

MY FATHER

BY CATHARINE BRODY

IT DOES not seem sufficient to describe my father merely as an Orthodox Jew. He is, figuratively speaking, the last of the Orthodox Jews in America. He is the avatar of generations of rigid Jewish ritual, a figure as quaintly unfamiliar, as amusingly antique, now, as a wooden Indian. Soon perhaps it will become just as extinct. My father's own generation, of those who came to America in their young manhood, offers fewer and fewer similar types. The newer generation of his children and the children of his contemporaries will and can no longer produce any substitutes. Even my father himself, after only two decades of life in America, has been powerless to prevent slight modifications from creeping upon him unawares. Even my father, comparatively perfect individual of his vanishing species though he be, is no longer as true to the type of his father as the latter was to the type of my great-grandfather.

My father looks Orthodox Jewish at a glance. He has a full face, a nose not too intensively Hebraic, but swooping downward nevertheless, a nose sensitive, yet broad and fleshy at the tip; jolly, smallish eyes; a spacious forehead; full oriental lips, and a round chin, hidden, of course, by a beard. This beard is in accordance with Jewish custom, yet not according strictly with Jewish law. For it is not a Jewish beard, not that unmistakable beard growing as the Lord intended hair to grow on the faces of His chosen men, dowdy, straggling to wispy points, uncut. It is the beard of an infidel, tended, even clipped, by professional hands, shorter and shorter with every year.

My grandfather, transported to America in his old age, wore his lovelocks and his Biblical beard, even as my great-grandfather had done before him. There is a picture of my father on his advent here, a man of thirty-odd, with the regulation lovelocks, black, and a black beard untouched by any barber. His whole hirsute adornment presented a poignant question from the first, especially the love-locks—it is impossible to conceive how poignant, now that little boys, even in the tougher neighborhoods of New York, do not feel such an urge to pull the beards of Jews as they did in my father's early days. A few years later, a photograph records the passing of his love-locks, after what Hamlet-like struggles I can only guess, and the tidying of his beard, still ample. Though he resisted heavy domestic pressure for its entire removal, yet, year by year, as he grew more successful, and learned English, and took out his naturalization papers, the beard by imperceptible degrees grew sparer and more kempt, until now it shows no more than a modest shadow of its former luxuriance.

How my father reconciles himself to its present non-Judaistic quality and quantity I cannot learn, though I have followed, fascinated, the course of the reasoning processes by which he makes his general religious decisions. Pious Jews of the old school, remember, make their own religious decisions, except in intricate matters of ritual. They do not lean on their rabbis, as Christians do on their pastors. Life in a large city and one filled with ingenious devices for comfort and amusement, unheard of in Lithuania, has made necessary

many such decisions by my father. There was, for example, the awful question of working on the Sabbath; it used to loom before every immigrant as he arrived. My father has never been so beset by the hazards of supporting a family, without any training or trade, in an unfamiliar country but that he has managed to keep the Sabbath to the literal limit, as well as every Jewish holiday and fast day—and there are many of them. On the Sabbath he never carries anything, not even an umbrella in pouring rain, since carrying anything is defined as work in the Talmud.

He has struggled manfully with all the other temptations that America holds out to deflect him from his ritualistic laws. As it is expressly forbidden to make a light on the Sabbath, and as the electric light sheds a brightness in the dark, it is forbidden to touch an electric light button on that day in our house. The electric bell was harder to dispose of. My father at last decided that it was not permissible to ring the downstairs bell on the Sabbath, for this unknown and tempting force of electricity sped in some way up the stairs, and therefore you, who pressed the button, worked, by arousing one of the Lord's forces to action. But the apartment doorbell, though just as electric, could be rung, for it sounded only once on the other side, like a rap of the knuckles. Therefore, my father rang it until another pious Jew informed him, at a discussion in the synagogue, that sparks—ay, fire—flew, as the electric current was set in motion. So my father no longer rings the doorbell on the Sabbath. No laughter of derision can reach him, any more than torture could bring him to yield an inch.

Of course, he would not lift a telephone receiver on Saturday or Friday night. Not only would he be guilty of arousing mysterious forces to energy; he might also be guilty of the heinous crime of making some Jewish telephone operator work on the Day of Rest. Though his course here is clear to him, he muses over it a great deal, for there are those of the faithful

among his friends who see no harm in playing what they consider a passive part by answering the 'phone.

A great many usual articles of American diet, such as breakfast foods, are not allowed in my father's larder, no matter how much they may have been certified by rabbis. He would not take the chance of contamination by, perhaps, lard or dishes cleaned with soap, in their manufacture. Until he discovered a countryman of whose synagogue affiliations he was certain, who sold the milk of his own dairy farm, he would not taste of milk or its products, the manufacture of which he also suspected of being non-*kosher* in this new country. He still prefers to churn his butter himself. He often sits in his skull-cap in an excessively non-pastoral kitchen, shaking a bottle of cream up and down, down and up, with faithful patience and to the glory of God. There is only one special brand of bread which he approves.

Yet he has had to make at least one enormous concession. He has had to soften his attitude toward those who do transgress the commandment not to work on the Day of Rest, even in his own family. The first child of his who did not become completely supine on the Sabbath was, if not cast out into the snow, at least relegated to Coventry, was not spoken to or noticed in any way, on that day. The child survived. The offenses of the others, as they have grown up, have been condoned.

II

Yet one could not call my father exactly a fanatic. Religion is too much of a real recreation with him, a recreation to which he gives the deep fidelity of an amateur champion to his tennis game, which inspires him with the same joy, to the exactions of which he surrenders himself in the same degree. He is never at war with his God for his personal soul, fighting for forgiveness, since he does not believe in forgiveness but only in a perfect justice—just so much of Heaven for just so much

keeping of faith with the commandments and articles laid down by God. The things he must do have been set down for him in black and white, and if he does not obey he will lose just so many points. The struggle and jubilation over salvation are unknown to him. He keeps a profound peace on that score, secure in the conviction that as a good Jew his chances for salvation are the best going anyway.

An Orthodox Jew like my father is quite free from the proselytizing spirit, even in his own household. He is too sure of himself. He forces on his children only the ritual. The belief is never questioned. You are a Jew and therefore you are born believing. I have read and heard of the tortures of doubt and fear suffered by children from whom there is required some first act of belief,—confirmation, communion, joining the Church. The faith of an Orthodox Jewish girl child is hardly referred to, and the *Bar-Mitzvah* of a boy is just a glorified birthday, the routine celebration of his coming of age and taking his place as a man in the congregation, with cakes and presents and speeches and everything.

Though my father's brothers and sisters and certainly his children break every law of the Jewish ritual, he never dreams of praying for them or striving to bring them back in the fold. No matter how much sorrow their lack of orthodoxy has caused him, he does not think or even try to make them believe that they will go to Hell. Undoubtedly they will never reach that position in the angelic hierarchy to which a really pious Jew is entitled; perhaps they may even have to serve a mild spell in Purgatory. But their birth and belief are Jewish, and nothing except complete removal out of the Hebraic world, a spiritual step as definite as physical death, can eradicate this advantage.

As my father is not under the supervision of an organized church or any earthly guide, he naturally has his own conception of the theology that he has imbibed from the Talmud and the Torah,

the sayings and commentaries of bygone rabbis. I was once surprised to find that the idea of a thunderous and jealous Jehovah appeared to be quite foreign to him. He looks upon God, in his own words, "as a child looks upon a Father, an Elder Brother, the Head of the Household"—that is, as Someone of sovereign dignity and omniscience, Who loves but is not indulgent, Who knows best, and from Whose decision there is no appeal.

My father's personal theology is as practical as that of a bank. The burden of original guilt does not appear in it, and Hell rarely figured in the religious ideas we absorbed from him as children. The devil was not an ever-present menace to us. We were taught to stand in awe, in case of disobedience, only of something called the Wrath of God. We learned that there is no abstract sin, and no abstract virtue, at least none that will suffice for Heaven. There are sins and virtues, good deeds and bad deeds. The good deeds are listed and labeled—literally—and are open for reference at any time in the Talmud,—a great convenience. A pious Jew must perform just 613 in order to reach the Pearly Gates. The bad deeds are unfortunately not defined with such precision. Just what would happen if a man conscientiously performed his 613 good deeds, but also committed 614 bad ones, has been a matter of serious conjecture with me, but somehow my father always concludes the discussion at this point. He has what, after all, is the perfect answer. He says serenely, "It is useless to argue with you. You don't believe. *I believe!*"

I have never been able to understand why there should be this strong impression that the Jewish religion is a sad one, a religion of eternal weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth. Anyone brought up in a tremendously orthodox household, as I was, has an oppressive memory only of the ritual. This is the thing one revolts from. But in an imaginative child—particularly in an imaginative female child, released from the arduous duties of daily

prayers and of the learning for *Bar-Mitzvah*—a feeling for sonorous sounds, for strange and ecstatic rites, for groupings and customs moving to an archaic rhythm is implanted, an emotion surrounding a belief. And whatever happens to the belief, it is impossible to divest oneself of the emotion.

So many of the Jewish holidays are actually not religious holidays at all, but historical fêtes like the Fourth of July and Bastille Day. The fun of helping your father and grandfather, with some skeptical uncles, to build a hut of wooden planks covered with straw in a strip of dingy back-yard below the flutter of Italian and Irish clothes-a-drying in order to celebrate the Succoth—all this is just as much real fun as setting off fire-crackers on the Fourth. At the time of Succoth, in the autumnal season, the Israelites paused on the edge of the desert and built themselves huts to rest in. The huts, according to the tenacious memory of Israel, were made of the branches of trees; therefore, no metal could touch our back-yard hut. There was more shadow than sun in them, and so our hut had to be made tight. In it we broke bread and drank wine all the week of Succoth, to the tolerant laughter of the adult Catholics and the envy of their progeny.

There was also a holiday when one was required to eat dates and figs and St. John's bread to repletion. (In fact, I have always felt that the Jewish holidays linger on largely because of the special foods so wisely allotted to them.) There was another holiday when one marched to the water's edge and emptied one's pockets of sins—mostly bread crumbs. There was Passover, a Fourth of July that lasted a week, when one's father was a king, throned at the head of the table among pillows, and one read the story of the Exodus in tiny pamphlets with strange, stiff pictures and stage directions in fine print. There were parts where the voice rose and parts where the voice fell and a part where each member of the family recited in turn and with a mean joy the list

of plagues visited on the Egyptians and spilled a drop of wine from a small golden goblet into a bowl at the repetition of each plague. There was a holiday when my father read the story of Esther and the dastardly Haman, with gestures. To hear him recite such epics was comparable to hearing an ancient minstrel chant the story of the Trojan War. No wonder my father never cared much for the theatre! What more could he ask for in the way of histrionic opportunity than he got in his own home? And what more could a child ask for?

III

My father was always something in his various synagogues—president, vice-president, or at least treasurer. As a girl child, I was not strictly welcome in them, not even in the women's harem-like back room, where the *Veiber* with shawled or veiled heads could only look through a small square peephole, protected by a wooden shutter, into the synagogue proper. I was, of course, a feminine outrage to every ancient son of Israel. But I insisted on tagging after my father. I was taken with the swayings, the groupings, the bursts of always musical yearnings, and I adored the adaptation of things heavenly to things earthly, as when a bit of an old grandfather would notice me, and, forbidden to interrupt his prayer by mundane conversation, would yet manage to make his meaning clear and fierce by the use of whatever word or phrase he happened to be chanting. *Enkelohanoo! Enkelahanoo!* (There is no God like our God), meaning to me, unmistakably, "Beat it! Get out!"

It was the custom then, some twenty years ago, for a Russian immigrant to join a congregation made up of previous comers from his own town. If such a congregation did not exist, or was too far away, then he joined if possible the synagogue of those who hailed from his wife's town, or of those from a town in which he had friends or relatives. As these towns had usually been very small—villages, in fact

—the actual members of most of the congregations were few and the synagogues very poor. Many consisted of but one or two rooms in small, shabby, once-private houses, where there might be several synagogues to a floor, and synagogues or business offices above and below. Sometimes the house of prayer was in what had once been a store, the show window curtained off, the back part used for the women. These synagogues never had rabbis or sermons. Orthodox synagogues, in fact, do not need an officiating rabbi and are entirely separate and independent of one another. Ours had a cantor for the two chief holidays of the year—otherwise a functionary who was the reader of the portions of the Torah on Sabbath and also a sexton.

Those long, faint, mediæval paintings of the Last Supper might have been sketched in the first synagogue I remember on the New York East Side. It must have been a back room, for it was dim even on Sabbath mornings, and only a dark shadow in the late afternoon just before the prayer of twilight. My father and some other members used it as a club at this time. A few small boys, corralled for the sunset prayer, used to play quietly about a solid black shadow in the centre of which was the reading-stand and which stood before the closet that held the Torahs, the Ark of God.

My father and his friends, all heavily bearded, sat about a long, narrow board against the side wall. They were silent black and grey figures veiled in the gloom and dust of the room. They sat at spaces from each other on a hard bench. They savored each a tiny glass of *Schnapps*. For a chaser they had some bits of fat herring laid out on a newspaper and hunks of black bread. They sipped, and they ate the bread and herring with their fingers in peace and with a grave enjoyment. They were fortifying themselves for a fervid chant at dusk. Sometimes a minute, plump black mouse slipped from the Ark of God into a hole below the reading-stand.

Later, there was a synagogue in a pushcart-laden street in Harlem, of which my

father was president. This consisted of two rooms, in an old three-story brownstone given over to synagogues. There was a fire escape attached, to which at the end of the Sabbath or on the evening of one of the gay holidays, when the synagogue was burning hot with piety, the younger boys would retreat to smoke the first permitted cigarette of the day. The unmistakable smell of these synagogues pervaded it, a thick smell of dust and unscrubbed floors, a bitter smell of sweat, a warm and heart-felt emanation from a huddle of bearded men, communing unabashed and unrestrained, with chant and gesture, with their God—the subtle breath of piety.

It was the tail end of the Day of Atonement perhaps, with the hard benches numbered into many single seats, all sold, and crowded with faces unfamiliar on other days to the synagogue, everyone grey from the fasting and hoarse from the day of chanting, weary but filled with peace. The Day of Atonement never seemed to me a day of sadness, but a day for the relief of the burden of sorrow. The old Jews, wise in psychology, knew the sweetness of relief that would follow a whole day of weeping and wailing on an empty stomach.

Some of this peace of exhaustion was visible just before the final prayers. The old men had taken off their shoes. Their eyes were filmed. Their voices, wan, but still musical and happy in the nearby relief, rose automatically like small wavelets in the great surf of prayer. The whole body seemed a void at that hour. One's head was separate from one's body, and swam, thus separated, in a liquid grey mist. One's blood was dry and feverish and whirled in one's veins like dust before the wind. And if one half-closed one's eyes the synagogue became a swaying of long, yellowed beards, swimming in sweat, while out of the grotesquerie swept this sea of exaltation, this personal beseechment, the moans of love and woe to the Deity, dramatic, even frenzied, but always rhythmic, always with control and direction behind them. These prayers never set one's teeth

on the edge of hysteria, for they never lost dignity, never threw off their reserve.

The end of the Day of Atonement was a happy time, with ice-boxes crammed with food and steaming tea in glasses to take away the first stiffness of the jaws when the fast was broken. The bigger boys and girls camped out on the stoops, comparing feats of fasting, like feats of strength. "I fasted all day!" "Yeh, but you took a drink of water. That ain't fair. I fasted till four o'clock, but I didn't take nothing!"

Or perhaps it was the happiest holiday of the year, the Rejoicing of the Law, when the annual reading of the Torah is finished. There is a gleeful shouting, tramping, clapping of hands in the packed and always hot synagogue. The old men link arms and skip about in circles, like happy old goats with their beards swinging, their mouths open and chuckling. The congregation is laughing and chattering, the children screaming with excitement. From the reading stand, my father bellows for order so that he may call the names of the men who are to take Torahs from the Ark and march about the synagogues between the benches. He grows hoarse at this task in the merry disorder, with many gas lights, or it may be electric lights (it is evening), beaming upon him in a gray cloud of dust.

Finally begins the march of the rolls of the Law. The children rush to stand on the benches, as the men who carry the rolls jostle their way through the older people in the aisles. The rolls are wound around sticks and dressed in faded, lovely silks, embroidered with the most sacred Hebrew words, words which may not be said except in prayer. The men who carry the Torahs struggle and sweat through an intense crowding because, as each goes by, one is supposed to grab and kiss the silk covering of the rolls.

We children kept score of the number we had kissed, and it was always a great joy when a brother or a relative or a friend of the family was called to carry a roll in

his turn, for he could be counted on to lift it high above everyone else, so that we got a chance to kiss it, a mighty triumph. He would see to it that we did not miss his roll, no matter how far back on the bench we had been pushed by the other children.

Toward the end one slipped down from the bench and through the push as quietly as possible, for one's father had made a sign. There was a store of apples bought by the *Shammos* (equivalent to the sexton) for the Rejoicing of the Law, and secreted—for though they were meant for distribution to the children there was the intention, naturally, of saving as many of them as possible. But one's father, as president, knew where they were hidden. He produced some from his back pockets, with face red, shining and benevolent, and warned one not to eat them in front of the other children, as of course one took the first opportunity of doing. And soon many old men disappeared behind the *Shammos'* back to steal apples for their grandchildren.

Or it was Purim in the synagogue, when the Book of Esther, telling how she saved the Jews from the machinations of Haman, was read, and everyone listened intently for the sound of that hated name. Then the glorious booing and hissing and clacking and zr-r-r-ing of Haman clappers, bits of wood that made a brave and marvelous noise!

Today the old exaltation and merriement are fading. So many of the old school grandfathers have died; their sons and daughters are Americanizing the synagogues. They have been whitewashed and disinfected. The very smell of them is American now. And my father tells me that his synagogue plans to move from its rooms and build. When it builds, it plans to build a balcony, actually a balcony, for the women, instead of the old back room with the peephole. He does not any longer, in a tolerant way, call them *Veiber* (women-folk). They are now "the members of the Ladies Auxiliary."

IV

One of the most interesting aspects of my father's Judaism is his attitude toward Gentiles. It is usually assumed that the Jewish attitude toward Christians is either the mixture of longing envy and self-conscious pride of many second generation American Jews or the mixture of suspicion and resentment and fear of Shylock.

To Jews like my father and my grandfather before him, the tolerance of Gentiles does not seem to make the slightest spiritual difference, no matter what material comfort it may bring. My father is aware of himself as a Jew first and always in relation to other Jews, but he has none of that aggressive self-consciousness in his relation to Gentiles, the result of a feeling of inferiority, which leads American Jews of the second generation to say, "I'm a Jew and proud of it." He would see no reason for such a statement any more than, if he had been born with blond hair, he would see any reason for saying, "I've got blond hair and I'm proud of it." He is so much, so profoundly, so instinctively a Jew that if he were to appear on Mars, the inhabitants would coin the word, Jew, to express his difference, and he would expect and accept the definition.

Such conglomerate self-consciousness toward Christianity as is expressed by Zionism is strange to my father, and to most pious Orthodox Jews. He does not actually disapprove, since it is a movement by and for Jews. Rather he is aloof. It has become part of the ritual to yearn for Palestine, but the materialization of his dream by any but supernatural means annoys him. Practically, he would not emigrate to Palestine if he were given the country on a silver platter.

There is no abatement of my father's inner egotism toward Gentiles, an egotism hardly comprehended, the colossal egotism of a people who once demanded that the indigenous inhabitants vacate a country because it had been promised to them, and were quite annoyed when they had to

fight for it. Gentiles, misled by resignation, even humbleness, who rise to the defense and say, "Some of my best friends are Jews," do not understand that whatever contempt has been meted out to the Jews in story, nickname, anecdote and song, is returned by your pious Orthodox Jew with something far larger than contempt. It is a stony removal—"Thy ways are not my ways"—and there is an exultation, a joy, in that removal. The inner attitude of a devout Jew among Gentiles can only be compared to the attitude of a Briton who lives among and makes what profit he can of Americans, while never deviating from his inner superiority as an Englishman; of an explorer among savages ready to be hostile at the slightest provocation, whose fear and whose deeds of conciliation do not affect his conception of these inferiors nor his pride to be a man white and civilized.

A *Goy* means literally only a stranger (that is, in religion), and a *Shagitx* only an unmarried stranger, male, or of very humble rank, but the words can be uttered in Jewish households with biting inflection of amused disdain. Then there are the folk-songs, like that classic, which ought to make effective Prohibition propaganda, "*Oi-i-i shicker is a Goy!*" (Drunken is a Gentile.) The song is to the effect that a *Goy* goes into his public-house in his leisure and tosses off a few drinks and then *Oi—shicker is a Goy!* and drunken he is and drunken he must be, the song insists, because he is a *Goy*. But a Jew in his leisure walks into his synagogue and snatches the opportunity to refresh himself with a few paragraphs of the Torah, for he is a Jew and therefore is and must be sober. Suddenly one hears the sound of broken glass. It is the *Goy* carousing and bent on destruction, for *Oi—shicker is a Goy!* The Jew, on the other hand, goes grave and happy with the words of God about his constructive business.

To my father, there is, of course, no question of social intimacy with Gentiles. It is not to this Jew that the hotel clerk

at the fashionable Summer resort lies about reservations, it is not against this Jew that the country clubs defend themselves by written and unwritten laws, and it is not this Jew who declaims against social discrimination. For his ritual necessarily makes a devout Orthodox Jew a most exclusive person. He cannot eat Gentile food or even drink water from Gentile glasses, washed as they are with soap. A non-Jewish neighborhood offers insuperable difficulties for him, with neither *kosher* butcher shops nor synagogues within walking distance.

The old-fashioned Orthodox Jew takes no pride in Gentile friends and acquaintances, as do so many of the newer generation. He does not feel any of the hidden but distinct and very amusing pleasure often shown by the latter, in spite of a prejudice against intermarriage, when their daughters (somehow the prejudice seems to hold more for sons) succeed in snatching a Gentile in marriage. To a Jew like my father this is an agony hardly lessened if the Gentile man or woman thus married should happen to become a convert. Gentile friends are received in Orthodox households only provisionally and with a cordiality over-emphasized by embarrassment, much as a reformed ex-convict is received by people who pride themselves on their tolerance. In our house, the first question that was always asked of us when we spoke of new friends was, "Is he or she a Jew?" and many and tedious were the expostulations if he or she wasn't.

Still, there has been modification. Toward the Christian dogma itself, there has certainly been a noticeable change in my father. For a long time any reference to Jesus Christ, the very words themselves, used to be bitterly forbidden in our house, even after we were grown up. When we wished revenge for some childish misery, we had only to whisper under our breaths, "Jesus," and the resultant whipping was nothing compared to the desolation this brought on our father. My brothers and I read the New Testament like a forbidden dime novel, and later we could always turn a peaceful dinner into a great storm, with thunder and lightning of fierce scorn, by attempting to discuss it with my father.

But of late he hears the name of Jesus with the utmost composure, and though he will not permit any portion of the New Testament to be read to him, his last words on the subject were uttered quite calmly and with an evident attempt at fairness. We were talking about Renan's "Life of Christ" and how by writing His life Renan had tried to prove that Christ had never lived.

"Let me tell you," put in my father, with all the authority of an eye-witness (indeed he always speaks of the Christian religion as if he had been present at its inception), "Jesus was a Jew well-learned in the law, Who had a disagreement with the rabbis and got mad and went off and started a religion of His own. That's all there was to it."

JIMMY WALKER

BY HENRY F. PRINGLE

THE Hon. James J. Walker, one-time writer of sentimental songs, later, lawyer, legislative leader and master of debate, and now mayor of the City of New York, is the personification of all that the timid bookkeeper who lives in the suburbs and goes nowhere would like to be in the eyes of his Kansas cousins.

New York, within recent memory, has elevated varying types to the high and more or less dignified post of head of its government. It relished the caustic Judge Gaynor, with his amazing knowledge of the law and his talent for prolific correspondence. It revered, for a time, the youthful Mitchel, who, if he had any knowledge of practical politics, always successfully concealed the fact. For eight dull years it swallowed the bluff of John F. Hylan.

Walker is different from all these. Just turned forty-five he has the appearance of a man still in his early thirties. His hair is black, thick and unruly. His eyes are dark and restless. He has the slim build of a cabaret dancer, of a *gigolo* of the Montmartre. He dresses in an ultra-advanced fashion, redolent of the Tenderloin. He is a native New Yorker, smokes cigarettes continuously, has a vast contempt for the Volstead Act, and reads nothing but the sporting pages. He looks, in brief, to be slightly wicked and is therefore charming. He knows, first hand, the theaters, the race-tracks and the Great (even if not the Best) People. He knows the speak-easies, the hotels and the night clubs. If Alfred E. Smith whose influence landed him in the City Hall, comes from the sidewalks of New York, Jimmy Walker comes from the dance floors.

It is history, now, how in the Summer of 1925 Governor Smith forced Tammany Hall to strike at his ancient enemy, Hearst, through Hylan. It is history, too, how Walker was chosen to make the fight, and how, with neatness and despatch, he eliminated in the Democratic primaries the man who for so long had convinced the common people that he was their pure knight and faithful friend. After this great victory all that remained was to defeat, on election day, the Hon. Frank D. Waterman, the naïve fountain-pen manufacturer, who had been hornswoiggled into accepting the Republican nomination. It was easy.

Walker took office on New Year's Day to the tune of dancing in the streets. Rarely had a new administration gone in with such unanimous public support. The Republican newspapers published editorials wishing the bright young mayor the best of luck and intimating that he might be a success despite the taint of Tammany. Even Mr. Hearst's great cultural organs, the *American*, the *Journal* and the *Mirror*, offered a congratulation or two. The public rejoicing was not without reason. Hylan had been in office for eight years. It was more than time for a change. And no two men could be more different in character, temperament and habits than the former mayor and the new one. Hylan had been ponderous and dull. Walker was facile and brilliant. Hylan's custom was to work long hours and accomplish little. Walker's public life had consisted of a short day's labor and swift, definite, brilliant accomplishments. Hylan had been a sober family man who seldom went