

People's Palace, but it is hoped that very soon a residence may be secured and that additions may be made to the number of workers in the Settlement. No part of the metropolitan district is more in need and none more neglected than lower Jersey City. There are many reasons which make this one of the most favorable locations for a Social Settlement, and Miss Bradford's large experience in institutions of this kind abroad and at home fits her for her work.



The Wandering Jew

By R. W. Raymond

In Two Parts—I.

I was sitting in a Pullman palace car, which was gliding swiftly and yet smoothly, after the delightful Pullman fashion, and bearing me homeward from the last of several visits to the Columbian Exposition at Chicago. In fact, the Exposition was just over; and I had seen the last of it, not without some melancholy reflections upon the fact that I should never look again upon its wondrous wealth and beauty. And while thus speeding back from the realm of magic and inspiration to the prosaic round of daily duty, I amused myself pensively by reading in a magazine a curious article concerning the legend of the Wandering Jew. The author did not believe in the story; but his sketch of its history, as it has wandered through the world, like its own hero, for centuries, was highly fascinating; and at last my imagination became so active that my reason partly retired, and for a while I was almost ready to accept the legend as true. You must remember also that a person fresh from the marvels of the Columbian Exposition is prepared to believe anything.

Various forms of this old superstition were indicated in the article; but the one which impressed me most was briefly as follows:

Ahasuerus, a shoemaker of Jerusalem, as he opened his shop one morning, saw a crowd passing. There were Roman soldiers escorting a prisoner to execution, and followed by a noisy mob. The prisoner was Jesus Christ, whom Ahasuerus had seen in the Temple but the day before, and whom he knew to be a lover of God and man, and innocent of crime. But, beholding him now, borne down by the weight of the cross on which he was to die, and being anxious to win the favor of the mob, Ahasuerus steeled his heart against the Saviour; and when Jesus, fainting under the cross, paused for a moment to rest at his door, the shoemaker struck him in the face and bade him harshly "Move on!" Then it was, according to the story, that the Lord turned upon him those eyes whose look none ever bore unmoved, and said, "I shall rest, but thou shalt move on until I come." And the tale goes on to say that, through all the years and centuries thereafter, Ahasuerus wandered restlessly through the world, and wanders yet, full of unavailing remorse, and burdened with intolerable memories of innumerable disappointments. For he cannot die, like other men, and escape to a world in which the mistakes and losses of this world may be repaired. That joy will be his only when Christ has come again and the world has been won to God. Yet he does not grow older and older without interruption. On the contrary, starting with thirty years, the age at which he smote the Lord, he continues until he is one hundred years old. Then he falls into a brief swoon, and awakes to find himself once more a man of thirty. For it is part of his punishment that he cannot be born again as a child, and so live his life anew. Moreover, though he periodically gets rid of old age, he cannot escape from memory, and through every successive life he carries all the sorrow of all the lives before it. And so, they say, he wanders through all lands, looking and waiting for Christ to come again that he may be released from his doom. Now and then, if we may believe old books and traditions, people have recognized him, and he has confessed his name; though this seems to have happened very seldom. According to the tradition, there is only one mark by which he might be suspected;

and I smiled as I read the statement of it—namely, that, partly, perhaps, because he was a shoemaker, and partly because he has been walking about so many hundred years, his feet are enormously large. I remembered that at Berne in Switzerland, and at Ulm in southern Germany, there were exhibited for a long time in the olden days colossal pairs of shoes which he was said to have left behind when he visited those places.

There was something very pathetic to me in the thought of those big, weary feet. I laid down the magazine and looked out of the window of the car, my thoughts still busy with the poor Wandering Jew. The wide landscape was revolving like a mighty wheel, the parts nearest to the railroad moving swiftly backward, like a vast circumference, while out toward the horizon was a point which scarcely seemed to move at all. That was the center of the wheel. Whenever you travel swiftly by rail through a country over which you can see for a long distance, I advise you to look out for this landscape-wheel. When you have once caught its motion, you will hardly be able to stop gazing at it.

To me, on this occasion, the great revolving wheel seemed to represent the poor Jew's dreadful series of life-journeys, round and round, with no end anywhere. I wondered why he did not oftener make himself known, and ask for human sympathy. And it occurred to me that perhaps he was forbidden to do this of his own accord, but permitted to confess who he was, when anybody else first recognized him. That would explain, I thought, the fact that nobody pretends to have met him in these modern times. If nobody believes in his existence any longer, of course nobody will suspect or challenge him; and his lonesome lot must be, in consequence, harder to bear than ever. Without thinking of the ridiculous absurdity to which my meditation had led me, I said to myself, "If I meet a man with gigantic feet, I will ask boldly whether he is the Wandering Jew!"

Turning away from the window just as I had reached this wild conclusion, I saw that I was no longer alone in the compartment of the Pullman car. A stranger sat opposite me, with one leg crossed over the other; and I was startled as I observed, suspended before me, the most amazing human foot I had ever seen in my life. Involuntarily I exclaimed, "Je-ru-salem!"—at which the stranger bowed and observed, "My former address, and in fact my last permanent residence, though I have been there only occasionally during eighteen centuries and a half."

"Then you really are Ahasuerus, the Wandering Jew!" I exclaimed.

"The same," replied he, with a smile of conscious pride, and in a tone of saintly resignation. Then he politely took down his mighty foot, and tucked it out of the way under the seat, alongside of the other one. They looked like a couple of steamer-trunks. This action permitted my eyes to see and my mind to consider the remainder of the man. Judged by his withered features and scanty white hair, he looked at least ninety years old; but his glittering eyes contradicted this impression. Yet they were not the eyes of youth, but rather those of a person possessed by a single idea, or what we commonly call a "crank." He fastened them upon me, and as soon as he perceived that he had caught my attention, he proceeded to talk in a steady, quiet, monotonous tone, permitting no interruption on my part, and evidently determined to use to the utmost the opportunity of expressing himself. Ordinarily, a crank who talks in that style is a great bore; but I was not unwilling to listen for once to the Wandering Jew, and, indeed, I could not help myself, so powerful was the spell of his glance and tone.

"It is a comfort," said he, "to converse once more with a fellow-creature, and since you have recognized me of your own accord, I feel no hesitation in unburdening myself to you. I am near the close of my twenty-fifth life, for my first life ended in the year 100, and I have passed through another circle every seventy years since that time—a dreadful circle, containing no childhood or youth, and full of useless regrets and disappointments.

"The first three or four times it was not so bad, for

everybody was then looking for the speedy coming of the Last Day; and with that my troubles would be over.

"There was faith in the world in those days, at least. I had some of it myself. One couldn't help catching it from such fine enthusiasts as Paul. I sat under Paul's preaching at Rome with great edification for a couple of years. But at last I saw that he was deluded, and I told him so. He did not take it kindly. He called me Satan, and bade me begone. In fact, he assisted me to depart. He was not a large man; but I thought it wiser to obey him.

"Only two or three lives later, I began to feel that perhaps Paul had been right; for the new religion, enthroned at Rome, had become ruler of the world, and I half believed that the end was close at hand. Yet it came not; and at last I heard the battle-cry of a new warrior-prophet in the East, and hastened to observe more closely the victorious career of Mohammed. I witnessed his epileptic ecstasies; I marched with him and with his warlike successors to many a bloody field. For, in spite of the wisdom born of many disappointments, I was, and am still, attracted by the charm of enthusiasm. Indeed, I think this weakness is justifiable, in one who is constantly looking for something great to happen. For, however unreasonable and ill-founded enthusiasm may be, it is certain that great things happen only where it is at work. And, although I knew that the prophecy of Jesus was true for me, since it had already fulfilled itself through centuries, I did not then understand, as I do now, its awful meaning, that he would never come again, and therefore I would never rest. So I fancied that even Mohammed, a fierce enemy of his Church, might be bringing about the final struggle which was to precede his reappearance.

"Afterwards, indeed, when all the splendid hosts of Christendom, in one great war after another, stormed the strongholds of the infidel, to rescue the Holy Sepulcher from his hands, I watched with new hope for the fruit of their victory. But, alas! this fruit, with all the rest, was, like the apples of the Dead Sea, only ashes! Then a new signal sounded in the East, and I joined the conquering hosts of Tamerlane, while he subdued Asia, from the Chinese Wall to the Mediterranean, and from the Siberian steppes to the mouth of the Ganges. Certainly he bade fair to end the history of the human race by simple slaughter. But the wave of his victories broke at last into mere foam, and disappeared.¹

"Again I was roused from my despair by the voice of Martin Luther, and I half believed that *he* was the true herald of the Second Coming. But, after patiently waiting through several lives, I saw that the only result was persecution and hatred and more numerous sects than ever.

"I will not weary you with the details of my long, sad pilgrimage. Let me come to the events of recent time. A few years ago, having heard much of the profound knowledge of the East, I turned my steps once more to the mountains of Asia, hoping to discover among the Mahatmas some sign of new truth that should at last redeem the world. It was in vain. There was nothing there which I had not known and tested and rejected centuries before. In fact, bad as is the condition of Christendom, the empty philosophy of Oriental self-conceit and idleness is infinitely worse. There is no hope there.

"In my deep disgust I traveled through the frozen north, and found my way at last to the Arctic pole itself. Anybody else who tries to reach that spot dies in the endeavor; but I, who cannot die, found myself preserved by a dreadful miracle, the sole living inhabitant of the polar solitude. I starved, I froze; and more than once I dared almost to hope that death was really at hand; but always food was somehow brought within my reach, and always I was irresistibly impelled to eat, and stagger onward. If I slept, snow fell to cover me and keep me at least alive; and when I awaked, I took up my desolate march. After more than a year of this awful loneliness, I turned my face again to the habitations of men; and,

¹ The curious in such matters may consult Grasse's "Die Sage des ewigen Juden" (Leipzig, 1844), and similar treatises, in which, besides other accounts of his occasional recognition by men, it is recorded that in the beginning of the eighteenth century the Jew made his appearance in England, and told to the most learned professors of Oxford many anecdotes of his acquaintance with the Apostles, Mohammed, Tamerlane, etc.

coming southward across the ice-bound polar sea and the trackless wilderness of the American continent, I arrived at last at the Great Lakes of the North, and heard for the first time of the Columbian Celebration, which was to express the peace and good will of all nations.

"I remembered Columbus well. Indeed, I had sailed with him in the Santa Maria, and landed with him in the New World, though I had taken no active part in his conquests. I never take part in human endeavors; I am simply a Veteran Observer! But I really did admire Columbus, for a while, and fancied that he had achieved something calculated to hasten my deliverance. After wandering for a life or two among the native tribes of this continent, and observing the cruelty and greed with which their Christian conquerors treated them, I made up my mind that this hope also was a delusion.

"Let me see—I think that was the time I went back to Europe, and left my old shoes in one or two places, to the great wonder of silly people. But no matter about that now; and no matter about my other disappointments in the French Revolution, and the American Revolution, and the invention of steam-engines, and the abolition of slavery, and fifty other things, which stirred me somewhat as they occurred, but left me afterwards more discouraged than ever. The French Revolution, for instance—what did that not promise in the way of universal brotherhood, and the Golden Age come again to abide forever! And what did it produce but shrieks and blood and misery? I am the only man who saw it impartially. All the rest were wild either with rage or with fear. But I observed it calmly and closely, protected by my dread doom. A dozen times I was condemned to the guillotine, as being an aristocrat in disguise; but every time some way of escape was opened, perhaps even at the very foot of the scaffold; and every time I was compelled by an overwhelming impulse to make use of it. In fact, greatly as I long for death, I am, like other men, when I come face to face with it, ready to resist it or fly from it. It is an instinct implanted in the race. Insane people may lose it, but, in spite of all the trouble I have endured, I am still perfectly sane!"

I may observe here that at this point I noticed again the decided air of complacency in the narrator. He was evidently proud of the distinction which his fate conferred upon him, and expected his allusions to it to arouse pity, accompanied with wonder and admiration. However, I said nothing, and he went on.

"And there was Napoleon—what did he amount to, after all? And your glorious American Revolution produced at last a bloody civil war; and your abolition of slavery produced lynch law in the South; and your free institutions generally brought forth Tammany Hall; and—"

"Excuse me," said I, interrupting him for the first time; "you said you would not weary me with these side-matters; and, really, I would rather hear about your visit to the Columbian Exposition, if you went there, as I presume you did."

The fact is, whenever a foreigner begins to talk to me about Tammany Hall, I always change the subject, if I can. It is very embarrassing to explain Tammany Hall to a foreigner!

The gentleman from Jerusalem took my protest in good part, saying, as he glanced out through the window, that it was perhaps well to omit digressions, since he was approaching his destination, where he would be obliged to part from me.

"I will only warn you," said he, "against the numerous fanciful accounts of me that have appeared within the last hundred years. Schubart, Schlegel, Lenau, and others in Germany; Quinet, Béranger, and Eugène Sue in France; Hans Christian Andersen in Denmark; Croly in England; and now, as I understand, one Lew Wallace, in a book called 'The Prince of India,' have pretended to picture my character and parts of my career. They are all not only fictitious but false. For they all represent me as meddling in the affairs of mankind; whereas I never meddle, I only observe and criticise."

"Well," I remarked, somewhat impatiently, "you *did* go to the Columbian Exposition at Chicago, did you not?"

The Home

Club Honor

By Helen Mills

That organization is indispensable to the orderly carrying on of the world's work is so well understood that it needs no proving. Men have known it since the race emerged from savagery; women are coming very fully into appreciation of it; Young America in the schools, almost our babies in their nurseries, gather themselves into societies to carry on their small affairs.

Yet almost the whole efficiency of organization depends upon the recognition and the practice of one particular virtue, wanting which its usefulness is greatly impaired, sometimes hopelessly crippled. That virtue is loyalty, or what may be called club honor.

So vital is honor in the dealings of man with his fellows that savages and the lowest dregs of civilized society recognize it. "There is honor among thieves" is a familiar saying; and there are tribes of bloodthirsty savages, who demur at no crime, yet who, when a stranger has eaten with them, shared their tent, or in some other way peculiar to the tribe thrown himself upon their honor, will scorn to violate his trust in them, will even sometimes protect him with their own lives.

Boys have a code of honor of their own; disloyalty in their ranks is branded as "mean"—word of utmost condemnation. It is cultivated in them by kicks and cuffs, in the brutal way in which the fraternity of boyhood enforces its lessons; but, however we may deplore the means, the result is wholesome.

Our own forefathers, in their solemn Declaration of Independence, recognize the value and importance of honor: "We mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor;" and many times in the world's history have men and women suffered torture and death rather than violate their sense of honor.

Club honor is easily defined: it is the regarding as sacred all matters pertaining to club work, club methods, and club discipline. Moreover, when one unites himself with a club or society, he becomes a part of it, and proportionately responsible for all its doings. If some action that he disapproves is discussed, voted upon, and carried in the club, without his protest and earnest effort to defeat it, he is guilty of shirking his duty. Refusing to vote is no protest; it is in effect voting for the measure, since only those votes which are against it count towards its defeat. If, then, he goes abroad and criticises the action, taking no responsibility to himself because he did not cast a vote, he adds disloyalty to his shirking.

Training in honorable dealings with our fellows should not be left for boyhood and the hard experiences of life to enforce; it should be taught in the nursery. Among their first lessons children should learn that to betray the secrets of the home circle is dishonorable.

When we meet a person—man or woman—who talks, outside the walls of home, of the small failings or mistakes of brother or sister, or, worse, of husband or wife, we may be sure that he will be disloyal—in other words, without honor—in other associations. The church to which he belongs will find its affairs made public; the managers of any organization, charitable or social, which includes him will be dismayed to see its private deliberations or differences trumpeted abroad; a club unfortunate enough to have his name on its roll will never be able to keep its business to itself. So callous, indeed, may become the member lacking honor as to talk over club affairs in street-cars or social gatherings, careless of who hears or what results.

Disloyalty should be held, in the training of the young, in the same disrepute as lying and stealing; it is often more disastrous in consequences; it is a stab from within, from which no one can protect himself. It deserves that ugly name treason, which is recognized as one of the worst of crimes, and in the military world is punished by death.

Strange to say, a lack of club honor is often due to thoughtlessness. One likes to repeat a witty remark, to tell a funny story, and does so without reflecting that he thereby reveals private affairs. This sort of thoughtlessness is inexcusable in a grown person, and the disloyalty of carelessness is as bad in its effects as the disloyalty of malice.

Let us look at a few of the consequences of a lack of club honor.

First, it is a death-blow to honest work in committees. Consider, for instance, the dilemma of an executive committee whose duty it is to decide upon candidates for membership; in whose hands, in other words, rest the honor and good name of a club. When a name comes up for consideration, one or two of the committee may know good reasons why it should be rejected. If they were sure of the honor of every member, they would simply state the facts; but if they were not, they would hesitate to run the risk of having their names connected in any way with a scandal. The result is apt to be that they say nothing, the name is accepted, and the club receives into its bosom one who may prove to be a viper. This is by no means a hypothetical case; it has happened more than once, and annoyance, if not serious trouble, has followed.

Again, suppose a case of disagreement on an important point in a committee having power. With time for full and private discussion, it might easily be adjusted; but some member lacking in club honor repeats it outside; it spreads abroad, is talked of, the difficulty is intensified and exaggerated, and the end may be disruption and enmity.

Furthermore, the dignity of any society, and its good name before the world, are at the mercy of the disloyal member, who, by the act of joining, has bound himself in honor to uphold and sustain them. For a person willing to betray his society is the natural prey of the interviewer, who is always keen on the scent of sensational items, and burning to furnish his newspaper with the most telling story. A little exaggeration, a few dashes of coloring from his ready pen, turn the molehill into a mountain.

Worse than these even is the belittling effect on the individual himself.



The Field and Office of the Kindergarten

By Lillian W. Betts

The chief argument used in favor of the establishment of kindergartens among the poor is that through the kindergarten training alone is the child developed naturally. The aim of the kindergarten is the development of character; its gifts, its play-circle, its work, all tend to develop the ethical or the spiritual side of the child's nature, as well as to develop its powers of observation, to train its fingers to obey its brain. Even careless observers of the kindergarten acknowledge this. Surely, then, the kindergarten is as valuable to the child of the rich man as to the child of the poor man. Ethical training and the development of the physical powers are as valuable to the rich as to the poor. Character is a commodity that does as much for the world's development when it is the rich man's possession as when it is the poor man's possession. It is just as valuable in the home circle of the rich as in the home circle of the poor. There are thousands of men and women who give time and money for the establishment of kindergartens for the poor, who never make one effort to establish kindergartens for the children of the rich. Here and there a rich father and mother, realizing the value of the kindergarten training, will make a special effort to secure a half-dozen or more children and open a little kindergarten in their own house, but such cases are so rare as to arouse comment. Private schools find it often a losing venture to establish a kindergarten department.

It is this lack of knowledge of the practical value of the kindergarten training to the individual child that makes the raising of money for free kindergartens so hard. A