

or rhetoric or dancing. The sense of caste prevented the aristocratic youths from being infected with the mean and abject spirit of their servile masters. We American democrats have no caste device to keep our children from being influenced by the spirit that governs our schools. If we make that spirit one of intolerance and delation and servility we have not the slightest reason for expecting that our children will issue from the schools free and honest and self-respecting citizens. The Tildsleys and their kind may be willing to see our schools turn out a servile population. Are the plain democrats of the state of New York ready for the status of servility, for teacher and pupil alike? For it is impossible that the one should be free while the other is a slave. That is what turns on the Pignol case, which is soon to be re-heard by the higher educational authorities of the state, and to put the quality of their educational statecraft to the test.

ALVIN JOHNSON.

An Acquaintance

HE is a modern Jew of the United States of America, belonging evidently to a distinct group that others are able to differentiate and to which they can give a name. But in the forty or so years of his life he has, with but indifferent success, been able to determine for himself just what a Jew is and why he happens to be one. And he finds himself not unique, but one of a growing number. He knows that he is not a race, because Fishberg and the modern ethnologists have told him so. They have told him that he need no longer believe that he is an anachronistic Semite persisting as an odd survival in an Aryan civilization. He knows that he is not a religious entity, because he is philosophically and spiritually in the same attitude of mind as are many disfranchised Christians, who are assured that for them at least a compromise between the old ritualism and the modern thinking is not a conservation of spiritual energy. He is not a nationalist, being rather intensely and idealistically an American. He has no special pride of ancestry, such democratic assumptions always appearing a bit amusing to him, in whatsoever guise. Nor does he recognize in his own family life and personal relations nor in those of the group immediately about him unique benefits that differentiate them from the—perhaps—more loosely constructed Gentile nexus.

He has been accused of being an anti-Semite. He is not an anti-Semite, except in the sense that he dislikes bad manners, and that he refuses to be smothered in a certain "Jewishness" such as overwhelms one with too exclusive association within

the group. But he doesn't want to be associated too exclusively with any group. For a student and epicure of life, he says, it deadens the perceptions. And he is not more of anti-Semite than are most of the Jews he knows, who also dislike bad manners. (He has confessed to me that some of the most peevishly anti-Semite remarks he has heard have been from the lips of the Jews, who—and rightly enough too—would "knock the block off" anyone outside the group for saying exactly the same thing that they are uttering.)

He likes to be free to move about in the world. He dislikes being hampered by Jewishness in the same sense that he would dislike being hampered by poverty, or by being a woman, or by other evitable or inevitable restrictions, such as Fortune might impose. He knows that although, as an individual, he may not be brilliantly acceptable, he is as much worth-while—in many instances he modestly acknowledges that he is even more so!—as many of the men of his university and his profession who have made clubs that have been barred to him, and social associations that have rendered life more colorful and various. For as a non-Jew he might, with a certain freedom, associate with both Jew and Gentile; as a Jew who intends to remain a Jew he must move about cautiously in an alien world, walking the tight-rope of the conventions, with upon one shoulder pride and upon the other humor—not the easy carriage of a man at home in life, which is almost the sine qua non of a rational social intercourse.

His problem isn't at all a problem of tragedy. It is a problem of a sophisticated satirical comedy, a species of comedy perhaps not comprehensible to the average mind of America. If he were suffering for a "cause" they could understand him. If he were suffering for a cause he could perhaps understand himself and reconcile himself with himself. But he is suffering for something that to him has lost meaning. He is suffering from pin-pricks. Perhaps that is his tragedy.

He wishes to heaven it were possible for him to ally himself with the ardent young group of modern Jews who are finding in a re-creation of religious zeal a justification for their being. Temperamentally he would be happy to be swept by this wave of fervor. It would dignify and ennoble for him a position that sometimes verges on the grotesque. He has tried, but he can't. Such spiritual forces as he possesses must be poured into something more forward-reaching. He cannot now, as a being of this twentieth century, find his meaning of life in a separatist group and a separatist tendency. And he can't, try as he may, *feel* himself different. It is often with a real start that there is borne in upon him the fact of division. Indeed,

ludicrous as it may seem, in his earlier life he compelled himself deliberately and with purpose to cultivate a "Jewishness" of thought and of manner in order not too unsuccessfully to amalgamate himself with his group.

Why did he not "break away" then? Because there was no particular reason for so doing. Because, just as he was swept by no fervor of Judaism, neither was he swept by any equally strong current that would wrest him from the moorings of an habitual social intercourse. Because he was bound by a hundred threads and ties of family and early associations, often gossamer-like in tenuity and yet of tentacle power. Because—and essentially this—it would have been a somewhat ignoble thing to do, a distasteful thing aesthetically, involving a deliberate campaign of the snubbing of friends and of would-be acquaintances, of a delicate and adroit social climbing and manipulation such as a man of integrity scarcely finds compatible with good taste and fastidiousness.

Ironically enough, neither he nor his wife believe in intra-marriage. They have both a strong suspicion that this intense in-breeding hasn't been at all good for the Jew, and their observation of the progeny of "mixed marriages" convinces them that generally one Jewish parent is better than two for the breeding of the next generation's superman. Nevertheless they became married to each other because, with perverse humanness, they were more inclined at that time to be egotistic individuals than eugenists, and because, as the poet somewhat aptly remarks, "Love, to get *well* started, really needs propinquity." They married, in short, because they happened to know each other and because they were in love.

Their "problem" has perhaps been settled for them. At forty one does not strive to make radical readjustments. Middle-age is fast reconciling him to the well-meaning query of "Ah, are you related to Mr. Such-and-Such!" whose Hebraic appellation (he distinctly objects to the adjective as fallacious) constitutes the only bond of possible connection. The creeping years may even inure him to the furtive or aggressive familiarity of Jew of whatever degree of culture who happens to encounter him unintroduced at summer resort or on steamship. As I have intimated, his present attitude is not of deep import. But—and here begin his real difficulties, the push of which had moved him thus to unburden himself to me—he has a daughter who has now reached the questing age of sixteen. What is he to say to her? How is he to help her to her adjustments? How shall he explain to sensitive and passionate youth her exclusion from the legitimate and unself-conscious pleasures of the social intercourse of coeducational

school and college? If only his moral convictions were such as obtained in the home of his own early training, so that he might prate gravely of the valuable disciplines of negation and self-denial! But his embittered childhood would rise to rebuke him with hypocrisy. Truth to tell, he would, if he could, obtain for this child of his all possible warmth of happiness. Life, if it has taught him one thing, has taught him the fallacy of the developing and fructifying power of pain—at least for those under twenty. Youth needs expansion—youth needs youth—even to acquire a personality that later functions with most social effectiveness.

He can scarcely suggest to her Zionism. He senses that she would not feel at home on the streets of Jerusalem. He knows that all the thousand and one temperamental adaptations that make one blood-kin of the spiritual group are those of America, and not of Palestine, nor of Russia nor of Armenia. He wishes her to go close to the meaning of her country and to help make the meaning of her country in the decade that is ahead of her. He wishes to interpret to her and he wishes her to interpret a democracy that is uniquely and at its fiery heart an American democracy. What, when he again comes to me, am I to say to him?

FLORENCE KIPER FRANK.

Bishop Brent's Remarks at the Grave of Willard Straight

IN the Army when a comrade is taken it is the common custom to speak of him in terms of farewell before his body is laid in its last resting place.

In speaking of Willard D. Straight, I speak of one who lived a long life in a few years. His native gifts and varied experience equipped him to render distinguished service to the cause and country for which he spent his powers without stint. His organizing genius was exactly what the moment needed. We had thought of him as one of those destined and prepared to make a valuable contribution to the reconstruction of life in the new era that is at its dawn. But it had been ordered otherwise; and he has carried into a sphere beyond this world a personality which will operate there in building up the permanent order for which this world is the training school.

It would be a lack of faith to think of him in terms of loss only. We shall surely miss the courtly presence of our comrade. But his disappearance from our midst does not mean that a superior force has conquered him. Death is powerless to defeat so knightly a man as he was. It has