judaism in its historical development. Thus it came, that I had to talk to them on "Zionism" and that is what I told them. According to a definition in the Jewish Encyclopedia, "Zionism" is a movement looking toward the segregation of the Jewish people upon a national basis and in a particular home of its own; specifically the modern form of the movement that seeks for the Jews a publicly and legally assured home in Palestine, as initiated by Theodore Herzl in 1896. In plain words this means, the

desire of the Jews to return to Palestine, their old home, and to rebuild the sanctuary of old on "Zion" is "Zionism."

The Chacham Reverend Dr. Gaster, head of the congregation of the Portuguese Jews in London, maintained a few years ago: "Every Jew is a Zionist." This would be true, if he had said: "Every Jew was a Zionist." Since the times when our people had to leave their homes in Palestine, they prayed to God to bring them back to their fatherland. They were considered everywhere strangers, they were only tolerated wherever they lived and it was but natural that they were longing for a home of their own. When I lived in the old country, I prayed in my daily prayers, as did my father and as did his father: "And let our eyes behold, when in mercy Thou wilt bring us back to Zion." We prayed so day for day, but we had not the faintest thought that our prayer would be granted in our days. We just hoped that the time will come when we Jews will have again our own home. When and how that should happen, we left in pious faith to our Father in Heaven, who — this was our belief — would send a "Messiah" to gather the children of Israel from the four corners of the earth and restore to them "Zion" and their old home.

A Rabbinical conference, which was held in Germany in the year 1854 at Frankfort a. M., decided to leave out from the daily ritual the prayers for the return to the land of our fathers. Those Rabbis held that the Jews, asking and expecting to be considered citizens of the countries in which they were living, should indeed and in fact consider these countries their home and not any more Palestine.

I well remember from my childhood days, how my father disputed the right of those Rabbis to make such a change. They and their followers were denounced as "Reformers," in fact they had not many followers. When I came to this country I learned that this "Reform" had taken firm root here, and after I had become a citizen of this free land I, too, ceased to pray that God may bring me back to "Zion." The prayerbook of the congregation to which I ministered as Rabbi did not contain such prayer and you are aware that in our prayerbook here no such prayer is found.

We feel ourselves as American citizens in the full enjoyment of all that American citizenship implies and have not the least desire to return to Zion. What we would wish and pray for is that kind Providence may grant the privilege to every Jew living to become a citizen of this, our country. Of course we can easily see that it would be a tremendous task to accomplish this, but in my opinion there is more possibility and probability for having all Jews or the largest part of them congregated in our country, than to have again a Jewish state in Palestine.

The Zionists do not agree with us in this view. They claim, as one of their leaders expressed it, that Reform Judaism without Zionism has no future; it is simply "a somewhat crooked road that leads over to Christianity." I consider this one of the basest and most malicious falsehoods! The man who uttered it is Dr. Max Nordau, who is married to a non-Israelite, and who nevertheless wants to tell us how to preserve our Judaism. You are taught here the history of our people and you have learned to know that we Jews have been scattered among the nations for some purpose of an all-wise Providence. Our ancestors

have recognized it as their paramount duty to remain Jews. They would give up their lives, but not their Judaism.

Sure and true, they hoped and prayed, that their martyrdom may end, when God will send them His "Messiah" and bring them back to Zion.

They could not surmise that their martyrdom could come to an end in a different way.

We still consider it our paramount duty to remain Jews! Notwithstanding our American citizenship, we want to be Jews, and we are Jews, as good Jews as those who are calling themselves Zionists, and nobody can read us out of Judaism. We consider it our sacred duty to preserve our religion in its forms as well as in its true spirit. To be good Americans does in no way hinder us to be good Jews. We hope our children and children's children will remain Jews, until that time will come—when there will be no Christians, no Mohammedans, but only men—that time of which our Prophets were speaking "when God will be one and His name one." This is our opinion. If some of our co-religionists hold a different view, they are entitled to it. We do not want to quarrel with them and they ought not to quarrel with us. No doubt, they are meaning well. They are eager to preserve the Jews as a Nation. We are eager to preserve Judaism. They claim Judaism cannot be preserved without the Jews being a Nation. Since almost 1900 years we are no Nation and Judaism still exists and it will continue to exist, while the Jews will never be a Nation by themselves.

All efforts in the past to reorganize a Jewish State have failed and so will and must fail the efforts of the Zionists of today. The verdict of History cannot be changed.

It is claimed by the Zionists of today that they have revived among a large number of our co-religionists a feeling of Jewishness, which had been dormant and to all appearances even dead—or as "The Chronicle" in its editorial says: "Jewish Nationalism unites all those, whom everything else, including even our faith, fails to hold together." I consider this an illusion, which will vanish quickly. On the other side, there is no question that Zionism and its spreading is of the greatest danger, most especially to those Jews who are living in the countries where our brethren are persecuted so cruelly—in Russia and Roumania. Mr. Lucien Wolf, the Editor of "The Jewish World" in London, related in his paper, published April 26, about an interview which he had with Demeter Sturdza, the Prime Minister of Roumania—and though Mr. Wolf himself had joined the Zionist branch headed by Mr. Zangwill in the movement of territorial organization—known as the "Ito"—he says: "I could not help feeling how great was the mischief the Zionists were doing"—when the Roumanian Prime Minister said to me: "How can you say the Jews are worthy of our citizenship and are unjustly regarded as foreigners by us, when by their own Zionist doctrines they avow that they are aliens?" No one, says Mr. Wolf, has done more to hinder the cause of Jewish emancipation in Eastern Europe than the misguided disciples of the late Dr. Herzl.

Also in our country, the spread of Zionism is of great danger. In the first place a discord is being created, which exceeds by far the

differences between Orthodoxy and Reform. Some of our best men — scholars and noble characters — have been and are quarreling about this subject of Zionism in such a way and manner as to endanger the welfare of American Judaism. I would call it a "Sin'as chinom," an enmity without cause, pointed out by our sages as one of the most detrimental to our people.

I hope to God that the quarreling parties will regain their mental equilibrium, that no further harm befall us, that no anti-Semite will rise here and pointing to Zionism will declare us as strangers in this our beloved country, to which we cling with all our heart and devotion. That is what I am teaching our children about Zionism.

Before closing this article I wish to say but one thing more. The "American Israelite" in introducing the editorial of "The Chronicler" made a few flattering remarks about our institution and about me personally, which I gratefully appreciate. Indeed I have nothing to conceal about the work of our institution and wherever and whenever I found a weak spot in our work, I deemed it proper to expose it to view, considering this the best way to remedy an evil. This was my motive in making public the facts about intermarriages of our former wards. As stated in our April number, I had the satisfaction to learn, by diligent inquiry, that the percentage of intermarriages of our former wards is far below that prevailing among our co-religionists, both in this country as well as in Europe. In justice to those of our former wards who did intermarry and in justice to all of our former pupils, whose Jewishness had been challenged, I can state that of all the 2,200 pupils and over, who had been inmates of our Home, but three had deserted our faith. One, now a mother, was the offspring of a mixed marriage, her mother having been a non-Israelite. She had learned the facts about her past, and after her marriage to a Jew, when she had the misfortune to lose a child in consequence of an accident, she fancied that her misfortune was a punishment due to her not following the religion of her mother, and she became a church member.

One — a boy, who several years after his discharge from the Orphan Asylum, desired to enter the Hebrew Union College, but was refused — joined a Missionary — a converted Jew — entered a Theological Seminary and is now a Christian clergyman. The third was also a young man, who had a love-affair with a Catholic girl, who demanded his conversion to her faith. He yielded, and, awakening from love's dream, he ended in self-destruction. All of our former wards, who intermarried, remained Jews and those who are happily married and have children are raising them in our faith.

(April, 1918.)

P. S. Eleven years are passed since this article has been published. The terrible tragedies of the last four years have brought upon our co-religionists living in the eastern part of Europe, in Russia, Roumania and Galicia, untold misery. I am fully convinced, that a full million of Jews lost their lives in this great world struggle. A silver lining appeared in the dark cloud of the heavy laden sky of Israel. Palestine, the Holy Land, has been taken by the English and the government of Britain revived the hopes of the Zionists. They were promised, that no objection would be raised to have some kind of a Jewish State

established in the old promised land. Zionists are jubilant and efforts have been started to call into existence schemes for the restoration of "Erez Jisroel." Money has been and is being collected for that purpose.

I am afraid that the hopes of the Zionists will not be realized. While the Peace Congress of the future might abolish for good the rule of the Turks over Palestine, it will be a matter of much dispute, what the political status of the country should be. What is to be done with the Arabs living in the country and they are by far the larger part of the population? Who shall have the care and custody of the places sacred to all Christianity?

To me it is fully clear, that anything that might happen in Palestine will not change our status as American citizens — hence I still cling to my views expressed in the above article on Zionism.

S. W.

* * *

Puzzling Questions

(September, 1908.)

Fathers and mothers blessed with sons and daughters, but not with an abundance of earthly means have to contend with cares and worries of all kinds in bringing up their offspring. How to make ends meet, when so many mouths are to be fed, so many feet to be shod and so many clothes to be bought, when the income is limited to the earnings of a mechanic or small tradesmen — is not an easy problem to solve. In hopeful expectancy many a father looks forward to the time, when his oldest boy or girl will leave school and become a wage-earner, a producer and not merely a consumer. And when that time has come, there are new cares and more vexing ones. As the old adage has it: "Little children — little cares; big children — big cares." There are in the first place now the laws governing child-labor. Laws that are necessary to shield and protect the growing child against abuse from people who would put a child to real labor long before it is ten or twelve years old.

These laws demand that no boy under sixteen years be permitted to work either in a shop, a store or an office unless he has finished the Public School curriculum, and then only for eight hours a day. In the same way no girl under eighteen years is allowed to be employed at work for longer than eight hours a day.

As wise as these laws appear to be, they are creating hardships in families who depend upon the wage-earning capacity of the grown-up children. It is becoming extremely difficult to find work or suitable occupations for girls and boys, who are through with school and who are forced to be wage-earners.

Holding the place of a father to so many orphaned children, I have been bearing this grave care for the last thirty years. Year for year I had to solve these puzzling problems in guiding our grown up girls and boys to the road leading to the avenues of success.

The ladies and gentlemen connected with our Board have been aiding and assisting me faithfully and of late our Alumni are taking

steps to be helpful to their young sisters and brothers. I am glad to say in most instances our wards themselves have been the real solvers of all the perplexing problems. With very few exceptions, they are helping themselves as they were taught to do, standing on their own feet not many months after they have left their childhood's home. They were able to accomplish this during the years past, when our country was prosperous. There was work everywhere. Hardly a week passed without that I had a call for a boy or a girl, who was wanted. What a change now! Thousands and thousands of people thrown out of their positions! Where can work or occupation be found for a girl or boy of the age of sixteen? We had to discharge twenty-one girls and twenty-two boys this year. We could not keep them longer, they had reached the proper age, and were through with the curriculum of our school, which covers more than the ground of a public school education. Other orphans have been and are waiting for the places vacated by our grown up girls and boys.

These forty-three graduates of this year are not all provided for yet, though very few had to be kept here. The largest number of them had either a surviving parent or other relative, with whom we could place them—but ours is and should be the care of finding for each of them such occupation as is suitable for them and will assure for them a prosperous future.

In the last number of this Magazine I published a notice to the effect that parties who are willing to employ a girl or a boy are requested to confer with me. I also stated that we had two girls, who are ambitious to become trained nurses in time to come, whom we wished to place with good families to take care of little children and be helpful in the household. I received several inquiries. A correspondence was started and arrangements were completed to place one of the girls in a small well-to-do family, consisting of man, wife and two young children. Needless to say, the girl was properly fitted out and in every way prepared for her start in life; especially was she instructed to do honor to the Home that reared her, and being hale and hearty, big and strong for her age, she was reminded to be brave in meeting whatever might come or happen. The girl had hardly arrived at her destination, when a letter was written to us, stating the girl was not big and strong enough.

This is what the girl wrote to me at the end of her first day in her new home: "Arrived safe, and the people were waiting at the depot for me with a buggy, and we rode home. The babies are nice, and I guess I will like it quite well. This is only the first day and I can't tell how things will be. I guess all right though, at least I will try with all my might to do my share. I can't deny, I am very lonesome, but I don't show it around here, I try as best I can to be cheerful. Am wearing the button with your picture, and I imagine I hear you talk to me, and it helps me a great deal."

A sister of the girl—one of our former wards—now a trained nurse, received from her the following letter:

"Arrived safe and sound. When I was on the train, I didn't have anything to do, so I was counting the cows on the road. When I got off the train Mr. and Mrs. ——— were waiting for me with a buggy. When I got in the buggy she didn't act very nice, but I

didn't care and kept up courage, afterwards she acted much better. When I came to the house, she taught me the first thing how to wash the diapers and in the afternoon I had to do it alone. She then taught me how to make the baby's milk, and when night came I undressed the children and put them to bed, then I have to wash their stockings every night before I go to bed. I must eat with the servant girl, after they are finished with their meal—sitting in the kitchen at the kitchen table. In the morning, after making ready baby's milk and dressing the children, I have to clean my room and the servant's room. She calls me the upstairs girl. I was crying a good deal today—though I tried hard to keep it back. The children, too, call me the upstairs girl. I have a room by myself, but it will be only for the summer, in winter I shall have to sleep with the little boy. The home is beautiful and I guess the lady is nice, too—but I do dislike that they call me upstairs girl and that I have to sit in the kitchen with the servant girl. I don't care about the work at all, and I would never complain, no matter if I was going to die. She said, if the work was too hard I should tell her—but I said, it wasn't hard. Every time I think of anyone in Cleveland, I cry, I can't help it. Oh, yes, she wants me to do embroidery for her, too."

I have published these letters to make the situation clear. Will it be understood now, why girls resent being placed at housework? We teach them to do any and every kind of domestic work. They have to do it after they reach a certain age, day for day, and they are doing it. I can say for them, they would ever be ready to do this work, if they would not be put to humiliations of the nature described in the girl's letter to her sister. I do not want to lecture anybody, neither do I want to make comments upon the experience of our girl. I must state though, that almost every one of our girls, whom I place under similar conditions has gone through experiences of the same kind.

Does anyone want to ask why I continue to place girls in this way? The answer is easily given.

I am able to teach and instruct and train our girls and boys, but I cannot endow them with experience. I have to put and place them into conditions of life, where they will gain experience. Every experience is a powerful and as a rule a successful teacher. The knocks and bumps which our girls and boys have to meet in life aid to mould their character, but they may leave traces behind, which are apt to harden their minds. In the furrows of the brows of men deepened by ill treatment of their employers are growing the seeds of discontent so dangerous to our social conditions.

* * *

Modern

(December, 1908.)

The progressive tendencies of our time have been and are making their impress upon all spheres of human activity. In commerce and in manufacture, in politics, in society and in the churches everything must be modern, "up-to-date."

There is a modern philanthropy too, also called scientific charity, the devotees of which to a large extent consider themselves far ahead

of charity workers of former days. Little do they know about the past of our people and the old Jewish charity laws and customs dating back to the Mosaic legislation. I was queerly impressed when not long ago a gentleman, prominent in the field of Jewish and non-Jewish charity work, told one of his co-workers about a lecture he had listened to, delivered by some professor of a university, a non-Jew, who had spoken on Jewish charity of olden days. He told his audience, that the Jews used to have a room set aside for receiving gifts, where a box was kept with the inscription "giving in secret" and into which people deposited their gifts, nobody knowing what they gave, and people who were in need and distress came there and took from the box as much as they needed and not more, and nobody knew whether they had entered the room to give or to take. "I felt proud to be a Jew," said the gentleman. "Where is all charity of our days in comparison with such ideal conditions?" Indeed, ideal have been both law and custom among our people in dealing with its poor and needy, its widows and orphans.

When a few years ago at one of the first conventions of the National Conference of Jewish Charities, I made the remark during a discussion to the effect that we Jews have hardly anything to learn from others as regards charity work, I was attacked for this and precaution was taken that my remark should not be reported in the press. I have repeated it since and will defend my assertion, that all so-called modern philanthropy has not reached yet the humanity of our laws and customs.

Emphasis is placed nowadays upon preventing pauperism and assisting the needy and poor without hurting their feelings, aiding them not with alms but by placing them in a position to make a living. I could quote innumerable passages from our biblical and rabbinical scriptures to prove that nigh onto two thousand years ago Jewish benevolence had been practiced in that very spirit. Our great teacher and law-giver knew nevertheless, that notwithstanding the best laws possible, poverty would not and could not vanish from among mankind. "The needy will never cease to be in the midst of the land," said he to his people, exhorting them to uplift the fallen ones. And they were uplifted and not allowed to perish or to lose their self-respect. The widow and the orphan especially had been treated with the utmost consideration. An orphan was taken into the family of one of its relatives, as we find in the history of Abraham and later on in the scroll of Esther. There were no orphans' homes or asylums in those olden days, nor were there any in post-biblical times. During the many centuries of Israel's history, there must have been a great many orphans to be taken care of. We read of the numberless persecutions of our people during the mediaeval times, reaching to our days, and must certainly infer that there were widows and orphans in large numbers. They were taken care of by relatives or kind-hearted people who considered it an honor to be entrusted with the care of an orphan. They believed themselves in nearer touch with our Heavenly Father, to Whom they prayed as to the "Father of the Orphans."

Orphan asylums have not been started by our people. The first known orphan asylum was opened in Germany, in the city of Augsburg, in 1572, and soon thereafter asylums for the care of orphan children were established in England. The Jews stuck to their old mode of taking care of orphans by keeping them in families. It was toward the

end of the eighteenth century, only about 120 years ago, when the first Jewish asylums for the care of orphans were established in Germany and in England, all on a small scale, taking care of a limited number of orphans. I would not rely on my memory and have not the time to hunt up old records as to positively state what were the causes prompting Jewish communities to place orphans in asylums and homes created for such purposes. Most probably they were the same reasons which caused the Christian communities to found orphan asylums. It was difficult to find suitable homes for poor and dependent children who had been often neglected and abused. Under prevailing circumstances it was the best that could be done.

It certainly is not the ideal way of raising a child and no doubt it would be an improvement and a betterment of conditions if each child could be raised in a family. Philanthropy of our days is aiming at this and all efforts to reach this end are deserving of encouragement. What I desire to point out is, that this is not a modern idea originated by our up-to-date charity workers. Should efforts of today succeed in placing every orphaned and dependent child in a family, giving it a good and comfortable home, we would have returned to our good old ways and methods of taking care of the parentless.

To judge from events and conditions reported in the press, we seem to be far away from the desired end. A New York Jewish organization, which reports having placed over 300 orphan children in Jewish homes, conducts at the same time an orphan asylum in which 750 children are housed. This very organization plans to move their orphan asylum into the country on a 200-acre farm, and house and rear after the "cottage plan" any number of children, perhaps a thousand or more. This would certainly not indicate that hopes are entertained to have all our orphans placed in families. We read recently of the organization of a new orphan asylum in Los Angeles and another one is to be started in Baltimore, where one is already in existence since many years.

As a matter of course, there must be a need of such institutions, and such is really the fact. It appears to me that it will take a long time until we can do away with orphan asylums. As long as there is a necessity for them we ought to try our utmost to make these asylums, as much as it possibly can be done, real homes for the children which are placed in them. All unnecessary restraint ought to be excluded, no bands or drum and fife corps ought to be tolerated, neither any kind of military discipline. Let the number of inmates be kept within reasonable limits and let the children be exposed as little as possible to the view of an inquisitive public.

* * *

The Home vs. The Institution

(March, 1909.)

This was the title of an address read by Dr. Emil G. Hirsch of Chicago before the conference on "dependent children," which had been held January 25 and 26 at Washington, D. C. This conference was called by President Roosevelt upon request of nine gentlemen, who are prominently connected with charitable work throughout the country

and who expressed their opinion that by such a conference the cause of the dependent child would be greatly advanced.

I have not attended the conference, and to my regret I failed to find reports about the details of the same in any paper accessible to me. The Reform Advocate published the paper mentioned above, also a brief synopsis of the proceedings. After a careful perusal of this paper I cannot say that it contains anything which its author had not said and maintained years ago.

When Rabbi Hirsch came to Chicago over twenty-five years ago there was no Jewish orphan asylum in Chicago. The Cleveland Orphan Asylum took care of the orphaned children, who could not be taken care of otherwise. There were as many as 154 orphans from Chicago at one time in our Orphan Asylum. Rabbi Hirsch spoke and wrote against keeping orphans and dependent children in institutions, and aided in the organization of the Jewish Orphan Society of Chicago, whose work it is to place orphans and dependent children in families or leave them with their mothers, who are supported by this society. Let us see what the conditions are today in Chicago in reference to taking care of Jewish orphaned and dependent children. There are two orphan asylums in existence, one, about fourteen years old housing 175 children, being maintained by the Associated Charities of Chicago, and the other not quite two years old, not recognized by the Associated Charities, housing already over 100 children, and a Home for Jewish Friendless, giving shelter, mostly temporary, to over 200 children. The Jewish Orphan Society is in existence also, and is working and as far as I know, some thirty or forty children are being taken care of by this society. Summing it up, nearly 500 orphaned and dependent children are kept in institutions and about forty in families or with their mothers.

These are conditions within a community in which for over twenty-five years a Dr. Hirsch with his matchless oratory has been and is teaching and preaching that orphaned and dependent children should not be kept in institutions!

Dr. Hirsch states in his paper: "The line of least resistance was followed. Institutions were built and equipped to which dependent children were sent without thought of or inquiry into the possibility of another and better way."

It seems to me that Dr. Hirsch is wrong in this assertion, for he ought to know that in Chicago as well as in other cities the charity organizations had been and are continually embarrassed in the care-taking of dependent children. All kinds of efforts were made and are being made to find proper homes. Dr. Hirsch says in his paper: "When the effort was made to find homes, supervision often was lax, and in the choice of the home the proper degree of care was not exercised." This is just exactly the reason why institutions had to be built and maintained. Poor, helpless and dependent children had to be taken care of. A proper place had to be found to shelter and protect these unfortunate waifs. Dr. Hirsch maintains: "Home finding is not as difficult as it is generally assumed to be." I would most respectfully ask Dr. Hirsch, has he ever tried it? My experience dates back to the year 1866, when I was living in Prussia, very near the Russian borders.

Rabbi Ruelf of Memel, Rabbi Friedberg of Tilsit, and I living at Insterburg, had to take care of some twenty children, who had become orphaned during an epidemic of typhus in the winter of 1866 to 1867. We tried and tried again to find homes for them. Each of us had sometimes two and three of the poor children in our own homes. There was no orphan asylum in existence then, with the exception of two small ones in Berlin and Breslau. We were forced to rent a house, equip it and sustain a small orphan asylum. The same difficulties have been existing and are existing everywhere and they were leading and are leading to the creation of orphan asylums.

We all know there could not be anything better for a child than to be raised in a good family home. There was no need of any conference to tell us that. Had I been present at the conference, I might have asked whether any one of those good and noble men ever offered his own home to a dependent child?

It is a cold fact that good and proper homes for dependent children cannot be easily found and that in consequence thereof provisions had to be and are being made to take the best care of such children possible.

I claim that such is being done in our, the Jewish Orphan Asylums.

I doubt whether Dr. Hirsch has visited and examined any one of our Jewish Orphan Asylums within the last ten years; though I remember that he paid our institution a brief visit some nine years ago. He was kind enough several times to say that our institution is a bright exception to the rule, which he lays down in regard to institutional influences upon the development of children kept in orphan asylums.

Dr. Hirsch wrongs our institutions, though one or the other having too large a number of children under its care, may deserve some of his censure. He says: "The best of institutions after all must neglect individual distinctions. They cannot take account of personality." Dr. Hirsch is very badly mistaken. I know a great many parents, wealthy and educated people among them, who do not know the character of their own children, as we foster-parents know the physical and mental capacities of each individual child under our care. I am not speaking for myself nor for our institution. I know the same is the fact of almost all our Jewish Orphan Homes.

It would be useless to refute all the various faults and shortcomings which Dr. Hirsch has been repeating these many years when speaking on this subject. The people know better; they employ girls and boys raised in institutions in preference to others. Besides this, the record of our former wards stands out so prominently in their favor that I consider it superfluous to devote any further pains toward the defense of such attacks.

There is another phase in the consideration of the care of dependent children, which seems to have been a strong point with President Roosevelt and which he desired the conference especially to consider, himself making a strong plea for keeping the family intact and declaring that poverty alone should not disrupt the home.

Dr. Hirsch, siding with the President (and I would like to know who would not share the same view, if it could be accomplished), says in relation thereto: "Had the mother been economically able to provide for her children she would never have consigned them to an institution. Here then the home is at once ready wherein to rear the child. All that is needed is financial help for the mother. Such financial aid for the mother in the form of a weekly stipend for the maintenance of the child will also keep the mother from sinking into the dependent class."

I would respectfully ask: Is the mother by receiving a weekly stipend not to be called "dependent"?

But I will not split hairs on words.

How different reality and practice from theories! While Dr. Hirsch is accusing orphan asylums and their managing boards for receiving children "without thought of or inquiry into the possibility of another and better way," he may be surprised when I tell him how many times we tried to help widowed mothers, I can say, tried to persuade them to rear their children themselves, offering them financial aid, especially in those cases where we considered the mother physically and mentally able to rear her children.

A very intelligent lady told me not long ago: "A lonely widow with helpless children is no family. Before I will accept money from the Relief Society I will rather die. My children were robbed of their father, you must give me a father for them, you should be their father, until they are old enough not to need you."

This was an unusually intelligent lady. How many widows there are among the Russian and Roumanian immigrants who are absolutely unable both physically and mentally to rear their children!

Can these orphans be placed in homes? There is no other place for them than the institutions, where they are taught to know what a home really is and where they are reared for their mothers.

(April, 1918.)

In this month's "Reform Advocate," published since 1891 by Rev. Dr. Hirsch of Chicago, in an article praising the Jewish Home Finding Society I found the following remark, corroborating the arguments of this paper:

"The institution for the permanently dependent child occupies a very definite place in the community. It is physically impossible except in the rarest instances to place a family of four or five children permanently dependent in private homes. If they are separated we defeat the very aims we are striving for—a normal family life. When a court decision separates these children from their parents, they are in a desperate need of community care, as any children, whose parents are dead, and at no time can the institutions be of greater service to the community than when it rears this family under one roof in the mutual love and understanding born of propinquity and common experiences. We trust the time is not far distant when our orphan homes will be homes for all permanently dependent children of large family no matter what natural or social causes may have deprived them of their parents."

Theory and Practice

(April, 1909.)

It was in the year 1868 when the preamble to the general laws of our Orphan Asylum had been drafted by the deceased brother, Lewis Abraham, then of Cincinnati, and later of Washington, and Isidor Buch of St. Louis. It started out with the sentence: "The members of the I. O. B. B. recognize the necessity of an institution for the care, protection, education and maintenance of Jewish orphan youth of both sexes." Forty-one years have passed since. Nearly 3000 orphaned children have been sheltered and reared in our Home, 500 of them are now under its roof, filling our building to its capacity, and a considerable number of applications are filed with the Secretary.

In the face of these facts, the cry is being raised that there is no more need for institutions to take care of orphaned children. Here is the opportunity for the up-to-date charity workers to carry out their theories in finding homes for dependent children who are badly in need of a proper home. I am ready to hand over to them the applications which are filed in our office and the number of which is constantly increasing. We shall not be able to receive applicants until after our anniversary in July, when about forty-five of our grown-up girls and boys will have been discharged.

However, it is questionable with me whether, even if efforts would be made to find homes for those whose applications are filed with me, they would lead to results satisfactory for the poor dependents. In fact, I know from experience of the past that many of the unfortunate children would be exposed to experiments detrimental to their development and their whole future. I cannot apply any other name to certain methods of some charity workers, who are opposed to the placing of dependent children in institutions, than "experimenting with a child." They are putting up theories which can be couched in well-sounding words, breathing noble sentiments of humanity, but turned into practice they cause harshness and frequently lead to interference by humane societies. To make myself better understood, I shall illustrate practical work or rather elucidate the modus operandi of receiving applications for the caretaking of orphaned children and the disposal of such applications. We have blanks which have to be filled out in order to give to us a thorough insight and understanding of each application, so that the same may be considered intelligently and decided according to its merits. The guiding principle with our Board has always been the welfare of the child for whom application is being made. As a matter of course, full orphans who were left without a home and without means have been and are always considered as the most worthy cases. Hardly one-fifth of our wards are full orphans. The largest number are but half-orphans, and the question whether the surviving parents cannot themselves rear the children for whose admission they are petitioning is a matter of serious consideration.

Hours and hours of discussion and sometimes of excited nature are spent at the quarterly meetings of our Board before determining upon an application. The argument is frequently brought out that the mother should be supported by the charities of the locality in which she

is living and keep the children, send them to the public schools and rear them herself. This seems to be a sound argument provided that the mother is a healthy and half-way intelligent woman. As a rule such an application is not granted, in fact some of our local officers refuse to bring such applications before our Board.

I have watched the outcome of such cases and found that "theory" is very nice, while "practice" has a very ugly aspect. The theory was to keep the family together and not let them fall into dependence! In practice the family became pauperized, the children are being sent to the charity office to bring home the money allowed by the society. Gradually the mother comes asking for clothes, and shoes, and coal, and has become a thorough "Schmorrer." The boys are selling papers on the streets, acquiring all the toughness of the street gamins and in many instances they land in the juvenile courts. The girls under the pretext of joining clubs are visiting nickelodeons and at the age of fourteen or fifteen years they have become fully acquainted with street life in its most abominable shape. What has become of the idea of keeping the family together? Are those desirable results?

In contrast thereto I can picture the modest rooms of a widow, whose four children we reared in our Home, while she made an honest living for herself without having ever received a penny from any charity organization. The two oldest children, a son and a daughter, are now with her, both of excellent character, earning sufficient to support the household, while the mother keeps house. On Friday night her son makes Kiddush—the very image of his father, says his mother with pride—and her daughter? Happy the man who will once call her his bride, he will lead to the altar a pure and chaste maiden.

A few years more and the two other children will be at home and the family will be a real Jewish, happy family. Separated for a few years, they bore their fate, our Home keeping them from hardship, paving for them the way to gain again happiness which at the death of the father had vanished. This is not a single case. There are scores of them, who have been thus benefitted by the Orphan Asylum.

Another feature in determining whether applications for admission of orphans should be granted is the fact that the surviving parent has relations who are able to help the poor, broken-up family, but refuse to do it. All kinds of pressure is brought upon the hard-hearted relatives, whose duty it ought to be to help and assist their own kin, but they will not. It is asked of our Board not to admit such children, but would we be justified in doing so? Let the poor children suffer on account of their miserable relatives? It is well to put up a theory, whereby no charity organization should relieve people from their responsibilities, but it would be more than heartless to carry into practice such a theory and have poor, helpless and innocent children be the sufferers.

I have seen such heartless actions by theorists, who appear to me like fanatics. They are against placing a child in an institution and in their blind zeal they would rather expose a helpless child to all kinds of vexations and often hardships, because they are bound to carry out their theory.

No one can deny the fact that in our large cities delinquency among Jewish children of both sexes is increasing. New York had to start a Jewish Protectors, which after hardly two years of existence is about

to double and treble its capacity. Our western cities will have to do something to take care of their delinquents. The plain fact of it is, we have not enough institutions to take care of our dependents. As we have orphan homes, so we are in need of sheltering homes in which children who are not orphans but who are neglected and deserted or otherwise in dependency may be taken care of, to be kept from the street and from dropping into delinquency.

* * *

Playgrounds

(June, 1909.)

One of the most essential requirements of an orphan asylum, be it of small or large dimensions, is a well-equipped playground. Play is as necessary to the child as is sunshine to the growth of a plant. Of all kinds of play none is more desirable or necessary than playing in the open air. Orphaned children come as a rule from the crowded quarters of our large cities, and in many instances playing in the open air is a novelty to them, in fact all kinds of playing is a strange thing to them.

The Jewish child of past days has been but little encouraged to play. From its earliest childhood it was required "to learn," and only very few days in the year, Purim, Chanukah and Roshhodesh, the child was permitted to indulge in merrymaking. Outdoor sports were almost unknown. In the remote past when our people lived in their own country, farming and pasturing, they, no doubt, must have had their outdoor games and sports. We can easily find traces of it in our sacred literature. "He is happy like a lad who won in the race," we read in the 19th Psalm. "I leap over a wall," says David when on one of his flights from Saul. How well he was able to use a sling when fighting Goliath is proof of his practice in this sport, which must have been generally in vogue. We read in the book of Judges "there were 700 chosen men, who though lame in the right hand, every one of these could sling a stone at a hair and would not miss."

In the Ghettos of latter days physical exercise was by necessity tabooed, and games of other nature, occupying more the mind than the body, became prevalent, hence the inclination of the Jew for playing chess and cards. We meet traces of this lack of inclination for outdoor games and sport in our children, who are coming to us mostly from the Ghetto districts of our large American cities. We therefore encourage all possible outdoor exercise, calisthenics in the classroom as well as in the gymnasium. It seems though that not only our Jewish children living in the Ghettos do not have the proper opportunities for outdoor play, but that all children living in the thickly populated parts of our large cities have been deprived of that great essential needed for their development—a playground. And thus the attention of educators and social workers has called into existence two or three years ago the "Playground Association of America" with the purpose in view to promote the interests of play and playgrounds for children.

This association recently held its third annual session in the city of Pittsburgh. A whole week was spent and a great many subjects

pertaining to all matters of playground equipment and its uses and abuses were discussed by professional people. Being a member of the Playground Association from its beginning, I attended one of the sessions, which was devoted to play in institutions. A committee had been appointed at the previous meeting of the association to obtain data from many different institutions. This committee was strongly in favor of directed play in charge of skilled play-teachers.

There was a very spirited discussion on the subject, in which I participated. While I found it justifiable that in institutions for defective children and even in such of delinquents a play-teacher was necessary, I pleaded for spontaneity of play in orphan asylums, claiming that everything fostering initiative of orphan asylum children should be encouraged. While the argument brought forward that the playground should not be an institution for the making of health and muscle alone, but for the building of character, is an excellent one, I will say that we have it in view too. We are overseeing the children while they are at their games, keeping control over their conduct, and of course are not permitting any outbreaks or unfairness or roughness. Otherwise we prefer to have the children start and play their own games in way most suiting and most enjoyable to them, especially their games in the open air. Calisthenics in the schoolroom and in the gymnasium proper are guided by a professional teacher, who in directing the various kinds of exercises is aiming for that physical development of the children as they individually require.

On the playgrounds and during the play hours the children ought to be left to their own tastes and inclinations. Our playgrounds are dotted with all kinds of gymnastic apparatuses: there are see-saws, giant-strides, climbing poles, horizontal bars, ladders, swinging rings and a few other contrivances — also sand piles for the little ones. As great as is the variety of the different fixtures, there are children — especially boys, and not only a few — who prefer to make things of their own invention. Boys will pick up from the neighboring gully pieces of abandoned lumber, and with their hammers and a few nails they succeed in putting up a see-saw, quite crude in comparison with those which carpenters have put up on the grounds. And how much more they prefer to ride on the apparatus of their own make! Of course every boy wants to have a turn on Willie's and Charles' see-saw, and Willie and Charles', with a sharp eye for business, charge a marble for a turn, and after having their pockets filled they sell out to another fellow.

Many observations of similar nature can be made on the playgrounds and the playrooms of our children — all in proof of the assertion that at their games and plays children ought to be left alone as much as possible, to their resources and their own ingenuity.

* * *

A Reply

The printed report of the third biennial Conference of Jewish Charities, held in the city of New York, reached me a few days ago and not having been present at the Conference, I read with great interest the discussions on the subject of the care of orphan children. It would take much more space than this little Magazine has at its disposal should I attempt to review what was said in these discussions.

I was unpleasantly affected by some remarks made, to refute which I regard as my duty.

One of the subjects of discussion was, that children bereft of their fathers only should be left with their mothers. In speaking of this subject, a gentleman said:

"Charity is essentially a matter of sentiment anyhow, and let us look at the sentimental side. All of those little things that go into a mother's care, will you find them in an Orphan Asylum? I am a director of the Cleveland Orphan Asylum, which I think is one of the best institutions in the country, and, I am free to confess, it lacks enormously in that element, and it is a thing that cannot be changed. Now, look beyond that. What will be the future of these little children who have grown up without this home care? Will they, in turn, give to their children the care and affection which they ought to be able to give them? Is there anybody here that is a mother or a father that cannot look upon his or her mother's care, and feel that in bestowing the same care upon his children or her children again, they are giving out these sacred memories which are so much to them? There is the place where the institution kills."

It is charged that we are enormously lacking in extending to our children motherly care! And the children whom we have raised are accused of being unable to give to their children that care and affection which fathers and mothers should give to their offspring. I do not consider the gentleman who made this monstrous assertion capable of wishing to slander our institution nor its former inmates, and I firmly believe that he will gladly modify his remarks when he sees them in cold type.

If it is a proof, that parents in giving their children what is their due, that is, tender and affectionate care—must themselves have received in their childhood love and affection, then the two hundred or more men and women whom we have raised and who are now married and have their own little ones, are the best evidence of the care and affection which was bestowed upon them while they were living in our Home. Several years ago one of my former wards, a happy mother of three lovely children, wrote to me: "I am giving to my darlings what I received from you while I was a little girl. The real benefit of your work, which is the work of the Orphan Asylum, is enjoyed by my children and will be an everlasting blessing to them."

I am in the position to observe the difference between such children of one family, who were raised by their mother, and others of the same family who were placed in our Home and were reared by us. I do not know of one single instance which would not evidence that our wards were the more successful in life and not only more affectionate parents, but also the better providers for their own mothers.

I am no enthusiast about Orphan Asylums; I deplore the fact that Orphan Asylums exist, but they had to be created, for the orphan children needed a home. It is absurd to say, as the gentleman quoted

above said in his closing words: "If we didn't have the institution, we would have absolutely no trouble to find homes for the orphan children."

There was a time when you had no Orphan Asylums and when you were looking for homes for the orphan children. But you could not find them, just as little as you can find them now. Therefore, you erected these Orphan Asylums. These Asylums were doing and are doing good work. This has to be and is admitted. Why, then, are these institutions abused? Or are they not abused when it is claimed that the "institution kills" the noblest sentiments in human nature?

While penning these lines I was interrupted by a call to the bedside of a thirteen-year-old girl, who is dangerously ill. She is the child of one of "our girls," whom I raised and who is happily married and is conducting an ideal home. I wish the gentleman, who thinks that a girl raised in an Orphan Asylum is not able to give her child that loving and affectionate care that one who was raised by her own mother gives, would have witnessed the scene at that sick bed, and would have looked into the eyes of that worrying mother. I shall not draw the veil from this scene. And I will restrain myself from expressing my feelings at the thought of those unkind and unjust remarks which I could not let pass unnoticed.

I have long ago given up answering those who in speaking against Orphan Asylums and in earnest discussions delight in smart remarks "to bring down the house." But to such a serious charge as this, coming from a gentleman whom I highly respect, I feel compelled to reply.

Educating a child in an Orphan Asylum is not the ideal method. There are shortcomings which none know better than I, and which in comparison to those often mentioned — such as having the children clothed alike or having them rise by the bell and eat by the bell — are mere trifles. One of these is the danger of wiping out the individuality of the child and all that is connected therewith. But devotion to the work on the part of those who have charge of Orphan Asylums, together with such knowledge as can only be obtained by study and training, will overcome this and other dangers and reduce the shortcomings to a minimum.

It is a misfortune for a child to become an orphan and it is our duty to educate the fatherless and motherless and to give them all the happiness to which childhood is entitled. If it can be accomplished better by another manner, than by placing the child in an Orphan Asylum, let it be done. There is no Orphan Asylum in this country nor in any other country, that is anxious to obtain inmates. If orphans can be placed in good homes, where they can find that which Orphan Asylums offer them, they should be placed there and the Orphan Asylum will be closed.

One word more I wish to say concerning the suggestion of letting half orphans remain with their mothers by supporting the mother as a regular pensioner of the Home-charities. This method appears very feasible; but beside many other objections to this plan, I would ask,

how many mothers are there among these people, from whom our orphans come, who are capable of educating their children alone—without a father's firm hand?

Not long ago a widowed mother of five children, who was struggling hard for a livelihood, came to me, asking to have two of her boys admitted to our Asylum. Having at the time had no room for boys, I advised her to appeal to the Charity organization for assistance, so that she might keep her boys and raise them herself. Indignantly she replied:

"I have never asked any assistance from the 'Society'—I am supporting my children by my own hard work—I don't want any charity—I would rather die—but I want a father for my boys, who are now at an age when they need a father more than they need a mother."

When I told her that to place her boys with us in the Orphan Asylum is the same as asking and receiving charity, she said very smilingly:

"To give my boys in your Orphan Asylum is not taking 'charity'! God has taken from my boys, and so many others, their father, and He sent you in his place."

The poor woman knew what she wanted and needed for her boys.

The good people of that city, which is so proud of the fact, that it has not sent a child to the Orphan Asylum for two years, will have to learn, what results their work will produce, before they boast. If those poor mothers would live in small towns away from those terrible conditions which exist in our crowded cities; away from those tenement horrors, that necessitate the creation of Juvenile Courts, they might be able to raise their children, if properly aided. But I claim that under existing conditions the evils to which orphans are exposed when left with their mothers are much greater, than any they might encounter in a well conducted Orphan Asylum.



The Need of a Distinctly Jewish Tendency in the Conduct of Jewish Educational Institutions

(June, 1908.)

Under this heading a paper was read by Mr. Louis Marshall, of New York, at the National Conference of Jewish Charities, recently held in Richmond, Va. The distinguished gentleman started out with the remark: "Nothing is more difficult than to discuss the obvious." We therefore can easily infer that he considered it obvious that Jewish educational institutions do or can exist without pursuing Jewish tendencies. Having read but a part of the paper, as published in the "American Israelite" of May 14, I do not find that there was named any Jewish institution which does not conform with the requirement laid down by the author of the paper, "that in an institution conducted by Jews, that system of religion known as

Judaism should pervade the entire institution." I am afraid though, that the Superintendents of the various Orphan and Sheltering Homes of this country—myself included—will not fully agree with Mr. Marshall in defining what Judaism is. There is the rub!

It is well known that in every Jewish Home for dependent children especial attention is given to religious training of its pupils. Sabbaths and holidays are strictly observed, prayers are said mornings and evenings, before and after each meal, Hebrew and Bible History and Catechism are taught and in every respect Judaism is inculcated in the hearts and minds of the children. Mr. Marshall says: "It must not be a Judaism that is apologetic or mealy-mouthed; it must not be Judaism in name only, bereft of all of its individuality, strength and vigor; it must not be Judaism of the sterilized or pasteurized variety." I must confess, I am at a loss to know what kind of Judaism is thus taught, and where such is on exhibit. I like to call a spade a spade. If Mr. Marshall is finding fault with Jewish educational institutions in their modus operandi of rearing Jewish dependent children, he ought to have pointed out where, in his opinion, they are deficient. As it is, it seems to me, that every Jewish Home for dependent children should not hesitate to place in public view its methods. I am ready to do so as far as our Home is concerned, and I am willing to mention every detail of our work. Our children are taught Hebrew reading and translating, Biblical and post-Biblical History and Jewish Ethics. The theoretical lessons are combined with the home-life and are carried out practically. Sabbath is celebrated as has been done in Jewish households for centuries past, Friday night the prayers are recited, Kiddush is made and the greeting of a "good Shabos" is exchanged between the children and their foster parents. Fresh, white tablecloths and Shaboth meals are spreading about the joy of Shaboth, what our fathers called "oneg Shaboth." Solemn services are held on Sabbath morning in the chapel, the prayers, both in Hebrew and in the vernacular, are read by several of the older children—girls as well as boys. Three boys are called to the Thora, each of whom reads a small part of the weekly "Parasha," hymns are sung and a short sermon closes the services. No kind of work is done. "To keep the Sabbath holy" is thought of from evening to evening, even in their games the children are taught to respect the holiness of the day. In a similar way are kept all the holidays during the year.

Pesach especially is observed as strictly as in any good Jewish household. The beautiful Seder-service is given in the most impressive style.

But, are you keeping the dietary laws? I almost hear a certain impatient reader ask this question. I have not the least hesitancy in answering this question and I shall not confine myself to generalities, but give all details pertaining thereto. We are not giving to our children any kind of food forbidden by the biblical dietary laws. We receive our meat—beef, veal and mutton—from the firm of Nelson, Morris & Co., of Chicago; attached thereto is—I am not positive whether in every instance—the "Kosher" seal, but always the certificate of the U. S. Government inspector. We do not use butter or milk in preparing the so-called "fleischig" meals. Our poultry is

killed for us by the proper party. We have certain dishes for our dinner, others for breakfast and supper, but not in the sense of "milchig" and "fleischig"—nor do we observe all those complicated rules laid down in the "Shulchan Aruch" and in the literature of responses to questions pertaining to "Kashrus." Conscious of the fact that a majority of our children is coming from homes in which the dietary laws in all their details are minutely observed, we acquaint our children, especially our girls, with all those various rules and customs, explaining to them their origin and their real meaning and impressing upon them to respect these customs with piety and never to hold in ridicule anything that appears sacred to others—be they Jews or non-Jews. It is a source of satisfaction to me that many a boy raised in our Asylum, coming home to his mother, is taking the place of his dead father, making "Kiddush" on Friday and holiday nights and giving the Seder.

To raise our children to become good Jews is uppermost in our mind, for we are convinced they could never be good citizens unless they are good Jews.

Our children are intensely Jewish and they are ever ready to manifest their Jewishness. Some time ago they attended a vaudeville performance in one of our theatres, the manager of which had extended to them an invitation. On the program was a number given by one of those "stage Jews." The children were horrified and only their training in obeying discipline prevented their hissing the actor from the stage. Not a single hand was raised to applaud the otherwise clever performance.

Needless to say that they are good American patriots. About this we would not lose a word. We agree with Mr. Marshall: "The true American, he who breathes the spirit of his country's institutions at every pore, who intuitively understands their underlying principles, has no need of constantly prating about his Americanism."



School Discipline

(June, 1910.)

With pleasure I read some very sensible remarks about school discipline made by the newly elected Superintendent of the Chicago Public Schools, which were recently published in the Press. This Superintendent is not a male teacher, but a lady, Mrs. Ella Flagg Young, well known among educators of our country. She has the distinction of being the first woman Superintendent of the Chicago Public Schools and to judge from her very sensible expressions, she is well deserving of this distinction. She was asked: "What do you consider the most prevalent evil of the modern educational system of the Country?" "Working by the clock," was the prompt response. "I am decidedly opposed to teaching children to do everything by

rote, and the government of the school rooms by means of clock and bell does not seem right to me.

"I am even in favor of occasional whispering, provided, of course, that it does not interfere with the lesson being recited.

"I think the lessons might be discussed between teacher and individual pupils during school hours, and I hope to see more freedom introduced, in contrast to the well ordered school room of the old days, when a teacher's discipline was judged by the angle of her pupils' backs, and the length of time they could sit in one position!

"The Superintendent of former times (and perhaps some still cling to the habit) loved to sit in his office and figure out just what was happening in the schools under his charge. And he could tell you for a certainty just what was happening, too!" she added whimsically, "but I don't care for such things.

"I prefer to sit in my office and know for a certainty that every teacher is in her room doing the best that she can to develop and educate the children under her care along the right lines, so that their imagination may be stimulated to express freely and spontaneously their individuality."

This is the right view of a teacher's work. As a matter of course there has to be in every classroom during school hours good order and decorum prevalent. While the teacher is speaking, explaining the lesson or during recitations or reading exercises every pupil in the class ought to be in proper position, attentively listening to every word spoken. The trouble with many teachers is, that they are either not sufficiently prepared for the day's lesson, and instead of having their eyes upon the children, they have to look into the text-book or they are using language above the intelligence of the children. While the children are working, be it that they are figuring out arithmetic examples, or are drawing or are occupied with some manual work, they ought to be permitted a certain freedom in their demeanor, as long as no disturbance is caused thereby, even an occasional whispering can be and ought to be tolerated. Like busy bees children will have to do some humming, which does not need to be checked by the teacher, as long as no mischief is done.

There has been all along too much mechanism in our schools, the children were required to sit, to stand, to move about by signals, and the teacher who could exhibit a class acting like clockwork was considered a fine disciplinarian.

Not many years ago, I engaged a teacher, who was highly recommended to me, but she left after two months' work, because I would not permit a rigorous discipline during the working hours of the children. The nature of the child develops best by freedom of action, kept under sensible and reasonable control, avoiding irksome and irritating compulsion to arbitrary rules. They might be well enough for raising subjects for a military government, but not intelligent and free American citizens.

Corporal Punishment

(January, 1908.)

It is a rule of the School Board of our city that teachers should not inflict corporal punishment. Notwithstanding this rule, one of the Assistant Superintendents of our public schools told the teachers in an address to them, that the State laws would exonerate them in case they should consider it necessary to give a spanking to a pupil.

At the National Assembly of teachers, held last July, if I am not mistaken, in Los Angeles, Cal., the question of corporal punishment in the schools had been discussed and favored by a large number of prominent teachers taking part in the discussion. This is rather remarkable. Our age, aiming to be progressive in all directions, should want to go back to the teacher's rod of olden days!

I certainly would consider it a step back in the progress of education to see in the schoolroom a rod or a switch in the hands or upon the desk of the teacher. Nearly forty years ago when our institution was first opened for the admission of orphans our Board in shaping the house rules forbade the infliction of corporal punishment upon the children by the teachers, governors and governesses, leaving the authority to give corporal punishment only to the Superintendent. This was and is decidedly correct. No teacher should strike a child, especially not in the schoolroom in the presence of a class. To strike, slap or hit a child is an action of rudeness. The teacher shall be under all circumstances a model, a good example, an object lesson to the child. The politeness, even temper and refined action of the teacher are by far more effective than all oral lessons and lectures given to the children with the most eloquent words.

All children are more or less naughty, it is their privilege to be so, as is ours the duty to correct them. There are many children who are apt not to mind or be inattentive or stubborn or even saucy. Will whipping make them better? Indeed not! Most children think about getting whipped by the teacher as that boy, who said to his schoolmate: "I know why my teacher licks me." "I know it, too," said the other boy, "because you are bad." "No," said the first boy, "The teacher licks me, because the teacher is stronger than I am." And indeed there were some teachers who got hit back by a pupil, who considered himself stronger than the teacher.

I repeat, whipping and hitting are acts of rudeness and ought to be banished from every schoolroom in a civilized country. I am quite sure all educators will agree to that, even those who, like the Assistant Superintendent of our public schools, favors spanking.

It is easily understood why some of our best teachers and educators in this our free country have come to the conclusion that to inflict corporal punishment should be within the privilege of the teacher. I do not think that anyone of these teachers and educators holding this view would recommend that teachers should whip.

"Young America" is becoming a terror. It had and has altogether too much its own way. I claim our children are not kept within the

boundaries in which a child should grow up. They live too much on the street. They are made the center of interest and are pushed and pushed forward, while it would be proper to keep them modestly in the background.

They are coming into the schoolroom with inflated views of their personalities, not looking up to the teacher as to their authority, but looking down upon the teacher as the paid servant of their parents, for this is usually the way that parents are speaking of the teacher. Instead of correcting their child, when it speaks disrespectfully of the teacher, who in school had to punish the naughty boy or girl, because his or her father or mother did not do it, they will join in the abuse of the teacher. While I am against corporal punishment in school, I consider it a duty of parents, if necessary, "not to spare the rod." To father and mother belongs the right to chastise a child, and I repeat, it is their duty to do so when the child refuses to be corrected. In our institution I am in the position of a father to our children and for many years I acted as to my own children in the place of a mother, too. Our Assistant Superintendent is aiding me in the work in the very same spirit, in which I have been and am attending to it, and accordingly he feels himself in his relations to the children likewise as father.

We know our duties and are keeping our children in proper relations to their teachers. We have to correct continually, but rarely are we called upon to give corporal punishment.

* * *

Dependent Children

(April, 1908.)

The printed report of the fourth biennial session of the National Conference of Jewish Charities—a book of 265 pages—has reached me a number of weeks ago, but I could not find the time to look it through until but recently, when I read carefully the proceedings devoted to the caretaking of dependent children. Several remarks made by a gentleman, who is in charge of one of the New York Jewish Orphan Asylums, cause me to pen these lines, in which I desire to confine myself to the care of dependent children in institutions, especially in regard to the question as to which class of dependent children can be best taken care of in an institution.

The remarks referred to are on page 80, reading thus: "From the point of view of the child, it is a fact that certain children will never thrive and prosper in an institution, such as a certain class of children that are nervous by nature; children that are somewhat ungovernable, so-called mischievous children; some children who are semi-deficient mentally and children that come from a physically weak ancestry, etc. Even the staunchest friends of the institution plan for temporarily dependent children will have to grant this point."

On pages 153 and 154, the same gentleman in the course of a discussion reiterates thus:

“Truth tells me that there are children that cannot and must not be trained in an Orphan Asylum. Truth tells me that there are children whom it is a crime to send to an Orphan Asylum. There are children of nervous temperament; there are so-called mischievous children who are full of mischief in the eyes of the Superintendent, because it is too inconvenient to just live in an institution and care for the mischievous element, and yet has not the mischievous child as much right to exist as the so-called machine child—the child that readily yields to the institution machine and the routine? Of course he has the right. Now, then, isn't it a fact that we, who are responsible for the care and training of these children, find that there are numbers whom we cannot deal with readily?”

Indeed there are dependent children, who should not be admitted into an Orphan Asylum, but not such as the gentleman desires to exclude. Why should children that are nervous by nature, or are mischievous, not be admitted into an Orphan Asylum? A large number of children under my care are of the decided nervous temperament and a much larger number are mischievous, as more or less every child, or every boy at least, should be.

We are not raising machine children. If there are institutions who do so and who are only looking for such children, who readily yield to an institution machine—such institutions ought not to be tolerated. In selecting the children for whose admission petitions are made, we do not investigate whether they are of a nervous temperament or can be easily governed. What we do investigate is to ascertain whether the children have a proper home or not; whether there is a possibility of letting the surviving parent—if there be one—take care of his own children by helping him materially.

We refuse to admit delinquent children just as well as we cannot admit children who have a contagious disease.

We are ready and willing and able to handle every child, provided it is an orphan, and in need of a home which can properly take care of it. An Orphan Asylum which refuses admission to poor orphans because they come from a physically weak ancestry, or because they are partly deficient mentally, or because they are of a nervous temperament or are hard to govern, such an institution is making its task very easy and is certainly not doing justice to the cause for which it was called into existence.

As a matter of course an Orphan Asylum has to be kept within proper bounds as regards the number of children it ought to shelter. The smaller the number is, the better it will be able to replace to the homeless child the home, of which it has been deprived by misfortune.

The argument, “that it is a physical impossibility for a Superintendent or Matron to offer that tender care and affection to each individual child that they are anxious to give.” I believe I can well

refute this by pointing to the care which I have bestowed on many hundreds who have been under my fostering care and who are reciprocating it with filial affection. There are other Superintendents and Matrons, who having had the good fortune to take care of smaller numbers of orphans, can point to the same results, for they had and have their hearts in their work, devoting their whole lives to the children entrusted to their care.

We are not boasting about the results that we are achieving and I think it was uncalled for when, during the discussion, some one made the remark: "I pity the man who tells me that this institution is so perfect that every child is lovely and grand and wonderful." I, too, would pity such a man, but I am not aware that there is, among the Superintendents of our Orphan Asylums, anyone to be found who would be so foolish and conceited as to make such a boast. I, for my part, will readily admit that the institution in my charge is far from perfection and still more readily will I say, there are a large number of naughty, disorderly, stubborn and mischievous girls and boys in our Home. I am working at their improvement, aided by our Assistant Superintendent and by a number of well chosen, competent and conscientious assistants, and I hope that we shall succeed in rearing and educating every child under our care to become a good citizen and a good Jew as well.

There is one thing we are very solicitous about, for we consider it to be the foundation of the future of each individual child -- that is, to secure a happy childhood for them.

In describing our work in a printed pamphlet I said:

"We put no unnecessary restraints upon our children. As much as possible we let them do as they like. The rules of the house are only such natural ones as prevail in every well-regulated family. Our children are required to be punctual, helpful and polite. They are taught to respect property and other peoples' rights and to avoid injury to themselves and others. Beyond this they can do as they please; be as wild as they please; make as much noise as they please; get as dirty as they please; eat what they like and leave what they don't like. In short, they may do just as children in private families do -- and I will add, such as have sensible parents."

Of course sensible parents must have patience with their children and that is what we have -- an inexhaustible amount of it. And that is the reason that our children feel at home with us, just as well as any child that lives under its own parental roof.

Concluding these lines I will add, that where there is any possibility to provide for a half-orphaned child so it can remain with its surviving parent, it should be done by all means. Full orphans ought to be taken care of in an institution, so that they can grow up together. No boarding home receiving pay for taking care of an orphan child can bring up a child as well as a good institution does.

Morbidity and Mortality Among Children

(March, 1908.)

"The vital statistics of the Cleveland Orphan Asylum show the achievement of results almost beyond belief. That five hundred children of from five to fifteen years of age, taken largely from the very poorest classes and the most unsanitary surroundings, can be cared for under one roof for a full year without a single death or even any cases of serious illness, seems at first glance to be absolutely impossible. Yet that is precisely what Dr. Wolfenstein and his associates are doing year by year. It is simply the accomplishing of miracles."

The above paragraph appeared a few weeks ago in the "American Israelite." I had to read it twice to convince myself that there was no question mark visible somewhere in one of its lines, nor an invisible question mark somewhere between the lines. I do not know whether the writer of the note quoted believes in miracles, but I can assure him that we are not working miracles in our institution. We are simply carrying out the plain demands of rational hygiene in the care of the children entrusted to our charge.

If I am not mistaken I read once in one of the sermons of Henry Ward Beecher how often is to the inscrutable wisdom of Providence attributed the cause of death of some innocent waif, while death was really caused by the rotten cabbages exhaling poison under the floors of the dirty room where the poor baby had to sleep.

It is a fact that thousands of human beings, especially children, are ailing and driven into death on account of the negligence and ignorance of those who ought to be their caretakers and protectors. Morbidity and mortality among children could and should be greatly diminished, if people would be better acquainted with all the sanitary measures required in raising children. It appeared to me it might be of interest as well as of profit to many of our readers to describe briefly how we are taking care of the physical development of our children.

Next to proper food is ample and good sleep, the most essential for the child and its growth and health. Our children sleep in large and airy rooms, in which for each child is provided about 450 cubic feet of air space. The air is kept constantly fresh by having the windows kept open all night, both in summer and winter. The children become easily used to the freshness of the air, though it might be sometimes considerably cool. They become restless when, in a rainy or stormy night, the watchman closes the windows to keep out rain or snow. Often I have seen children get up in the night, when the windows had been closed, to open them after the watchman had made his round, for they could not sleep unless they had fresh air. This, their desire, our children take along with them when they leave us, and their first troubles at home are to teach their folks how to sleep with open windows. With ample bed covering a child will never catch cold within a room, even if the temperature should fall as low as 50 degrees. Our sleeping rooms, the windows of which are also

kept wide open during the daytime, letting the sun act as the best disinfectant, are at the same temperature as the outside air in the night during summer and in winter never above 60 degrees. Our children go early to bed, the youngest ones as early as 7 o'clock and the older ones as a rule at 8 o'clock, and they rise at 6 in the morning. Every child ought to have from nine to ten hours sleep, starting early in the evening and not as is being the case with almost all people to permit children to keep late hours.

Within forty minutes the children are required to wash themselves and to get through with the toilet. Cold water running constantly fresh from the hydrants has to be used by the children, some of whom are taking a regular sponge bath. This is another feature our children are taking with them. As a rule they are coming to us afraid of water, especially of cold water, but they soon learn to know how much they are benefited and strengthened by its use. After a brief prayer, lasting not quite five minutes, the children are ready for their breakfast, consisting of a cereal, as a rule of rolled oats well cooked, with milk and fresh butter, not sweetened; coffee well mixed with milk; bread and butter or rolls. On Saturdays and holidays, instead of the cereal fresh home baked coffee cake.

Our children have four meals a day, breakfast, dinner, supper and a lunch between dinner and supper, consisting of fruit or a large piece of butter bread. Meat, only once a day—at dinner—lots of vegetables and stewed fruit and as great a variety as possible in the preparation of their meals without keeping any regularity week after week. Close observation of the children during their meals are our best means to preserve their health. A child not eating well is immediately looked after, and the cause of its poor appetite is investigated.

The child is placed under the care of the nurse, a physic is applied, its temperature is taken and as a rule, within a day or two the child is at its normal condition. If not, then a disease is being recognized at a very early stage and is treated with much better result. Our children are not robust, and we have a considerable percentage of morbidity, but by close attention to the wants of each child, especially when disease is threatening, we are diminishing the percentage of mortality, which is being considered marvelous, but which is perfectly natural and no miracle at all.

* * *

Nursing As a Desirable Profession

(August, 1907.)

“It is to be noticed that in recent years there has been an increase in the number of Jewish women studying to become nurses, and yet the increase is in no way as large as it should be. There is no nobler profession known to man or woman than that of nursing. It is a service of sacrifice. All the tender human virtues must be brought

into play. To minister to the wants of the sick and the suffering — what greater work can there be than this? To be sure it is no easy task, but the compensation that one receives in the knowledge that they are doing something to alleviate the sufferings of humanity must be a reward for all the arduous labor expended. It has been stated that no one can enter into the feeling of a Jew as can the Jew himself. Therefore it has been urged that only a Jew should be at the head of a Jewish institution that looks toward the alleviation of suffering Jews. It requires no long argument to prove this assertion. We may liberalize and humanitarianize as much as we will, all the liberalizing and humanitarianizing will not wipe away the difference that exists between the Jew and the non-Jew. It is a chasm psychologically unbridgeable. It shows itself even in the feeling of a non-Jew nurse in the Jewish sickroom. In the hour of sickness and of death the Jew wants to be surrounded by Jews. For this reason, if for no other, there ought to be a larger number of Jewish young women taking up nursing.”

To the above paragraph, written by Rabbi T. Shanfarber, in a recent number of the “American Israelite,” I want to add an extract from a letter written to me not long ago by one of our girls while training as nurse in a Catholic Hospital of a western city* She wrote: “. . . After a day of hard work I feel impelled to write to you and to tell you how grateful I felt today, that I am getting to be a nurse. We had in one of our wards a young man who had tuberculosis and did not improve. I had charge of him for several weeks and did all I could for his comfort; he knew that I was Jewish and I knew that he was of our people, but we never spoke about it until I was shifted to another ward, when he asked me to promise him that I would come to him when he would want me. Weeks passed and I only had a chance to send him occasionally a message, but yesterday morning one of the sisters told me that my former patient begged her to call me.” I obtained permission to see him and I immediately noticed the decided change in him. I tried to cheer him up but it was in vain. He knew he was dying and he told me so, begging me to remain with him. I told the head sister, who happened to be in the ward, that the young man was in a dying condition and she gave orders that the priest be called. I shall never forget the expression of the dying man when he heard the order of the sister. I explained the matter to the head sister, who rather disliked my interference, but when I told her that the patient was a Jew, who desired one of his own people to be with him, she kindly consented to let me remain with him. He looked the picture of peace when I administered to his wants; over and over we recited together “Sh’ma Yisroel,” and with his hand clasped in mine he breathed his last. I could hardly believe that he had expired. Oh, how I felt when I closed his eyes! Now, dear Doctor, don’t you think that it was a Godsend to the poor sufferer, having had a Jewish person with him in the hour of his dying? . . .”

I heartily coincide with Dr. Shanfarber, there ought to be a larger number of Jewish young women taking up nursing as a profession. While there are quite a number of our former wards who have become nurses, and others who are now in training, there ought to be of the J. O. A. graduates likewise a larger number pursuing this grand and

noble profession. Of course, not every woman is fitted to become a nurse, but there are many of our girls who have the necessary qualifications and could and should be nurses. Why is it that they are not in the profession? Having investigated this question I do not hesitate to publish what appears to me to stand as an answer and it might be seen where really the fault lies.

I found that Jewish young women desirous of training as nurses are not meeting with encouragement on the part of the authorities to pass upon their applications. There are a dozen or more Jewish hospitals in this country and among them are some of the largest and best equipped institutions of their kind. As far as I know, the heads of these Jewish hospitals, perhaps with the exception of one or two of the smaller hospitals, are all non-Jews. I can tell from experience that these Superintendents, Matrons or Head Nurses, or whatever their official title may be, have been turning down, whenever they possibly could, applications of Jewish young women.

I expect this will be denied by the respective authorities and Hospital Boards. It will be held that the reason for refusing to accept the applicants had been a supposed unfitness for the profession. Five of our former wards had been refused admission into Jewish hospitals and had been forced to enter, much to their dislike, Catholic institutions and city hospitals. Every one of them proved highly successful.

The reason for these refusals may be understood when I relate an incident that happened a good number of years ago. I desired to place one of our boys with a manufacturing concern. Calling on the proprietor, with whom I was well acquainted, he gave me no encouragement, and when I pressed the matter, highly recommending the boy, he said: "I will be candid with you, I dislike to take a Jewish boy." Noticing my astonishment, he added, before I had a chance to express my disgust: "You know me! I am not a Jew baiter. I am proud of having my best friends among your people, but I will tell you plainly why I do not want to employ a bright Jewish boy. It is because I do not want to raise a competitor."

In parenthesis I will add that he took the boy after all. The boy was his faithful employe until he had grown up to manhood and established himself in his own business. He is a competitor of his former boss, but they are the best of friends.

It appears to me that Dr. Shanfarber was most probably prompted to pen the paragraph quoted at the head of this article, knowing of the fact that Jewish hospitals have at their heads non-Jewish people.

I argued with a gentleman occupying a most influential position at the head of a Jewish charity organization, claiming that a certain head nurse who had been repeatedly accused of partiality against Jewish attendants, though she might be very able and well qualified for her position, ought not to be tolerated in a Jewish institution.

The accusation was qualified and I was told that there are no Jewish nurses to be found who had the executive ability to be at the head of a training school. The same reason was given when a new

Jewish institution in the East, the first one of its kind, was opened and a non-Jew placed at its head. The reason is not founded upon facts. There are able and capable Jewish people, women and men as well, who have all qualifications required for positions given to non-Jews, who are not in sympathetic touch with the people for whom they have come to care.

There is an old saying: "Familiarity breeds contempt." Is it perhaps for that reason that Jewish men and women occupying salaried professional positions are not held in that esteem by the powers to be, as these very high dignitaries are holding non-Jews occupying such positions?

There are other reasons answering the question: Why there are not more Jewish women active as trained nurses. In trying to point them out I must confess from the start that I have to touch upon a weak spot in the makeup of the Jew of today. Nobody can accuse the Jew of not being charitable. We can point with pride to the liberality of Jews in providing for all public and private charities, Jewish as well as non-Jewish. Two sisters representing one of our Catholic hospitals, calling on me regularly when selling tickets for some beneficial entertainment of their hospital, told me but recently: "The Jewish people are our best patrons." While this is true that the Jew is ready and willing to give and to give liberally, it is likewise a fact that the modern Jew is apt to shirk personal service and active work in alleviating the wants of the needy and suffering. The spirit which leads many Christian people to engage in active work of charity, be they Catholic sisters or Protestant deaconesses, is not known among us Jews. Those who devote their lives to practical work of philanthropy for "the sake of Christ" are certainly deserving our esteem and respect, especially if they are free from proselyting motives, which, I am sorry to say, is not often the case. This is just exactly the reason why such spirit is missing among us Jews. Only ignorance of the past of the Jew as of the spirit of the Jewish laws and customs could maintain that the Jew is lacking in aptness or ability for the execution of practical philanthropic works.

In olden days personal service in attending to the sick, to the dying and the dear was considered with us Jews holy work and I do hope that it will continue to be so considered by us at all times. To teach and to demonstrate this ought to be one of the great objects of our pulpits, our religious schools and the Jewish press.

Our spiritual guides ought to give an example of unselfishness in their work, and I am confident the true Jewish spirit of olden days will be revived. That spirit which was exemplified in the name of "Chevra Kadisha" or the holy brotherhood given to those who did personal service to the sick and the dying.

* This girl is today Superintendent of the Leo N. Levi Memorial Hospital at Hot Springs, Ark.

Problems in Every Day Life

There is probably no household in the country in which it is not a constant problem, how to arrange the daily menu. Rich people with whom the question of cost does not count at all have the same worry about what to have for the three daily meals, as those who have to count the cents in buying food for kitchen and table. The daily papers have been taking up this troublesome problem and are devoting almost every day several columns to giving advice to housewives, how to prepare at moderate figures well tasting and nutritious meals. I venture to doubt, whether many housekeepers have ever been or are benefited by those menu cards and recipes. Every household has its own conditions and circumstances, which the good housewife has to consider and keep in view in order to give satisfaction to her family. The household of a large institution, sheltering many many hundreds of children offers to the managers serious problems in the mode and manner of feeding their wards, problems which are to a certain extent only depending upon economic conditions—but more so upon the desire of giving to those who are to be fed a pleasant variety of food, which should be wholesome and nutritious.

Several books and pamphlets have been published in recent years devoted to the subject of "Dietaries for Charitable Institutions." They are worth being read and studied by Matrons of Homes and Asylums. A good deal might be learned from these writings in a scientific way about the nutritious values of all kinds of food stuffs, but as a whole they will help very little in the practical carrying out of preparing meals for children.

The same may be said of a chapter on "Dietary and Food Interests," in a book which recently has been published by Dr. Reeder, the Superintendent of the New York Orphan Asylum at Hastings on Hudson, New York, under the title, "How Two Hundred Children Live and Learn." It is a very interesting book and describes in an ideal way, how on a farm in the country, in eight cottages, 200 orphan children are reared.

My grandmother used to say, it depends altogether with what spectacles we are looking upon this world. Dr. Reeder surely looks through rose tinted glasses upon the work of the orphans under his care. To a good extent he is entitled to do so, for he has such advantages to offer to his wards, as perhaps no other Asylum has. I was very interested in the book, and especially in the chapter relating to diet, but I could not find one single practical feature, which could help us in our Home to solve our feeding problem.

Mr. Reeder censures and rightly so, what he calls "the unfortunate feature of the prescribed daily menu, which the children learn to know by heart." We have done away with that long ago. Our children hardly ever know what they will have for dinner, unless when some of them during the forenoon school recess try to peep into the kitchen windows to find out, what the cook is preparing. Many a time though, they are fooled by the kitchen folks—especially by the girls who happen to be busy in the kitchen and when at noon they come into

the dining room, they manifest their surprise by ah's and oh's, and all kinds of tumultuous expressions of joy.

We are changing our menu continually. There is hardly ever a week following another, without that some change is made in the schedule of meals, but after all we are limited—as is every household—to a certain number of various food products, and therefore we have before us constantly some problem to solve in the feeding of our children.

It may be interesting to many of our readers to get an insight into this part of our work, which is of greater importance than anything else which we are doing for our children. I shall not dwell upon generalities merely, by stating that we are giving our children wholesome and nutritious food, but I shall give all the details possible of our dietary.

First of all I will say, that we are buying of every article the best that can be had. No inferior brand of any foodstuff can be delivered to our storerooms. We are not taking bids from grocers or butchers for the supply of foodstuffs. We go into the market and buy choice goods at wholesale prices. Bread, milk and coal are the only articles which are contracted for by the year. We have no steward. The Superintendent has entire charge of the buying under supervision and by advice of the Committee on Supplies. The Matrons receive the goods and are responsible for their proper delivery as to quality and weight and their safe keeping in the storerooms as well as their proper use in the kitchen. Having no facilities to bake our own bread we contract by the year for its supply, with the best baker of the city. He delivers to us daily fresh baked rye and white bread, and three times a week for breakfast, crisp rolls for all children. There is no household in our city which has better bread and rolls than we have.

Our milk is furnished by the best dairy concern in town, and is certified as to its wholesomeness. Our meats are delivered to us by the firm of Morris & Co. of Chicago, and are all year through of prime quality.

I am mentioning all this before going into details, because in speaking of the feeding of children in institutions, Dr. Reeder says in his book: "The child is the victim first of the grocer and butcher, who wish the institutional trade and are obliged to secure it by competitive bids, afterwards delivering inferior goods, etc., and, second, the child is the victim of indifferent and easy going cooks."

Our head cook is with us for many years and it is well known that she and her helpers are more concerned about the children's meals than about those of the Superintendent's and the teachers' staff.

We are trying to feed our children as were they at home with parents of fair means. Our cooking is what is called in German "Hausmanskost," and of course we are keeping "Kosher" and separate milk from meat-food. We give our children three meals daily, breakfast, dinner and supper, and between dinner and supper, at about 3 p. m. a lunch consisting of fruit, as a rule apples, as long as they can be had, or we give them bread with syrup or molasses, which is much relished by the children. The very young children receive a light

lunch also in the morning between breakfast and dinner, likewise so children, who come to us underfed or who are below the normal weight, and are kept under special diet. They are provided with milk twice a day, between the meals. Our breakfast consists of a cereal, rolls, bread and butter and a cup of coffee. The coffee is of good quality, one-third of milk and two-thirds of coffee. On Saturday and holidays are added or rather given in place of the cereal, fresh baked homemade "Zimmet cake." The cereals we are using are oatmeal of best quality, every week fresh from the mills, farina and maple flakes, to all of which ample sugar is provided. Eggs we have only in the spring season, but a considerable quantity of eggs is used in the preparation of various kinds of meals.

Dr. Reeder taboos the use of coffee and tea for children. As regards to tea I agree with him, and we have been continually diminishing the use of tea and contemplate to abandon it altogether. We have been using it four to five times a week at supper, but are replacing it with milk and cocoa. During the warm weather we discard the use of oatmeal, also the use of coffee, serving to the children cold milk, but they quickly tire of it, and prefer coffee any time. Our dinner at noon is the main meal, and the only meal, when we serve the children meats. It consists as a rule, as is the case in most German families, of soup, meat, vegetables, salad, bread and once or twice a week, pie or pastry. We have a good variety of soups prepared of potatoes, vegetables, meal of peas, beans or lentils; at festive occasions, noodle soup, always well seasoned and palatable.

Our meat is as a rule beef, pot roast style, or hamburger steak. Irish stew is a very favorite dish, made of mutton, beef and potatoes, with the necessary ingredients of onions, parsley and tomatoes. Poultry, chicken, geese and turkey, are served at festive occasions. Vegetables, of which we are using every variety the season brings, and in the winter in the form of canned goods, are not relished by all children. Potatoes they like in any form, also corn green from the cob, and canned corn, creamed.

Salads of all kinds are always relished and are served almost daily, cole slaw, dill pickles, string beans, catsup, all homemade, are very desirable relishes. Every two weeks, we serve in place of beef various kinds of sausage. Pastries we have once or twice a week, pies and puddings of all kinds, all homemade. The only problem is the supper, which we desire to be of light, though nourishing food, of which there is not much of a variety, and we have to rely on stewed fruits, prunes, apricots, peaches, homemade biscuits and milk. Berries during their short season are highly appreciated and liberally given to the children with cream and sugar.

Dr. Reeder states rightly, there is no better practical test of an institution dietary, than the record of the growth of the children. We are watching this closely, and while the children coming to us are almost, without exception, below the average weight, they are picking up after but a few months living with us, sometimes just wonderfully, gaining within three or four weeks, from five to eight pounds in weight, gradually reaching normal height and weight, and in many instances, in fact it is the case with half of our children,

they are getting above the standard average weight, but not, or rarely above the average height.

In writing this article, it had been our intention to point out the various problems we have to solve in our every day life as regards to the feeding of the children under our care. I could not leave unmentioned one, which, no doubt is troubling many a parent, and which is the fastidiousness of many children, who have so many likes and dislikes in eating. It is rather remarkable that children, who are coming from the most modest and poorest of homes should be so choicy in their meals, as we often are meeting it among our children. When coming to us, many of them have been so accustomed to an unnutritious diet, that they have to learn to eat and drink nutritious food, but some are obstinately refusing to touch the best of food-stuffs. While we are trying to wean them of their fastidiousness, we are by no means forcing any child to eat what it does not like. They can do as suits them best, and what I hardly need to add, for it is well known, they can talk, chat and laugh at their meals, as much as they want.

We have to console ourselves with the thought and the conviction that in time to come all of them will have to solve the problems which life will present to them and in all probability they will remember how these problems were solved in their childhood's home.



The Physical Condition of Orphaned Children

Under this heading, we found a rather interesting article in the "American Hebrew" of February 4. It contained a report of the annual meeting of the Hebrew Sheltering Guardian Society of New York, which was held recently.

Mr. Lewisohn, the President of the Society, in speaking of the children admitted to the Orphan Asylum, which is under the charge of the Society, Dr. L. Bernstein being the Superintendent, and stating that they came to them ill-fed and undernourished, makes the following remarks:

"Thanks to the efforts of our house-physician, Dr. Gerschel, we have undertaken a study of weights and heights of our children who are abnormally conditioned. Glancing at the causes of the committment of these children to our Asylum, we find the following: In 20 per cent of our cases the children were committed to us because of tuberculosis in one or both parents. In 10 per cent of the cases, insanity was mentioned as the particular cause of committment. In 23 per cent of the cases, children were committed because of the removal of one of the parents to some unknown hospital, because of chronic disease. In other words, the homes of 447 children out of 830 were broken up because of sickness in the family. I have no reason to assume that the causes of committment to other Jewish Orphan Asylums differ materially from ours. If this is so, you can readily understand why the children show such a remarkably low standard

of weights and heights at the time of their admission, why they are devitalized, and why they need the most exceptional care for purposes of recuperation."

The heavy faced type in the last sentence are ours and we shall state in the course of this article, more reasons for the emphasis we place on them.

We were very glad to learn that the proper scientific methods are pursued in the great New York institution, methods which have been guiding us in our Asylum for many years past. The President of the New York institution in speaking of the admission of orphans to their Asylum uses the expression "commitment." Some of our readers may not know, that in the state and city of New York, orphans and dependent children are committed by the Court to the Orphan Asylum of the various denominations. The city of New York, as well as the state, paying to each institution about \$120.00 per year for each child, and as a matter of course keeping the institution under their supervising control, so that these Asylums are really city or state institutions. We found in the report of the Treasurer that the entire expenses of the last year aggregated \$167,247.00, while the city paid to the institution \$111,857.00, giving besides free schooling and books to the children in the New York Public Schools. Accordingly, the Jewish community of New York contributed toward the maintenance of the institution the amount of about \$56,000.00. We mention this only as a news item, most probably known only to a few of our readers.

We want to return to the subject we have in view in penning this article. The President of the New York Asylum is correct in his assumption, that the causes for admission of children in Orphan Asylums are everywhere the same. Homes were broken up by death or disease, or tragedies, in which insanity and suicides are prominent features. It is not a pleasant task to place on record all the unfortunate conditions, which brought many of our children into our sheltering care. In fact it has been suggested to me by people of true and genuine motives of philanthropy, that the publishing of such sad statistics is apt to cause a prejudice against the wards of Orphan Asylums, which might be of harm to them in their future lives. Should this be the case, as we hope it will not, we would have to give up all sensible work of mending ills, and wrongs emanating from our so complicated social conditions.

Facts remain facts, whether they are concealed or made known. We cannot heal any malady unless we know how it was caused and what is the bottom of its existence.

Children placed in our care are as a rule — to express it in figures — fully 90 per cent — in an abnormal state, both physically and mentally. This fact is overlooked by those who are opposing the existence of Orphan Asylums and are favoring the placing out of orphans into families. These abnormal children need the care of trained hands and minds to restore them into normal conditions. We fully agree with the view expressed in the sentence, which we quoted in heavy faced type and repeat it: These children need the most exceptional care for purposes of recuperation.

It takes years of study and observation to handle children, whose bodies and minds have been neglected and crippled by so many and such unfortunate conditions of their ancestors. Only professional people are able to do justice to such children. This, and this only is the reason that we are in favor of keeping this class of dependent children in homes established for their rearing and education. As a matter of course we expect that people who are in charge of such homes be educated and trained for such work. We expect that they are devoted to the trying task they assumed to carry out with the very best that is in them.



Scientific Charity

(February, 1907.)

This is the age of science. Everything now is scientific, from astronomy to baseball. It is therefore but natural and right that charity should be made a subject of scientific study and investigation, and yet one cannot but regret to observe to what a great extent sentiment is being eliminated from charity by our reformers and scientific charity workers.

In the "good old days" the Schmorrer regarded himself as a benefactor of mankind on the principle that it is more blessed to give than to receive. Today the giver makes his donation to the Federation of Charities, regards it as a tax, as a sort of imposition on his good nature, and reduces his subscription on any plausible pretext. He is not in touch with any of the charities which he helps to support. He places the blessings of giving in the same category as the blessing of observing the dietary laws; as being out of date. Yet the Federations of Charity are the logical outcome of our economic conditions, have their decided advantages, and, like the trusts, have probably come to stay. It is not concerning them, but another phase of Scientific Charity, about which I should like to make some observations, that is the attitude of our reformers in regards to "dependent children."

Aristotle, the first great student of social science, already made the observation that the welfare of the State depended upon the wholesome development of the family life. This is generally admitted to be true and is regarded by most authorities as a fundamental fact. Starting with this, the charity scientist reasons: "It is normal and good for children to be raised in families. Dependent children are children. Therefore it is normal and good for them to be raised in families." This sounds like a good syllogism according to the rules of logic. But it may be objected that it is neither normal nor good nor right for children to be dependent (using this term throughout as meaning dependent on any but their natural guardians). It is no fault of theirs, nor in most cases of their parents, that they are dependent, but is due to the faults and injustices of our social system. It therefore, of course, behooves us to try to correct and improve our social system, but in the meantime the fact remains that we have these children on our hands, and the question is: How are they to be taken care of?

But it is logically proven that they should be placed in families! Modern science, however, demands a verification of even a logically proven theory.

Adam Smith in his "Wealth of Nations" has shown by most logical arguments that free trade is economically the best thing for the world in general and each nation in particular. Yet England, after being on a free trade basis for many years, is seriously considering introducing "protection." It has found that free trade has put it at a disadvantage to other nations. So that experience has shown that while free trade is correct in theory, its general application will have to be postponed until the world becomes more nearly perfect than it now is.

The value of the plan of "placing out children" must be determined not by the idea that it is theoretically correct, but by its results—results in comparison with those of the other mode of dealing with dependent children, namely in institutions. Statistics of both plans are unfortunately scarce. Yet from our own almost complete records, and from what we know of other Asylums, I think that we can fairly claim that these institutions are rearing men and women, who in the vast majority of cases become self-supporting, and an asset to the State; while the number of criminals which they raise is no greater than the proportion in the rest of the community.

What about the "placing out" plan? There are no available statistics. None seem to be wanted. In fact, in the meetings and journals of our scientific charity workers there seems to be a very unscientific spirit of trying to hush up any information on the subject. We have, however, received some light on the matter from an unexpected source.

A few years ago a bill was introduced in the Ohio Legislature requiring any person or institution bringing a dependent child into the State to give a bond of ten thousand dollars for each child as a security against its becoming a State charge. As this would have required us to give bond to the extent of almost four million dollars, we, of course, protested and made inquiries of the framer of the bill as to its intention. We discovered that the bill was in no wise directed against us, but against certain societies which placed out orphans, the New York Juvenile Society in particular. This society places children in families throughout the country and it was discovered that many of those placed in Ohio were eventually found in our reformatories and other penal institutions. And what is more natural? The altruistic directors of these societies are unwilling to take these children into their own families. What do they expect of ordinary people? They take the children as cheap labor in many cases, or at all events they are not willing to take the trouble or exercise the patience with them that they would with their own children. Therefore these foster children usually run away and soon become State charges, and often criminals.

Other societies for placing out children may have better results, but the burden of proof rests upon the advocates of this plan.

Our reformers ought to keep in mind that our "Homes" for children are established institutions, which, with all their unavoidable imperfec-

tions, are doing a necessary work to the best of their ability, and producing results on the whole not unfavorable; while their plans are as yet experiments, which have still to prove their efficiency.

Suppose that twenty-five years ago a physician had declared that he intended to treat his cases of diphtheria with some form of antitoxine, as being to his mind the proper method of treatment. We should say that this physician was right and that it is due to such progressive men that we possess the blessings of diphtheria antitoxine. Suppose, however, that this physician, insisting upon using his still ineffective serum, allowed his patients to choke to death, refusing to avail himself of the then accepted and to some degree effective means of treating diphtheria, as being theoretically wrong. Should we not regard such a man as a dangerous fanatic?

Yet the attitude of some of our charity reformers is not much less unreasonable. Their work seems often to be actuated by the love of their theories rather than by humanity or even good common sense. When charity has become so scientific that children become cases rather than beings with senses and emotions, it is doubtful whether charity is any longer a suitable name to give to their work.

In conclusion just one concrete example. Supposing a child has been placed in four or five different families within a couple of years. Is it reasonable to suppose that it has been very favorably influenced by its experience of family life? Might not an unprejudiced observer declare that such a child has been experimented on sufficiently and that humanity demanded that it be placed in an Asylum, where it might at least have a happy childhood? For I know that our "Homes" can give the children enough happiness that they leave them with a sufficient love for their Alma Mater to be a moral stay to them throughout life.

L. W.

* * *

Individuality

(November, 1909.)

For years the charge has been made, that Orphan Asylums destroy the individuality of their inmates and prevent them from being sufficiently self-reliant when they have to face the outside world. We do not know upon what ground these charges have been made. In all probability those who started to make these charges were led to their expression by visiting one Orphan Asylum or the other for an hour or two and being unfavorably impressed with the way the orphan children are reared in these institutions, they came to these conclusions. Before reaching any valid conclusion, one must first collect all the evidence. One ought then to have before them, more or less complete statistics showing that children raised in Orphan Asylums are lacking in individuality. What sort of statistics might these be? How can one judge that this property is lacking. If the records would show that men and women raised in Orphan Asylums do not succeed in life, as well as the average, or that they are one-sided in their activities or that they are in some unfavorable manner different than the rest, the charge that the institutions are injuring them in

some way, be it through destruction of individuality or otherwise, would be justified. But there are no statistics, except those of our own institution. Our practically complete records of over 2,000 graduates show, that our Alumni are doing quite as well as the average people and that they are represented in almost every possible vocation. They are laborers and mechanics, they are found in every variety of mercantile pursuit, they are on the pulpit and on the stage, at the bar, and in the clinic; in short their pursuits are as varied as the division of labor renders possible. Most of them become married at the average age; but we have our old maids and our bachelors. Most of them are good, useful citizens, but we have a few girls who have gone wrong and a few boys in jail. There doesn't seem to have been any individuality destroyed in our Home. Hence, we return to our statement that these charges are made on a priore reasoning.

People who visit institutions, and observing their methods, conclude that a training of such kind must result in the loss of individuality. Such reasoning is deceptive. Things which strike the casual visitor as a defect, or which the theoretical thinker deems a grievous fault, may be a matter of slight importance. Many people regard the wearing of uniform clothing as something which tends seriously to influence a child's individuality. As a matter of fact, it seems not to have the slightest influence in this direction on our children. It is simply a measure to prevent jealousy and partiality. Moreover, the average critic over estimates the influence of even the severest discipline on the development of a child's individuality. Because, under the military regime of many institutions, he sees the child subdued, quiet, cowed and unnatural, he reasons that all its character has been driven out of it, that the child is only the automaton that it temporarily seems to be.

We do not advocate any such discipline at all. We try to let our children have all the freedom possible, and their behavior is sufficiently spontaneous to satisfy the most carping critics. In fact, in visiting other institutions, where the discipline is of the strictest, we have frequently been much depressed at the sight of those poor children, and we have even expressed the thought that they might be happier roaming in the streets in rags, than sitting motionless in their spotless clothes. And yet there is something to be said in defense of the Superintendents, Matrons and Managers of these institutions. It is often not their fault. In some cases the institutions are so large and the population so rapidly changing that the military method is the only one feasible. Then again the Trustees and Directors are always anxious to make a good showing. Everything must look nice and neat. They give praise when all the floors are spotless. Their criticism is seldom directed to the children's welfare, but rather to appearances. They find fault if a child is dirty, criticise the children's table manners, and other similar things of extremely superficial value to their wards' welfare. We know of an instance in which a Directress of an institution, upon finding a piece of broken toy on the floor of one of the corridors, sent for the matron and told her indignantly that such things cannot be tolerated to occur in a well-conducted institution. Now the active workers usually depend upon their positions or their

comfort on the good will of the Trustees and hence have to fulfill their wishes.

In small institutions, however, these methods are unjustifiable and even in larger ones they are capable of much mitigation. We were once at a large institution and feeling really uncomfortable at the awful quietness there prevailing, we remarked about it to the Superintendent, who replied that he couldn't stand any noise. A man of this sort has no business to hold such a position.

Having stated that we do not believe strict discipline causes the loss of individuality, it is evident that we heartily disapprove of this kind of training for some other reasons. We believe that every child is entitled to a happy childhood and to the remembrance of a home to which it looks back with pleasure on this account. Such a home is a moral stay and support throughout life and the thought of it continues as an uplifting force. We have girls among our alumnae who have confessed that they would have gone wrong under the stress of hardship and temptation, but for the fear of bringing disgrace upon their old Home. We have boys, who were tramps, who returned home to us like the prodigal son. This love for their Home is an active force for good, which we have implanted in them, it is an important element of their environment, which in many a case has a vital influence upon the course of their lives. But has it had any decided influence upon their individuality? Fortunately or unfortunately we must answer no. Neither for good nor for bad.

For we are not worshippers of individuality. We do not believe that it is something sacred, a *noli me tangere*. We often wish that we could influence individuality to a greater extent than we are able. For what after all is individuality? The dictionary defines it as that quality or aggregate of qualities which distinguishes one person from another. Are all the qualities necessarily desirable? A curvature of the spine is a point of individuality. Is it something holy, which must not be disturbed? On the contrary, it is a thing which we try to correct. We put it into the hands of a most skillful orthopedist and spare neither time, energy nor money in trying to correct it. But, alas, we seldom succeed in remedying the matter to any extent.

Our children come to us frequently with many a mental and moral curvature. Should we foster them? Or ought we not to attempt to the best of our ability to correct them? We do try, but alas, our efforts are usually almost barren of results. It is a fad nowadays to say that all children are good naturally and that only their environment makes them bad. It is almost incredible that anyone of real experience should make such a statement. Anyone who follows up the life of children from their early boyhood until they reach man or womanhood, must be convinced that an individual is primarily and superlatively that which he is born and will eventually possess the qualities which he had inherited, only slightly modified by environment. Environment may greatly chance the course of his life, but it will only slightly alter his character or individuality.

Let us cite two cases. Case No. 1. A family consisting of a brother and a sister, who were with us from early childhood. Family history shows that the parents were of good, wholesome stock,

honorable and respectable. Only through foreign persecutions and unforeseen illness did the children become dependent. The children grow up and as they become older they already display a foreshadowing of the good qualities they have inherited, discernable at least to the expert eye. They leave each, about the age of fifteen. They start life at the lowest round of the ladder, earning at first not more than provides for necessities. But early they show a spirit of independence. In spite of the fact that they must live in poor surroundings, in anything but favorable environment, they do not ask assistance but insist upon making their own way to success. Everybody trusts and respects them, and says they will make their mark in the world. They regard their old home not only with affection (which is common) but even with gratitude (which is rare). And we—point to them with pride. For we feel that a part of their success is due to us. Without the education we have given them, without the good influence of their childhood's home, they would certainly have had to be satisfied with a much lowlier station, with a much narrower life, than they now enjoy. And yet we must admit that even under the most unfavorable circumstances, this brother and sister would have developed sterling characters, it is their inheritance.

Now, case No. 2. It is also a brother and sister, who came to us almost as babies. The family history shows that the father deserted the family and that the mother was—the less said the better. They grew up under the same wholesome influences as those in case No. 1. They were not especially troublesome and displayed more than the average amount of intelligence. As they reached puberty, they began to show the unfortunate traits of individuality which they inherited. They leave us each at about the age of fifteen years. The boy is discharged from one place after another, for impudence, laziness, carelessness, lack of punctuality, etc. Special care is taken to keep him in a favorable environment and out of temptation. Some people take a special interest in him, keep him at their home and treat him as one of the family. But he does not improve, his individuality is developing and by and by he is arrested for theft. With the girl we have a similar story. We have an unusual opportunity to place her in an excellent environment. She leaves us innocent of evil, she is removed from temptation and yet people who knew her mother say: "Isn't she just the picture of her mother?" Unfortunately the resemblance is more than skin deep: she is one of our black sheep.

In this case we have two children with a moral curvature, so to speak. We have done what we could to straighten it, we have given them a happy home as a brace for life, and yet we have not succeeded in curing the deformity. It may have been worse without the care we have bestowed upon them, but in spite of all measures, there it remains, the same curvature, which they received as an inheritance and whose essential outlines are not changed. For the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children!

These to be sure are two extreme cases. But we have every graduation between them, all indicating the same fact, that individuality is essentially inherited. This is what might naturally be expected from the laws of evolution and that is what experience shows to be the truth.

And now, while not wishing to belittle the harm that is done to children by military discipline, we want to point out from another point of view that the injury does not consist of the destruction of individuality. In institutions in which children stay only a short time, this is often the only discipline to which they are amenable. They come to it as little savages and only in this way can they be taught habits of cleanliness, orderliness, and decency. But even the best of children display little individuality. They represent the savage type and are on the whole decidedly homogeneous in character compared to adults. Like savages they are lazy, cruel, selfish, unreliable and untruthful. They are nothing like the little angels described in story books. On account of our natural love for children, we attribute to them any number of good qualities which they by no means possess. Just as all babies look very much alike, so all children from the ages of five to twelve have mental and moral qualities so similar, that it is hard to speak of any individuality. Some are brighter than others, but seldom remarkably so. It is unusual for any child of this age to display any decided taste or talent. Some are better than others but the moral superiority is never very astonishing. Only as they approach the age of puberty do their inherited traits begin to develop, and even then it is difficult for anyone but an expert to discriminate between harmless mischief and inborn viciousness. In short, institutions cannot do much to destroy individuality in children, largely because it is difficult to destroy that which does not exist.

It is during the time between puberty and maturity that a person's individuality really develops, and at this period much more harm can be done, if the growth of the natural good traits are interfered with. It is then that a child develops a spirit of independence and self-reliance. If the child at this age is guided too much, if he has too much support and is not left to a large extent on his own resources, it is then that he develops a trait of dependence. This is not a theoretical reflection, but is based on our own experience, with those boys and girls, who after their confirmation still remain entirely under our supervision. Hence in those institutions or societies which look after children until they reach maturity, it seems likely that the charge is true, that their wards lack self-reliance, when they are left to their own resources.

To sum up our argument, we maintain, firstly that the charge that institutional training destroys the individuality of children is unfounded, for statistics such as we have do not prove it; secondly, that individuality is essentially inherited and can only be slightly modified by training of any kind; thirdly, that children have little if any individuality to destroy; fourthly, that strict military discipline is on the whole vicious, but for an entirely different reason; fifthly and finally, that much more harm can be done to the development of a child's individuality between the age of puberty and maturity than before this period.

L. W.

The Cottage Plan

(December, 1908.)

At the last quarterly meeting of our Board, held, October 17, 1908, the following resolution was passed:

“That the Local Board of Cleveland be requested and authorized to consider and deliberate upon the feasibility of a plan to remove the institution from its present site to some other location and to ascertain which in their opinion would be better or more advantageous, to conduct the institution by the so-called cottage plan, or as it is done now by the congregate plan, and eventually to devise ways and means how to carry out the plan they might consider feasible, and, if possible, report thereon at the next meeting.”

Thereon appeared in the “American Hebrew” of New York the following editorial item:

“The cottage system appears to be making way among Jewish Orphan Asylums. That of Cleveland, which has flourished so well under the able guidance of Dr. Wolfenstein, is now considering the desirability of introducing the cottage system. It has been found that the congregate plan tends to destroy the individuality of the orphans and prevents them from being sufficiently self-reliant when forced to face the outside world. The cottage plan attempts to reintroduce the home training so far as this is possible with foster parents. The decision of the Cleveland authorities will be awaited with interest. The congregate plan has been tried under the best of auspices in Cleveland, and, if it fails there, the superiority of the cottage plan seems assured.”

Apparently the writer of this item is under the impression that the resolution passed by our Board was intended to change the mode and manner of conducting our institution in order to replace it with the “cottage system.” Thus he drew the inference that the reason for this intended move lies in the fact that the congregate plan was or is a failure. But this inference is utterly wrong. In my quarterly report submitted to our Board in April, 1907, I requested the Board to look into the advisability of moving our institution into the country, calling their attention to the material changes, which have occurred in our surroundings during the last ten years. In my annual report, submitted July, 1908, I stated:

“Due to the influence of our surroundings, quite a number of our children need constant correction,” and I continued, saying: “I am confident that a change in our location will be greatly helpful in the proper rearing of our children.”

If conditions around our location were the same as they had been up to fifteen years ago, we would not for a moment think of removing to another place. We have been and are conducting our Asylum by the congregate plan, and, I believe, we can and dare say that it was and is in no way a failure, but that we have been and are fully successful in our work. The “American Hebrew” maintains “it has been found that the congregate plan tends to destroy the individuality

of the orphans." That might be the case in some institutions, I will admit, but to infer therefrom that it is necessarily so, is false.

Because in institutions where many children are together the children act like machines, the conclusion is jumped at that the fact that many children are together is the cause for it.

Sometime ago, I visited an Orphan Asylum conducted under the cottage system, and I found the children there subdued, quiet, walking around like grown up people. I did not see a child run or jump. They did not act natural, but I did not, and would not infer, that this was due to the cottage system. The fault can be easily discovered by proper investigation of, and probing into the ways and manners used in rearing of these orphan children.

The children in our Home are just exactly like other children are, or rather, as children ought to be. This is due to the way and manner we are keeping them.

In a paper which I read several years ago before the Chicago Social Service Club, I described thus our mode of taking care of our children: "I put no unnecessary restraint upon our children. As much as possible I let them do as they like. The rules of the house are only such natural ones as prevail in every well regulated family. Our children are required to be punctual, helpful and polite. They are taught to respect property and other people's rights, and to avoid injury to themselves and others. Beyond this they can make noise as they please; get dirty as they please; eat what they like and leave what they don't like; in short, they may do just as children in private families do, and, I will add, such as have sensible parents."

We can point with fullest satisfaction to the results of our work. It does not require any praise on our part, neither do we want to boast of it. Competent people expressed their opinion on the value and proficiency of our work in unqualified terms of acclamation and praise.

It is for this reason that many members of our Board are not looking favorably upon the project of changing our mode of rearing our children. While it seems to be desirable to have a small group of children, twenty-five or thirty or forty, under one roof and under the charge of a Matron or married couple, it is questionable whether better results or even as good ones could or would be reached than are reached by us under the present system.

There is no Jewish Orphan Asylum in existenece which works under the cottage plan, and the very few non-Jewish institutions of this kind are of but recent organization, offering hardly any material for comparison.

As mentioned, I visited a few years ago an Orphan Asylum working under the cottage system, which did not impress me favorably. I saw eight cottages of twenty-five children each. There were cottages for boys only, and others for girls only, and I asked myself where is the improvement as to the feature of family life? Brothers and sisters separated even while in the same institution! How different with us! Brothers and sisters playing together, and living together as the members of one family! And even those who have no brother or

sister become attached to each other in our Home, like brothers and sisters, while they are living here under our care, and many years afterwards, aye for a life time.

Another thing I saw was that in one of the cottages the older girls were looking after the household, because the cottage mother had left, and for the time no successor had been secured in her place. This certainly is a grave matter and it is very questionable with me, whether proper people could be gotten to take charge of the cottages, especially among the Jewish people. And then comes the matter of expenses for conducting such an institution.

In the state of New York a commission had been appointed a year ago to select a site for a state training school for boys, and to elaborate all necessary plans for opening of such a school for 800 boys. They have just published their report in book form, and I shall state briefly their estimates for expenditures:

A tract of 500 acres land.....	\$110,000.00
50 Dormitory Cottages for 16 boys each.....	550,000.00
Other buildings, schools, hospitals, etc.....	640,000.00
Cost of maintenance per year.....	198,400.00
or \$248.00 per capita.	

Our per capita expenses last year have been \$186.00. Accordingly in case we should make a change from the congregate plan to the cottage plan it would entail an increase of at least 30 per cent above our present expenses, not counting in the interest on the investment in land and buildings.

All of these points will have to be carefully considered in order to reach the proper conclusions to guide us in our future actions.
S. W.

* * *

Seder At Our Home

(April, 1904.)

To a modern American Jew who still loves the faith of his fathers, it must be a source of much satisfaction to partake of the Seder at our Home.

It is not in many places that he can find his ancient ceremony performed by a company of five hundred or more men, women and children—in fact mostly children.

It is not in many places—indeed it were safe to say not in any place—that he can find it performed more joyfully; for the Seder is the pinnacle of delight to our children, looked forward to the year round as “the best night in the year.”

Should this modern American Jew still hope for the preservation of his people in this country, and believe that his faith and its symbols and ceremonies are a means to effect this preservation, he must be buoyed up with hopes while witnessing this service.

Judaism is indeed alive and vigorous with our children. Its recurring festivals are to them a source of solemn pleasure and pure delight, looked forward to with eagerness and welcomed like dear friends.

Of how many American Jewish children can one say as much?—or rather how long can one say it? Such festivals and celebrations as are dear to the children of the American born Jew, are not Jewish festivals and celebrations. Pesach, Seder, Succoth, Purim—they are hardly more than names to them. They celebrate only Easter, Fourth of July, Christmas and Thanksgiving.

The disintegrating influence of our country is surely operating upon our race; as it is upon the other races which inhabit it. The second or at most the third generation of American born Jews, have already lost their religion, one of the strongest strands in the bond which holds us together. Therefore must he who wishes for the defeat of this disintegrating power—as it operates upon our people—witness with hope our Seder service. Therefore must he witness it with high hope, since those who participate in it, though mostly, are not all of them children. A goodly number of them are young men and women, former pupils of our institution, and they never lose an opportunity of celebrating with us. This is a hopeful sign.

To be sure a sceptic might not lay a high religious value upon their presence attributing it rather to affection for the Home and a renewal of happy memories. He might point out that they work on the Sabbath and eat the forbidden and spend their best energies in trying to make as much money as possible, quite like their non-Jewish neighbors. Others again might decry our Seder entirely as being incomplete or unorthodox—for is not piety, like everything else in this world, entirely relative?

But quibblers there will ever be. Let them quibble. For us it is enough to know that an ancient and beautiful Jewish service is still alive and blooming among us—our pupils and former pupils. And we chose to be pleased thereat and to gather hope therefrom.

Indeed we have need of seeking hope; for there be Jews whom the writer has heard tell, who have lost their religion that is to them no longer even a memory. For their instruction and edification their rabbi has made a museum of articles used in its service; relics of their dead religion. There may they behold tallisim, tephillim, kiddish-cups and Havdalah spice-boxes all neatly cased and ticketed like the fossils of pre-historic beasts in the Smithsonian.

And that is not all. This rabbi, it is said, also gives for the benefit of his congregants, a sample Seder; not unlike a demonstration, one would think, such as one might see at a food show, of Aunt Jemima's pan-cake flour, for instance.

There is this difference, however. Some of the audience at the food show go home and try the pan-cake flour; it is questionable whether any of these congregants go home and try the Seder.

Thank heaven—our Judaism at the Home is not yet cased and labeled. Its faith and its forms still live.

Nor have we lost our racial pride. This also is pleasant to contemplate, for there be Jews—and they are known to all—who are

so ashamed of their race that they strive frantically to disguise their origin, and who truckle slavishly to anything non-Jewish, especially if it be accompanied by social position and millions.

Thank heaven—we do not truckle here. With us a Jew is still prince among the people. And a Goy, as our children say? Well, a Goy is rather an unfortunate creature, somewhat to be scorned, but rather to be pitied.

We rejoice that we are not Goyim. On Pesach especially do we rejoice thereat; for else could we not enjoy the privilege of celebrating the happy Seder service.

An onlooker might wonder how so much joy can be gathered from so simple a family service. A fresh laid table, a cup of wine, the symbols of our forefather's suffering—the bitter herb—the salt-water, the moraur—prayers and song, and for refreshment a simple meal of fruit and cake—can only this hold so much delight?

We will not try to analyze this pleasure. It were foolish, indeed, to do so. If, as somebody has said, a translated poem is like a boiled strawberry, an analyzed pleasure is like a dissected rose. You may get some botanical information if you dissect your rose, but you have lost your rose. So you may get some psychological data if you analyze your pleasure, but you have lost your pleasure.

So let us not bother about it. It is enough that we celebrate our Seder and that it makes us happy; that we gather together, festively arrayed, within and without; that we eat and drink and sing and pray and “make a joyful noise unto the Lord,” even as it is written.

MARTHA W.



On Trained Nursing

Some time ago while considering in a short article the reason why the former girls of the Orphan Asylum object to doing housework in families, I came to the conclusion that it is because of the lowly station which the domestic servant occupies in this country. I have since had occasion to learn that my conclusion was the correct one.

At the same time it occurred to me that it is strange how comparatively few of our girls are trained nurses, trained nursing being one of the most respected of all occupations for women, ranking indeed with the professions and bringing with it that social elevation which seems so desirable.

It is true that some of the girls upon leaving the Home have to assist in supporting their people. These can hardly be expected to become nurses, since the training schools require from two to three years' attendance, and the money remuneration during that time is very small. It is also true that some of the girls marry early. But the others, and these the majority, who do not marry early and who have only themselves to take care of, might more of them become nurses and thereby advance themselves in the desired way.

It may be that one reason why they do not do so is that they have a false idea of the requirements necessary for entrance to a training school.

There seems to be an opinion current that a thorough preparation in housework is necessary. This, however, is not the case. There is no question that a good knowledge of housework is desirable for every woman, especially for a nurse; but it is by no means essential as a preparation for this work.

Such parts of housework as it is imperative for her to know, a nurse is taught in every good training school. Indeed, she must be taught these; for through no amount of ordinary experience can she learn how to make an invalid's bed, how to do sanitary cleaning and hygienic cookery.

Of seven successful nurses known to me personally, not one was especially skilled in housework. Two had been saleswomen before entering the profession; one a dressmaker, one a society lady, two country school teachers and one a high school teacher. This should indicate that a woman's previous calling, whether shop-worker, saleswoman, typewriter or what-not, need not to hinder her from becoming a nurse if she desires to do so and possess the needful qualities. These qualities, as the profession stands at present, seem to be good health, good character and diligence.

If I were asked what is the best preparation for the nursing profession I should say unhesitatingly—education. The most advanced schools for nursing of today require a high school certificate, some even a college diploma for admittance.

It is true that no amount of education will assure success when the essential qualities before mentioned—namely, health, character and diligence—are absent, but given these three with education added, the highest results may be attained. This is well evidence in the nurse before mentioned, who had been a high school teacher. Though but a few years in the profession, she has been head of a city hospital, head of an army hospital and war-nurse to Japan.

Most of the girls from our Home are unfortunately compelled to become wage-earners at the age of fifteen; it is therefore difficult for them to obtain a higher education. But this need not hinder them from entering into the nursing profession of today. There are good schools all over the country, which require only a common school education for admittance and whose graduates attain a very respectable degree of success. As a warning I should say, however, that there are training schools, admission to which is so easy as to arouse the suspicion that the training there received is not worth having. These should be avoided.

Social elevation, being, as it seems, such a highly desired end, a girl would naturally inquire whether this profession offers that elevation in a satisfactory degree.

She would find that it does offer this in a greater measure than almost any other occupation in which she might engage. A nurse commands from twenty to thirty dollars a week salary; consequently her work is largely among the well-to-do or so-called "better classes." As a rule she is treated with every mark of courtesy and respect and

sometimes she forms intimacies with the families where she is employed, which last a life-time. She may, of course, run across snobs who, upon the strength of their wealth, treat people who work for a living like menials, but these are fortunately few in this country.

I am put in mind of a certain trained nurse known to many of the girls and boys who, while nursing in the late Mark Hanna's family, was there treated quite like an honored guest and dined at the family table, even when such distinguished guests as Mr. McKinley and his wife were present.

I am further put in mind of the Japanese war-nurse before mentioned, who was decorated by the Mikado, received by the Empress and shown honors by lords and ladies and the highest nobility of Japan.

But the best evidence of the high social position which trained nurses occupy is shown, I think, by the marriages they make. A considerable number do not marry at all, which, however, is true of all working women; but of those who do, a large per cent marry physicians. Nearly all their marriages are with men of good social and material standing. Some few have been even known to marry millionaires.

In conclusion I should say that, although this article has been stimulated by the wish to point out a way in which our girls may attain higher social and material ends, and while recognizing that the aspiration to these ends is quite proper, I do not wish it to appear that these are to be considered the sole or highest ends in life. It may safely be said, indeed, that a girl entering the nursing profession for material benefit only and forgetting that this work pre-eminently calls for self-sacrifice and devotion, will find herself a dismal failure in the end.

MARTHA W.

* * *

Our Anniversary

(July, 1905.)

In the childhood of mankind, that is, in the ancient world, people thought the earth—this feeble speck of matter floating in eternal space—the center of the universe. Ignorant people and the children of today still think so. But our children at the Home are possessed of a still more naive delusion. They believe that as the earth is the center of the universe, so our Orphan Asylum is just about the hub of the earth.

So firmly convinced are they of the importance of our Home—and consequently of their importance—that when, for instance, Jackie achieves a victory over the rest of his class, or Beccie is laid low with the mumps, they rather look to seeing it reported in the newspaper, as the victory of Togo or the health of Czarewitz is reported.

There is an old story about one of the children still told among us—a true story be it known—which aptly illustrates what has just been stated.

Each child of the Home has a number with which its clothes are marked. This numbering is necessary, since the frequent presence of like names among the children makes the use of initials or names for the identification of clothes impracticable. We have, for instance, had as many as three Beccie Cohens in the Home at the same time.

Well, the children went to the Opera House one day to attend a matinee to which they were invited. After they were seated two boys were discovered in a violent quarrel.

"He's got my seat!" declared one, trying to oust the other.

"Why your seat?" asked the teacher.

"It's numbered ten, and ain't ten my number?" cried the boy indignantly.

He had not the slightest doubt that the Opera House chairs, like his clothes, were numbered solely for the convenience of the Orphan Asylum children.

Now, if the reader, bearing in mind that the earth is the hub of the universe; the Orphan Asylum, the hub of the earth, will further learn that the Anniversary—here called the Exhibition—is the hub of the Orphan Asylum, he may, perhaps, get an idea of the significance of this festival.

In the Home we do not reckon time by the calendar as does the rest of the world. We say things happen so long before or so long after the "Exhibition."

We do not, so to speak, balance our books, square our accounts, make new resolutions or turn over a new leaf, at the end of the year. We do so at the "Exhibition."

The "Exhibition," in short, is the point from which all things in the Home revolve. And winter without summer, night without day, Pesach without Seder, and Thanksgiving without turkey might perhaps be thinkable—but the Orphan Asylum without the "Exhibition"—never!

A casual visitor at our Anniversary might perhaps wonder at these statements of the importance of this festival. What does he see? A confirmation ceremony; a general reception; a theatrical performance; a lawn-fete—things neither vital nor unusual. But these are but externals; "the manifestations of the spirit," as one would say in neo-mystic parlance. The significance of the festival lies far deeper.

Let him imagine himself parted from his parents, his brothers and sisters and closest kin, to be reunited with them but once a year. Let this reunion stand for our Anniversary, and he will get an idea of what the "Exhibition" means to a part of our children. Or let him think himself transported to a new life, severed from his old home, his old business, his friends and associates. Let this severance date from our Anniversary and he will get an idea of what the "Exhibition" means to another part of our children.

Our Anniversary represents all this. Indeed it represents a great deal more; for only a part of our children rejoice in a reunion with their relatives (some, alas, having none, and the relatives of others being unable to come); only a part of them are discharged and leave the Home after the Anniversary; but all of them, at this time, reap

the results of the year's work. The Anniversary is to them what the harvest is to the farmer. Then do the lazy and the disobedient reap emptiness, while the good and the diligent reap honors and rewards.

And last of all, the "Exhibition" is for our children one great relaxation; one large break in the routine of the long year's labor, when tasks and rules and punctuality and other bug-bears of the "day's work" are for a while suspended and the days are one continuous revel.

Next, after our own children, the Anniversary is most delighted in by our former children—the members of the Alumni. Many of those who are able to visit us during the festival; some of them traveling long distances to do so. Their attachment to the Home, their affection for Doctor and old friends, their memories of a happy childhood is what draws them here. Some of them call their visit a home-coming, and they are indeed welcomed like children to the house of their parents.

Then what a delight to revisit old scenes! There is not a room, not a nook or corner of the old place that is not looked over. Even the kitchen is not forgotten. In fact, it is a favorite place and is sometimes besieged in search of the good things which are to be had nowhere in the world except in the Orphan Asylum—the good things, as the world says, "which mother used to make."

They seem a very happy lot—these healthy and prosperous young people, our former boys and girls; and their visits to the Home are a source of much gratification and pleasure to those who have raised them.

Since the end of life is the happiness of mankind, those who have in a measure achieved this end surely have cause to be satisfied.

It is a safe thing to say that the childhood of the wards of our Home is an unusually happy one. It is utterly free from those deep cares with which other children of the poor are burdened. Our children do not have to witness the fierce struggle for existence of their parents. They are not constantly reminded of the preciousness of the rare and hard-earned dollars.

Any group of our former boys and girls chatting together is good proof of what here is claimed. Their endless stories usually begin with—"Don't you remember"—and recount the fun and pranks and mischief of their childhood days.

Children often come to us, old with the cares and sorrows of life; little ones who have already known cold and hunger and want, and it sometimes takes months until they become happy, as normal children should be. But even the oldest and saddest of them grow young and gay in time, when they once are here in our Home.

They could not well help it, for to the children of the poor our Home is a veritable Schlarraffenland. Food and clothes and books and schooling, all provided in plenty, just when needed, and sweetmeats and amusements by no means left out—and all received without thought or care and given with unflinching kindness.

Our children are indeed unusually happy. They cannot appreciate this fact while they are young, but when once they have gone out

into the world they soon see that their life in our Home was a happy one.

The memory of a happy childhood is a strong moral prop in life; and thus our Anniversary, besides all its importance here noted, has the added significance of renewing the memories of a happy childhood in our former pupils, and thus becoming a moral force in the lives of many men and women.

MARTHA W.



Vacation

(September, 1905.)

When the school year is ended and the examinations are happily over; when the long-looked-for Anniversary has come, and gone again in a burst of glory; then comes the anti-climax.

We bid a tearful good-bye to our schoolmates who leave. We browse over the happenings of the last few days. We recount adventures; exchange experiences and breathe sighs of relief and regret. These things, too, in their turn soon pass away; then comes the great relaxing and it is called—Vacation.

Vacation! Magic word—that is if you happen to be an inmate of “the house,” for vacation indeed holds many delights for our children.

In the first place there is nothing at all to do; that is, there is nothing for the boys to do. As for the girls—they but foreshadow the women—and a woman’s work is never ended. No matter what happens—vacation or no—there are beds to make and dishes to wash; stockings to darn and buttons to sew on. Indeed, womankind has no vacation until it goes to Heaven, where—as everyone knows—one neither goes to bed or eats dinner; where everyone walks barefoot and where the boy angels—if they wear overalls at all, wear the kind, the buttons of which never come off.

Well, then, with the exception of a little housework, there is nothing at all to do. If you are a boy, you play baseball; or exercise on the gymnastic apparatus; or lie on the ground and kick your heels into the air; or slide down the hill and play in the mud “down the gully.” If you are a girl, you make doll-dresses; or exercise on the girls’ apparatus; or swing on the teeters; or play ring. But you do not get your overalls all sloppy, because—in the first place—girls do not wear overalls; and in the second place, they do not play in the mud down the gully. Girls are neat—sometimes.

A prominent occurrence of the vacation is the arrival of the children who are accepted by the Board at its meeting during the Anniversary—the newcomers or “cneumbers” as our children call them—referring probably to their greenness.

These children who come to us in the summer are fortunate, for the feelings of strangeness and the pangs of homesickness are best overcome during the long, happy play-days of vacation. We often

wish that we might receive all of our new children during the vacation, so that our school year could begin with all the classes in good form. But this, of course, is not possible. Our children come as necessity sends them and we open our doors whenever they knock.

Another feature of the vacation is—visitors. Every day is visiting day in vacation. Every day is a picnic. Sunday is a grand picnic. There are mammas and aunties who come every morning at seven and stay until evening. On Sunday come many mammas and aunties—also papas and uncles and cousins and brothers and sisters. On Sunday comes everybody—many hundreds at a time and our place is full of people. This is rather hard on some of our children—the ones who sometimes say wistfully: “I’ve been here five years and nobody ever came to see me.”

Then there is the “going out walking.” This also is a pleasant institution of the vacation. All the good children go out walking—a relative or friend being no especial advantage in this case—for those children who have no relatives or friends are taken by the teachers and assistants.

This “going out walking” is an adventurous business and holds many delights—such as these—“going out in the city”; and riding on the street-cars and visiting the parks; and going on the “enjoyments”—which in plain English means roller-coasters and chute-the-chutes and so forth and so on—and watching the monkeys and eating queer messes and staying in the hospital for a few days thereafter.

But the daily and unflagging diversion of the vacation is—baseball. To the uninitiated it is a matter of wonderment how one can hit a ball with a stick and then run and get it and do this over and over again; for hours and days and weeks together and yet never tire. How much simpler not to hit the ball with a stick; then one would not need to run and get it, but could sit quietly and enjoy one’s self and save ever so much sweating and hollering and yelling.

But as the saying is—“Tastes differ.” The Shah of Persia, for instance, does not care for horse-racing. It is said of him that while he was in England the king took him to the races.

“Why do the people shout so?” asked His Highness the Shah of Persia.

“Don’t you see,” replied His Highness the King of England. “That bay horse has come in ahead of the others.”

“Oh,” said His Highness the Shah of Persia, “is that all? I know long ago that some horses can run faster than others.”

Well, as we were remarking—our boys like baseball and there are many competitive games played during the season; our opponents being the “city kids.” Our boys are also deeply interested in the professional leagues—some of them claiming personal friendship with the invincible Lajoie—and they can tell you the score every day as well as can the newspaper.

Our vacation was not always thus. In the days gone by, we used to have what we called vacation school. Absurd phrase! A contradic-

tion of terms; in their present meaning at any rate. A summer school may be different from a winter school; but school is school, and vacation is vacation and the two must ever conflict.

There was a time when vacation school was thought a necessity. That was in the good old days when the natural high spirits of childhood were considered manifestations of the devil. Fortunately those days are past and the summer schools for children that yet exist are not common. They are only such as exist for the benefit of ignorant parents, who are still beset by the old superstition; or for lazy ones who wish to escape the trouble of raising their children. Or else they are such as the exigencies of our large cities have called into being. As a matter of course, where there is no choice between leaving children to the pernicious hoodlum influences of the street and keeping them in school, the latter is to be preferred—but otherwise the “vacation school” has no right to exist.

True, the problem of allowing children the free exercise of their animal spirits and still keeping them from injuring themselves or others is no small one. One of the results of this liberty in our Home is an occasional accident; a fractured arm or leg. Fortunately we have escaped this year, so far, without one. But the problem must be met and solved, though the solution of it requires much thought and study, and endless, endless patience. The difficulty of raising girls is a degree less great than that of raising boys. It seems that the individual member of the genus boy is a natural born imp. He retains this character up to a certain age—then sheds it, like the tadpole sheds his tail.

But it must be borne in mind that the boy, like the tadpole, must wiggle off this youthful appendage; and as he has space and liberty in which to wiggle, to that degree will he successfully get rid of it. Bind the boy; restrain, restrict him; in other words, hinder him from wiggling, and the chances are that he will not entirely get rid of the imp. He may to all appearances be a full-grown grog, but the likelihood is that some of the tail remains; that in fact he is part yet a tadpole. We try to give our boys—and our girls, too—all possible room in which to wiggle.

It is play and mischief and fun all the summer long. There is even not much reading, except on a rainy day, when a good story book in a corner of the play-room or in the library is a pleasant way of passing the time.

And so the vacation speeds happily along.

Towards the end of August comes the “second picnic”—an all day outing in Scenic Park; and with this event, we arrive at the turning of the road.

Our faces and our thoughts are now turned towards work. The long, sunny path of *laissez faire* lies behind us and at the end of the way looms the new school year.

MARTHA W.

A Letter From Dr. B. Felsenthal

The nestor of American Rabbis died January 12 last (1909) in Chicago, after having finished the eighty-sixth year of his life. The Jewish papers of our country as well as those of other countries eulogized the vast scholarship and noble character of the deceased. Dr. Felsenthal was a Trustee of our institution from 1874 to 1876, representing District Grand Lodge No. 6, I. O. B. B., on our Board. At the annual meeting held in July, 1875, I had the pleasure of meeting the departed for the first time. Well do I remember how friendly he met me, expressing his pleasure of meeting a colleague at the session of the Board. We became warm friends, and exchanged many pleasant letters during these last thirty-three years. In publishing one of these letters which, I know, will be read with interest, I wish to express my deepest sorrow at the death of the dear, good man, and to extend my sincerest sympathy to his children.

“Dear Friend:

“Let me briefly, but very sincerely thank you for your kind congratulatory words you wrote me on the recent eightieth anniversary of my birthday. Believe me, I appreciate very highly the sentiments of friendship and esteem, coming from such a pure and noble-souled man as Dr. Wolfenstein is.

“This occasion I cannot let pass by without talking to you a little. A few days ago I commenced reading a book lately published, and after I had read a few pages I was so captivated that I couldn't lay that book down until I had finished its reading. It is one of the classics, and in the Jewish-novelistic literature it stands in the front rank. It is so simple in language, so pure in diction, so elevated, and so elevating in its contents, and, despite its simplicity, so sharply and distinctly drawing the characters of the persons mentioned in that book, that—well, I was captivated. You must read it, dear friend. Its title is ‘Idyls of a Gass,’ and its author—Miss Martha Wolfenstein. I believe you know this poet. And now I would request you that you convey her my thanks, and tell her that in Chicago there lives an aged man by the name of Felsenthal, who counts himself among her admirers. Tell her, furthermore, that before I depart from this world—and a man of eighty may be called hence any day—I would like to read and to enjoy another book from her pen, as good as the ‘Idyls of a Gass’ are. With many greetings,

“Yours truly,

“Chicago, January, 1902.

B. FELSENTHAL.”

* * *

Our Martha Lives!

Strange contradiction, is it not? This is the fourth time that I have put these three words on paper. Each time before, as I wrote, tears blinded my eyes, my heart was up in my throat and choked me, a palsy shook my pen. I could not write—for what has prompted my writing was the report that has just come, that our Martha was dead.

But, though dead, our Martha has never died.

Even as I write, her face stands out before my heart's visit—that face of beauty and sweetness which our press loved so often to reproduce. I see her now—the raven blackness of her hair—her serious countenance yet lit up with a soulful brilliancy—her pensive but luminous eyes—her refined lips, of chiseled grace, still generously curved as with a love of life. She enjoyed her brief span of being even though it throbbed with pain and suffering. And from her expressive and beautiful lips we, who knew her, seemed forever to hear singing—whether in pain or in pain's suspensions—Browning's hearty couplet:

“How good is man's life, the mere living, how fit to employ
All his heart and his soul and his senses forever in joy!”

In the first dawn of womanhood a rich bloom of rose added to the glory of her countenance. Later, when ill health came, the face we loved received an illumination like unto that which is cast by a brilliant bulb of electricity shining through a frosted globe—that deep, soft, velvet shade which in the marble gives genius its inspiration and endows art with its immortality.

“‘O Iole!’ quotes Emerson; ‘how did you know that Hercules was a god?’ ‘Because,’ answered Iole, ‘I was content the moment my eyes fell upon him. When I beheld Theseus, I desired that I might see him offer battle, or at least guide his horses in a chariot-race; but Hercules did not wait for a contest; he conquered where he stood, or walked, or sat, or whatever thing he did.’”

So, too, our Martha. Even before she gave us immortal work we knew her to be of a diviner order. She did earthly things—common duties—but not in a common way. She mothered her brothers and sisters, mothered a great orphanage of children—her own mother, from whose hands these responsibilities fell into her hands, having died when our Martha was yet in her girlhood. But so deftly, so efficiently, so natively our Martha met these tasks that we never associate her with them. She performed them as nature performs her wonders, noiselessly, inobtrusively. And we remember our Martha of this period only as a bright vision going up and down the summer's lawn with her arm about some orphan's waist and the orphan's arm about her; or sitting on the porch with us, a large, interested company—bring out the best of our information, the best of our comment, the best of our mood, making us forget the time until some message came summoning her to some duty, when she would trip away leaving us to the shadows and ourselves.

This period was infinitely too brief. God soon touched her with suffering. There is a story of one who blinded a song-bird in order to evoke its sweetest songs. God's way is not of such cruelty. But the story may hold for analogy. There is a rich sweetness in the sufferings sent of God; or, these sufferings have a rich maturing property, which every way we think it, it was suffering that led Martha to her song.

Her song! — for our Martha sang. I know not whether among her manuscripts any poetry will be found. But her prose is all song, every story, every chapter, every line. Did she not herself with exquisite intuition call her daintiest, her finest work “*Idyls of the Gass*”? And idyls are short, simple poems sweetly descriptive of life equally as simple and sweet — are they not?

So, then, our Martha sang. Her prose was poetry — her stories, song. And herein she differs from all those with whom one naturally first class her.

We say she has not died. She is of her sister, George Eliot’s choir — “*The Choir Invisible*” — the choir

“Of those immortal dead who live again
In lives made better by their presence.”

And are they not sisters — she and George Eliot? Both were women; both were of the women few, who have writ their names on record immortal; and both have written of Israel. But here the sisterhood ceases. George Eliot wrote only incidentally of Israel; and everything George Eliot wrote bore an apology and a sermon. Our Martha had nothing to apologize and she never preached. She was full of Israel and warbled simply this fullness forth.

And herein, too, she differs from Grace Aquilar and Emma Lazarus. Emma Lazarus was a singer, ’tis true — but a singer whose genius was rather in her art than in her song; a Jewess — only late in her career, however, converted to an interest in Judaism, she, like all new converts, was filled with zeal, and poured her fervor out in exhortation. Grace Aquilar — our Martha’s English twin — lived at a time when Israel was comparatively unknown and misunderstood. Her stories of Israel — sweet, tender, passionate — aim to inform, instruct, defend and to glorify. Our Martha felt no such necessity, had no such purpose — in fact had no purpose at all. She was an American girl simply — an American of Americans, with centuries of Jewish tradition and Jewish sentiment stored up in her — simply a song bird of Zion, living, breathing, singing in the air of the new world — her only world. Zion’s notes — her only notes — warbled into her native atmosphere! That is all that there was — all that there is to Martha’s work.

But this simple all — how much it means, how much of newness, of wonder, of wealth!

Zangwill has supplied literature with photographs of a life it knew not before — or with truer photographs of this life than it ever before had. But Martha Wolfenstein on the same themes of the Ghetto and of lowly Jewish life has given to literature a new style, a new creation, a surprise of strange deliciousness, whose sweetness, whose richness we feel and revel in, but which only the growing years will know how to value and to appreciate truly — thoroughly.

I cannot here characterize her work. Let me simply suggest its class. The “*Cotter’s Saturday Night*” of Burns is too conscious — self-conscious — or else I might classify Martha’s “*Idyls*” and her other tales with that. But there is Goldsmith’s “*Vicar of Wakefield*” — and also his “*Deserted Village*” — and there is Ludovic Halevy’s “*Abbe*

Constantin"—the one man's work a native tribute to the Protestant priesthood, the other man's work a native tribute to the Catholic priesthood—limpid, spontaneous songs of loving and reverential hearts, purling, rilling forth in natural melody. Side by side with these songs of Christianity's two priesthoods, will yet stand and be quoted in all literatures our Martha's "Idyls" and our Martha's tales—the sweetest, tenderest, tune-fullest tributes yet had of the priesthood of Israel.

Our Martha is dead, and with her death, Shimmele has lost at once daughter and mother. For Shimmele is at once our Martha's parent and child. Then "The Idyls of the Gass," literature knows no finer, no daintier, no profounder filial tribute. It is not simply Jewish story but Jewish worship that sings through it. The tale is history—as in fact all her stories are—Jewish history; the telling is Jewish piety—a daughter's fulfilling—not the Fifth Commandment of a Jewish book—but the first commandment of the Jewish heart.

Martha, daughter, Jewess, singer, sister, friend, divinity tuned thee—through suffering—for song; thy very birth furnished thee with divine themes; and a law divine broke open thy heart's fountains of melody. Thou wast commissioned by the eternal ages, the mystery of Providence prepared thee and thine own piety inspired thee. Ordained by the immortal past, consecrated by the miracle of God, and given voice and words by thine own divinities, what thou hast sung has every stamp and pledge of immortality and of God. Thy music is a divine gladness to the world. With the vanishing of thy presence, thy work will first commence to live—to live really.

Thy death is but the birth of thy larger, thy deeper recognition—the beginning of thy truer life, of thy immortality even here on earth.

He who hath taken our Martha from us was the same who gave her to us. What of wonder and wealth and sweetness and joy He once gives is given forever—can never be taken away. This Wondrous Giver, then forever be He praised—praised that He has given and still forever gives us our Martha.

MOSES P. JACOBSON.

* * *

When Doctors Disagree

(Spoken by Anna Koppel at the Commencement Exercises of the Central High School.)

(July, 1905.)

There was a man in London town,
Who on a Christmas day
Regaled himself with royal fare
In good old English way.

He ate a pudding and a goose
And six or seven quail,
A small roast pig, a pair of hens,
Drank several kinds of ale.

And topped it off with Dublin stout —
Old porter, rich and thick;
Then by some strange fatality
That same night he fell sick.

His doctors came. They all declared,
With unanimity,
The source of his distress was this:
His food did not agree.

But one advised — “All vegetables
And fruits you should not eat.”
Another said, “No milk or eggs,”
And one, “Abstain from meat.”

One said, “No grains, no bread, no pies,
No baked, no boiled, no fried.”
The man obeyed implicitly.
And then, alas — he died.

And here's the moral plain and clear
For every one to see —
People must die when science and
The doctors disagree.

In all this lovely world of ours
No one from care is free;
Yet it might be a Paradise,
If folks would but agree.

Among the rest the high school girl
Of troubles has her share;
Though some folks foolishly believe
Her life's all bright and fair.

At school she every day is vexed,
With problems she can't see;
For when with others she compares
The answers don't agree.

And then her Latin lesson's hard
And long and tedious, too;
Constructions cannot be explained,
Alas! What shall she do?

Her grammar says a certain word
Is ablative of means;
Her notes declare its quality,
While she to manner leans.

And in a test she calls the word
An ablative of difference;
The teacher marks it wrong and says,
“It dative is of reference.”

Thus though she made a compromise,
She's wretched as can be;
She knows she's standing low because
Authorities don't agree.

And in her clubs she's worried too;
She must solutions find
For many of the problems which
Perplex the human mind.

For instance: "How to break the trusts,"
"Should pompadours be curled?"
"Shall we take South America
Or just annex the world?"

And Socialism: "Shall the State
Provide the women's clothes?"
And which looks best on photographs,
String ties or just small bows?

Then when her social duties call
To parties she must go.
Her many troubles then are such
As only girls can know.

Indeed, I know whereof I speak.
A story I can tell
Concerning such a sad affair,
Which lately me befell.

It was an outing and a dance,
My very first affair.
Our folks a family council held
To plan what I should wear.

"I think, dear child," my mother said,
"You'd better wear pale pink."
And father said, "Why pink's all right,
But blue's her shade, I think."

And grandma said, "Wear lavender."
"Wear green," Aunt Susan said,
And brother William cried, "I say,
Wear something jolly red."

They quarreled over it for days,
Until it looked to me
As if I'd have no clothes at all,
Unless they should agree.

Well, grandma bought my sash and fan.
They came from out of town.
And William got my gloves and shoes,
Aunt Susan got my gown.

And father bought my parasol,
And mother got my cloak,
And Uncle David sent a hat,
A lovely Paris toque.

The dress was a peculiar green;
The sash a violet hue,
The shoes and gloves were flaming red.
The parasol was blue.

The cloak was pink, the fan was gray,
The hat, white like a bride.
Well — when I saw those awful things,
I just sat down and cried!

But that's just what one might expect
The consequence to be,
When people argue and fall out
And never can agree.

Another question soon arose,
Which caused me care and doubt —
If at Commencement I must speak,
What shall I speak about?

One friend said, "Speak about the war."
And one said, "Speak of Peace."
Another said, "Oh, give them a
Short history of Greece."

And one said, "Speak of Literature."
And one said, "Speak of Art."
And one said, "Give a brief digest
Of Spencer and Descartes."

"Why don't you tell the country how
To run the Philippines?
Or show the army people how
To manage their canteens?"

Another said. Until I was
As puzzled as could be.
How was I ever to decide
When people can't agree.

So here I am without a theme.
I know it is absurd
To come before this audience
And then not say a word.

But surely you will pardon me,
For you can plainly see
The fault's not mine. It's simply this —
All people disagree.

A Summer Evening On the East Porch

(A Reminiscence—By an Alumna.)

Surrounding ourselves in a magic cloak and an invisible cap, let us make our way along Woodland Avenue to the "East Porch" of the dear old Home on a summer evening in the year of about 1910. There in his armchair, with one arm resting on the stone ledge, sits a well-known, beloved figure. He frequently lifts his eyes from his evening paper to look out upon the children playing in the yard below.

"Cleveland won again today, Doctor!" shouts one of the girls.

"Are you a baseball fan, too?" calls Doctor.

"Sure I am," comes the eager reply. "Doesn't Mr. Lajoie take us out each year to the automobile outing?"

Doctor consults his watch and remarks to the other occupants of the porch, among them members of his family and of the governing staff of the Home, "Well, the whistle will blow in just eight minutes." As the children are being called in, someone is seen coming across the lawn.

"Who can that be," the folks ask.

"Looks like Jake S———," suggests one.

"Or like Ike M———," hazards another.

Doctor's attention is now fully focused upon the approaching figure, as, with spees raised upon his brow, he sits forward at the edge of his chair.

"Hello, Doctor," cries the newcomer. "I don't suppose you remember me."

"Well, well—indeed I do," says Doctor. "I guess it's all of eighteen years since you left, Mose. And how are you? Didn't I hear that you were with one of the big shoe houses in St. Louis? Well, you always were a pet of Thoman———. Yes, the shoe shop is gone," in answer to the visitor's observation.

"Otherwise the grounds look about the same," remarks Mose. "I can almost recall the first day I came here."

"I remember well when you came," Doctor says. "It was on a Friday afternoon, and that same evening you said 'Kaddish' for your father Selig. And you had a younger brother, Louis."

"Yes, Doctor, that's right," answers Mose. "And you know the next day we had jelly pie for dinner, and I ate four pieces—the other fellows pitied me because I was a newcomer. You came and told me I'd make myself sick. On Tuesday I was introduced to the hospital with a good case of chicken pox, which I blamed entirely upon too much jelly pie."

"You were in the hospital a good deal," says Doctor. "You had more sore throats than anybody else in the house. Do you ever have trouble with your throat any more?"

"My throat's pretty good now," replies Mose. "But how in the world do you remember that?"

"Yes, I remember," says Doctor. "And I guess Mr. Mannheim would also remember you. You were a wild boy, and gave him lots of trouble."

"Poor Mannheim," muses Mose. "What's become of him?"

"He gives Hebrew lessons," Mose is told.

"Say, Doctor," resumes Mose. "I've always wanted to come back for the anniversary days, especially for confirmation."

"Well, you are just in time," says Doctor; "tomorrow is the great day."

"Do you know," Mose continues, "I even remember the question I had at my confirmation. It was about Yom Kippur. And I've fasted every Yom Kippur since I left the Home."

"I think that is true of a large number of our girls and boys," says Doctor, with a touch of pride in his voice.

"Well, the first Yom Kippur I fasted, I thought the day would never end," says Mose. "At noon you told us that whoever so desired might go to dinner. But the vision of that good chicken supper was too alluring. We contented ourselves with a few whiffs of lemon stick with cloves, and sat about reading 'Thaddeus of Warsaw' or 'In Freedom's Cause.' The lemon belonged to Henry K—— but he loaned it to me half the time. By the way, Doctor, do you ever hear from him?"

"Oh yes, I had a nice letter from him to my birthday," answers Doctor. "He's in the real estate business and is doing well."

"Doctor, do you remember how he and I went down the hill and licked the Micks?"

"Yes, and you got a nice hole in your head," interrupts Doctor.

"Well, it was worth it," adds Mose, with a chuckle.

"Well, Doctor," resumes Mose, "I must tell you of a funny thing that happened to me. I was out in a little town in Kansas with my line of shoes, when in the hotel room next to mine I hear a man's voice that sounds strangely familiar. I open my door to watch for my neighbor, when, as he emerges from his room, our eyes meet with mutual recognition.

"'Hello, George,' I cry.

"'Well—if it isn't Mose G——,' says he.

"And didn't we set to talking over old times. About the night we went up into the gym and jumped buckhorses for a lark, until we heard your tread upon the stairs, when we beat it to our beds—you after us. But you didn't catch us. But we did so many other bad things that week that we both landed in Company C. But George had a stand in with the second kitchen girl, see, and she swiped six kuchens for him, which he divided with me. We each ate two, and traded the remaining two for four Pesach eggs to be delivered the following week. Well, George is a fine fellow now. He handles the best line of hardware in the country, and is doing splendidly."

"Yes," says Doctor, "I am glad to say that most of our boys are doing fine. They are good citizens and good Jews, and are making good husbands and fathers."

"Say, Doctor, do you know whom I'd just love to get in touch with, that's Ben M———. He was a bright boy. I haven't heard of him since we were confirmed."

"I will give you his address," says Doctor. "I heard from him just a few months ago. He holds a big political position in Chicago. He was a very bright boy—he was always in hot water with his arithmetic teacher because he proved his examples differently than the book."

"And, Doctor, do you remember on public examination you gave us some oral work in arithmetic, and he got the answer first? And how proud his grandmother felt! She was a nice old lady—she took me out walking once. I wonder if she's still alive."

"Yes, she is," says Doctor.

"Gee! She must be about a hundred years old," exclaims Mose.

"Oh, no," another ventures, "she can't be more than eighty."

"Wait a minute, and I will tell you exactly how old she is," Doctor says. "Ben came to us in 1886—just the year the new building was started. I remember how his grandmother cried, saying, 'If I were only younger, so I could be a mother to the poor boy. But I am fifty-seven years old.' That was twenty-four years ago, so she is just eighty-one years old."

"How in the world can you remember all those things?" the others ask.

"Indeed, I remember the things that happened long ago perhaps better than those of more recent date."

Just at this point a merry voice calls out: "Good evening, everybody," and a tall figure comes bounding up the steps, two at a time.

"Gee, it's Jim G———. Don't tell him who I am," whispers the visitor.

"How'do, Doctor," says Jim. "How'do. Well, if it isn't our old friend, Mose G———," exclaims Jim. "Where in the world did you blow from?"

Then follow some more interesting reminiscences, interspersed with laughs from the whole crowd.

"Say, Doctor," says Jim, "a man came into our store today about fifty-nine years old, and he says to me, 'Say, Jim, do you know Dr. Wolfenstein?'"

"'Do I?' I says. 'My, what a question.'"

"'Well,' says he, 'It was Dr. Wolfenstein who officiated at my wedding just twenty-five years ago today. I just came from the O. A., where I saw the good Doctor and gave him \$25 to treat the kids to ice cream and cake in honor of the happy day.' Say, it's a small world after all, isn't it?" finishes Jim.

"By the way, Mose," starts Jim again, "when I was down in Cincinnati last week, I was sitting in the lobby of the hotel, when who should come along like a fellow I know.

"'Aren't you Dave M———?' I says.

"'Why, sure,' says he, 'And you're Jim G——— or I lose my guess.' Well, Doctor, I hadn't seen that fellow in just about thirteen

years, and my, wasn't I glad to see him! He's connected with one of the largest liquor houses in Cincinnati."

"Yes, I know," says Doctor. "Dave was here two years ago at our big Anniversary celebration. He pitched a fine baseball game for the boys one afternoon. You remember he was our prize pitcher as a boy. He asked me whether I recalled how many windows he smashed one summer? 'Yes, Dave,' I replied, 'and when you weren't smashing windows you were batting balls over the shoe shop and losing them in the gully.' For Dave could bat as well as pitch."

"Say, Jim," interrupts Mose, irrelevantly (or perhaps stimulated by the report of Dave's connection with a liquor house), "do you remember the Seder when you got 'shickker' and almost started to sing 'Shout, Our Redemption's Come' while Doctor was reading the last of the service, only we held you back?"

"Do I?" says Jim; "and don't you forget it—I wasn't lonesome for company that night."

At which everybody laughs.

"For a number of years now," explains Doctor, "we have grape juice at the Seders instead of wine—it's better for the children."

During the latter part of the talking a great deal of noise was emanating from the open windows above us—those of the girls' lower dormitory.

"My, but it sounds exciting up there," the folks remark.

"I suppose that is the confirmation girls. They are naturally excited, fussing with their new clothes and their confirmation presents and the plans for the morrow. If you will excuse me, I will go up and quiet them," Doctor says. He slips away, and in a few moments the chatter has ceased. Then we hear the girls' voices calling lovingly, "Good night, Doctor—Good night, Doctor."

And while Doctor retracts his way to the "East Porch," we wander off upon our magic mantle, wafting a "good night" and good wishes for all the members of the dear Home, and the "Grand Old Man" who fathers them.

* * *

Starting Out In Life

(August, 1906.)

The most critical period in the lives of our children is, without a doubt, the time of their leaving our Home to start out in life.

After a happy childhood; after years more care-free and more joyous than those spent by many other children of their class, they are confronted with the world and with the stern duty of working and earning.

We prepare our children as best we can for this event, supplementing our regular school work with instruction along practical lines in such branches as housework, stenography, typewriting, carpentry, electrical work, sewing, embroidery, etc., and striving to ground them

well morally in the love of honesty, diligence, punctuality and uprightness.

And we found this instruction upon the great lesson of independence, the lesson of the necessity of being self-supporting and dependent for a living only on self-effort.

Of course our children are very young. They hardly understand the gravity of these matters. They accept instruction on the earnestness of life without fully realizing its truth.

Then comes the event of leaving the Home, and with it the full realization of the truth of what has been taught them.

This realization is often deeply painful to them, for the contrast between life in our Home and life out in the world is vast indeed.

We are often reproached because of this condition of our children. We are told that while they are with us they do not realize that they are orphans.

We are quite willing to bear the reproach. We admit that the assertion is true.

We do strive to make our children forget — while they are yet young — that they are orphans and dependents, and in the very success of this, our efforts, lie — in a great measure — our excellent educational results.

They must all too soon learn the sad fact that they are orphans. We begin to remind them of it during the last year of their stay with us. Then, while they are being prepared for their confirmation, we explain to them fully their position in life and impress them with the earnestness of the duties which stand before them.

It is necessary that our children become wage-earners as soon as they leave. This is not a hardship due to the fact that they are orphans. They are children of the working classes, and even if their parents were living they would have to begin to earn their bread at a very early age.

There are rare exceptions when children are supported after their fifteenth year; such as when a child shows high mental ability or a marked talent for art or is exceptionally hard to place. Then it receives further aid from the institution or from other funds and sources.

In the vast majority of cases, however, our children become wage-earners when between fourteen and fifteen years old.

The proper placing of these children is a matter of no small difficulty.

In the first place, most of our children have a surviving parent, and this has to be taken into account. These surviving parents usually expect their children not alone to support themselves, but also to aid in supporting them.

Our children are prepared for this and they usually become an aid to their parents immediately upon leaving the Home.

Incidentally it may be mentioned that our children thus often become a leavening force — lifting a parent, who was supported by a relief society or other charitable organization, out of the pauper class.

We try, of course, to place our children in positions which are congenial to them and for which they are best fitted. It is, however, very difficult to determine exactly the natural bent of children of that age; and moreover the openings, available for such young workers, are limited.

Many of our girls we place in offices as stenographers, typewriters, bookkeepers, and so on. Or we apprentice them to milliners or dress-makers. In these latter trades the remuneration is, in the beginning very small and often the girls' parents stand in the way of their success in them. They wish their children to earn as much as possible at once and force their girls to become garment-workers in shops or to follow less congenial and less wholesome occupations.

We never allow our girls to become waitresses or to follow any similar calling in a public place. We discourage them from becoming saleswomen in stores.

If a girl is a full orphan and has no interfering relatives, and does not display any special mental ability, we try to place her in a private family as a help in the household. It has before been pointed out, in this Magazine, what great difficulty we experience in doing this successfully.

Our girls resent being placed on the social level of servants and refuse to remain in positions where they are thus placed. When women, who take our girls into their homes, treat them with consideration and as members of the family, they often find in them trustworthy, useful and pleasant additions to the household.

What has been stated of our girls applies also to our boys. Talented ones are helped to higher educations, but the majority go to work when they leave us.

The largest number of them are placed in offices, and continue as they grow older to follow mercantile pursuits.

In spite of the fact that our boys receive an excellent preliminary training in carpentry, wood turning and other branches of mechanics in our manual training school, comparatively few remain in the trades.

We have among our boys plumbers, tanners, machinists, electricians, etc., but compared to the number in business, they are few.

Many of those who are adapted for these occupations are hindered from pursuing them for the same reasons which have just been mentioned in treating of the girls. Remuneration in the trades is, in the beginning, very small, and our boys are under the necessity of earning as much as possible and earning it as soon as possible.

We find it more difficult to place all of the boys than all of the girls. Nobody wants a boy who is physically, mentally or morally under the normal; but a girl so constituted can always be put to housework.

It has been said of our boys that they are not so well prepared to face life as are boys who grow up in the normal surroundings of the family.

It may be that this is true. Under the circumstances it is unavoidable. But what they lack in worldliness is more than compensated by their better mental and moral equipment.

Our boys are well disciplined. They are as a rule well-mannered, respectful and polite. They have learned the value of cleanliness and of regular and hygienic living. Further the benefits of the manual training they receive—even though they do not become mechanics—are not to be under-rated.

I recall to mind the case of a boy who was employed as a typewriter in a large mercantile establishment. The electric lights being out of order one day, his employer was about to send for an electrician when the boy said he thought he could repair it. His employer, rather amused, allowed him to try and was much surprised to see him at once discover and repair the break.

The circumstance that his typewriter was also somewhat of an electrician not alone astonished the man but it gave him a higher opinion of the boy's intelligence and this naturally contributed to his speedier advancement.

Some time ago one of our boys wrote to me criticizing our way of placing the children and calling the manner haphazard. I have not been able to see the point of his argument.

A boy's very make-up, in a great measure, regulates his calling. No one would put a physically weak boy at lifting boxes and barrels. And if a strong one is put at such work it surely does not hurt him, even if he is fit for something better.

The mentally gifted ones are eagerly sought in the clerical occupations, and a boy who is made of the right stuff will soon better himself.

Moreover, it is not possible to know just what a boy or girl of fourteen or fifteen is best fitted for. Their minds, their tastes, their character are undeveloped. As they grow older, they themselves can best determine what their life's work shall be.

In this country, where there is no such thing as "caste" and where hard work is honored, there is no great external hindrance to personal progress.

Our Presidents were canal-boat drivers and country school teachers. Our Governors were office-clerks and mechanics. Our millionaire manufacturers were common laborers.

Everyone can find his level and if there is anything in a boy he is bound to rise.

Truly, money, or the lack of it, greatly effects men's callings, but this truth applies universally and not to our children alone. Some of our boys who are now traveling salesmen might perhaps have become architects or civil engineers if they had had the means of study. So would many men, the world over.

It is doubtful whether a great talent is ever wholly lost.

One of our boys, whom I now recall, began life sweeping shavings in a furniture factory. He is now an artist and acknowledged the finest designer of interior decorations in our city. He reached the high point at which he has arrived wholly unaided—through his native talent and his own efforts alone.

It is true that our children, on entering into life, often encounter great difficulties and experience great hardships because of their lack

of worldly knowledge. But the difficulties and hardships are not encountered in vain. For every difficulty mastered, for every hardship bravely endured, there is gain in strength and in experience.

This, of course, applies only to the strong natures among them. The weaker ones, unfortunately, are sometimes laid low in the struggle.

And right here I should like to appeal to our older boys and girls who have passed the first trying years out in the world and are now successful and prosperous. How many a hardship, how many a heartache might they save a weak, struggling child; how many a one who is stumbling along a stony road might they lift to fairer paths if they would but stretch out a friendly hand.

Our young boys and girls would more readily turn for help to men and women who were raised in the Home than to others. They would hold them in their affection almost as elder brothers and sisters, and take advice, even reprimand thankfully and without resentment.

I appeal to our older boys and girls to consider this matter gravely, and I ask them to look about them, to try and discover children of our Home who are in need of encouragement and advice, or who, perhaps, are in want of a position. I ask them to stretch out a helping hand and do for them what an elder brother or sister should do for a younger.

The great and growing problems which confront us right here in the institution are as many as we can deal with. It is almost impossible successfully to aid the struggling children who are at a distance.

If our former boys and girls would help in this, they would be doing a service not only to those they aid but also to me and to the Home.



Work Among Orphaned and Half-Orphaned Jewish Boys and Girls

(A paper read at the seventh annual session of the National Conference on the education of delinquent and dependent children, held in St. Louis, Mo., May 17, 1910, by the Superintendent.)

My work among orphan children dates back to the year 1866, when in my first position as minister I was living in Eastern Prussia near the Russian borders. A typhus epidemic had struck the large Jewish communities of Kowno and Wilna and surroundings.

A committee of three ministers living at Memel, Tilsit and Insterburg, all in Prussia, one of whom I was, had brought relief to our Russian co-religionists. On our return we took along, with the permission of the Prussian government, twenty-eight young orphaned children, who had lost both their parents. They were from eleven families, some of them being brothers and sisters. Young and inexperienced as all three of us were, we considered it an easy matter to have the twenty-eight children taken care of among our parishioners. There was no Orphan Asylum known in that part of the European

continent in those days, neither Jewish nor non-Jewish, and if there had been one, I would have opposed placing our wards in an Orphan Asylum. The very word was odious to me. During the years of my university studies in Vienna and Breslau, being compelled to work my way, I had been occupied as a tutor in the orphanages of those two cities. The work became so distasteful to me, that I would have preferred to work cleaning streets, than to live in the poorhouse atmosphere of those orphanages. Notwithstanding all our aversions, finding it impossible to have our twenty-eight wards taken care of in families, we were compelled to hire a house and a housekeeper and in short we had to erect an Orphan Asylum. The funds necessary for its support were willingly and abundantly contributed by our people. It was a splendid little home, our wards were happy and were reared and educated with the best of success.

A few years later circumstances brought me to this country. Here in this very city of St. Louis in 1870, I took charge of a congregation as its minister. I was living here hardly a year, when I was brought in close contact with the care of orphaned children. There was no Jewish Orphan Asylum in this city. While trying to place two little waifs, who had been left on my hands, after I had buried their mother, their father having disappeared, I was informed of the existence of an Orphan Asylum in the city of Cleveland, which had been erected a few years previous, in 1868, by the I. O. B. B. and which institution was to take care of Jewish orphans from St. Louis and other Jewish communities of the Western States, of which there were not many in existence in those days.

With this institution I became allied. In 1874 I was elected one of its Trustees, and in 1876 I became its Secretary, and regularly every three months attended the meetings of the Board, which were always held at the Asylum in Cleveland. In 1878, when its first Superintendent and Matron had resigned their positions after an occupancy of ten years, my wife and myself were requested to take their places. We entered upon our duties July, 1878. The Asylum had taken care of 480 orphaned children during its ten years of existence, 220 of whom were inmates of the institution when we took charge of it. This was at that time the capacity of the institution, in fact, it was overcrowded in the building then occupied. Since then almost thirty-two years are passed. The institution was enlarged repeatedly. New, fireproof, splendid buildings were erected twenty-two years ago and for the last ten years we have under our shelter almost, throughout the year, 500 orphaned and half-orphaned children, between the ages of five and sixteen years, as a rule 220 girls and 280 boys. This is our capacity and it was determined some years ago, it shall never be exceeded. Altogether we had up to date under our care 3,000 orphans, 2,500 of whom we sent out into life to find their way and their places in the world, and they found and are finding it, as I shall detail to you later on. While it is not altogether my intention to describe to you in detail the way and manner in which we are rearing the orphans sent to us in the Asylum under my charge, I believe it may be interesting to you if I express some of the views and thoughts, which have been and are guiding me in my life work. I found and find continually that our wards became and become

orphaned almost without exception in consequence of social and economic conditions. Their fathers and mothers were all immigrants, mostly from Russia, Roumania, Galicia and Hungary. There were the botherations and untold vexations preceding their removal from home and then, during the long journey in the steerage of ocean steamers, the difficulties connected with their landing, followed by cares and worries about finding suitable work and the work itself in sweat shops and ill-ventilated rooms!

All of these conditions have been and are sapping at their vitality. Sickness follows, that terrible scourge, the white plague, and within a few years the father succumbs, leaving a heartbroken widow with a number of orphaned little ones, depending entirely on charity. In many instances the mother, too, is failing in health and is called hence, too. Now, the orphans come under our care. Father and mother are gone, but they are not forsaken. We feed them and clothe them, they have a comfortable bed to sleep in, we give them schooling and let them play, we teach them good morals and good manners, look after their welfare in every respect and see to it, that in proper time they be able to take care of themselves.

And still with all these benefactions bestowed upon an orphan child, we are not doing our duty to it, unless we try our utmost to replace to it, by word and deed, what a cruel fate has taken from it. The mother's caress of love and affection, the father's kiss and care and watchfulness must not be missing in the child's life. That feeling of happiness which only home surroundings with its numberless joyous incidents can bring into the life of a child has to be the great factor during its years of growth and development. This is the reason that the demand is made and justly so, every child should live in a home. Ours, though called an Orphan Asylum, is a home in the truest sense of the word. With a family of five children of our own we came to the Asylum and another one was born to us within its walls. Every one of the girls and boys brought there and living with us under the same roof was our child and since the death of my wife everyone is my child, my girl and my boy, and I now am both his mother and father combined, as I am to my own children, they, my own children, were and are his or her brother and sister.

Men and women raised by me, having now their own families, are coming occasionally to visit us and they tell me: "It feels good to come home again." It was and is no easy task to accomplish this, but it can be done, if the heart is in the work.

A few years ago I read a paper before the Chicago Social Club on the possibilities for the development of individuality in congregate institutions for children. I shall quote what I then said in describing the work I am doing in our home: "I do not allow anything that smacks of militarism. I absolutely refuse to tolerate any such thing as a band, military drills, rigid lines, or anything else which tends to develop so-called institutionalism. I do not allow to make a show of the children. I put no unnecessary restraints upon our children. As much as possible I let them do as they please. The rules of the house are only such natural ones as prevail in every well-regulated family. My children are required to be punctual, helpful and polite. They are taught to respect property and other people's rights and to

avoid injury to themselves and to others. Beyond this they can do as they please, be as wild as they please, make as much noise as they please, get as dirty as they please; eat what they like and leave what they don't like; in short, they may do just as children in private families do, and, I will add, such as have sensible parents."

There is still another thought, which is guiding me in my work for orphaned children placed under my care. It appears to me that these girls and boys, who have been bereft in their early childhood of their natural guardians and protectors in consequence of those unfortunate conditions prevailing among us, whereby poverty, sickness and all kinds of misery are in existence, I say, it appears to me, that these poor innocent victims of our modern civilization ought to be in some way compensated for the terrible loss inflicted upon them. Notwithstanding the very best efforts it is after all simply impossible to bring a child from the unknown beyond its own mother or father. Society owes a debt to every poor orphaned child. To liquidate this debt, I think, it is our duty to enlarge, to expand the chances for success in life to these orphaned people, just as widely and as broadly as we are doing for our own children. Guided by this thought I have been and am carefully studying the mental and physical calibre of each child during its years of schooling and developing, leading and directing its thoughts and ambitions into the right paths. It is a matter requiring careful and judicious handling, if the main aim and object, which we must have in view in the rearing of dependents is to be reached. We want them firstly, above all, to become independent, relying upon their own efforts and work in climbing upward to reach success. Conscious of the fact, that there is not and cannot be real happiness and real enjoyment of success in life, unless one can point it out as the result of his own exertion, as the fruit of his own toil and energy, I am trying to arouse and keep awake in them that high and noble ambition, which spurs them on to stand on their own feet from the day they are stepping out of the schoolroom into the school of life. We have been quite successful in this work. Extremely few of those whom we reared have fallen back into dependency. Almost all of the older wards of ours are occupying positions of respect and honor, while the younger ones are on the road to success and independence. A great many poor widows who have spent their best years in toiling through the dark narrow alleyways of life, now rest in pleasant homes, which their children, our wards, useful, prosperous and respected citizens, have prepared for them. Into business, the arts, the professions, the home, into every branch of life our girls and boys carry with them the benefits which they have derived in their childhood's home.

I shall not dwell upon these generalities though, but I want to take the privilege of placing before you, as briefly as possible, a detailed, statistical report and account of the 2,986 girls and boys we had under our care since the existence of our Home. I wish to preface this with the remark that I am keeping a detailed, accurate card-record of every child we had under our care from the day it enters our Home, continuing the same after its discharge, recording its success or failure, thus keeping ourselves informed up to date. It ought to be the duty of every child-rearing institution or organiza-

tion to do likewise. We have now under our care in the home an even 500 and have discharged a total of 2,486, of which number 1,005 were girls and 1,481 boys. We returned to their surviving parents on account of their remarriage or because their conditions had improved, 906 children; we gave in adoption to childless couples, 15; we discharged in the regular course 1,534, their school education having been finished in our Home school and their age being about sixteen years, and we lost by death 31. You might be surprised at the smallness of the number of children, whom we gave into adoption. The reason is that people desire to adopt very young children, while we are not admitting into our Home children below five years of age. For younger children we have a separate home, an Infant Asylum, which is not connected with the administration of our Home. But there is still another reason. We give in adoption only such a child that is a full orphan and has no brother, nor sister, nor any near relative. We had and have two or three, even more children of one family, who are full orphans, but we would not separate them, but wish to keep them together in order to preserve the family. Permit me to call your attention to our rate of mortality. Of about 3,000 children we lost thirty-one, that is a small fraction over one per cent. The average age of our children is nearly ten years. Comparing this, our rate, with statistical tables of mortality among children, you will find that the same is less than half of the regular rate. I believe that many, perhaps most of orphans' homes of this country, are able to exhibit similar results. This is due to the close attention and watchfulness of the trained people to whose care these children are entrusted.

Our children especially are in need of such extraordinary care, because so many of them are coming to us in enfeebled health and are not the offspring of robust parents. Among the 500 we have at present in our Home there are 260, fully 52 per cent, children of tubercular parents.

As the most interesting feature and perhaps the most important one in my work of these many years I regard the record of the careers of my former wards. I can place before you a full statement of the records of those, whom we discharged in our regular course. They received their school education in our Home until they were about sixteen years old. The average time they were with us is between seven and eight years. There are 639 girls and 895 boys, or a total of 1,534. This is a list of the various occupations and present status of condition of our former girl wards:

Married and living in their own homes.....	209
Salesladies and clerks.....	93
Stenographers, bookkeepers and cashiers.....	84
Housekeepers, mostly in families of their own folks.....	58
Milliners	35
Dressmakers	31
Living in families, with the view of becoming nurses.....	18
Trained nurses	31
Continuing studies for professions.....	18
Teachers	18
Matrons and Assistant Matrons.....	3
On the stage.....	1

Chronically sick, insane.....	8
Bad record	8
Died	24
	<hr/>
Total.....	639

This is the record of our former boy wards:

In commercial pursuits.....	410
Of which number have their own business.....	98
Engaged as salesmen	229
Engaged as clerks	83
Pursuing trades	183
(Among them are printers, tailors, cutters, painter, plumbers, electricians and machinists.)	
Professions	35
Viz.: Rabbis, 6; lawyers—one of them a judge—11; physicians, 7; pharmacists, 2; dentists, 3; teacher, Superintendent of charity organization, 1; cartoonist, 2; editors, 2.	
Chronically sick, insane.....	4
Continuing studies for professions.....	30
Stenographers and bookkeepers.....	140
In U. S. service, army, navy and postoffice.....	29
On the stage.....	4
Bad records	16
Died	44
	<hr/>
Total.....	895

One hundred and seventy-five of our former boy wards are married and are living in their own homes.

There are two items in these lists to which I should like to call your attention in concluding this paper and on which I wish to make a remark or two. There are eight of our former girl wards and sixteen of our former boy wards, together twenty-four, who made a bad record, which amounts to 1½ per cent. Considering that there are many families in the land who have their black sheep, it appears to me that this is a small percentage. Nevertheless I must admit that these, our black sheep, have been and are a source of deepest concern to me. While enjoying the satisfaction caused by the successful careers of our wards, I sorely feel the sting by the disgrace of our delinquents. Twenty-four of our former girls and forty-four of our former boys, together sixty-eight, died, while trying to ascend the ladder to success. This is a large rate of mortality, nearly 4½ per cent. The causes of their deaths have been and are speaking to me with a warning voice, which to heed I consider a grave duty. Serious and grave is the work required for the rearing of so many fatherless and motherless girls and boys.

With the object in mind to secure their happiness not only while they are but young children, but also in their later life, when they will be men and women, there must be underlying the work of their bringing up an unbounded and unlimited quantity of optimism.

There are days in the course of a year, when everything seems to go wrong and when a person might be tempted to exclaim as that

greatest of all teachers once said: "Rather blot me out of this life, than let me continue to bear this burden." It was on such a day but recently, when I had congregated our 500 children in our chapel to give them an entertainment of moving pictures, for we have a moving picture machine of our own. They had not been well behaved that day and I had considered whether I should not withhold from them the planned entertainment, but I could not do it.

Of course they enjoyed the show, and being wound up for mischief, they gave vent to their hilarity in a way and manner which was not nice at all. One of the pictures represented the story "The Man Without a Country." There was a scene, when the hero of the story helps to subdue a riot among the sailors on board of a ship. He had been wounded, his head is bandaged up, but amidst a raging storm he climbs up the mast and, reaching its top, holding with one hand to the swaying pole, he fastens with the other hand a flag to the mast, the storm unfolds it and lo and behold the Stars and Stripes are waving in the air. At the sight of the glorious banner the children broke forth into a storm of applause, yelling and stamping as only American girls and boys can do. The louder the noise of the children grew the more quiet came into my mind. I let them storm and yell and stamp, saying to myself: Those Jewish girls and boys are all right! I have planted in their hearts and minds the best that any man in this world may have—"Patriotism, good and true American citizenship."



Industrial Education

A paper read before the Western Reserve Conference
by the Superintendent.

(1909)

To speak ten minutes on a subject upon which books can be written, necessitated that I condense in very plain language what I have been asked to dwell upon, without the slightest effort to flowery oratory.

The first query is, what is Industrial Training? Or, it might be better said, what is Industrial Education? In answering this, sight must not be lost of the fact that we are concerned about the dependent child. Now it appears to me that every child is dependent, whether it be a child of wealthy or poor people. Every child is in a state of dependency to a certain age and sensible parents will educate their children in such a way and manner as to enable them in due time to become independent, self-reliant and self-supporting. In some royal families in the old country, the boy princes had to learn a trade, upon which they could fall back in case of necessity, and may be some of them will have to.

Children of poor parents and children who have the misfortune of being deprived of their parents in early childhood will be of

necessity called upon at a comparatively young age to become self-supporting, and therefore their education and training must be arranged accordingly.

Institutions for the care of such children, Orphan Homes, if concerned in doing their duty towards their wards, must give them such an education and such a training, which will enable each girl and each boy, at the age of about sixteen years, to make a living.

Institutions which have their own schools are in every particular fully able to give their wards such a training and education which is best called by the term "Industrial Training" or "Industrial Education." It does not mean that a girl or boy learns a certain industry or trade, but it means that the child be taught at an early age to use its eyes and its hands in conjunction with its mind according to its natural abilities and capacities.

The term "Manual Training" has been given to this mode of education. Starting with the five year old pupils in the kindergarten, it ought to be followed up systematically through all the eight grades of our public school curriculum, going hand in hand with the lessons in reading, spelling, arithmetic, geography and all other branches of academic education. With this acquiring of knowledge and technical skill ought to go hand in hand the building up of character.

"Industrial education is more and should be more than giving the pupil the technique. It is only valuable to society when it instills in the pupil noble incentives in using this newly acquired power. With the awakening of his dormant powers and the discovery of his special aptitude along certain lines of work must come the increasing proper incentive in their use. To the alert, tactful instructor the work in the manual training shops offers many opportunities to eliminate those characteristics in the pupil which tend toward his failure as a citizen, workman or member of society; and to help the pupil to cultivate those qualities of character which make for the welfare and high standing of our national life."*

It is furthermore asked: To what extent may routine work of the institution be given the value of industrial training and how can this be done without interfering with regular school time? This must refer to such institutions, which have not their own schools, but are sending their pupils to the public school, and it seems to infer that the instruction and training obtained in the public schools are not considered sufficient to equip the girl and boy for their future and their ability to make a living. I do not wish to discuss that. I believe that our public schools are doing good work. The advancement of industrial education throughout the country during the past few years has been very marked but it has to be supplemented by the rearing of the child in the home, especially in the bringing up of wards of children's homes.

People who understand their business ought to know how to employ girls as well as boys to help in keeping the household going, and still letting the children have some and ample time for their play and games. Little repairs which require the use of a hammer and nails

*(From our pamphlet on Industrial Education.)

or some other carpenter's tool or the paint brush or to fix an electric lamp or a gas jet or solder a leaky pipe—this can and should be entrusted to the bigger boys and be to them the best mode of acquiring industrial training of the most practical and highest value.

And as to the girls, why there is no end of all kinds of opportunity to give them in the running of the household, such industrial training as will fit them for their future careers. It might perhaps not be quite as easy to keep girls above the ages of ten years usefully occupied without curtailing their playtime, but it can be done as long as the work assigned to a girl in helping to darn stockings, to mend clothes, to dust and sweep, to set the tables and to assist in those manifold and various household duties is not made a drudgery.

Would to God we would not need to make of our girls stenographers and typewriters and telegraph operators and other kind of operators, but see them grow up to what they were created for, to become good housewives, the mothers of a future generation.

* * *

Charity

It is a boast, which has been voiced very frequently at opportune occasions, that in the Hebrew language we have no expression for what is commonly meant by the word "charity." The word by which our people speak of benevolent deed is "Zedokoh," which in translation means justice.

This characterizes in the plainest and simplest way the spirit of the benevolence of our people. In helping those, who are in want and need we are doing only our duty. This is the spirit in which our Asylum as the home of and for orphan children is conducted.

It is not my intention in penning these lines for our Magazine to elucidate the mode and manner of rearing and educating our children, but I wish to illustrate the results of our training.

It is but natural, that our pupils, who left our Home, are to a certain extent closer observed and watched than are other young girls and boys. Our Asylum has many friends everywhere. Kind ladies and gentlemen consider it a pleasure and a duty to look after our pupils and if possible they are only too anxious to extend to them aid in words or deeds. "But," said a good lady to me recently, "your children have to be handled carefully. I have no experience with your boys, but have come in contact with quite a number of your girls, whom I have befriended with many other girls, who are making their own living and whom I and some other ladies have endeavored to see comfortably housed, so that they, being all between the ages of sixteen to twenty years, should not be exposed to the dreadful temptations to which young working girls are subjected in our large cities."

And when I inquired what the difficulties were with our girls, this lady told me, that our girls are extremely sensitive, that they resent anything and everything smacking of "charity." Said the

lady: "All these working girls are paying for their room and board, and the accommodations obtained by them are in accordance with the amount they choose to pay. It is such a pleasure for us ladies, when we can brighten the lives of these working girls by offering to them—what is so easily spared by us. But we have to be extremely careful in this, otherwise your girls suspect we want to patronize them and they immediately withdraw from participating in the offered pleasantness, whatever it may be."

"While I honor and admire," continued the lady, "the spirit of these girls, which speaks volumes for the mode of education you gave them, I sometimes think, that their sensitiveness goes to extremes." It is not the first time that I had to listen to such a grievance and I could not give any different answer than I gave previously. I said: "They cannot be sensitive enough for me in this direction. I only wish every girl and boy raised in our Home, growing up to manhood and womanhood, would be possessed of the same feeling of delicacy and tenderness—but I suppose, every rule must have exceptions."

Our children, while living with us, have not the faintest idea of being recipients of charity. They are receiving from our hands their support and education as do other children from their own parents. Fathers and mothers, who are not blessed with great earthly treasures are forced to impress upon their children, that they have to help along in the household, that they must not depend upon getting help from others but must commence really to be bread earners. That is what our children are taught and what we expect of them. Our children are resenting it, while with us, to be commiserated.

It happens sometimes that people visiting our Asylum are deeply affected by the sight of so many orphaned children and exhibit their affection by shedding tears. This appears very strange to our children and many a time have I been asked by some of the little ones, why did that lady cry? And some of the older children express occasionally indignation about such tears. "Do they want to pity us?" I heard one of our girls say the other day and I explained to her the emotion of our visitors.

The last year, which our children are spending with us, when they are prepared for their entrance into practical life they receive that earnest instruction so necessary for their future success. There is of all lessons none, which is given to them with more emphasis, than the great lesson of self-reliance and the striving for independence. It may be that occasionally one or the other of our former wards, while too zealous in trying to carry out the principles, which were inculcated in them, is misjudged and is charged with lack of humbleness. Perhaps one or the other exhibits too great an abundance of sensitiveness or resents being patronized. Even ingratitude is occasionally the charge made for the same reasons.

I certainly do not approve of any kind of immodesty, but if self-respect insists upon resenting indignities, I think it is fully justifiable. I could relate some very sad experiences made by many of our pupils, who were caused to feel, that being orphans they were inferior beings, than those for whom they worked. I can fully understand why here and there some of our former pupils prefer not to be known as a former ward of an Orphan Asylum. I remember how one

of our girls, who occupies a prominent and lucrative position, once told me, how she had been offended by a "lady," who scrutinizing her clothes—she happened to wear a tailor made suit—remarked in her hearing to her companion: "Just look at that stuck-up girl, how she dresses and she was raised in the Orphan Asylum." "But," said my girl, "I gave her a piece of my mind. I told her: 'Madame, this girl has earned the money to buy her clothes and she paid for them, too, what some people cannot say of the nice clothes they wear.'"

I can only applaud every one of our girls and boys who resent being slighted because they were not born in a palace, because they had the misfortune to become bereft of their parents and had to be reared by kind people, who tried to replace to them father and mother.

I want our girls and boys to be judged by their actions and by their conduct.

They know, that we do not cease to be interested in them after they have left our Home and that I especially consider myself responsible to a great extent for any failing of theirs as well as I am finding satisfaction and encouragement by their gaining success in life.

Knowing that this paper is read with much attention by our former wards I want to add something which has been pointed out to me as a reflection on those of them who are now men and women, and have their own homes and families. They ought to be found more often among those who are known in the Jewish communities and who, as is best expressed in the translation from the Hebrew, "are engaged in the affairs of the community." Every one of our boys, who has grown up to maturity, ought to be, without fail and without excuse, a member of a B'nai B'rith Lodge and not a passive one, merely paying his dues, but active in the work of the Lodge.

Our girls, who have their own homes and have become mothers in Israel should devote some of their time or means towards helping the noble band of Jewish women, found in every community, in their work for uplifting the lowly and poor. In brief our former pupils should be the most zealous of all "charity workers."



Charity Reports and How To Frame Them

(August, 1906.)

Mr. Arthur E. Franklin, President of the Society for Jewish Statistics in London, published under the above heading a paper which ought to be read and studied by all who are preparing reports of charity organizations and institutions. A writer in "Charities" says: "Those, who have had occasion to examine the reports of philanthropic organizations of all kinds must have noticed how difficult it is to obtain accurate information regarding the work done." I fully coincide with this observation. I have in my library a large collection of annual reports of Jewish institutions of this country and also some

of European institutions and a great many reports of State and County institutions, but I must confess, that very little useful information especially for statistical purposes can be gathered from these reports. They are frequently compiled in a most superficial manner and are hardly of any value.

I remember having read in an annual report of an Orphan Asylum in the President's message that the institution had during the year two deaths among its inmates, while in the Superintendent's report it was stated, that three deaths had occurred and the physician reported that they had hardly any sickness among the children. In a report of an Ohio State institution, I read once in the account of expenditures: "Butter and eggs, \$18,000.00." I could quote more such examples. When I once uttered a reproach about the faulty condition of a report sent me, I was asked what is the use of taking pains and spending time in preparing elaborate reports which are not read. There might be indeed, not many who are so interested in charitable work as to read attentively the reports of the institution to which they are contributing, excepting to see whether their name and the amount of their contribution are properly recorded. However, there are trained workers in the field of charity, to whom such reports should be of the utmost importance. Statistical data are forming the foundation of the great structure of charity to be built properly and correctly.

It is therefore of the greatest importance, that reports of institutions and charity organizations be carefully compiled, giving accurate accounts and true information about the work done during the period enumerated.

I like to call the attention of the Managers of Orphan Asylums to a few matters, which I consider of great importance. One is the report about sanitary conditions of the institutions. In the annual reports of our institution we embodied since its inception the reports of our physician, which were given in all details after proper scientific methods. This enables our physician, after the close of a decade, to prepare valuable tables exhibiting the rate of morbidity and mortality among our children.

Ours is the good fortune to have had the same physician from the opening of our Asylum in 1868 up to this day—now going on thirty-eight years.

Another matter of importance is an accurate and detailed report of the expenditure account. In our printed Annual Reports is found every single item used and the amount of its cost. It is of invaluable importance to know not only where the money went to, but to be able to point out what amounts have been spent for feeding and clothing a child and how much was spent for its schooling and for other wants. Desirable changes and some times necessary improvements will be the result of comparing and studying these statistical tables.

A full and detailed report about the educational work of the institution should never be missing in our reports and should be substantiated with all necessary data. In a recent report of the New York State Board of Charities it was stated, that in some of the Orphan Asylums in the city and state of New York the amount of

work required in different schools of the same grade varies widely and is not as a whole equivalent to that of the public schools — and the recommendation is made to have these institutions more closely inspected.

If such be the case, I can understand the agitation against institutions, which is waged in the Eastern States. Our endeavor has been always to be ahead of the public schools and that we are successful in this we have proven in the past and are able to do so today.

* * *

To President William Stix On His 70th Birthday Anniversary

(April 25, 1908.)

“When God makes a lovely thing,
The fairest and completest,
He makes it little, don't you know?
For little things are sweetest.”

To the little man with the great big heart
I write these lines today;
To voice the thoughts of all your friends
In the Cleveland J. O. A.

How often in the year just past
Our thoughts have been with you,
The President of our great Home,
To all a friend so true.

The children of the Cleveland Home —
I once heard some one say —
Would choose you President for life,
If they but had their way.

Yes, in the heart of every child
You'll always find a place;
And joy, when you are with us here,
Is seen in every face.

And even when you're far away
You keep us well in mind.
You make your children happy
At every chance you find.

Our Doctor brings to you from home
Our love, a goodly store;
With wishes for a glad birthday
And many happy more.

A. K.

William Stix—An Appreciation

William Stix is no more. There must be hundreds upon hundreds of people throughout the United States, who, on hearing this announcement, felt a deep sense of sorrow. For these people who knew him in business or social life, or who met him in the course of carrying on the many activities in which he was interested, I cannot speak. I speak only as one of the many children of the Home whom he helped and loved.

William Stix! From out the memories of the past there springs before one the picture of that lover of mankind. A picture of a man whose heart was bigger than his body. Instantly one sees him—his short, slightly stooped figure, his wise and kindly face, as he used to walk through the playroom, patting us as he loved us—indiscriminately—impartially. How often, with the memory of his kindness (perhaps in the form of a Chanukkah present) fresh in our minds, we would cheer him with true boyish vim. Always on such occasions he would hurry to the door.

William Stix gave, and gave prodigally, but he wanted nothing in return—not even our thanks.

As one reflects on that noble character, trying to measure his worth and attempting to appreciate him, one feels many emotions surging through one's being—love, admiration, awe. How the pen falters at its task! How poor and paltry are our words! Knowing that we can never hope to express perfectly our thoughts and feelings, we can only say with a full heart those simple words. When our faith in man is tried, when our love of Judaism needs strengthening—in short, whenever we need a stimulus to keep us striving for the higher things, we shall always find that inspiration in the memory of William Stix.

August, 1915.

J. I., 1904.

* * *

Eight Pulpit Addresses

New Year's Sermon

(Preached to the children by the Superintendent.)

Wherever Jews are living upon this Globe, they are gathered today in their houses of worship, as we are assembled here to solemnly celebrate the first day of a new year, known as "Roshhashonah." The Rabbis are preaching eloquent sermons, which are finding an echo in the hearts of their hearers, who at this time are eager for the word of God, and the message of religion. My task of preaching to you, my children, on this great holiday, is not as easy, for while we adults

are feeling the earnestness of this day, being awed to the deepest depth of our hearts, you, being children free of care and worry, ever ready to receive everything that brings you joy and happiness, are hailing this holiday in joyous expectancy. When today in reading the Torah lesson, my voice was choked in my throat at the words of Isaac, who innocently asked his father "where is the lamb for the sacrifice" and Abraham answered him, "God will choose for himself the lamb for the sacrifice," you, dear children, did not and could not understand my emotion. You are happy, as children should be, and we are glad of it, that you are happy, for we want you to be like other children are. It is the aim and object of our Home, that the children whom it harbors should enjoy the happiness due to childhood. While this is a fact, that you are just as happy as are other children, it is a fact, too, that in one respect you are different from other children. The fact that you are living here in this Home, that you are congregated here from many parts of the country, away from your former homes, is evidence that you are different than are other children. You are not feeling it, but you know it, you are orphan children. Am I telling you this to hurt your feelings? I am confident none of you, neither other people, consider me capable of such. I am sometimes reproached, that I am too much concerned in sparing your feelings.

When I am telling you today, "you are orphans," I am doing so not to humiliate you, but on the contrary to lift you up to a higher plane. You are orphans, this means: God has distinguished you from other children. I am saying this in the spirit of our great teacher, Moses, who once told to his brother, Aaron, when his two sons were suddenly taken from him: "Through those, who are near me, I shall be sanctified." I repeat, God has distinguished you, He has chosen you to be His children. We are calling God "the Father of the orphans," thus you are His children. Is this not a distinction? I believe I have told you and to all of our wards, who have been living with us in years past, that in my opinion, you orphan children are among other children, what we Jews are among the nations of the earth. We are saying in our prayers: "Thou hast chosen us from amongst the nations." This is a fact acknowledged now-a-days by thinking people all over the world, that we Jews have been selected by God to carry His light and truth to the rest of mankind. No sensible Jew ever made a boast of this. We do not consider ourselves privileged to more rights or honors, but we claim to have more and higher duties to fulfill than have other people. "God has distinguished Israel," says an old Rabbi, "therefore He laid upon them more laws and duties." Through all the centuries of the terrible persecutions, our people bore patiently what God had sent to them, for they knew they were God's people, and as His children they had to bear the corrections of their Heavenly Father. When I was a boy, I was maltreated by non-Jewish children on the street, they called me names, and threw stones at me. I pitied them, and went on my way unruffled. I knew I was a Jew, and I had to do honor to my people, to my God. An incident which happened when I was a boy, impressed itself on me, and filled me with satisfaction, almost with pride. It was in the year 1854, when Francis Joseph, the Emperor of Austria, who is still living and ruling today, and as whose subject I had been

born, made his wedding trip through the provinces of his empire, bestowing honors upon many of his subjects, and extending gracious pardon to many prisoners. He visited Bruenn, the capital of Moravia, my native country. There used to be a terrible prison called "The Spielberg," in the cells of which were kept hardened prisoners convicted for heavy crimes. The Emperor passed through the prison, reading the labels upon the doors of the cells, which stated the names and crimes of their occupants. His attention was called to a cell, the occupant of which was recommended by the Warden of the prison to the mercy of the ruler. The Emperor, looking upon the label and reading its contents, turned to the Warden saying: "This is a Jew and he was accused of murder, and convicted for manslaughter and arson. I shall not pardon him. This is the first Jew that I found in the prisons of my empire. He disgraced his people, and I do not consider him worthy of my mercy." This was not spoken in the spirit of anti-Semitism, but I think it was a "Kiddush Ha Shem." The unfortunate prisoner was not undeserving. He had the misfortune in the passion of anger by striking one of his servants to kill her, and losing his mind in the terrible excitement, he threw the body in the oven, and set the house on fire. When the Emperor later learned the particulars, the unfortunate man, who had been in prison for eighteen years, was pardoned after all.

We Jews are responsible for one another, we must not disgrace our people, for you know it, when one Jew does anything wrong, all Jews have to bear the blame. In the same manner it is with you, my children, as the wards of our Home, and therefore you must be careful in your actions and never do anything by which you would not only disgrace yourself, but also the Home which raised you. As it behooves us Jews not merely to be good citizens of our country but be better citizens than are others, so it behooves you orphan children not merely to be good children, but you should be better children than the rest of the children are. This lesson I have given you many times, and all those who were under my care, but I am grieved to say I succeeded but little to have it carried out by our wards. They are making in general a good record, and probably we have no reason to be dissatisfied. Almost all are doing well, they are doing just as well as are doing the majority of young men and women of our people in this country, but I hold, they ought to do better.

In the early years of my Superintendency, I had dreamed and hoped that after years of work I shall raise my own helpers and assistants. Yes, it was a dream of my life that every teacher in our school would be once a former girl or boy of ours. I have been and am disappointed in this. As far as I know, it is not different in the other Orphan Homes of our country. I believe that men and women, who owe their rearing and education to the unselfish devotion of a noble band of ladies and gentlemen represented in the great work of Jewish benevolence, ought to feel inspired to join in this great work. But a few of those who were reared here have done so and are doing this, to my great satisfaction. There ought to be a great many more of them. Let me hope, my dear children, that many of you, who have listened so attentively to me this morning, will resolve in their hearts

to devote your life in years to come to that work of goodness and benevolence, which enables you to spend here a happy childhood. Let me hope that I planted today in your young hearts a seed, which will grow steadily as you are growing in mind and body, and in time to come will bear good fruits to your honor, and to the pride of this our Home.

May our Heavenly Father give strength to each of you to carry out the good resolves of this day, that the year to come may be to all of us a year of prosperity and blessing.



**Words spoken to the children Saturday, January 2,
1904. Text: Genesis, Chapter 50, Death of Jacob, Joseph's
Promise.**

The promise given by Joseph to his dying father, and the faithfulness with which he carried out the last wishes of Patriarch Jacob, as described to us in this morning's Torah reading, are certainly most fitting themes to speak about to an audience of children, many of whom have been weeping at the bedside of a dying parent.

Though most of you, my dear children, had been too young to make promises to those, who had to part from you, ere they could see you grow up to maturity, I nevertheless have many times spoken to you about the duties you owe to those whose name and memory to honor should be the aim of your life. And because I have devoted many an earnest word to the subject mentioned, I concluded to give you today from the Scriptural portion read a lesson of a somewhat different nature, perhaps appearing not quite as important, but at the same time to be one of the many lessons taught you here to develop your characters and to lead them to the aim of harmonious perfection.

I have not chosen a special verse to guide me in my thoughts, but the entire language in which is couched the story of the death scene of our Patriarch should be the text to my words. It is so delicate, so tender, so replete with softness, avoiding all harshness, which is but naturally connected with death, that I could not give it full justice when I translated for you the Hebrew lines.

"Vajigvah" is the Hebrew expression used, and I translated, "And Jacob breathed his last and was gathered in to his people." Since these words were written several thousand years have passed. The author lived in a time when culture and civilization were—as we are used to think—in a very crude state. They had in those days no railroads, no telegraphs and no telephones. They did not live in beautiful houses, as we do.

You know, my children, we in our days are boasting that we are so far advanced and have made such wonderful progress, which, of course, cannot be denied. It would not take so much trouble today to bring a corpse from the shores of the Nile to Palestine. A steamboat,

a railroad train might bring in a funeral car a coffin, to the very gate of the Cave of Machpelah! Yes, we are far advanced and still we can learn a great deal from the past, from the very lives of our ancestors, though separated from us through the distance of thousands of years. We can learn from them how to love our parents, how to honor old age, how to be affectionate to our fellow creatures on earth. All the boast of our civilization does not overbalance the tenderness of our feelings, the genuine heart-culture of our forefathers.

You, dear children, are living here in a world by itself, you are surrounded by loving friends who are carefully watching your welfare. As a rule the storms raging in the busy mart of life do not reach your knowledge. The older ones among you no doubt have read the horrible news which came to us a few days ago from the city of Chicago, where hundreds of lives were lost within the space of a few minutes in a most terrible disaster. The authorities are investigating what caused this dreadful calamity. They will not bring to life the unfortunate victims of that carelessness and recklessness which has taken hold of the people of this, our advanced age. The heartless words of the first criminal on earth: "Am I the keeper of my brother?" have become the guides of our modern life. To teach you, my dear children, affection for your fellow beings, to implant in your young hearts tenderness and devotion to duty, is our constant endeavor. You know how anxious we are to eliminate from our midst all and every vestige of harshness, how we constantly work and labor to smooth off all rudeness and roughness, so that every one of you may become like a "jewel" bright and shining. Yes, a "jewel," "a diamond."

You have no doubt many a time admired one of those beautiful, precious stones adorning a ring, or some other ornament, sparkling in wonderful splendor. These stones are found in mines and when discovered they look insignificant, like little pebbles, and only experienced eyes are able to discover their value.

They are then cleaned and ground by trained hands, and after much labor and skillful treatment, they become the much admired rubies, emeralds and diamonds.

Every little child brought under my care, and may it come, as is often the case, ragged and dirty; taken away from surroundings of squalor, it appears to me like one of those insignificant little pebbles.

It is my hope to develop it by tireless work, into a bright, shining jewel.



Words spoken Sabbath, February 27, 1904.

"Purim," which in this Sabbath's prayers has been mentioned so prominently, is not a "Yomtof," a holiday, but it is a "Yom simchah," a day of joy. As such it has been and will remain always a very popular day in the Jewish almanac. It brings you every year a lot of good things, to which you are looking forward in joyous expectancy. You certainly will not be disappointed.

Here from this place at which you are receiving every Sabbath and holiday moral and religious instruction, I want to give you today

a Purim lesson, taken from the little book, which tells us about the origin of Purim, "the book of Esther," the contents of which are well known to you. This little book of "Esther" is a peculiar book. It is a part of the Bible, but it reads more like a novel. The books that are collected in what is called "the canon," the sacred writings, or the Bible, were carefully examined by our great teachers. We are told that some objected to placing "Esther" into the canon, claiming there was nothing sacred in this book. Still it was decided that "Esther" should be one of the sacred books, a part of the Bible.

We may rejoice indeed that this book has been preserved to us. It used to be customary to have this book written on a parchment roll, from which it was read in the Synagogue on Purim, as we are reading on Sabbath from the scroll of the Torah. In explanation of this custom a renowned preacher once said: The book of "Esther" should be the "little Torah" of the Jews living scattered among the nations of the world. "God" is not mentioned in this book and no miracles are wrought to save Israel—but Israel is saved nevertheless. A simple story teaches: "Wickedness must perish and justice will and must prevail."

Israel among the nations should not wait for miracles, but should rely upon the strength of truth and the power of justice.

This thought, my dear children, is perhaps above your understanding and cannot be grasped by your young minds. I will therefore give you a lesson more plain and more practical for your childhood's growth. But the very thought expressed by the great teacher I mentioned will be my guide.

The book "Esther" shall be our Torah, while we are scattered among the nations of this earth. The examples of Mordecai and Esther, the prominent characters of this book, shall teach us how we should act and live and conduct ourselves, wherever we may dwell.

It was said of Mordecai: "He was a man, a Jew in Schushan, the capital of Persia."

This simply means that Mordecai was a good citizen of the country in which he lived, and at the same time a good Jew.

This, my children, should be today's lesson for you—to become good citizens of our country and still remain good Jews.

Mordecai was a good, a useful citizen of Persia and faithful to its ruler. We are told he saved the life of the King by unearthing a plot of two conspirators. He did his duty without asking or receiving a reward. The King, by a mere accident, found out a good while later, that he owed his life to a man of whom he had never heard.

Mordecai obeyed the laws of the country. We read that an edict was issued to have all the beautiful maidens of the land brought to the King's palace. Mordecai does not withhold his foster child, Ether. As hard as it must have been for him to part with her he leads her to the royal residence.

The arch-enemy of the Jews, Haman, places before the King that abominable charge that the Jews had their own laws and would not respect the laws of the country. It was a falsehood then, as it was and is a miserable untruth wherever and whenever raised against our people. All he could say against the Jews was, that one of them, and

perhaps he did not know any other Jew but Mordecai, did not prostrate himself before him. This was indeed the only rule which Mordecai, the Jew, would not mind. He was certainly right in that, for it was against his religion to kneel down before a mortal being. Wherever and whenever a law is made that would interfere with our religion, it cannot be a good, a just law, and we cannot be forced to abide by it.

The constitution of this, our great and free land, vouchsafes religious freedom to all its citizens. This, our constitution, and its by-laws, which you are learning in school to know by heart, does not contain the word of "God" — just like the book of "Esther." Some fanatics have been and are still trying to have inserted "God" in our constitution, but I do not think that they will ever succeed, for it would be the first successful attempt to attack religious freedom in this, our great fatherland.

Let us be thankful, my dear children, that we are living in a country granting religious freedom to all its inhabitants and let us manifest our gratitude by such a conduct as will redound to the glory of our people.



Words spoken to the children Sabbath, November 21, Lesson: Genesis, Chapter 27.

"Isaac desirous to bless Esau, Rebecca anxious to have Jacob blessed."

The book from which we are reading every Sabbath and from which we are drawing all the moral lessons for your development as Jews and good citizens — this book, in telling us about the lives of our patriarchs, presents to us a true picture of their family life. Not merely the good and beautiful traits of their characters are related and described, even their shortcomings, their mistakes and failures, are pictured true to life, offering us instructive lessons as well.

Isaac and Rebecca — the second couple of our Patriarchs — were certainly a happy and prosperous couple. God had blessed them with children, they had twin boys — Esau and Jacob. But we find that in the education of these, their sons, they made a grave mistake. The father made a favorite of Esau and the mother petted Jacob. In speaking of Esau she says: Father sent "his" son to get him venison — as if Esau would not have been "her" son, too? This was a wrong — which as is the case with all wrongs, had been the cause of trouble to the parents as well as to the children.

Parents blessed with children, ought to treat them all alike and not make a pet of one, while slighting another. This has been and is the rule guiding me through these many years in rearing and educating you, my dear children, who are now here under my care — as I did to the many others, to whom I have been a father in the years past. I love you all, without one exception, as though you were all my own. And you, my dear children, you ought to be mindful of it, that none of you is anything more than is the other. While enjoying the

blessings of our Home you ought to understand that every one of you is entitled to the same privileges and that accordingly you should also share in the same duties—as the daughters and sons of one and the same family.

Some time ago a gentleman, who had become a member of our Board of Directors and who was desirous of getting fully acquainted with all the details of our family and home life, considered it an excellent occasion to mingle with the children on your playgrounds. He had gathered quite a lot of girls and boys around him, chatting and laughing with them. He asked them many questions which rather amused the children; amongst others he had asked: "Does Doctor know you all by your names?" This caused an uproarious laughter among the children. After it had subsided he drew the crowd of little ones closer to himself to ask them a very important question: "Does Doctor have any pets among you?" he asked; "No," all answered with a shout; "Doctor is good to us all alike." One girl had kept silent, and the gentleman, noticing it, said: "You seem to differ from the others—do you think Doctor has any pets?" With a roguish smile on her face the girl quickly said: "Yes, Doctor's pets are the bad boys." "How is that?" said the gentleman. "Well, he speaks to them much more and oftener, than to the other children." In this, the little girl was right. I am spending much more time and am giving more attention to those of you, my children, whom your teachers and whom you yourselves are calling "bad"—but they need me more and probably they would prefer not to be "petted" in this way, for—because I love them with a father's love—I have to extend to them sometimes more than words, being mindful of the lesson of one of our old sages, who said: "Whom God loveth, he corrects—as a father chastiseth his son, whom he loves."

It might have been better for both Esau and Jacob, if their father and mother had corrected them. We read how Rebecca in her blind love for her pet led him on to a wrong deed, to deceive the father. He was to disguise himself and play the part of Esau and thereby obtain his father's blessing. Jacob was not quite willing to do what the mother told him, not because he considered it wrong. He did not say: Mother, how could I try to cheat father? He said: Father might find it out and instead of blessing he will curse me. Both mother and son were wrong and they had to suffer the consequences.

This, my children, contains a grave lesson for you. There are many mothers whose children are under my care and who have been misguiding their sons and daughters, inducing them to infringe upon the few prohibitory rules governing our Home, teaching them to conceal things and thereby—no doubt without intending it—leading them to falsehood and to dishonesty.

I shall never forget an experience which I made some years ago. One of our boys, who had been discharged scarcely two years from our Home and whom I had placed in a splendid position, had gone wrong. His mother called upon me to save him or her from disgrace. I succeeded, after quite an effort, to square out everything. The mother, relieved from great anxiety, reproached her boy, to whom, in my room, I had given some fatherly advice, reminding him that he was brought up in our Home to truthfulness and honesty. While

the boy—he was almost a young man—had meekly listened to my words, he resented the mother's reproach, and, breaking into a passion, he harshly cried to his mother: "Doctor taught me to be honest, but you made me practice dishonesty; you taught me to tell lies and to cheat. When I was in the Orphan Asylum you used to come and call me behind the school house, bringing me things which I was not allowed to have; you sent me oranges and taught me to find dimes and quarters hidden in them, which I afterwards spent in candy stores." I had to quieten the boy to whom the enlightenment had come, that his mother, through her blind love for him, had done him harm while she had thought to be good to him. Learn a lesson, my dear children, from the experience of that boy.

Do not yield to the advice of anybody who, under the pretense of wanting to be good to you, desires to mislead you from the path of truth and honesty. Learn to mind rules and precepts, which aim for your good and welfare. Be truthful and honest while you are children and you will be good and upright when you will be grown up to manhood and womanhood.



Abstract of the Shebuoth Address

This is the day commemorating the proclamation of the "ten words" of Sinai. These words are not belonging to Israel alone, they have become the property and the guide of all civilized nations—but Israel alone celebrates this day. It is entitled thereto, for there is no other nation on earth that was so devoted to "these words" as has been Israel. No nation suffered for its faithfulness to "the Law" as did Israel! But, alas, the days of suffering are not of the past. A cry of horror has reached us recently coming from far off "dark Russia" and we are painfully reminded that "the exile" is not ended!

We cannot fathom God's wisdom, nor the ways of Providence. Who knows whether the sufferings of our poor co-religionists are not destined to be reminders to us—who are living here in the land of freedom—not to forget that we are Jews and that as such we have to perform some peculiar duties among the nations of the earth.

Many here are forgetting this! Jewish children are growing up here in this country ignorant of their faith, of the religion and history of their fathers. You, the children of our Home, are receiving a thorough Jewish education. You are living in the atmosphere of Jewish home life, and it is expected of you to become good Jews, as well as good citizens. While you are privileged to keep the "Sabbath" and the holidays—in the future when your school days will be ended, this perhaps will not be the case with many of you. The struggle to make your own living will bring you in circumstances, which will not be of your choice, and I am grieved to know that you will be forced to fall in with everybody else in the rush of life.

While you are here I desire you to be faithful to the lessons we are giving you. Every Sabbath evening, when the "Kiddush-cup" is

passing from one child to another, may the holiness of Sabbath enter your heart. May it never happen, while you are here under the protection of our Home, that you desecrate the Sabbath by playing ball, or such games as you were taught to be improper on the day of rest. When I was a boy in school with other boys—as young as you are today—we were taught that to be a Jew means to bring sacrifices. We saw our schoolmates enjoy many a pleasure that was forbidden to us as Jews—but we knew what it means to “bear the yoke of the Torah” and we bore it with pride. How small and insignificant are the sacrifices that you are asked to bring in honor of your ancestral faith.

Be this the lesson of Shevuoth, when we read in our Scriptures the memorable injunction of our great teacher, promulgated in the name of God: “Ye shall be unto me a kingdom of priests and a holy nation.”



Words spoken to the children at the Sabbath Services, November 19, 1904, by the Superintendent.

The lives of our Patriarchs, as described to us in our Scriptures, are an inexhaustible source of beautiful and useful lessons for our everyday life. Last week you were taught how to respect and honor parents and elders from the example of Isaac, who had honored the memory of his father by using the same names for some wells, newly discovered by his shepherds, as his father had given them many years before.

Today we read of Jacob, the son of Isaac and Rebecca. He had to leave his parental home suddenly, due to a quarrel, by which he had provoked the anger of his older brother. Considering, that every one of you, my dear children, will have to leave one of these days this, your home, which is extending to you parental care and affection, it certainly ought to be interesting, and instructive, too, for every one of you to read carefully the narrative of the old Scriptures. They relate to us that Jacob left his home as a penniless youth. He said it himself, when, in later years, he had become wealthy and prosperous: “With a staff in my hand I crossed the Jordan.” Indeed he was very poor when he left home, for the story tells us, he had to spend his first night under the open sky with a stone as a pillow under his head. He did not cry nor whine; he said his night prayers—no doubt as his mother had taught him—and went to sleep. After pleasant dreams he arose in the morning, hale and hearty and happy, ready for work, which soon he found in great abundance.

So, my dear children, it might be with you in time to come. Let me hope that you will leave this Home honorably, going forth to find your way in the world. You will be poor like Jacob was, for we cannot give you riches nor wealth—but you will be endowed with a goodly stock of knowledge, possessed of good manners and habits, and of a healthy and strong body. Let me hope that you will act as

Jacob did. You will not be spared troubles and hardships. If they come, meet them with a strong mind, first putting your confidence in God, and then relying on your own efforts.

Jacob prayed—and I added thereto “no doubt because his mother taught him so.” You, my dear children, are taught here to pray. We teach you to begin the day by devoting a very few minutes to prayers, we ask of you to look up to the Giver of all good before and after your meals, and to say a word of thanks to your Father above before you close your eyes and go to sleep. May you continue to do so after you will have left this Home.

It has been said, our people is a praying people. I am sorry to say—it is not quite true. Our people **was** a praying people, and it always was a moral people. The virtues which distinguished our people through the centuries past, entitling it to be called “the chosen people” are on the wane. People who continue to practice the beautiful customs of days past are laughed at and called old fogies. You are taught better! You have been receiving a religious, a moral education and I wish you to continue practicing in years to come, what we taught you here, while you were our children.

The story tells us how ready Jacob was to work and to do hard work. Without anybody’s help he rolls away a heavy stone from the mouth of the well, and how hard did he work, while serving as shepherd with his uncle, Laban. How saving he was—until he was himself a wealthy and prosperous man, not owing anything to anybody. The help of God and his own labors and efforts led him to success. Here, my dear children, is an example for you to emulate, when, in time to come—and with some of you it is but a very short time—you will have to work for your own living. You see “the birds instruct their young about how to fly, to secure food and escape their enemies, but when the young bird has grown to the size of its parents, can wing its way and capture its own food, then the old one leaves it to work out its destiny alone.” So will you have to do. Only then will you succeed, when you have learned to use the gifts of your mind and the faculties of your body in proper and effectual ways.

That is what we are trying to teach you from early in the morning until you go to sleep in the night. In our cares and efforts for your future success, we are not forgetting your welfare as children. We are conscious of the fact, that the child ought to be happy, that it ought to feel as though it would want to shout, and to sing like a bird on a bright spring morn. Anybody entering our grounds can testify to your happiness. You are overflowing with mirth and are ever ready to burst out into frolic and laughter. I believe even now, while I am speaking to you, I can notice some boys whose features betray that there is some mischief on their minds. Many a time the thought is haunting me, whether it might not be better to keep you within more strict restraint, as is usually done in institutions, where hundreds of children are cared for—but I would not and I could not do it. I prefer to endure all the noise and mischief you want to make, as long as you are not doing any harm to each other and to those who are caring for you. You are happy, and I want you to be happy! Enjoy your happiness to your heart’s content. Every day of your childhood spent in real happiness will be for your future a

treasure, of which nobody can rob you. To deprive you of it—I would consider a great wrong.

Nevertheless we have to teach you that life is not all fun, but that there are times for seriousness as well. As you are at your games and plays with all your heart and mind, so, my dear children, may you devote yourselves with all your faculties to study and work.



Words spoken to the children on Sabbath, August 19, 1905, by the Superintendent.

There is a poem which probably is known to some of you. It is called, "The Teacher's Dream." It tells of a teacher, who, after a long day's hard work with his pupils—after the close of school—sat down in his easy chair on the back porch of the little country school house to rest himself. It had been an unusual hard day. He had to scold and to punish almost every pupil in the school. Everything had gone wrong. He was so tired and disheartened. While thinking of the troubles of the day he dozed away, but strange to say—though his eyes were closed—he saw queer scenes appearing before him. He found himself in a large, beautiful place. It look like a church and there stood the minister at the altar, a tall, young, handsome man, and before him stood a bridal couple, who apparently were to be married, and, strange to say, he seemed to know everyone of these people. The minister started to speak. Why, sure, murmured the teacher, that is Peter, the bad boy, whom I had whipped only this afternoon—and that is Kate, the lazy girl, I had to scold every day this week, and there she stands a lovely bride.

A happy smile passed over the teacher's face—and the vision was gone. Another scene appeared. It was a court room. There sat a judge, and before him was a prisoner led by an officer, and when the culprit looked up to answer the judge, the teacher grew cold with perspiration—for he recognized the accused—it was Jake, his favorite boy. Jake, in whom he had so much faith, had become a criminal! A tear welled up in the teacher's eye—a deep shadow darkened his brow—when the scene disappeared. A great dome shone through the sky in the distance—and as he came nearer to it he recognized the mighty structure. It was the Capitol at Washington. Before he knew it he was in the midst of a large and beautiful hall. There sat the Speaker and the Representatives in their seats and the galleries were crowded with people and on the platform stood a man, who was speaking, though he could not hear what he was saying—but he recognized the orator. It was Jim, the most troublesome of his boys, whom he had locked up but yesterday. Wonders over wonders! Jim—the big rascal—member of Congress! And how the people listened to him, how they clapped their hands and hurrahed! The noise woke him. He rubbed his eyes, stretched his limbs, and now he saw—it was all a dream. With a happy smile on his wrinkled face, the old teacher went to his room for a night's peaceful rest and perhaps to dream again.

My children, what this teacher dreamed has been a reality with me. During the many years of my work in this, our Home, I had under my care a great many girls and boys. While the largest number of them have become all we could expect and hope for, I had set in some of them proud hopes, but they were not realized. Others, again, whom I had dismissed, with grave doubts upon my mind, turned out all right after they had sown their wild oats. Such experiences have become a power and strength to me—as, no doubt, the dream I related to you gave the teacher, who dreamed it, encouragement in his tedious work.

There is hardly a day passing, all year through, that I do not think of those of our pupils who had tested my patience and had caused me innumerable worries. Especially when I have to correct those among you who constantly disobey their teachers and kind friends. You know well that I do not allude to those children who are wild and mischievous. Indeed not. We have now vacation and I gladly overlook all the pranks and mischievous tricks cropping out from the overflow of happiness. I have in mind those who are bringing disgrace upon us with our neighbors and who are running the risk of losing the privileges of our Home. There is no cause why they should not act properly.

With the words of our great teacher—read today from our Scriptures—I can speak to them and to all of you—as Moses said to his people: “Where is there a nation found to whom God was as near as He is to us?” Where are there found children to whom God is as near as He is to you? We call Him “the Father of the orphans.” Aye—you are His children, the children of God! Though father or mother were taken from you, you were not left unprotected. God in His kindness sent His angels on earth to shield and guide you. All those kind ladies and gentlemen, who founded this Home and are supporting it and are enabling me to be a father to all of you—all those men and women who, before parting from this world, endowed our Home and in whose memory we are rising here at our services to recite “the Kaddish”—all these good people were God’s messengers for His children on earth.

As Moses said to his people: “Where is there a nation that has laws and statutes as wise and just as we do have?” so do I say to you, my dear children: Where can be seen so many hundreds of children who are guided so well and who are reared with so much care and wisdom as is your good fortune?

You are living days of happiness which you all enjoy to your hearts’ content—but which to fully appreciate you are too young. The time will come when you will know how to value the memory of your childhood days as your greatest treasure—unless there will rest a feeling of reproach on your mind for wrongs you have done!

Let me warn you and remind you to use well the days you are to live in this good place. Be happy and make happy others.

Do not mar the peace of our Home by any misdeed and thereby destroy your own happiness, not alone of today, but of days to come.

Saturday, February 3. Sermon by the Superintendent.

(Written the day after it was delivered.)

Some weeks ago I spoke to you on "Rashi," the great commentator of our Biblical and Talmudical writings. I also placed before you a few instances of the mode and manner in which this great scholar used to comment so beautifully upon apparently simple passages of our Scripture.

I shall base my address of today again upon one of his numberless commentaries. We have been reading this morning and also last Sabbath of the ten plagues, which Moses and Aaron had to bring upon Pharaoh and Egypt, in order to attain the aim of freeing Israel from bondage.

In reading carefully the Scripture passages we find that the first three plagues briefly called: "Blood," "Frogs" and "Vermin" were executed by Aaron alone. This is, comments "Rashi," because Moses could not strike the river to turn its water into blood and then to have the numberless frogs arise from its depths, since it was in the water, where he had been saved, while he was a baby. Moses could not strike the earth, whose dust covered the Egyptian, whom he had happened to slay. He could not have been ungrateful to the water and to the earth, which had done kindness to him. It is expressed in the old saying: "Do not throw a stone into the well, from which thou hast quenched thy thirst."

To be grateful to those, who were kind to us, is the great lesson which "Rashi's" commentary teaches us and which I wish to teach you. When thinking over this lesson, which I had planned to place before you today, my dear children, it appeared to me that it ought not to be necessary to teach gratitude. It ought to be natural and it is natural to be thankful to those who are kind to us. That it is natural, we can learn from dumb animals, who manifest gratitude for kind treatment. Perhaps some of you children have experienced it already, when you had been kind to a cat or a dog, how they would lick your hands and show their affection for you.

You know perhaps the story of the Greek slave, who was thrown before a hungry lion to be devoured by the fierce animal, but to the great surprise of the people, who had been gathered to witness the spectacle—you know, this did not happen in our days, but centuries ago in Rome of old—the lion laid down meekly at the feet of the scared slave, licking his hands. Some time previous, when both the lion and the poor slave had been in freedom, the man happened to meet the lion suffering and whining with pain. A sharp thorn was sticking in the bleeding paw of the animal and the man pulled out the thorn, washed the wound and relieved the suffering lion from its distress. The animal recognized its benefactor and would not harm him. Yes, gratitude is natural, also with men. We find it today yet with people living in their natural state in freedom, though we call them savages. They do not harm anyone who was kind to them, but protect their friend, though he be not one of their own people, even at peril of their lives. Among us, the so-called

civilized people, who boast so much of their culture and refinement, I am grieved to say, gratitude is not often met.

There is a story I read somewhere. It reads: "Our Father in Heaven sent down to earth His angels—each of them to teach a certain virtue to the mortals living on earth. Once He called His angels back to Heaven to hear of them, what they had accomplished. They all returned to their Heavenly Father and were happy to be with Him and to meet each other in their Heavenly home. Among them were two angels who had passed each other several times—gazing at each other. Apparently they were not acquainted with one another. One of them, dressed in a quaint, rather old fashioned style, asked her neighbor, 'Who is that angel, dressed in white and looking so bright and cheery? That is the angel of Charity—she was told. At the very same moment the angel of Charity had asked her companion who that angel so quaintly dressed was and it was told her: 'This is the angel of Gratitude.' They were strangers to each other, they had never met on earth! When the angel of Charity enters a dwelling of people, bringing them cheer and help, the angel of Gratitude leaves the house by the back door."

Indeed gratitude is so rare among men, that when an example of it is made by some one who has feelings of nobility in him, it has to be written up in the papers, as if a great event had happened.

Therefore, I think, it ought to be my duty to give you a lesson on gratitude. In placing it before you, I wish to do so in the spirit of our faith and the language of our people. As we have in Hebrew no such word as "Charity," which is called "Zedakah" or "justice," so have we also no word for "thanks" or "gratitude." The Hebrew word "thodu," which is usually translated with "thanks" or "gratitude," means really "recognition" or "appreciation." We say in Hebrew: "Modim anachnu loch"—that does not mean "we thank thee"—but "we acknowledge," "we appreciate." Such should be our thanks for kindness received.

Let me illustrate it to you in a little story, knowing that you always like to hear a story—and you will grasp the lesson I wish to teach you: "An elderly man was taking his grist to the mill in sacks thrown across the back of his mule, when the animal stumbled and the grain fell to the ground. He had not strength to raise it, being an aged man, but he saw a horseman riding along and thought he would ask him for help. The horseman proved to be the count, who lived in the castle near by and the former could not muster courage to ask a favor of him. But the count was a gentleman, and, not waiting to be asked, he dismounted and between them they lifted the grain on the mule's back. The old man, for he was a gentleman, too, lifted his cap and said: 'My Lord, how shall I ever thank you for your kindness.' 'Very easily, my dear man,' replied the count. 'When ever you see another man in the same plight as you were in just now, help him, and that will be thanking me.'"

You, my dear children, are at present in a state of helplessness. We are trying our best to be of help to you and to replace to you those who have gone hence and are unable to rear you. Appreciate what is being done for you, try your best to be of as little trouble

as possible and grow up in kindness to each other and to those who are your best friends on earth. When you will be ready to leave here, may the angel of Charity, who has been guiding and guarding you, while you were helpless children, go out with you into the world, accompanied by the angel of Gratitude, leading you safely to noble manhood and womanhood.

* * *

From Talks of the Superintendent to Confirmants

The girls and boys annually to be discharged, after they have reached the age of sixteen, receive their religious instruction and preparation for their confirmation during the course of their last school year every Saturday morning after services by the Superintendent. Lessons in Hebrew and Jewish History are given to them by the Assistant Superintendent, Mr. Peiser, in their regular program of studies. They are reading Hebrew fluently and ought to be able to translate easy passages from the Pentateuch. "The Sayings of the Fathers" (Pirke Aboth") form a special study of theirs during their last school year.

The Superintendent gives them every week before close of his lesson a twenty minute talk on all such subjects, on which in his opinion they ought to be well informed before they leave the Home. Frequently they are asking questions which are answered by the Superintendent. In connection with the article heading this number, we publish the contents of a talk, which he gave to the class in explanation of

Orthodoxy and Reform.

This is not a pleasant subject, because it relates to religious controversies within our people. It grieves me to acknowledge that we as Jews differ in opinions concerning our religion though it is only in its ceremonials and not in its essentials. To me everyone who has been born by a Jewish mother, and who does not deny his ancestry, is a Jew and as such he is dear to me, as long as I can respect him as a good and law-abiding citizen. He is nearer to me than others, for we are of one and the same family. It makes no difference to me whether he is an Orthodox or a Reformer. You want to know what does that mean, an "Orthodox" or a "Reformer." These two expressions have not been known in olden times among our people. An Orthodox Jew is called one who is keeping strictly all laws and customs of our people as they have been kept for centuries past. Reformers are called those who are likewise observing laws and customs, but who have been making in the ceremonial such changes as they considered necessary in conformity with the country and the times in which we are living. For instance, the ceremony of confirmation is one of those changes. We used to have the "Barmitzva," which has been explained to you and which we still are keeping in our midst by calling the boys to the Thora, when they are thirteen years old. The girls were excluded from this custom of "Barmitzva."

They are now in the confirmation exercises and in the preparation for the same, they are kept on the same level with the boys. This has been called an innovation or a "Reform."

The word "Orthodox" is of Greek origin and means "straight believing." I do not know who used it first among our people. I wish it would not have been used at all. It is a fact though that this distinction exists. Accordingly I consider it necessary that your mind be clear on the subject. The first thing that no doubt you have noticed is that the Orthodox Jews are keeping their heads covered with their caps or hats when they are saying prayers and some of them even when they are eating. I explained that to you repeatedly. This is an oriental custom, which is observed by the Arabs, the Turks and all oriental people. We used to be an oriental tribe and of course the customs of the Orient were also our customs. Now we are living in the Occident, where other customs prevail and as is but natural, we adopted the customs of the countries of which we are citizens. There is nothing at all of importance to the religion of the Jew whether he keeps his head covered or uncovered while saying his prayers or at other occasions.

The next which must have come to your notice is that we are not using the old prayer book. It is the book from which you are studying the "Perek" and which, as you know, is all in Hebrew, while the prayer book which we are using and which is in use in a great many congregations of our country contains a limited number of Hebrew prayers, the same as in the old prayer book and a much larger part of the book is in the English language, the language of our country. As a matter of course, we can pray in any language, in fact we ought to pray only in such language as we understand. Therefore you have been taught to translate all the prayers which are in our prayer book in Hebrew. To rattle down a number of prayers in Hebrew, without knowing what we say, I consider as bad as idolatry. But there is a more important difference between the old and our prayer book and this really is the most distinguishing feature between Orthodox and Reform.

In the old prayer book there are almost in every prayer the hopes expressed that God will gather us Jews from all corners of the world and bring us back to Palestine and rebuild for us the Temple, which used to be in Zion. These hopes are expressed in most fervent prayers asking God to speed the day for their fulfillment. Our fathers who had no homes of their own, who had been considered as strangers wherever they went and to whom citizenship was denied in every country upon our Globe, prayed to God to bring them back to their old home. This was but natural. Now, thank God, times have changed. We have a home and live in a country which grants us full citizenship and we love this country and have no more desire to be brought back to Palestine. Why should we continue to pray as did our fathers? How could we pray for something we do not want?

Accordingly these prayers were abandoned. Conferences of Rabbis held both in Europe as well as in this country, have agreed upon this change and have shaped our prayer book accordingly. Of course

Jews who are living in Russia, Roumania and other countries in which they are treated as foreigners are still praying, as did our fathers, to which they are fully entitled.

When Jews who are living in our country, after they have become citizens here, are still continuing to pray, that God should bring them back to Palestine, I think that they are not sincere in their prayers, or perhaps many do not know what they are praying. It seems to me that they are saying their prayers out of habit without devotion or meaning.

There are other features yet in which Orthodox differs from Reformers, one of which is observance of an additional holiday, the so-called second day of Yomtov. Its origin has been explained to you and no doubt you remember that it dates back to the time when there was an uncertainty about beginning of the new moon on which was depending the date of the month in the Jewish Almanac. Later on when the laws of the rotation of the moon became known and our Almanac fixed, there was no more reason for keeping this additional holiday, but it was decided that it should be kept as a remembrance that we are in exile. Since we do not regard ourselves as being in exile, we abandoned the celebration of the second holiday. In the essentials relating to what Jews believe, there is no difference between Orthodox and Reformers.

There is one thing though which I desire to impress upon you. We may differ with others in religious matters, be they in essentials or only in ceremonials, but we must by all means respect that which is kept sacred by others, though it might be of no value to us. You have been taught to do so in your relations to our Christian fellowmen and we certainly ought to do the same with our own co-religionists.

If you should happen to come into surroundings in which Orthodox Jews are living, always respect their customs and ceremonies. Whenever I come to a "Schul," where they worship with covered heads and the Talith, I would not offend them by keeping my head uncovered, but would follow their worship, just as they do.

I hope that you will always keep in mind this lesson given to you as I have given it to all classes, who have been under my tuition. I am confident that all of you will act accordingly, as almost all have done and are doing who have been confirmed by me. I remember with pleasure an incident which happened but a few years ago. One of our boys, the oldest of four children whom we reared in our Home, went to live with his mother in a very modest home. She was a very pious woman and had given to her boy for his Barmitzva a pair of Tefilin in a velvet bag. On the first morning he laid Tefilin, as I had instructed him and a few days later, on a Sabbath afternoon, his mother called on me with tears in her eyes. I was rather alarmed, but she told me her tears were tears of joy. "Last evening," said she, "my boy read the prayer 'Kebulath Shabbath' and then he made 'Kiddush.' It was to me as though my husband had come from his grave, for when I closed my eyes, I thought that I heard his voice and I was happy once more since God had taken him from this earth."

Let me hope that all of you to whom God has spared a mother will make her happy. May each of you testify to the fact that you were raised here to become good Jews.

From A Talk to the Confirmation Class, May, 1904

It is not a pleasant subject on which I desire to speak to you today. It is necessary that before you leave my care your mind be clear on the matter of Sabbath observance.

While you are living here in this home of your childhood, you are brought up as Jewish children. You are taught the tenets of our faith and you are living its customs and laws. The "holy Sabbath," the precious heirloom of our people, you are celebrating it, as sacredly as it ought to be kept in every Jewish family. The Sabbath lights are kindled with the old-fashioned "Kiddush" you have learned to welcome "the Sabbath bride." The day's rest, the Sabbath worship, the Torah lesson and the festive meals have been teaching you to enjoy "Oneg Shabbath," the beatitude of Sabbath rest. And now, you will scarcely have gone from us, when life, "real life," will demand of you "to work" on the day of rest, "the holy Sabbath."

When, years ago, I had to send away the first girls and boys who had grown up under my care, I had hoped that I would be able to place them so that they could keep "Shabbath," but, notwithstanding the greatest efforts I made, I did not succeed. It was a source of deep grief to me, having taught these children, as I have been teaching you, "to keep the Sabbath holy" and to avoid "mechalel Shabbath," to see them so placed, as you will be situated in the near future.

Since that time I have not dismissed a class without talking over with them this "Sabbath question." In doing so today I will relate to you an incident which happened to me in the year 1881, when I was a member on the Board of Relief for the Russian immigrants who had then come to this country in large numbers, driven away from their homes in dark Russia. Among those who had come to our city were some excellent mechanics and it was not difficult to find work for them in the many factories of Cleveland. One day a gentleman with whom we had placed some of those poor Russians complained to me that he could not keep them at work because they had failed to make their appearance on two Saturdays following each other, and thereby had caused him considerable annoyance and damage. I pleaded with him, but he positively declared he could not keep them in his employ unless they worked every day of the week excepting Sunday, when the shops were closed. They were discharged and came to us, asking for other employment. We could not find work for them and to me the mission was assigned of making these people understand that they would have to accommodate themselves to the conditions in which we are living here. It was no easy task. They were fairly well educated people and well read in Hebrew lore and the history of our people. I quoted to them the time of the Maccabees, when the warriors, under the lead of our great heroes, having been attacked on "the holy Sabbath" and having poorly defended themselves because they would not bear arms on the Sabbath, suffered defeat and death. They were told by the highest authority then, "To preserve your lives you may bear and use arms even on the holy Sabbath." "You people," I told those poor Russians, "are struggling for your lives and God will forgive you, if to preserve the

lives of your wives and your children and yourselves — you work on “Shabbath.” Our Rabbis taught us: “It is preferable to break the Sabbath than to take alms.”

The very same words I have to say to you, my dear children. Every one of you will have to be a bread earner. I have taught you and impressed it upon you, to have that aim before you, to become independent. We have done for you, as those would have done, to whom you owe your existence and whom God has called hence before they could do their duty to you. We have filled their places. You have grown up here and have lived here happy childhood days, not missing anything.

Now we have to say to you, girls and boys, we must make room for other children. Go to work! We taught you to work and are leading you on the way to make your own living. And I know you are all willing and anxious to start life’s work. Hundreds and hundreds have gone from here and they are successful and are doing us honor, and I hope you will do the same. You will have to work on “Shabbath,” because you will have to struggle for a livelihood, because you will not want to be dependent or recipients of charity. Have it on your mind, though, that I, your teacher, have taught you “to keep the Sabbath holy” is the sacred command of our religion. Should you ever be placed in life so as not to need to work on “Shabbath” it will be a religious duty to keep the Sabbath.

One of the Russians of whom I told you has become prosperous here in our city. He owns property and owns his own business and he keeps it closed on “Shabbath.” I am sorry to say, though, that to my knowledge, he is the only one among his “Schicksalsgenossen” of those days who remained a faithful Jew, while prospering. Others are well off, too, but they have become Americanized and not only do they not keep “Shabbath,” but they keep nothing holy but their money bags.

Let me hope that you will act differently, should you become successful in life! As a practical advice let me say to you: If you will live in communities where you will have a chance to visit a Synagogue or Temple on Friday night, never fail to take care of that chance. Should in the place where your home will be, a Sunday service be held in the Temple, visit it and it can only benefit you to listen to a sermon or a good lecture.

This reminds me that some of you have asked me whether it was right and proper to have Sunday services in a Temple, and I shall, in conclusion today, say a few words on that subject.

Why should it be wrong to have services in a Temple or Synagogue on Sunday? There are Synagogues in which, twice every day, services are held. The Rabbis who hold services on Sunday in Temples which were only open on Sabbaths, are doing so from the best of intentions. Seeing that their people, working on Sabbaths, could not or would not come to “Schul,” they wished to give them a chance to worship on that day on which it is possible for them to attend. Of course, if they should attempt to declare the Sunday as the “Sabbath Day” for us as Jews, they would be wrong, decidedly wrong. In my opinion, the conditions as they are prevailing today are only temporary. I do

believe and hope that these conditions will change. I hold that times will come when the Jews in this country will be enabled to keep the Sabbath of old — or, as it is called “the historical Sabbath.” I consider it my duty to teach you the tenets and doctrines, the laws and usages, of our faith in the same spirit and with the same zeal in which and with which our fathers have lived and taught their children.



Words Spoken At the Confirmation Exercises, July 4, 1903

This is a glorious day, on which you have promised to devote your life to the cause of our people, which is the cause of humanity. I have asked you to make this promise here in the presence of our Heavenly Father whom we worship in this solemn Sabbath hour — in the presence of this assembly of men, women and children — in the presence of your friends and your dear ones.

I consider myself authorized and entitled to let you make this promise now, when you are about to leave my care. Up to this day I have guarded and guided you; I have watched your conduct and did not permit you to wander astray from the path of truth and duty.

Henceforth you will have to walk through life, choosing your own way and be responsible for your own actions. The way you should pursue has been pointed out to you, and what your actions should be we have taught you. In the numberless lessons which you have received here from your teachers and from me personally, especially during the last year, when I have prepared you for this solemn ceremony, you ought to have acquired a treasure of wisdom and knowledge enabling you to go safely through life. Many hundreds of girls and boys have been instructed as you have been. We sent them forth to life's duty as we are sending you today. I asked them to promise what I have asked you today and it is with unbounded satisfaction that I can say they have kept their promise; they are true and faithful to the vow which they made in a sacred hour — sacred as it is to you, my dear children. A large number of them are here today to celebrate with you and with us this gala day of our Home, and their presence should inspire you to good intentions, as it is inspiring me to continue in the great work of my life.

I shall not tire you, my dear children, nor this audience who have gathered here to witness these exercises, by any lengthy remarks. I have spoken to you on the Sabbaths of the last few weeks, repeating all the lessons you have been taught, as our great teacher Moses repeated his instructions before he parted from his people. There is but one lesson I shall once more repeat and emphasize — a lesson which has been recited this morning by one of your class, hardly audible because the dear girl is frail and weak and I was often in

doubt whether she would live to be here with us today. It is the lesson in which is embodied the essence of our ancestral faith and which you have been taught to practice as the great aim of our religion—of all religion—“Love thy fellowman as thyself.” You cannot carry out this greatest of all lessons unless you first “love yourself.” Yes, my dear children, I say to you, “Love yourself,” for you cannot be anything to this world unless you are everything to yourself. “Love yourselves” means first and above all, “Respect yourselves.” Everyone desires to be respected by others. We never will be unless we are respecting ourselves. I have impressed it upon you to make it the aim of your life to have your fellowmen think well of you. Let me impress it upon you that you should think well of yourselves. Self-respect will guide you safely on the road to success, to a respected position among your fellowmen.

We have reared and educated you in this, our Home, to be good Jews, good citizens of this, our great country, which we Jews love and cherish with every fibre of our hearts. We celebrate today the birthday of this, our free land and its glorious institutions, and it is no less a sacred worship in concluding this morning’s exercises to join in the hymn devoted to the “flag of the free.”

Words Spoken At the Funeral of Mathias Buchman February 19, By the Superintendent

The angel of death has not entered this household unexpectedly. For weeks the poor sufferer struggled under the grasp of His icy hand. When at last in the unconsciousness of sleep, death conquered, He was welcome as a redeemer from unbearable affliction. His sufferings are ended, the weeping voice is hushed into everlasting silence. We are gathered here to carry the earthly remains to their last resting place. As an old friend of the departed and his family, I have been requested to say a parting word, and I am only too willing to aid the afflicted and bereaved in bearing their sorrow and grief. Our rabbis tell us we should not attempt to bring comfort to afflicted hearts, while the remains of the dear ones are still in their sight. I shall not try to comfort you—but strength do I wish to give you—strength to bear your loss and to perform these last honors for the departed.

In the weeks and months of his suffering, in your vain attempts to bring him relief—your hearts were sighing—as we all sigh in our helplessness—tormented by the everlasting problem: Why all this suffering? Our wise teachers say to us: Read in the book of Job and learn how that great sufferer conquered all pains and all afflictions! Sufferings! Why, they are only the test of our goodness, of our character.

In the hands of our Maker, we are like a vessel in the hands of the potter. He handles carefully a vessel, in whose firmness he doubts, but gives a sounding blow to the pot, whose strength he knoweth and which, having stood the test, he places away to a station of honor and distinction, with pride and satisfaction.

It was a hard blow, which our departed friend received from the hand of his Maker and he bore it well, for he was firm; he was good and strong. I can testify to his goodness, to his honesty and faithfulness. For thirty long years I have been connected with him in the work of our Orphan Asylum. He was a paid officer, as I am, but his painstaking and conscientious labors could not be paid with dollars and cents.

Our Rabbis tell us, when our forefathers were gathering in the manna, sent to them from Heaven, Moses told them to gather it carefully, kernel by kernel, because there is a precious diamond hidden away amongst it. The careless people did not mind the words of their teacher, they did not look for and they did not find the diamond, but those who listened to the voice of their teacher — those who were careful and conscientious — they found the diamond hidden in the pursuit for their daily bread. This diamond is called “a good name,” it is called “honesty” and “faithfulness.” Our departed friend wore in life the crown of a “good name” — a crown more precious than the crown of a king.

And one word more. An old Rabbi once exclaimed: Our Patriarch Jacob is not dead. And when he was told we read in the scriptures, “he was buried and they mourned for him,” he answered: “As long as the children of a father live he is not dead, he lives — lives in his children.”

Our friend Mathias Buchmann is not dead! He lives in his children — sons and daughters — of whom any man could be proud!

While our departed brother underwent much physical suffering, he enjoyed a happiness not often the lot of a father and husband. This was a happy home — husband and wife — father and mother and dear children, united in love and affection, devoted to each other, ready for any sacrifice. The soul of your departed father will remain with you, though his remains crumble into dust. His work on earth was finished! He has gone to his well-deserved rest and submissive to the decrees of an All-wise Providence, let us say in parting:

“God has given, God has taken, blessed be the name of the Lord.”

Words Spoken At the Funeral of Ex-President Adler

By the Superintendent

As honored as I feel in having been requested to speak a few words at the bier of our departed friend, I hesitate to do so, fearing that I may not find the necessary strength and calm. In the death of David Adler I lost a very dear and honored friend. Having witnessed his noble work, his helpful labors for his fellow men, I feel his loss as we feel the loss of a good and noble man.

Having been associated with him for over thirty years in our work for the orphaned and friendless; having known his generous soul and his unselfish spirit, I feel his loss as we feel the loss of a brother.

Especially keen is the loss to me, since I saw him a week ago today, seemingly in good health. Having come here for no other purpose but to shake hands with him, I returned to my co-laborers, his life-long friends, bringing them the message that our friend was planning to meet with us at the place so dear to him at our next gathering in April.

Yet were I not to speak a few parting words here today, I should hold myself derelict in my duty, derelict in my friendship to him, who was a model of duty—for I, more perhaps than many another, can testify to his worth; to his noble, unselfish and philanthropic labors.

I know the story of his life; how he fought his way unaided—the very type of the Jewish immigrant of many years past, proud to be a self-made man, an American through and through and a Jew withal, a Jew to the core.

I know how, when he achieved and what he achieved, it was not for himself alone. I know how he gave of his strength to the weak, of his substance to the needy.

He has gone into the winter of his life, full of years, his labors ended. He has gone, clothed with honor and respect; the weaving of a life of usefulness and worth. He has gone, crowned with gratitude and love; the blossoms—aye, the fruit of a life of benevolence and charity.

Therefore, my friends, why should we weep? Our Rabbis of old observed man's emotions and commented upon their strangeness. Man rejoices at the birth of a

human being and weeps at his death. It were wiser, they said, to weep at the beginning of man and rejoice at his end. When our dear ones embark for a journey across the ocean, we weep with trouble and fear, but when they arrive at the journey's end and are safe in the harbor, we welcome them with joy and happiness.

Man also is a voyager and his life like unto a journey across the uncertain deep. In the morning of his life he glides over smooth, sunny waters; in the evening he weighs anchor in the sheltered, peaceful harbor, and his day is but tossings upon high, troubled seas.

So also, our dear, departed friend. Has not the day of his life been like unto tossings upon troubled waters?

There, no doubt, were times of sunshine and clear skies; but oh! there were mighty storms. There were hurricanes and blasts; there were lowering skies and thunderbolts, there was darkness and gloom, and beetling cliffs and hidden reefs did often threaten shipwreck. And now he is safe in the peaceful harbor.

Let us not weep, my friends, let us not disturb his peace, but part from him with thoughts and words of blessing and gratitude. After the weary day, the silent night. After the terrifying tempest, the precious calm. After the troubled voyage, the peaceful end. Verily, the end of a thing is better than the beginning thereof.

Thus, fare thee well, dear departed friend! Thy coming in this world has been a blessing. Thou wast a blessing to those who were nearest and dearest to thy heart; thou wast a blessing to thousands of them whom thy heart has befriended. They bless thee in thy going out from here into the realm of eternity! Amen.

Words Spoken At the Funeral of Abraham Hart January 13, 1904

“Joined in love and affection through life — even death could not separate them.”

It is but a span of time since we have been standing here at the bier of the good mother, the loving wife, whose soul was joined with imperishable bonds to that of her faithful husband. Alas, he has followed her, and we are assembled here to part from the earthly remains of Abraham S. Hart.

The family, bowed down in sorrow and grief, has honored me with the call to read the mourners' prayers and to say the parting words.

It is one of the saddest duties of my life, for I loved the departed like a brother, aye, I revered him as had he been my father. Where could I find words to do justice to the task of this hour? Shall I eulogize Abraham Hart here in the presence of his life-long friends — here in the place wherein he spent almost his entire life — here in the city, one of whose pioneer citizens he has been, and whose wonderful growth and development he has helped to build up? Shall I praise Abraham Hart here in the midst of his co-religionists, whose leader he was in almost all their philanthropic works? What Abraham Hart has been to Chicago — what he has been to his neighbors, to you all, who are mourning here today with his children and grandchildren, with his sister, his brother and all his dear ones — I do not need to say. Tongues far more gifted than is mine, will, I know, in an hour of composure, do justice to the life's work of this great and noble man — our departed brother. But to say what Abraham Hart has been to others than to those among whom he lived, to hundreds and thousands of friends scattered all over this land, I can tell perhaps better than any other of his co-workers.

Thirty years and over are past since I for the first time met Abraham Hart at one of the most sacred spots on God's earth. Our Rabbis tell us that when the sanctuary was to be erected in the midst of Israel, every one of the twelve tribes was anxious that it be located within its territory. But the voice of God proclaimed: One of the sons of your

great Patriarch, whose name you bear, lost his mother while he was a babe; an orphan is nearest to Me — on Benjamin's soil shall My sanctuary stand.

God's sanctuary on earth has no holier place than the orphan's home. That home Abraham Hart loved as he loved his own home. He was a father, not alone to his own children, he was a father to the fatherless. Ever ready to help, not merely with his means, nay his time, he himself, his heart was theirs, whenever they called on him.

They all mourn today the loss of a father and with his own children they pray that his soul be united with that of his beloved wife to eternal bliss.

Our Father in heaven, so our sages tell us, once showed to His most faithful servant on earth, to our great teacher, Moses, the treasures of heavenly beatitude, which He had assigned to the good and pious souls returning to Him. The eyes of Moses were dazzled by the heavenly splendor and while admiring the beauty and the grandeur revealed to him, his eyes remained fastened to a place near the throne of God himself distinguished by exquisite splendor and greater beauty. For whom is this place, Heavenly Father? asked Moses. This place near Me, said God, is reserved for those who on earth were taking care of My own children, for those who rear and educate and make happy poor orphan children. To this place, nearest the throne of our Heavenly Father, has been gathered in the soul of our departed friend.

Taking leave of his earthly remains, we must resign ourselves to the will of Him who rules our destiny on earth. Though bowed down in grief and sorrow over our great loss, let us say in the words of Job: "God has given." He has given us this great man and He let him remain here on earth for over seventy-two years, letting him live happily with a dear wife and a loving family, honored by all who knew him. Thanks to God for His grace and kindness! "And God has taken."

God has taken him from here to her, after whom his soul was longing. He has taken him to unite his soul with the soul of all good and righteous. "Let the name of God be praised forever and aye." Amen.

Words Spoken At the Funeral of Mrs. Hays, On March 8, 1907

"The living know that they will die," said a sage thousands of years ago. It is the privilege — distinguishing man from beast — that we human beings are conscious of the fact that we have to die. All of us, assembled here at this sad occasion, know fully well that the day will come when we shall breathe our last on earth and when our form of clay will be carried to the grave, as we have been carrying here today the earthly remains of our sister in faith — Lizzie Hays — to this abode of the dead.

Nevertheless we all pursue life as should it last forever. We toil and care and struggle and rush and run as if life had no other aim and object for us. Only when death enters our homes, when a dear one is taken from our midst, we pause. Grief and sorrow overpower all our longing for earthly desires. Grief and sorrow! They have come as to you, the mourners, so to all of us. We are gathered here to mourn with you, my dear friends, for your loss is our loss as well. A mother in Israel has been taken from us!

Our Rabbis teach us we should judge every man not according to his weakness and his failings — but according to his merits — but, add they, we should not utter any praises of a man's work in his presence — but when a person has left this earth — then we shall forget all their shortcomings, and though we may have had many disagreements with or animosities against them, we shall only think of the good, the great and noble work, they have done and accomplished in our midst.

Our departed sister has lived all her life in this community. She was born here sixty-five years ago, when this, our great Forest City, the metropolis of our State, was hardly more than a village, when but a very few Jewish families had settled here; she was reared and raised here and married here, and with her devoted husband she lived here a life of the greatest usefulness, as to her own family so to the entire community. Her name was connected with every work and every organization of charity and philanthropy. To the children in our orphan's home she was a

devoted and faithful friend and they mourn today with you, my dear friends, and are sending you through me their sympathies, the love and affection of their young, tender hearts.

This brings to my mind that we are gathered here with you not alone to mourn with you—but to bear with you your grief—to give you strength in this sad hour of your affliction.

We want to bear above all with you, our dear friend and co-worker, whose grief and sorrow, whose loss is the greatest and severest, the husband of our departed sister. Our sages say, one who loses his wife is like Israel, whose sanctuary was destroyed. Your sanctuary has been destroyed—my dear friend!

Only one who suffered like you can gauge your sorrow! A kind Providence has granted you the privilege to live with your dear departed wife a long number of years in joy and happiness. She has been your faithful helpmate from the time you started out in life; she was your inspiration in striving for and gaining success. Jointly with her you led all your children to the altar of matrimony and with her you enjoyed the happiness to see your daughters getting mothers blessed with children—your own dear and loving grandchildren.

To but a few mortals is such happiness granted! May the memory of her who shared with you—as your happiness—so likewise all your cares, of which you too had your allotted portion; may the sweet recollection of a life spent together in unalloyed peace and harmony give you strength to bear this sorrow in fortitude and with unshaken faith in Him who guides our destinies on earth.

Children and children's children of our departed sister, you will cherish her memory best by the strong ties of filial devotion joining you to your venerable father and grandfather. May an All-kind Providence, who has sent you this sorrow, grant you all faith and strength and may the soul of her, whose earthly remains we are about to bid to their last resting place, enter peacefully into the realm of everlasting bliss—into eternity. Amen.

Words Spoken At the Funeral of Mrs. Thurnauer, At Cincinnati, On March 15, 1907

My friends, among the galaxy of men and women who cradled the Orphans' Home at Cleveland have been quite a number from this, your community. They were the pioneers of the American Jews in the West. Guided and enthused by their great teachers—Lilienthal and Wise—of immortal fame, they erected synagogues and temples, hospitals and homes for the old and the young. Their forms of clay have been bedded in the sacred soil of this abode of the dead, where we are about to place the earthly remains of our departed sister, Fannie Thurnauer. She has been one of those great and noble pioneers. I consider it a high privilege to be called upon to say a few words at her bier.

In the last chapter of Proverbs a biblical writer left us a description of noble woman and motherhood, immortalized by the expression, heading his song of praises "Eshes Chajil." Such an "Eshes Chajil," such a "virtuous woman," has been our departed sister, "a true mother in Israel." One of our greatest prophets in pointing out to Israel the deeds which are most pleasing in the eyes of God, says: "To deal thy bread to the hungry, to bring the poor to thy house, to feed and clothe them"—these are the main chapters in the great volume of Jewish charity which our departed sister diligently read and carried out throughout her life.

Some thirty-six years ago, during a Rabbinical Conference held in this city, I had the pleasure and the honor of being for a few days the guest of the Thurnauer family. I was then but a short time in this country, and the crude conditions—aye, the want of Jewish home life—prevailing in the West, frequently chilled the ideals I had carried with me over the ocean. Here I found Jewish hospitality—real true and genuine Jewish home life. She, who presided over this Jewish home, was one of those good and noble women, who prepared the soil of the Cincinnati Jewish community to become the seat of learning for American Israel. A few years later, when taking charge of the Cleveland Orphanage, I found my Cincinnati friend on the Board of Directors there. She had been connected with the Asylum from its incipiency. Six ladies were members of its first Board of

Directors. Three of them have passed away some time ago, one I eulogized last week at her funeral in Cleveland, and after we shall have departed from this coffin there will be left but one of those "pious mothers" of that band of noble women, who, as to their own children, extended motherly care and affection to the father and motherless.

The visits which our departed sister used to pay regularly to our Home have been a source of pleasure to her, to her co-workers, and above all to our children. Her eyes were beaming with joy when, mingling with the children, she patted the head of one or the other, whom she recognized, and most probably whose father or mother she had known and had helped while they were among the living. But she not merely thought of the orphan children when she visited our Home; there was no joyous occasion in her family which she would let pass by without letting our children share it with her. Chanuka or Purim usually brought some sweet gift to our Home sent by her.

Not alone you, the children and children's children of the departed, "are rising up and call her blessed," but our orphan children too will bless her memory and in their name I lay down at this bier my humble tribute to her praise and honor.

Departed sister, thou hast gone from us and we shall miss thy presence in our works of charity and humanity! Our Heavenly Father has blessed thy life, which has overreached the three scores and ten usually allotted to us mortals. And now mayest thou enter into eternity crowned with the most precious of all the crowns on earth, the crown of a "good name." May God receive thy soul in the realm of eternal peace. Amen.

Words Spoken By Dr. S. Wolfenstein At the Funeral of Doctor M. Rosenwasser

The sad and doleful privilege has come to me during the many years of my connection with our Orphan Home to be called upon at the home-going of one of our co-workers to give utterance to our sorrow and to our sentiments at the loss we sustained. He whose earthly remains are enshrined here in this casket was one of the best of all of us. Being the older in years, I never expected to accompany his remains to their last resting place. We were together at the sick-beds of my own folks, whom God had taken from me, and at the couches of so many sick, stricken orphan children whose lives his skill and science has saved and whose sufferings to allay he so wisely understood. And during all these many years there was not a shadow of misunderstanding between us. We valued and respected each other's work. What I especially so highly admired in our departed Doctor was his great modesty — that modesty by which the real and truly great men are distinguished. While it is perhaps not in my province to speak of his achievements as a physician, I dare say he was at the top of his profession in our city. At no time and at no occasion did he ever manifest his superiority in the presence of one of his colleagues, and were it even the youngest among them. He never claimed nor asserted any position of prominence to which he was entitled by his learning, by his experience and by his rare gifts, unless it came to him by the good will and the high respect of his brother colleagues. He took a back seat gracefully when ambition of another was longing and striving to reach the front. The feeling that he was slighted never disturbed his mind, for he never begrudged the success of anybody. Only then he resented an apparent slight, when he was forced to observe that it was not a slight to his standing as a master of his profession, but to his adherence to the faith of our people. My dear departed friend was a Jew, a good, a noble and as faithful a Jew as there ever lived. He was a type and as such a true successor to the learned and eminent physicians of our people from Maimonides in the middle ages to the great and renowned Jewish physicians of our days, one of whom he had been. Though no Hebrew scholar, he was fully conversant and familiar

with the sacred past of our people. He cherished our traditions with every fiber of his heart. His noble nature would smart under any and every attack on the name and fame of our people and its ancient customs. His true and genuine Jewishness he manifested in his readiness at all times to serve the cause of our people at all occasions, and above all he was the ideal Jew in his exemplary family life, in his own family circle, at which he presided with that intense love and affection, that graceful dignity like one of the Patriarchs of old. Alas! his place is vacant now. His presence will be sorely missed not merely in his own home, but in the homes of his hosts of friends. His wise counsel will be missed in the circle of his colleagues, but nowhere will he be missed than at our Home, the home of our orphan children. He was ever ready to our call. During the last months, while himself a sufferer, he would not disappoint a sick child needing his aid. We bewail his loss and mourn with his wife and children, with his sisters and brothers and with all his dear ones in the fullness of our hearts. We shall cherish his memory everlastingly.

Words Spoken At the Funeral of Kaufman Hays, April 14, 1916

A sturdy oak has been felled by the strong hand of the grim reaper!

It was but a month ago that our departed friend celebrated his eighty-first birthday — enjoying the good wishes of his dear ones and the felicitations of his many friends. With a vigor of mind and with the elasticity of physical strength he expressed his appreciation and satisfaction and joy when his business co-workers had presented to him at that occasion a loving cup as a token of friendship. I believe we all had then the thought that Kaufman Hays is still good for some years to come. Alas! a few days of sickness laid him low and ere his children and children's children could realize it he passed away. I was deeply shocked when the request reached me to officiate here at this bier.

For many years — in the work of our Orphan Asylum — have I been closely connected with him and his good wife, whom we have borne to her last resting place just nine years ago. His was a busy and useful life from the day he had come to this our city of Cleveland some sixty-five years ago. Born in Germany, he and his brother and sisters came to this our country, as thousands and thousands of others, to find here a home and to become citizens of this our free and great commonwealth.

An American he was with every drop of his heart's blood. He was one of those pioneers to whom our flourishing cities owe their growth and their development. He helped to build our city from the size of a small town to be the metropolis of our State. He was no politician, nor an office seeker, but the offices sought him and he responded to the call of his fellow citizens, who sent him for several terms to represent them in the City Council, as whose vice president he acted. At a most critical time in the history of our city, when a faithless official had looted the city treasury, Kaufman Hays was asked to take his place. He took charge of the office and its empty safe. His financial genius enabled the city to satisfy its creditors, everybody receiving what was due to him in full and with interest.

And, as he attended to what he considered his duty in civic affairs, so he, as a matter of course, took active part in the upbuilding of his own people, the Jewish community of our city. He was likewise one of the pioneers of the Jewish congregation which he had joined in the very early days of his manhood. He not merely helped to build it up, but he was one of the strong pillars of the religious and benevolent work of the Jewish community. On every page of the history of the Jews of Cleveland are inscribed in indelible letters the names of Kaufman and Lizzie Hays. There was not a single phase in our Jewish life in which this worthy couple did not participate, in fact, in many instances they were among the leaders of their people.

In the annals of our Orphan Asylum their names are recorded among its strongest and sturdiest supporters. The demise of our friend will leave a deep void in our community. He will be missed sorely in our midst.

And what shall I say to you, his children and children's children? We mourn with you and deplore this loss. He was your pride. With the prophet of old, you exclaim today: "Fallen is the crown from our head." He has left you the well-earned fruit of his labors—abundance of wealth—but he has left you what is more precious than all the treasures on earth—he left you a "good name" with which he is entering into life eternal. Let us be grateful for the life he had lived here among us, and for the length of days with which God had privileged him.

Dear departed brother, in the name of our community, in the name of our dear orphan children, to whom thou hast been a kind friend, I bid thee farewell!

May the Father of the orphans receive thy soul in His kindness and grant thee, among His sainted angels, eternal bliss and peace. Amen.

Words Spoken At the Funeral of Martin A. Marks, September 3, 1916

Since I received the sad news of the demise of our friend, I have been living like in a dream. It appears to me impossible to realize that Martin A. Marks should not be any more among the living. I do not know of another man in our community whose presence in our midst has been as essential as was the life of Martin Marks.

Called upon to officiate at this so extremely sad occasion and wanting to eulogize the departed, I do not know where to begin and where to end. He was a very young man when I first met him, some forty years ago, in a B. B. convention. The impression which he then made upon me remained with me during all these years of our friendship and our co-operation in the various fields of our public activities. Here was a young man, born and reared in a small town of the State of Indiana — a State which he loved dearly — a young American, and American through and through, and to my surprise a Jew — a thoroughbred Jew — a Jew to the core.

Martin Marks was a great Jew! A Jew of the type of whom the scriptures said:

“Seeking the good of his people and speaking peace to all mankind.”—(Esther.)

He was one of the sons of our people, whose names are recorded among our heroes or among the martyrs of our faith. Do I need to tell Cleveland Jews what Martin Marks had been to our Jewish community during the last twenty-five or thirty years? In the congregations, in the fraternities, in the charities, in anything and everything of Jewish affairs, he was the moving spirit. Our leader, our guide, whom we followed willingly, relying upon his fore-thought, his wisdom, his sincerity, his endurance and his pure motives.

Martin Marks was thoroughly imbued with the spirit and the words of the great mission with which the first Jew — our Patriarch Abraham — went forth upon the pilgrimage of his life. He was told: “Be thou a blessing!” This was the motto, the watchword of his life!

“Be thou a blessing!” In pursuance of this motto our departed friend became a great Jew, a great man, a great citizen.

When he made Cleveland his home, he devoted his gifts, his faculties, his genius—as for his business and as for his co-religionists, equally so for all his fellow citizens. He became a blessing indeed for our entire community.

Rightly said yesterday one of our daily papers in a leader devoted to his memory:

“Martin A. Marks was a highly useful citizen, whom Cleveland could ill afford to lose, whose counsel was often sought and never denied. His activities will ever remain a civic asset for many years to come.”

He never held a public office with which was connected a salary. He preferred to remain a private citizen, devoting his faculties, his time and means to the common welfare of his fellow citizens. The greatest pride of the Jew has been always and still is his family life. His family was the sanctuary, the holy of holies of our departed friend and brother.

I would not dare to offer a word of comfort to the heart-broken widow, to the grief-stricken children. It would be a sacrilege to do so. Time alone can heal their wound, their sorrow and grief. Let me say to you, my dear friends, but one word. The man whose loss you bewail and with you, we all, was a good and faithful Jew. He left to you as a costly and most precious heritage, a grand name—a name which will be extolled in praises all through the length and breadth of this our wide land. Let us be grateful to our Heavenly Father for this life with which He has blessed you and all of us.

God has given to you and preserved for you and all mankind such a rare life, distinguished by greatness and goodness—and God has taken this life from its earthly surroundings to plant it into the life of the immortal spirits. “Praised be the name of the Most High into all eternity.” Amen.

Some Account of the Celebration Held In Commemoration of the Seventieth Anniversary of the Birth of Dr. Samuel Wolfenstein, Dec. 10, 1911

Of all the celebrations which have been held in the Cleveland Orphan Asylum upon important and interesting occasions, beginning with the august and impressive ceremonies amid which the institution was dedicated, none has surpassed, in fact we may safely say none has ever equaled in dignity, sincerity and warmth of sentiment the celebration of Doctor Wolfenstein's seventieth birthday anniversary on December 10, 1911. Entering the gates of the Home on that memorial Sunday, one immediately became sensible of a holiday atmosphere that pervaded the place. The flag flying from the school house, the radiant faces of the children as they ran up to greet one and show the souvenir badges which had been given them, the enthusiastic good humor to be found on every hand, all contributed to produce a spirit of festivity. From far and wide the guests had gathered to offer their full measure of love and esteem to him whom they ever delight to honor—the boys and girls of former years who had been privileged to come within his influence, the men and women of the governing board who had sustained his efforts.

In many ways one was reminded of the happy anniversary days of July. There were the many graduates with their wives or husbands and some with children, coming into their old Home, wreathed in smiles as they met their old friends here and joined their classmates and colleagues of former days. Then, too, there was a quarterly meeting of the Board of Trustees and Directors which had been set for December 10 at the annual meeting in July, when Doctor, because of his illness, could not be present to protest against the arrangement. This meeting was held during the morning, and though all the business presented was, as usual, transacted with conscientious devotion to the interests of the institution, we violate no confidence when we say that to everyone but Doctor, business was that day of very subordinate importance. The festal spirit held sway. The arrangements for the celebration were made by a committee appointed by the Local Board by virtue of a resolution adopted at the last annual meeting in July. This committee

consisted of M. A. Marks, Chairman; Miss Amelia Buchman, Secretary; A. Wiener, A. Stearn, Emil Joseph, Jacob Gross, Kaufman Hays, Mrs. M. Halle, Mrs. M. A. Marks, of the Board, and Miss L. Price, Harry Serlin and George I. Wirpel, of the Alumni, worked with indefatigable energy, and the result of their labors displayed in the exercises, throughout harmonious, dignified and fitting, must be to each member a source of deep gratification and an ample reward. Those who know Doctor realize that if he had had his own way he would have spent the day like any other in doing that to which he has consecrated his life — his work; that he would have varied his usual routine only to go to the prayer hall to witness the “show” which the children give each year on his birthday. But disciplined as he may have been to countenance the elaborate preparations in his honor, he yielded himself gracefully in the hands of the committee and conformed to all their plans with an abundance of good nature and we dare say with pleasure. For no man could witness the tribute of love and respect that came to him that day without feeling the keen satisfaction which belongs to men who find their efforts appreciated.

Nor were the children deprived of their usual birthday “show.” The committee, with commendable judgment, decided to discard every suggestion for any other form of entertainment in favor of an effort by the children and primarily for the children. Accordingly, in the afternoon there was given in the auditorium of the Technical High School an operetta by girls — the same one which was performed at the “exhibition” last summer when Doctor could not be present — and a one-act farce by boys. They, too, seemed stimulated by the spirit of the day, putting forth their very best efforts, and acted and sang with a confidence, precision and skill that would have challenged the admiration of trained actors, as it did that of the sixteen hundred people present.

S. J. K.

Shepherd and Sage

A tribute to Dr. S. Wolfenstein, Superintendent of the Jewish Orphan Asylum, Independent Order of B'nai B'rith, Districts Numbers 2 and 6, by the Rev. S. M. Fleischman, of Philadelphia. Read at a dinner tendered to Dr. Wolfenstein at the Jewish Orphan Asylum in honor of his seventieth birthday.

Cleveland

Sunday, December 10, 1911

"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And with a look made all of sweet accord,
Answered, "the names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay not so,"
Replied the angel; Abou spoke more low
But cheerily still, and said, "I pray thee then,
Write me as one who loves his fellow men."
The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
He came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names of those whom love of God had Blessed,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

—Leigh Hunt.

We call them great, who 'midst the clash of arms lead legions on to
victory and death.
Who strive for power and acclaim of man while nations bleeding at
the stake, look on with bated breath;
We hail with joyous peans the conquering host,
The armored ships of which our nation boasts;
We crown the warrior's brow with glory's diadem,
And strew with fragrant flowers the gory path of men.
The laurel wreath, still dripping with the bitter tears of woe, we press
upon the brow of conquering knight.
All else forgot, we join the maddened crowd, for adulation of success
hides human misery from sight.

Not such my theme, this festive day to praise my muse is changed
to sing a loftier strain.
I catch the spirit of our holy bards, Yeshurun's songs I long to sing
again.
Hark to the strains of the ancient Jewish lore!
Vibrating thro' the centuries they ring forevermore,
Isaiah's thought, clothes here to suit my rhyme,
Like music from celestial bells in grand harmonious chime,
"Behold! the sun shall daily shine
On pastures green, on scenes divine;
When lion fierce with lamb will feed,
A little child the two shall lead."
Know ye the story from tradition's tome, how Israel's leader proved
his sterling worth.
How 'mid the Midian cliffs and in the storm, he sought the straying
lamb, man's symbol of God's greatest work on earth?

Review the ages since the birth of time, when inspiration moulded
human thought,
When human impulse young and undefiled transfused by faith to
greatest deed was wrought;
Where will ye find within the annals of an age
A grander theme than this? "The Shepherd and the Sage."
Sublimest truth, revealed in lowly lamb.

That God trusts him who loves his fellowmen.
This be my theme, inspiring song to sing, while halleluyah now the
chorus fills.
For jub'lant souls join in the glad refrain as memory's touch responsive
heart-strings thrills.
To thee! who thro' life's storm and stress has sailed undaunted o'er
the main,
Who, when the breakers tossed thy bark didst right the ship and
then sail on again;
To thee, tho' anguish racked thy soul, as fiends have tortured men
of yore,
Still held the helm, still steered the ship and brought the cargo safely
to the shore;
To thee, this simple tribute we ascribe,
Thou honored son of an historic tribe.
Behold the harvest of thy planting here,
The ripened fruit oft watered with a tear;
Thy "girls and boys" who bear the impress of thy soul, the champions
of our faith so dear;
The world's approval of thy blessed life, the messages of love that
come from far and near.

No Roman triumph heralds to the world the splendid victories of thy
seventy years,
No groaning victims fringe thy glorious path, no vanquished nations
sprinkle blood and tears.
For Israel's mission, surely, it is peace,
That hatred perish and that love increase;
That nations beat their sabres into plows,
A nation's word and deeds be holier than its vows.
This is the purpose, this the aim of life, inscribed upon the flag of
"B'nai B'rith."
Which thou, a standard bearer in the ranks, hast bravely borne to
freedom and to bliss.
All hail to thee! we quaff the flowing bowl, here's to our noble Order
and to thee,
Love has its triumphs, peace its victories, thy name and fame shall
shine in Jewish history.

Letter of Hon. Simon Wolf

Washington, D. C.

Dr. S. Wolfenstein, Cleveland, O.

My Dear Friend: I should love to be with you on Sunday evening next to add my humble tribute to the many who will acclaim your past life and in the fervent hope of many more years of health and happiness. We have known each other for forty years and during that period of time have come closely in contact with many problems that have confronted and still confront the Jewish people and humanity at large. Some put on a pedestal for admiration and recognition those who conquer on the bloody field of battle—I do not. To me the

greatest hero is he who strives for the betterment of his fellow men, and who rescues in the child of today a possible criminal of the future. To this splendid and laudable work, you have given the best years of your life. Wherever your name is mentioned there are heart-beats of good will and generous admiration. It must be a source of the greatest happiness to you, who always disinterested and modest in the extreme, to look back upon your noble career and see thousands of smiling faces of men and women all over the world who recognize in you, not only the friend, but the father, the mentor; and I can only say in the language of a great author, "Gold and silver I have none to offer, but my heart goes out to you, my brother," in the fervent hope and prayer that your life may be spared to us to continue the splendid work and to teach not only the old but the young, that there is nothing in life so beautiful and ennobling, as the consciousness of having done your duty and done it well. There are names in American Jewry who may possibly, by virtue of their wealth, temporarily outshine your worth, but in the ages to come the name of Wolfenstein, the friend of humanity and the protector of the unprotected, will stand out like a pillar of light, to guide the coming generations in their appreciation of all that is best in man.

President William Stix's Speech

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen: The subject allotted to me, "The Orphan Asylum," I need not to say is one I should be able to talk about eloquently—it has become a part of my existence, but unfortunately I have not been gifted with that great and powerful accomplishment. We are assembled here to celebrate the seventieth anniversary of the birth of Dr. Wolfenstein and by our presence add what we can to his happiness and share with him the pleasure of the occasion.

When we speak of the Orphan Asylum, and what has been accomplished by it for the good of our fellow beings, we in the greatest measure merely relate the life's work of our beloved Dr. Wolfenstein. History tells us of the great men who have been active and influential in shaping nations, its great statesmen, generals, artists, inventors, scientists, and so on. The world admires them for their genius and great gifts of mind. To me, the soul of affection goes out to him who through love and the greatness of his heart does equally as much when he has given an entire life's work unselfishly to help those unfortunate atoms of humanity that have, through force of conditions, been deprived of their birthright—the caressing love of father and mother. How he has administered to them instead I need but point

to those grateful guests of ours, the Alumnae, who are with us and who honor themselves by doing what they can to fill his great heart by expressions of their filial affection, and evidence of love and admiration, many of whom forgot, for the time being, the discomfort and sacrifice by leaving their homes and business, traveling many miles to be present on this memorable occasion.

To those members who compose the Trustees and Board of Directors of the Orphan Asylum his work needs no praise from my lips; his untiring energy, his solicitude for the welfare and health of the children in our care, his precepts for their moral elevation, his counsel for the guiding of them in the paths of justice, and the rights of others, his benefactions to those that have graduated and gone out into the world in pursuit of knowledge, further perfecting themselves for usefulness, to face the obligations that they will have to carry unaided, his generous material help to those that require aid, his readiness at all times to travel any distance, at any cost, to perform our religious rites of matrimony for ex-inmates, are well known to you, but are so admirable and rare that I cannot refrain from mentioning them. I know it is these noble qualities that have endeared him to all that have the honor to be enumerated as his friends; this is why we take so much pleasure in speaking of him as our beloved Doctor Wolfenstein, why the children love him with as pure devotion as they could a natural parent. I am sure he seeks no reward, but it must be a source of great satisfaction to him to see the results of his life's desires so well matured, so thoroughly accomplished and so affectionately engraven on their young hearts and appreciated in every household, by all who delight in being his associates.

In the year 1868, shortly after the closing of our Civil War, when matters were adjusting themselves to meet changed conditions, some members of the "B'nai B'rith," together with some other enthusiastic philanthropists (thank heaven, such are always to be found who rise above the common level when necessity demands it) realized that economic conditions required the caring for the distressed. They at once shaped affairs to put into practice the results of their conferences and organized the Cleveland Jewish Orphan Asylum. This Home began in an humble and un-

pretentious way and progressed from year to year to add not only to its capacity for housing the children, but developed along the lines of usefulness until we have reached the physical limits of any single superintendent.

While it is far from my purpose to detract from or overshadow the work of his predecessor, I do feel it is but just to give credit where it is earned, when I say that the beginning of our larger unfolding came with the incumbency of Dr. Wolfenstein, thirty-three years ago.

Many economists still question whether institutional work is the proper thing for the good of the orphan, yet I do not think that I am overstating facts, that many of the great workers in this field have visited, and also investigated the system, and followed up the statistics furnished by our Home, and while they are not convinced even though we show exceptional records, yet they point to ours as the model institution, if it is necessary to have them. Do not for a moment think I am content to rest on the past. I am more than ever convinced that we would progress much more rapidly if we could establish the cottage plan, the obstacle being the lack of funds at command and the income to meet the additional cost of maintenance. Our institution from its very beginning has faithfully carried out the object of its founders. We teach the Jewish religion in its broader sense, instructing in the sacredness of its prayers, the observances of the Sabbath, Holy Days and its literature. Our English curriculum grades with the public schools up to the high school, including a course of instructions in manual training. How well this has been accomplished, I need but say that we number among the graduates rabbis, teachers of distinction, attorneys, physicians and successful merchants whose foundations were laid in our Home. I will not dwell upon any of the many recommendations adopted by us at the suggestions of Dr. Wolfenstein, nor on the many lesser acts of his daily life, wherein he constantly maintains a fatherly interest in all the graduates (many have come under my own personal notice), but congratulate you that we have in him not only a person actuated by the highest motives but a man of initiative and execution.

I know I am voicing your sentiments by saying to our good Doctor Wolfenstein: may you enjoy good health and happiness, and a usefulness worthy of your past for many

years to come, and now, ladies and gentlemen, I call on you to rise in token of your sincerity and in honor of our good friend, Dr. Wolfenstein.

Mr. Furth's Speech

Mr. Chairman, dear Doctor, Ladies and Gentlemen: It has been my custom for many years whenever called upon to make an address, to take my audience into my confidence, so I will say to you that when I sat down here this evening a member of the Committee of Arrangements asked me for my manuscript. Well, it had been my intention to prepare a manuscript, fearing to trust myself with the sentiments and emotions of the moment, but a few weeks ago in the city of St. Louis we had the pleasure of meeting a gentleman from Cleveland who related in my presence his experience with a speech that he had read. A friend of his said to him: "Harry, a speech loses its force when it is read, but when a man reads as poorly as you read, and when in point of fact the speech is not worth reading, I do not know why you prepare a speech in advance." So, basing my action upon the experience of my friend, I come to you with a very short manuscript.

As I look about me here, ladies and gentlemen, I am forcefully reminded of the truth of the saying that "Peace hath her victories no less pronounced than war." The occasion which brings us together tonight has all the characteristics of a love feast. It is a personal compliment that we are paying, gladly paying, our worthy guest of the evening, and while it is a local affair; or an affair given by a single institution, yet we all know that neither this great institution nor this great city, nor Districts Nos. 2 and 6, nor the entire country, are able to confine the significance of this evening's exercises, for they are broad as the world, and there is an interest taken in them wherever there is a man or woman engaged in child welfare work.

I am charged with a very pleasant duty—to respond in behalf of District Grand Lodge No. 2. Notwithstanding that the program says "District No. 2," when I was consulted I expressed a preference for speaking in behalf of District Grand Lodge No. 2, because, like Henry George, I

want to speak for "men," and not for territory. It is a source of much regret to me and to all of us that the entire Board of Trustees of District No. 2 is not present here. It is with much regret that we miss one of our most valued and valuable co-workers, Mr. Kaufman Kays, who is detained in his home by reason of indisposition, which we trust will be of but a temporary and slight character, so that we may not be deprived of his good and valuable interest in the conduct of this institution.

I stand for a District of the I. O. B. B. Why, it would be like carrying coal to Newcastle to tell you what that Order stands for, what it has done and what it is aiming to do. The District Grand Lodge is composed of men who are personally known to you and who tender to you, through me, their love, their respect and their felicitations, upon your having become today seventy years young.

But I stand also for another constituency — I stand for the constituency of my own family. We have been friends, my dear Doctor, for over forty years. You were the friend of my father and of my mother. They were your friends and your admirers. You have been with us in our joys and in our sorrows, and I have tried to share also your sorrows, and I am glad to be here tonight, sir, and share with you the great joy which you must feel in being recognized as one who has given his life, the best there is in him, to advance the great interests which he has at heart, and for which he stands.

The poem which was read here tonight; the letter of our friend and co-worker, Simon Wolf, and the speech of our President, all run in the same channel, and I am going to take up the time of this meeting to reiterate the sentiments which they contain. I endorse every word uttered and I will simply confine myself to saying, that while men have become great, as has been said, in wars; while others have achieved glory in having added to the territory of a nation; while some have endeavored to solve problems of the universe, of science, and some have distinguished themselves in the world of art, you, my dear Doctor, have undertaken the study of the greatest of all problems, the great problem of humanity. That is a problem which today engages the attention of the greatest men and the greatest women everywhere. You are among those who early rec-

ognized that the child that needed protection was not simply an object or subject of charity, but that the State and society had obligations, and that the child had rights, which must be recognized. It is men of your type and women of the type of Jane Addams that go before the world and teach these reciprocal duties, bringing about a state of affairs in social work that never existed before.

If I may trust myself, Mr. Chairman, not to exceed the time limit, I want to bring out as briefly as I can and as concisely the question, "Why is it that the world says that Dr. Wolfenstein is successful; in what is he successful; wherein does his success manifest itself?" and that brings the other questions—the great question as to the use of institutions such as ours. Has the time come for eliminating, for giving up and doing away with asylums and homes for orphan children? What constitutes an education? What makes for manhood, for womanhood and for citizenship? We are told by some misguided, though well meaning, men and women that it is a crime to bring a child to an orphan home; that a child must be educated and raised in a family, even though it be by a mother by proxy and a father for revenue. What constitutes the education of a child, and what makes for the development of "soul citizens" as against simply intellectual citizens? It is that rare combination so exceedingly seldom found in teachers and educators; it is that "silent and subtle power" of impressing a child and putting lessons into his heart and soul which remain there even though he has in after life forgotten all the rules of arithmetic and all that he had ever learned of geography and grammar; it is the soul life of the child which you have impressed and it is that which has made your work successful. It is in this institution you formulated that rare combination of school and Sabbath school, which even those who claim to be non-sectarian, those who claim to be non-believers, doubters, agnostics, declare to be the essential of a child's education. You have been successful in imparting an education and a moral training to our children superior to that which many children receive in well regulated homes from devoted parents. Physically, morally, spiritually and mentally, your wards are a credit to you and an honor to our beloved institution. Even those who have no faith in the inspiration of the Bible tell us how valuable are the Bible

stories, properly expounded by competent teachers, and it is this education which goes for character, for human sympathy, and for all that is higher and greater, that has made such excellent men and women of our wards. It is in that, my dear Doctor, you have been successful. The value of such training may be shown by this: The National Educational Association, the greatest association of the kind in this country, employs agents to gather statistics. They canvassed 3000 thousand families who had not sent their children to Sunday schools and they found among these 3000 families just six mothers who were endeavoring to give their children a moral education and training, and of these six no more than two were qualified to do so. To show how little the Bible stories are known and how the Bible is read—that great book which has had the greatest circulation ever gained—they tell of one, of an agent of the Association, who visited a girls' school and asked what the girls knew about the Bible. One question he asked was, "Who was Lot?" After a few nonsensical answers a little girl raised her hand and said, "Lot was a Hebrew who turned into a pillar of salt by day and a pillar of fire by night."

Now, ladies and gentlemen, we point with justifiable pride to the results that have been achieved here, and as I look about me and see the alumni gathered here from all parts of our country, I am reminded of that great expounder of Positivism, the great French philosopher, M. Auguste Comte, who quotes in one of his books: "We may get tired of thinking, sometimes even of acting, but we never tire of loving," and if I were asked today to suggest a motto to be put here in blazing letters under this magnificent display, this is the motto I would suggest as being characteristic of Dr. Wolfenstein: "You may tire of thinking, even of acting, but you never tire of loving." I want to say, my dear Doctor, in behalf of those for whom I speak, and in my own behalf, that we need your continued services; we need men of your stamp, and we send our prayers to the Throne of Grace that you may be preserved to us, to your very large family and to your immediate family, and to this institution, for many, many more years in the full possession of those physical, mental and soul qualities for which you are so noted throughout the length and breadth of civilization.

Speech of Rabbi Abram Simon

Eloquence in the highest and best sense of the word is the capacity of a speaker to communicate to his auditors the deep-seated and innermost feelings that move him. An exquisite example of such eloquence flowed from the gifted tongue of Rabbi Abram Simon of Washington, representing the Alumni. His address was no stilted, grandiloquent panegyric, it was no bombastic, extravagant rhapsody like those often pronounced on such occasions; it was the earnest and unprompted effusion of the grateful, joyous and sanctified heart of a son toward a beloved and honored father. Every person in the room went with him expectantly from word to word, and every one was thrilled and moved to tears. As he closed, an impressive silence of a few seconds ensued, followed by a storm of applause which became a tremendous demonstration as Doctor, deeply and visibly affected, left his chair to embrace Rabbi Simon. Here resolutions on behalf of the Alumni of St. Louis were presented by their representative, Miss Rose Cronheim.

“In Mr. Furth’s opening remarks he took you into his confidence and showed you no manuscript. If you wish to see my manuscript you must look into my heart. Zangwill, in his Italian Fantasies, says that it is not enough to look into your own heart, you must look into the hearts of others and write. I have been asked to speak not in behalf of Districts 2 and 6 but in behalf of a district which stretches from one coast to another, brimful of boys and girls, of young men and young women, whose hearts I want to read to you, wherein I shall have no difficulty, for I shall read my own as well. This little picture on my lapel has been in my memory for thirty years; never a day has passed but I have seen it with a personal joy that I have never been ashamed to acknowledge. If, however, I look down into the hearts of hundreds of boys and girls, I would see a face roseate of color, large forehead, beard gray, expression benign, tender and strong, and shining out of it a character of positiveness, of self-sacrifice and of blessed devotion. Him we have loved to know as our Doctor.

All these thousands of boys and girls would be happy to be here tonight. For myself, I would not have missed this evening had it called for many more sacrifices; the

same feeling finds expression in the hearts of all who could not find it within their compass to join in these splendid festivities. Shall I speak in a reminiscent mood of the life we led here, of the studies, play or meals, of the famous pie and Sabbath kuchen, of the notorious Companies C and D which we could choose at our own bidding? Your applause indicates that you are rather familiar from personal experiences with Companies C and D. Shall I talk to you of the Confirmation; of the weekly sermons on the Sabbath, of the last good-bye when Doctor took us to the depot and, with his hands upon our shoulders, said, "Boys, girls, be good and let me be proud of you?" Shall I recall how since then, from time to time, fatherly letters came from him written not on the cold typewriter, but in his own hand, with that personal, intimate, warm touch? Speaking then for all these hundreds of boys and girls, some risen to places of influence, others nonetheless happy in more modest circumstances, some happily married, with children dangling on their knees, others again only too soon compelled to go the way of all flesh and still others, unable to breast the waves of temptation, have been swept down by the engulfing force. Yes, speaking for all of them, whatever has been their past, good, bad or indifferent, and whatever they are today, they would have but one word of gratitude to speak to the celebrant of this occasion.

It is said of the famous Dr. Dodds who had enjoyed many a tribute from his people, that he gave vent to this sentiment: "My dear brothers, you have honored me with so many gifts, and have piled me up with presents, but if I only knew that you really loved me, I would be so happy." When the good Dr. Dodds returned from a long and invigorating vacation, he saw with amazement a large banner stretched in front of his pulpit with the sentence: "Doctor, we love you and we are not afraid to tell you." Doctor Wolfenstein, there is a banner stretched from one end of this continent to the other, and in flaming letters I read this sentence: "Doctor, we love you." It is written, it is spoken, it is breathed fervently, sincerely, and child-likely by the thousands of us.

Other organizations and societies have shown their appreciation in a substantial manner. What token shall be

given by the Alumni? Knowing you as I do, I am certain that you care very little for the material and tangible things of life. You remember that delightful story of the Rabbi, concerning a weary traveler who had found a haven of refuge under a spreading tree. The stream that ran at its foot refreshed him; the fruit that dropped from the branches nourished him, under its ample shade he found sleep. Awaking in the morning, his grateful heart said: "Oh, Tree, how can I thank thee and what can I give thee in return? Your water, your fruit and your shade have blessed me. Yet this one prayer may God grant, 'May all the boughs that come from thee be as blessed in giving as thou art'."

Hither have come thousands of boys and girls, weary travelers on the road of life, most of them weighed down only too early in life and compelled to find some shelter in the howling wilderness of despair. Kind hands led them hither. Here they found a tree, a home, a stream of affection and golden fruits of knowledge that nourished their bodies and souls. They found all this, incarnated in one who stood to them like a sturdy oak, symbolic of the greatest, strongest and tenderest ties of home and shelter, of the most useful bond of education, and of the most necessary need of religious truth. Having been fed by you, their grateful hearts, more appreciative as years roll by, say, "Oh, splendid tree, what can we give you to express our gratitude?" We have enjoyed your shelter; we have drank from the stream that poured from your lips; we have eaten the fruits of knowledge from your heart and brain. Shall we ask that you have wealth? You are a millionaire now in the possession of so many hearts and their affections. Shall we wish you power? Who has more power than he who can fashion a child in his own image? You are the president of a republic of your own making. Shall we wish you the glittering bubbles of fame and glory upon which most men set their hearts? No, we have only one deep-seated, heart-centered, love-saturated prayer: "May all the boys and girls that have or that may hereafter grow into manhood and womanhood who have been touched by the beauty and power of your personality be increasingly more worthy of you. May the years to come find you loyal to the end, and may God grant you physical vigor, mental alertness, the joy of friendships and the fondest wishes of your own heart. God bless you."

Resolutions Passed By the Board of Directors When Accepting Resignation of Dr. S. Wolfenstein

The Board of Trustees and Directors of the Jewish Orphan Asylum, located in Cleveland, Ohio, realizing the loss sustained by the institution through the resignation of its beloved and respected Superintendent, Dr. Samuel Wolfenstein, desires to place on record its high appreciation of the invaluable service rendered to the institution and its wards by Dr. Wolfenstein during his connection with it, covering a period of more than thirty-five years.

His loyalty to the interest of the institution, his great executive ability, his unfaltering devotion to the strenuous duties of his office have made his name a household word among the educators and superintendents of the country.

His fatherly love of our orphan children, his intelligent attention to all their needs and requirements, has won for him our admiration and their devoted love and affection.

Assuming charge of the institution when it was yet in its infancy, it has grown under his wise and able administration not only in capacity but in usefulness, so that the Orphan Asylum and its able and beloved Superintendent have won the admiration not only of our own people, not only of our own countrymen, but of all informed child welfare workers throughout the world.

He has created and diffused an atmosphere of reciprocal love, which has given the Orphan Asylum a unique place among the orphanages of the world.

His solicitude for our children, even after they had left the Home, has fostered their continued affection for the institution and has kept them in close contact and communion and in touch with the Asylum.

His scholarly attainments as an educator and his devotion to the faith of our fathers are evidenced by the high standard of the young men and women who were our former inmates and who now worthily occupy positions of honor and trust throughout this country.

In love and admiration we proclaim: "Well done thou good and faithful servant. You have done valiant service

in the vineyard of the Lord." May the Father of all orphans reward you with many added years of health and may many joys yet be yours.

We rejoice in the action taken at our last Board meeting, recommending that at the coming annual meeting of the Board, Dr. Wolfenstein be elected an Honorary Life Member of the Asylum.

Resolved, that this minute be entered on a special page of our record, that an engrossed copy thereof be presented to Dr. Wolfenstein, and that the same be published.

LOUIS S. LEVI, President.
JENNIE WEINBERG, Secretary.
A. WIENER.
WILLIAM STIX.
JACOB FURTH.
PHILIP STEIN.
M. A. MARKS.

Cleveland, Ohio, January 4, 1914.





