

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

**I**N 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

set him free to operate in wider fields, and the vitality which flowed from his well directed efforts among men will forever course through the veins of his country. Even though it was not the hissing bullet or the angry steel that closed his eyes in death, even though it was not in the turmoil of battle that he died, he has none the less given himself in behalf of the common cause. He has done the greatest thing that God or man can do—he has laid down his life for his friends, than which there is no greater act of love or service.

He strove in all he did to reach excellence, and far more than most men he achieved his aim. Those who knew him intimately felt the force of his leadership. We had thought and planned to

work by his side when we doffed the uniform and returned to the homeland. This may not be, nor shall we disguise our sense of loss, but we will not on that account lower our aim or decrease our effort. On the contrary we will by added purpose and activity endeavor to make up what has been lost to us by his going, and like him we will make excellence our watchword. This is our best tribute to our gifted and gallant comrade. With confidence that all is well, we now commit his body to mother earth, and his soul to the high and loving God from Whom he came and to Whom he goes.

(Address given by Bishop Brent at the cemetery at Suresnes [Paris] at the burial of Major Willard D. Straight on December 3, 1918.)

## A Chapter in Wheat

**I**N the final scene of *The Octopus*, Frank Norris describes the drowning of the speculator, Behrman, in the torrent of wheat pouring from the elevator into the ship. The wheat came down the chute with "an incessant, metallic roar, persistent, steady, inevitable." It "seemed impelled with a force of its own, a resistless, huge force." Behrman slipped and fell into the rising, swelling, breaking cone of wheat in the hold and was flung headlong, battered, blinded by dust, tortured by thirst. He staggered about in the dark, sinking to his knees in the wheat, seeking in vain a way out. "And all the while without stop, incessantly, inexorably, the wheat, as if moving with a force all its own, shot downward in a prolonged roar, persistent, steady, inevitable."

The government of the United States is caught in a less dramatic predicament than was the speculator, Behrman. We are, in a less literal sense, about to be deluged with wheat, with hundreds of millions of bushels, with wheat that we cannot sell and cannot eat. We are paying a high premium and bonus for this superfluous crop. We are subsidizing farmers to plant the wheat that we do not want and cannot sell or eat.

It sounds like opera bouffe. Our legislators, or some of them, are secretly praying for frost, insects, parasite fungi, for the ten plagues, for anything that will reduce the size of the coming crop. But it is not opera bouffe. Our unfortunate and almost farcical situation is the result of a carefully, if not wisely considered policy. We guaranteed the price of wheat. We promised to buy every bushel harvested in the United States in 1918 and 1919 at a price approximating \$2.26, no matter what our loss. We made this guaranty assuming dubiously that the war would continue. The war died on our hands.

Having given our word we must keep it; there can be no possible question of failing to live up fully to our agreement. It is essential, however, that we face the real situation honestly, that we do not minimize the difficulties, that we clearly understand our probable and also our maximum liability, and that we bring to the solution of the problem the best statesmanship and administrative ability that the country commands. Finally it is important that we learn from this experience whatever it is capable of teaching.

Here is our liability. Between now and June 1, 1920, the government of the United States must stand ready to buy from ten to eleven hundred millions of bushels of wheat or even more (the crop of 1919), and perhaps one or two hundred million bushels of the crop of 1918 at a loss on every bushels of fifty cents or a dollar or possibly even more. The government must be ready to disburse on such wheat almost three billions of dollars and to take a loss which may be well over a billion. The government must somehow create a machinery for carrying out this gigantic contract with millions of farmers in such a manner that it shall not buy the same wheat twice and shall not permit other wholesale frauds. By some means or other it must find storage facilities, in addition to those already used, for hundreds of millions of bushels. It must regulate or forbid the importation of foreign wheat; it must determine upon what it shall do eighteen months hence with an unsalable surplus, perhaps five hundred million or more bushels. It is an immense, a complicated, a costly and even a perilous undertaking, but it is one which cannot be avoided. Although none of this wheat is yet harvested and a third of it is not yet even sown, we have given our word to buy it. The policy, besides costing the people of the United States a great deal of money, may and probably will in the end injure even the wheat growers, its immediate beneficiaries. It is, moreover, a policy which involves an uneconomic use of our land. But all we can do is to keep our word, pocket our losses, use wisely what discretion is left us and draw our lesson.

The policy of guaranteeing the price of wheat was established by the so-called Food Control act of August 10, 1917, which authorized the President to guarantee a minimum price whenever he finds "that an emergency exists requiring the stimulation of the production of wheat." The act also authorized the President "to purchase, to store, to provide storage facilities for, and to sell at reasonable prices wheat" as well as certain other commodities. The sum of \$150,000,000 was appropriated for the purposes of the act.

To secure an agency for the administration of these sections of the Food Control act, the President on August 14, 1917, ordered that a corporation, to be called the Food Administration Grain Corporation, be created with a cap-