

The "Daily Jewish Express" has been in existence for many years, and is approaching its 5,500th issue. The "Jewish Journal," which claims the largest circulation, has been published for eight or nine years. A few months ago an active Roumanian immigrant, Morris Myers, started the "Jewish Times," and he is responsible for the new journal, the "Jewish Evening News." There is also a Yiddish weekly, the "Workers' Friend," which represents the foreign Jewish revolutionary groups. It describes itself as "A weekly anarchist communist journal."

An examination of the four Yiddish dailies is a revelation of the great alien population that has settled in East London. English news is reported, but the Yiddish newspapers are to a special degree cosmopolitan. The trouble in Ulster, for example, is a topic of interest, as trouble in Portugal might be to a Londoner, but a rumour of a pogrom in Russia is a vital event.

Comparatively little has been heard in recent years of the foreign Jewish quarters of London. Occasionally some outstanding incident, such as the Houndsditch murders or the anarchist shooting affray in Tottenham, has brought them into momentary prominence. The several economic results that followed the great incursions of Russian Jews into East London—the increase in rents overcrowding and the driving out of Christians—have had time to adjust themselves. For the last six or seven years it may be doubted if the total of foreign Jews arriving in London has more than kept pace with the departures for foreign lands, particularly for America. The "alien question" is no longer a burning issue.

Yet to-day the vital aspects of the problem of the foreign Jew in London remain unaffected. The Yiddish community is growing rapidly, because of the virility and fecundity of its people. The aliens mostly come from Russia, Poland, Roumania and Galicia. German Jews form only a small body, but Roumanian Jews are a powerful element. There are 60,000 Russian and Polish-born Jews in London. In addition there are the English-born families, who retain the racial instincts and language of their people to a surprising degree.

They are still a race apart. They have their own theatre in Whitechapel Road, where fine Jewish travelling companies come in their world tours. Dramatically, Shakespeare is their great favourite—Shakespeare in Yiddish. In the theatre you can see some of the great masterpieces of the European drama performed—before West London has discovered them—Strindberg, Gorky, and the pessimists of the north. But to see this drama at the best, one needs to attend a distinctively Russian Jewish play. Not long ago was witnessed a dramatic reproduction of the Beiliss trial there. To West London it would have been incomprehensible; in Whitechapel it was, as it were, a leaf from the lives of many present.

MARVELS OF HUMAN BODY.

Really our human body is a miracle of mechanism. No work of man can compare with it in accuracy of its process and the simplicity of its laws. An English scientist has recently told some of the facts of this mechanism.

For instance, our ear contains a perfect miniature piano of about 3,000 double fibers or strings stretched or relaxed in unison with exterior sounds. The longest cord of this marvellous instrument is one-fifteenth of an inch, while the shortest is about one-five-hundredth of an inch. The 3,000 strings are distributed through a register of seven octaves, each octave corresponding to about 400 fingers and every half tone subdivided again into 320 others. The deepest tone we can hear has 32 vibrations a second; the highest has 70,000.

Though there are only nine perfect tones in the human voice, there are 17,592,115,044,415 different sounds.

The eye is hardly less wonderful, being a perfect photographer's camera. The retina is the dry plate on which are focused all objects by means of the crystalline lens. The cavity behind this lens is the shutter. The eyelid is the drop shuttle. The draping of the optical darkroom is the only black member of the entire body. This miniature camera is self-focusing, self-loading, and self-developing, and takes millions of pictures every day in colours and enlarged to life size.

Charts have been prepared—marvellous charts—which go to show that the eye has 720 distinct expressions conveying as many distinct shades of meaning.

The power of colour perception is overwhelming. To perceive red the retina of the eye must receive three hundred and ninety-five million mil-

lion vibrations in a second; for violet it must respond to seven hundred and ninety million million. In our waking moments our eyes are bombarded every minute by at least six hundred million million vibrations.

Our body takes in an average of 5½ pounds of food and drink each day, which amounts to one ton of solid and liquid refreshment annually, so that in 70 years a man eats and drinks 1,000 times his own weight.

Every time we breathe the process is no less wonderful. For each 100 muscles are employed, 40 per cent. of the muscles of the body being active in wonderful co-operation in this single act.

OIMÈ!

Hear the wrangling of the nations and the snarling of the Kings

And the statesmen-seers conferring long and deep!

Till the war-cloud breaks in thunder and the battle-tocsin rings,

And the grey old world is wakened from her sleep.

See the dread and stately armament quit harbour at Spithead

With her ships alert and bristling with the guns!

And the beacon fires are blazing, and the fiery cross has sped,

For the Motherland is calling on her sons.

See the women, too—God bless them! biting back the cry of pain

In a brave endeavour, yielding up their best!

Looking forward to the glory of the marching home again,

When the fury of the nations it at rest.

Hear the clang of arm'd battalions, sweeping onward like a flood,

In a grim resolve to conquer or to die!

Mid the carnage and the slaughter, while the rivers run with blood,

Hear the people's wild, exceeding bitter cry!

Oimè! the flower-deck'd valley and the graceful vine-clad hill

And the emerald meadows where the children play;

And the glory of the woodland and the murmur of the rill,

Where a sweet Pandean music fills the day!

Bonds are riven, homesteads shattered, by a fierce and gory hand,

There is sorrow on the sea and on the shore,—

Rachel weeping for her children in the desolated land—

For the sons that can return, ah, nevermore!

While the trumpet sounds réveillè, while the troops are forming line

And the call to battle sounds from far away,

For the flower of youth and manhood offered up at duty's shrine

O my brothers, O my sisters, Kneel and pray!

That the God Who giveth victory may be with them as they go,

For a shield and buckler thro' the fiery day:

That no weapon formed against them may have power with the foe—

O my brothers, O my sisters, Kneel and pray!

Emmeline Stuart Godfrey.

August 17, 1914.

Another marvel of the human body is the self-regulation process by which Nature keeps the temperature in health at 98 degrees. Whether in India, with the temperature at 130 degrees, or in the arctic regions, where the records show 120 degrees below the freezing point, the temperature of the body remains the same, practically steady at 98 degrees, despite the extremes to which it is subjected.

Of the total heat given out by the combustion of food man can make one-fifth available in the form of actual work, while science has never constructed a steam engine that could utilize more than one-ninth of the energy of the fuel burnt under the boiler.

And all this mechanism acts automatically and continuously.

THE NAPOLEON OF THE BALKANS JOINS THE RUSSIAN ARMY.

In the press of news from the front the significance of the brief statement in the papers of August 11th that General Radko Dimitrieff, commander of the Third Bulgarian army during the Balkan War, has telegraphed his resignation in order that he might join the Russian army, has escaped general notice.

The remarkable career of this hero of the Balkans is sketched by Lieutenant Wagner in "With the Victorious Bulgarians," and this famous book on the Balkan Powers and their war against Turkey, now takes on fresh interest and importance.

"Since the day of Kirk Kilissé," Lieutenant Wagner wrote, "a name has become generally known throughout the world, which had long enjoyed popular fame throughout Bulgaria itself—the name of General Radko Dimitrieff, the victor of Kirk Kilissé and the commander of the Third Bulgarian Army.

"The officers and soldiers call him 'Napoleon-tscheto,' not only on account of the likeness of his profile and his general build to that of Napoleon, but also because he is the hero of Kirk Kilissé, Lule Burgas and Chorlu.

"Whence came Radko Dimitrieff? What was the past career of this hero, undoubtedly the most popular leader of his time in Bulgaria? He was born in the little town of Gradez on September 24th, 1859, and after a successful course at the Military School of Sofia, passed out as lieutenant on May 10th, 1879. He then distinguished himself as a student at the Academy of the General Staff at St. Petersburg.

"When the annexation of Eastern Roumelia was proclaimed by Prince Alexander at Philippopolis, he was sent with most of the Bulgarian army to the Turkish frontier, for naturally the general idea was that Bulgaria would be attacked by Turkey. But the foresight and the expectations of Natschovitsch, who was then ambassador at Bucharest, were justified, and it was not the Turks but the 'Servian brothers' of Bulgaria who were the invaders.

"It is well known how difficult it then was, on account of the want of railways, to transfer Bulgarian troops from the south to the north-west of the country. Radko Dimitrieff took part as a captain in this operation. Marching his men at headlong speed he was in time to be present at the decisive battle of Slivnitsa as one of the famous left wing. But then came the unfortunate dethroning of Prince Alexander, the result of a conspiracy organized by Russian Pan Slavists among the officers who had studied at St. Petersburg and were enthusiasts for the Czar, 'the Liberator from the Turkish yoke.' This affair involved the otherwise amiable and astute Radko Dimitrieff in politics. He had to leave the service and go away to Russia, where he was again employed as an officer, this time in a foreign army.

"He distinguished himself in various ways in his work as captain and soon received promotion. But homesickness grew upon him, and he often regretted that he had allowed himself to be drawn into politics.

"Ten years after his exile began he was enabled to return to Bulgaria under the Government of Stolioff, who had brought about a reconciliation with Russia. His whole conduct in his relations with others and his zeal for his military duties soon opened for him the advancement that he so well merited, and he was named Inspector-General of the Third Army District.

"In this appointment General Dimitrieff showed more than ordinary ability in preparing all the resources he would have to rely upon in a future war. Frequent staff-rides in the open country, the ideas and schemes for which were always very original, and manœuvres with the troops made him greatly liked and generally popular with the army. When he appeared among his troops, which was very often, one could see in the faces of the men their enthusiasm for him."

The weakest point of the Russian Military has always been its generals. And in no other army is effective leadership more necessary. Frederick the Great said the Russian soldiers were so stupid that they didn't know enough to fall down when they were killed. Patient, stubborn, obedient, fearing death less than he does his officers, the moujik lacks only individual efficiency to make him the ideal soldier.

It is just this defect that makes the success of Russian arms absolutely dependent on the quality of Russian generals. The Russo-Japanese War failed to disclose any effective commander, and, as far as is known, none has since arisen. Russia can put an army of 4,000,000 men into the field. Efficiently led, such a force as this would be well-nigh irresistible. Under the circumstances it is no exaggeration to say that the action of the Napoleon of the Balkans in offering his services to Russia may be one of the determining factors of the war.