

Terrors and Hardships Grip Incoming Jews in Palestine

Arabs Are Bitter Enemies to Occupation — The Climate and the Elements Are Harsh on Former Ghetto Dwellers — Many Die; Others Go Mad and Suicide

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By MRS. PHILIP SNOWDEN

THE need of rest and the prescription of a sea-voyage took me recently by water from London to Port Said; but the Jewish problem in Eastern Europe, the pogroms of the Ukraine, and the terrible menace overshadowing the Jewish populations in Poland and Russia deflected my mind from the fascinations of the Nile toward the bleak hills of Judea. Was it possible, I questioned, that an international solution of the Jewish problem satisfying to the religious feelings of mankind was in process of accomplishment?

I represented nobody but myself. Nobody commissioned me to go to Palestine. No organization paid my expenses. No other purpose influenced me in going than to get at the facts.

For something over a month I spent an average of twelve hours a day visiting Jewish colonies of all types, exploring the scenes of interesting social and industrial experiments, examining government institutions and enterprises, looking over Arab schools, tents, and mosques, and making pilgrimages to various religious sites. I interviewed no fewer than two hundred persons of all classes, conditions, and creeds.

With memories of the unspeakable filth of Astrakhan and the scarcely less poisonous odors of Batum and Trebizond in mind, imagine my surprise to find Jerusalem as clean as Canterbury, and much more sanitary than many an English village, possessing a water supply, good drainage, and electricity. The government is fighting a winning battle with infectious diseases. It is filling the country with schools as fast as funds will permit. Its main roads are good. Law and order within its boundaries are gradually becoming the accepted facts of life. Agriculture is beginning to flourish. Industry promises to do so in the near future when the power company has developed its enterprises. I am credibly informed that taxation is no higher than in the Turkish days, but it is enforced, and it is made difficult for the wealthy to escape their due share by placing it on the shoulders of the fellahs. The cost of all this is borne by the Palestinians themselves, and the gradually decreasing sums exacted from the taxpayers for the upkeep of the small military establishment of Palestine will come very close to vanishing point as the value of ordered and peaceful life becomes evident.

Meaning of National Home

A GREAT deal of unnecessary fear and suspicion was at first created in the minds of the Arabs and their supporters in this country by the neglect of the British government to make clear the precise meaning of what is known as the Balfour Declaration: the policy of a National Home for the Jews. Much harm was done in the early days through the interpretation which extreme Zionists and their exuberant propagandists placed upon it. From the beginning the moderate Jews have seen the folly of this, of raising hopes which could not be realized, and which ought never to be achieved by the power of might.

What a British government means by a National Home for the Jews, what a League of Nations endorses, and what the Zionist executive accepts, is not a dominant Jewish power in Palestine, but a cooperation between Arabs and Jews in the making of a Palestinian nation; the Jews to be encouraged and helped to develop their own culture, to use their own language and enlarge their own institutions; the Jews to be in Palestine by right and not, as formerly, on sufferance; the Jews to be permitted immigration of their fellow Jews on conditions framed to preserve intact the economic life of the nation; Jews and Arabs to have full and equal electoral rights and privileges in the gradually to be democratized Palestinian state.

Agitation against this policy is conducted through what is called the Christian-Muslim Association, a non-elected and non-representative body which has no mandate from the population as a whole. Of this organization the Moslems are the body and the Christians the brain. The results of its labors are not manifest to the non-political traveler. The ordinary tourist can visit the mosques, stroll through the bazaars, motor from end to end of Palestine and never see a sign of political unrest. In Palestine can be seen Jews and Moslems working together in the fields and on the roads; supping from the same pot in goatskin tents; buying and selling to one another and to the tourists in the markets, the Arab intelligence as quick as that of the Jew in striking a bargain.

The Arabs are a passionate, fanatical people, and their anger easily flares up; so that when they are told by unscrupulous agitators that the Jews are coming to steal their women, sacrifice their children, rob them of their land, and drive them out of the country, that they spit on their shrines, destroy their holy places, and insult their Prophet, they loot and outrage and kill.

Causes of Election Boycott

ACCORDING to government reports, in every disturbance which has taken place since the beginning of the occupation the Arabs were



Trotsky and His Staff in Moscow

IN the centre is Leon Trotsky, Soviet minister of war, with members of his staff, who recently graduated from the Russian military academy at Moscow. The class of graduates includes two women, A. N. Ourantsova, at the left, and N. O. Bolye, at the right. These are the first graduates of the newly organized Russian military academy.

the first offenders; though in one or two cases, as in the Jaffa riots, some of the exasperated Jews revenged themselves with an emulative ferocity which placed them, along with their Arab tormentors, below the level of the brutes.

The boycott of the recent elections to the proposed legislative assembly by large numbers of Arabs is often quoted as substantial evidence of a deep-seated and widespread discontent. Out of a possible 809 secondary electors only about 250 were elected, 90 Jews and about 160 Arabs. But, although directions not to vote were issued by the effendi members of the Palestine Arab congress, the non-cooperation was due in no small measure to apathy, to lack of confidence that representative persons would be elected, and to a feeling among the population that a legislative council would not bring any better government or any better protection of their interests than that already afforded by the present Palestine administration. It is also true that threats of physical violence and other forms of undue pressure were employed to compel persons to abstain from voting, and certain Arabs in the district of Samaria were prosecuted for alleged illegalities of this sort.

The government's decision to revert to the advisory council form of assistance to the high commissioner appears in all the circumstances to have been wise. So far as the Arab population is concerned—and that means the greater part of the population—it must have been manifest to any unprejudiced person on the spot that too large a step in democracy was proposed in the attempt to set up a popularly elected assembly. Not so with the Jews, an uncommonly large proportion of whom are highly educated persons.

The bottom fact of this most unhappy agitation is the determination on the part of a few wealthy Arabs, afraid of the superior training and ability of the Jews, their greater industry and higher standard of living, to declare immigration Christian Arabs openly declare that if and when the British government withdraws they will cut the throat of every Jewish immigrant in Palestine. It made me positively ill to hear them make merry over these coarse vows. Even certain British Christians indulged in my hearing in indecencies of this sort.

Never in my life have I had so great a difficulty in getting in touch with a body of opinion as I experienced in my efforts to meet representative Arabs. The Jews were accessible within

twenty-four hours of my arrival. The Arabs were elusive all the time. My friends put this down to the debilitating effect of the Fast of Ramadan. I strongly suspect a touch of anti-Semitism. But near the end of my visit I ran to earth the members of the Arab delegation to England and their associates.

Arab Charges Unfounded

I MUST say that four out of every five statements made to me on this occasion I proved to be untrue before I left the country. Without exception the first complaint made by the Arabs against the Jews was of gross immorality and irreligion. I need hardly say that there is no truth in these statements.

What may be alleged with fairness against some of the young Jewish immigrants is this: they have made no attempt to conciliate Arab prejudices, have shown little respect for Arab traditions, have never tried to understand the manners and customs of a people shocked to the very centre of their being by the frank relations between men and women and the free and open manners of European and Anglo-Saxon countries. To the sensitive Arab a woman's unveiled face is an indecent exposure, mixed bathing is an outrage, and low-cut blouses and football shorts an abomination upon the face of the earth! Strange, though, that I never heard any criticism of Christians on this account, although just as guilty of these "offences."

The charge against the Jewish immigrants of Bolshevism is just as false. Level-headed Labor leaders did not think there were more than twenty Bolsheviks left in the land after the expulsion following upon the Jaffa riots.

They charged the government with placing a disproportionate of Jews in the public service, without adding the fact that distracted government officials were looking everywhere in vain efforts to find a sufficient number of qualified Arabs for their work. Moreover, the charge is not true. The Jews make a similar complaint against the administration, complaining of the small number of Jews employed in comparison with Christians. The facts are these. Of the three hundred senior officials fifty are Jews and the rest Moslem and Christian. Of the 2,130 members of the Junior Service, 566 are Jews, 1,043 Christians, and the remainder Moslems.

The high commissioner is, of course, a Jew, but an English gentleman of unimpeachable honor. The legal secretary, Mr. Norman Bent-

wich, is an English Jew of similar standing and of very marked ability, but the civil and financial secretaries, his seniors, are English Christians. The whole of the district governors and Sir Thomas Haycraft, the chief justice, are English Christians.

Just as preposterous was the Arab allegation of improper government interference with Moslem and Christian religious foundations.

The allegation of stealing land was another of their false charges. The Jews have paid most exorbitant prices for the land they have bought. So fantastically enhanced has become the price of land in Jerusalem and its environs that an American capitalist, retiring from business to live out his days in the Holy City, declared to a company of us that he could buy similar land more cheaply in London and New York.

Slander is Chief Weapon

TO sum up my impressions of the Arab malcontents, judging from their chosen spokesmen, they are these: They are full of fear and envy of the superior talents and training of the Jews and wish to turn out all but Mediterranean Jews and forbid further immigration. British policy, backed by the League of Nations, cuts across their desires. Hence the propaganda to compel the mandatory to change its policy or the league to change the mandatory. Some of the more bitter spirits would prefer a French mandatory; some of the more indolent would not object to the return of the Turk; some of the more arrogant and ambitious would like to be quite independent.

Slander of the private character of the Jews is their chief weapon for turning the ignorant and fanatical masses of their countrymen against the immigrant Jews, and the result has been riots and pogroms of varying seriousness, in which orthodox Jews, as anti-immigrant as themselves, have sometimes been the victims.

The Christian Arab objection is fundamentally an economic one. He objects to the higher standard of life and labor which the immigrant Jews are introducing. It makes his Arab workmen discontented.

In the case of both Moslem and Christian Arabs, ostensible hatred of the Jews covers a good deal of dislike of the mandatory power. But this is far less on account of its national-home policy than because it seeks to prevent exploitation of the peasant, secures the fellah in the possession of his land, insists on the payment of taxes, and maintains a standard of cleanliness and order to which the people are not yet accustomed, and which, frankly, most of them do not desire.

I could discover not the slightest trace of gratitude for anything that had been done for them—their liberation from the Turk without any effort on their part, the bestowal upon them of considerable social benefits, the protection of their lives, their property, and their holy places, the promise of eventual self-government, to be preceded by such educational facilities for their masses as they have never known. There was nothing of the noble passion for liberty breathing through their speech, only fear, hate, slander, self-interest.

I am bound to admit, however, that for a considerable part of the irritation felt and expressed against the Jews in Palestine they must accept a certain measure of responsibility. I refer not only to the extravagant interpretation put upon the Balfour declaration by the Zionist commission and the startling language in which those desires were expressed; and not only to the bad manners of a few immigrants who do not know how to behave.

A more serious mistake is the intolerance of heterodoxy and orthodoxy for each other, in religious, social, and industrial ideas. Into this conflict, a conflict between the old and the new, the east and the west, enter a considerable number of Jews, estimated at one fifth of the present population of Jerusalem, on the side of the Arabs but for reasons of their own. These are the old Jewish residents of Jerusalem, who live in the main from lands bordering on the Mediterranean, the Sephardim students of the law and their dependents, scornfully regarded by their hard-working and lighter-skinned brethren from the Nordic lands as "remittance men," but

Church Incense Comes From Socotra, Isle of Cannibals

Gifts of Magi Perhaps Sent From There — Peculiar Aromatic Gum Makes Incense — Strange Island Ruled By Sultan Under British Protection — Inhabitants Never See Horses or Dogs.

SOCOTRA, isolated island off the north-eastern point of Africa, where a light-house keeper is rumored to have been the victim of cannibals, has always been associated with much pleasanter thoughts than man-eating savages," says a bulletin from the headquarters of the United States National Geographical Society.

"For it is the 'Isle of Frankincense' from which once came most of the pleasant aromatic gum burned as incense in the churches and temples of both the west and the east. It is even possible that one of the gifts of the Magi to the Infant Jesus came from Socotra, for in the past the island was almost the sole source of this highly prized gum.

"The suggestion that there are cannibals on Socotra is somewhat surprising. The island people became at least superficially civilized ages ago through the influence of gum traders. They were at one time Christians, but since the seventeenth century have been Mohammedans. They are ruled by a Sultan under British protection. Nor is the island small; it is nearly half as large as Crete or Porto Rico.

"Socotra is not often visited by westerners, but this is rather because of the religious jealousy of the Sultan than because of any danger from the natives. The latter were described a few years ago by a visitor writing for the National Geographic Society as 'a kindly folk, hospitable and quite harmless.'"

Continuing, he wrote: "Hadibo, the capital, or Tamarida, as the Arabs call it, from tamar, the date fruit tree, is a collection of flat-roofed white houses scattered among the palms. "The Sultan's palace" is a large mud struc-

ture with flat towers, and the two prayer houses are suggestive of the graceful Arab mosques only by contrast. The poorer population, chiefly of African descent and much older in the history of the island than its Arab aristocracy, lives in huts of thorn and plaited grass, invariably overrun with luxuriant gourd vines.

"Surrounded by tiny garden plots, in which tobacco, or native tobacco, lentils, melons and yams grow abundantly, they are more picturesque outside than inside.

"There is not much to be seen in Hadibo. The principal amusement afforded the visitor is that of being seen.

"Nothing could be lovelier than the sight of slender Socotran cattle grazing knee-deep among the grasses and palm branches that line the banks of the lagoons near Hadibo. Clouds massed above and mountains near behind; long shadows dappling the water, and the sun turning to gold the tawny flanks of the cattle make a picture of pastoral beauty rare to behold in this part of the east.

"Socotra exports nothing except ghl, a rancid butter, made from goat's milk and highly prized in Zanzibar. The inhabitants number about 5,000, and the bulk of them are of African descent, though Bedouins live in the mountain caves, and the ruling class is Arab.

"The language is distinct in itself, though possessing many Arabic and Mahri words. It has a wondrous wealth of gurgles and impossible noises in the throat. There are no words for horse or dog, because these animals are not found on the island.

A fine breed of camels and donkeys, which are the tamed sons of the wild asses roaming in thousands on the interior plains, are the beasts of burden.

existing in conditions of positive starvation since the war, and dying of want and hunger diseases in very considerable numbers. For these men, orthodox to the point of ludicrousness in dress, many of whom keep their women in a condition of subjection and subordination indistinguishable from that of the Arab women, the broad-chested makers of roads and builders of bridges, the farmers and colonists, have little use. The typical colonist's sense of traditional values is weak. He is less concerned with the promised land which he inherits from Moses than with the land of a promise which it is his to fulfill. He is busy reclaiming the desert, drying the swamp, planting the wilderness, increasing the flocks and herds, building houses for his children; he has no time for pondering the past, believes most in the Messiah of self-help, and is bringing up his family in the fear of idleness and dependence and the hatred of injustice. He is a very fine type.

Hope of the Future

STILL, I am inclined to think that the thoughtless speech used by ardent young Jews of the so-called progressive kind, and the fear of such frightful acts of vandalism as the running of electric trams through the widened streets of the ancient city, have terrified the more deeply religious of Moslems, Christians, and Jews; and, though I am firmly convinced there is no need to fear, I am sure it is at the back of the minds of that small number of high-minded British officials of esthetic tastes and rich emotional temperament whose sense of duty is not strong enough to enable them to conceal their dislike of the Jews. This unconcealed prejudice has done much, in my judgment, to fan the fires of Arab hate.

Men of high culture and women of delicate frame are facing terrors and hardships like

of which can scarcely be imagined in this country of comfort—terrors and hardships such as were experienced by the early Pilgrim Fathers and by pioneers the world over. Sudden raids and assaults of marauding Arabs; intense cold in the winter and blistering heat in the summer; oftentimes for months with no proper bed to lie on, no chair to sit on, and the smallest amount of rough food to subsist upon; no candles at night and no books for hours of enforced idleness; death from the swamp threatening them; sandstorms from the desert overwhelming them; loneliness that drives men mad; suffering which, to their fevered brains, makes the soiled and crowded ghetto from which they fled look like the very gate of Paradise—these are the tortures which more than 20,000 men and women have elected to endure for the sake of a dream they believe, by their untiring efforts, they can make come true. Small wonder that many have died; that others, driven mad by suffering and disappointment, have shot themselves; that others—the weaker brethren—have fled to the towns or taken ship for their old homes. A wonderful selective process is going on on the slopes of those barren hills and in those swampy places. What type of humanity will the survivors be?

It is my conviction that by this road, the road of hard physical work in contact with nature, of voluntary submission to hardship for the sake of a great ideal, these incoming Jews, who in bitterness of spirit may have wandered away from the invincible monotheism of the great prophets,—the first great gift of the Jews to mankind,—will find their way back; will learn that there is more in Islam than in Marx; will illustrate once more the words of Jesus to the woman of Samaria that "salvation is from the Jews."

The first results of a British withdrawal from Palestine would be confusion, utter lawlessness, and martyrdom for the Jews who trusted us, the undoing of all the brave work of the administration. The second would be the stepping into our shoes of the French or Italians with the blessing of the Latin Christians at least. The jocular vein of the empire—the Suez Canal—would be at the tender mercies of potential enemies.

A strong, intelligent, and grateful Jewish population in Palestine, willing, as I know them to be, to co-operate with and help their Arab co-citizens in every matter which concerns their common well-being, under a British mandate, is the best guaranty of peace on that great highway between north and south, east and west, which it would little serve the universal interest to see, as in historic times, the prey of successive spoilers.

The present population of Palestine is about 750,000, of whom rather less than 100,000 are Jews; but in a large sense Palestine belongs neither to Arab nor to Jew. History has made it the proud possession of mankind. Whoever builds up its life does so for the race.—From the Empire Review (London Public-Affairs Monthly.)

SEEING THROUGH SKIN

A FRENCH scientist, M. Farigoule, claims that sight is possible by means of certain elementary organs which exist in the human skin. He recently published the results of his experiments.

One of the cases described relates to a subject who at a second trial, with eyelids tightly fastened down and eyes covered with a thick bandage securely fixed, was able to distinguish such colors as white from pale grey, orange from ochre, and at the end of a further sitting to read two couplets.

As the characters to be deciphered were placed in a photographic frame under glass, it was impossible for them to be identified by touch, and moreover the glass frame itself was handed to the subject in such a way that nobody present could see through it.

In this particular case, the success was obtained with the forehead, right cheek bone, and fingers. Certain areas of the skin are more receptive to this "second sight" than others.

Little Superstitions of Big-League Players Chatter on Benches Any Summer Afternoon

Few Baseball Stars Will Admit They are Superstitious—But Let Some One Else Pick Up a Slugger's Bat or a Cross-Eyed Man Sit Near the Bench, or a Black Cat Get Into the Grounds, and—"Wow! Wow! Murder! Wow! Wow!"

THE scene is the bench of a big league club, appropriately filled with players of the team at bat, presided over by their intelligent manager. The time is any summer afternoon. The conversation, as reported by W. A. Phelon for Baseball Magazine, may be supposed to run something like this:

The Manager—Now listen, fellas! Season's going good; we're getting by something fine. Every player on this ball-club is pulling together like he should. I'm blame well pleased with you all—but there's just one thing I want to talk about. That's superstitions. No sense in that stuff. Way behind the times. I know you're a lotta sensible birds, and you'll all agree with me.

The Home Run Hitter—Right y'are, boss! We'll get along a good deal better if we forget that old-maid superstition foolishness. Right y'are!

The Heavy Slugger—Huh? Me up to bat? All right, all right, umpire! Where'n blazes is my bat? Hey, big fella, I'll take your stick?

The Home Run Hitter—Looka here, you! Drop that bat! Leggo that stick! You leave that bat be, or I'll knock your roof off!

The Heavy Slugger—Aw, Watcha so grouchy for? I'll pay you for your blamed old bat if I bust it!

The Home Run Hitter—Pay h—! You'd oughta know better! Everybody knows there's just so many hits in a bat, and if you get any there'll be just that many less left for me! Now, then! you put that bat back where you got it!

The Manager—As I was saying, boys, we gotta drop all these superstitions—

The Star Southpaw—All idiotic ideas, for mine. Who believes a lotta stuff that usta frighten our grandmothers?

The Manager—Lefty, you better warm up just a trifle. You work to-morrow.

The Star Southpaw—Who, me? Nix, nix, boss! Lemme work the day after!

The Manager—Why, what's wrong?

The Star Southpaw—What's wrong? Why, ain't to-morrow Friday? More'n that, ain't it the thirteenth of the month? And you want me to work on Friday, the thirteenth! Not this baby!

The First Base-man—Didja ever hear the like? Talk about your superstitions guys! Listen, Chief—can't you gimme some other room-mate than young Tibbley, the college kid?

The Manager—What's wrong with him? Seems like a fine young fella to me!

The First Base-man—That may be, Chief—but looks here—every night he throws his hat on the bed, and you know, as well as I do, that's the rottenest kind of luck for everybody in the room!

The Manager—Aw, forget these fool superstitions!

The Catcher—That's what I say. Some of you guys are always scared of signs, or omens, or such junk. As for me—holly howling mackereels, get him outa there!

The Manager—Get who outa where, you rummy?

The Catcher—Him, over there, in the box next to the bench! Look at him! A cross-eyed man, squinting right down his hat on the lot of us! No wonder they got us 5 to 1, and it's only the second inning!

The Shortstop—Boss, I ain't exactly what

you'd call in good shape. How 'bout lettin' me lay off? Look at this eye of mine!

The Manager—Yes, I see it. Where didja get it? Out hoppin' last night, I suppose, and started a fight with the natives—

The Shortstop—Notin' like it, boss, nothin' like it! I'm eatin' my lunch, nice and peaceable, when what does I do but upset the salt cellar! and then, of course, I throws some salt over my left shoulder, and it happens to hit a guy at the next table. It hit him right in the eye, and what does he do but come over and give me this punch in the lamp just to even up! I can't see 'em if they come at me on the left side, boss—

The Manager—Oh, very well! Get outa my sight, you superstitious egg! Well, young man, what's eatin' you?

The Centre Fielder—Say, Mr. Manager, I'm not superstitious. But I got common sense, and I know we're up against it. Last night, I dreamed about monkeys—

The Third Base-man—Yeah? And how did the manager's family look?

The Manager—Would you mind repeatin' that last crack out, real loud?

The Centre Fielder—And you know, as well as I know, that when you dream of monkeys, the game's gone. Gone to blazes. So what's the use?

The Manager—I thought I had some fellers here that had somethin' above the shoulders but tucks and foolishness. I see I was wrong. Well, Buffon, where d'ya think you're goin'?

The Right Fielder—I'm up, ain't I? And the darned umpire's stepped back into the shade, blamed near the stand. And I gotta walk around behind him, ain't I, if I expect to get any hits? So I gotta go clear around by the stand to pass back of the damned gorilla!

The Umpire—Say, you bunch of ossified descendants of King Tut, what's holdin' up this ballgame? Why doncha show some pep and energy?

The Manager—Forgive 'em, Umps. They're a lotta superstitious chimpanzees. They think everything that happens is a sign or an omen. That's what makes 'em so cussed slow this afternoon.

The Umpire—Are you guys still livin' in the Dark Ages? Are all of you still stuffed with foolishness and old women's ideas? Get in here and play ball! Ow! Ow! WOW! OOH!

The Manager—What's the matter, Umps?

The Umpire—What's the matter? You concatenated jackass, cancha see what's the matter? I dropped my little pocket mirror outa my coat and it's busted into sixty pieces! And I won't have nothin' but bad luck for seven years! OW! OW! WOW! WOW!

The Manager—So help me Mike, the ump's as bad as all the rest of 'em! Every darn fool in the bunch just jammed full of superstition and blame folly! Full-grown men, and worse'n a lotta damfool savages! You'd oughta be ashamed of yourselves, every last one of ya! WOW! WHO! What the hell!

The Second Base-man—What's the trouble, boss? What's wrong?

The Manager—What's wrong, says you? Why, you poor, pitiful, useful lump of nothing whittled down to a point, look at the black cat! Who let that cat in here? Right before my feet it ran—I saw it, I saw it! We won't win another game in three months! I saw it, I saw it! A black cat, a black cat! WOW! WOW! MURDER! WOW, WOW, WOW!

CURTAIN.