

'melamet,' who himself is ignorant of all that the world calls enlightenment, tries to teach the lads the enment, tries to teach the lads the art of living. First, we make them understand that they won't freeze without their little black caps on their heads day and night. You know that no Jew of the Orthodox type dare eat or sleep, or be seen on the street without his cap. If you look sometime at their heads you would see the result of this see the result of this.

"Then we teach them to wash themselves. Cleanliness becomes to

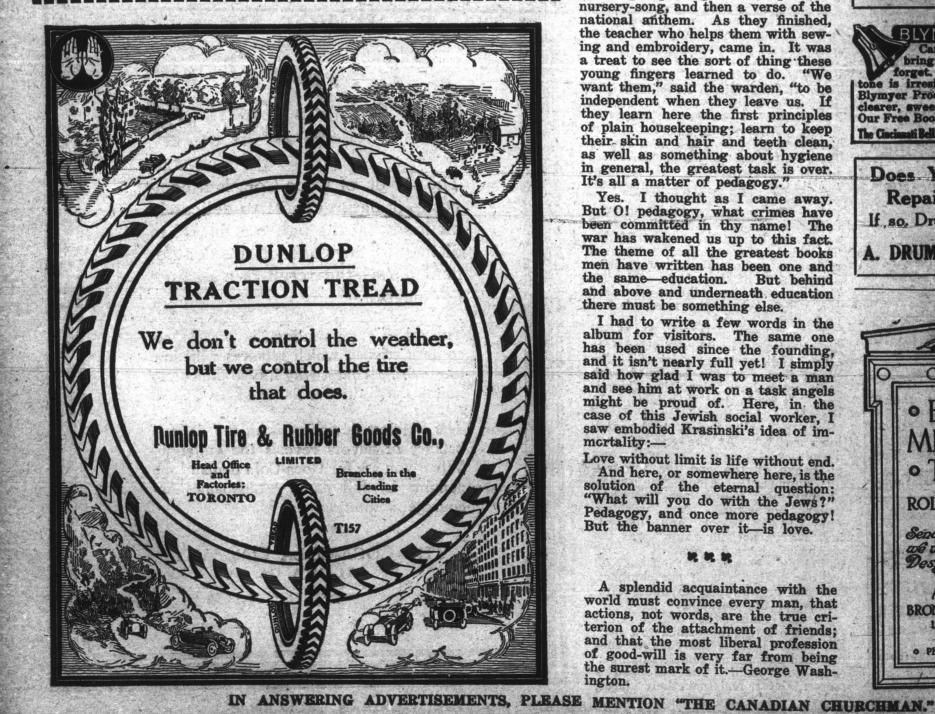
them not a crime, but one of the commandments. They learn also that one can be a good Jew without the "capot," the long coat you see every-where. They get rid of their "peysi," the ringlets in front of their ears. In a word, they are taught here that these marks, which are the badge of the Jewry round about them, do not belong to the true religion, but are rather the things their fathers gradually acquired from their slavery in the Middle Ages. The race has be-

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come so attached to these that men nowadays will not give them up.

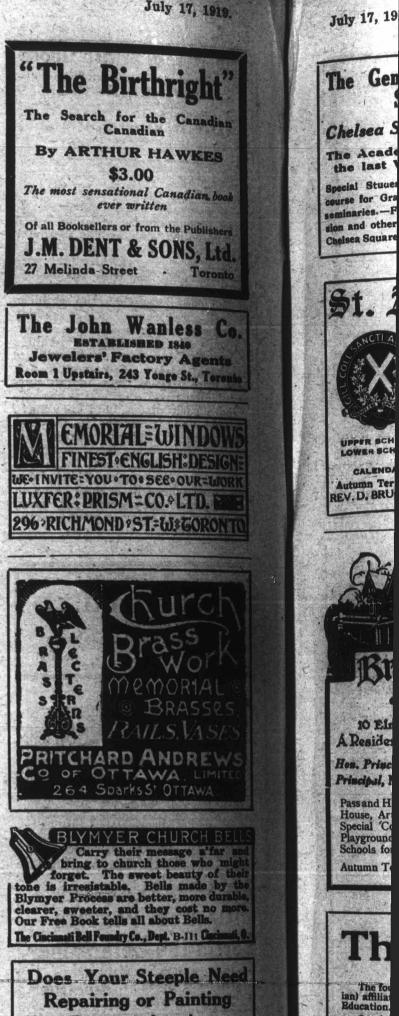
"There are two worlds in Warsaw neither of which knows much about the other. It is a grave question whether anything can bring them to-gether. A national system of edu-cation. Yes, that would mean a great deal. But even that could not change things wholly. Your 'melamet,' the younger he is, the more he ap-proaches to something like sympathy with modern civilization. But if he is well on in years, he is a fossil. Those 'chedery' schools, of anything up to a hundred children in impos-sible localities, without light, heat, or fresh air—why, they are nothing else than a living witness to the misery our people are in."

I listened while Pan Hosenpud told me of the way the Jews were forced as a nation by Russia into petty trading. Not allowed to be caretaker of apartments; not allowed to work on the street-car, or the railway; not allowed to serve in any official posi-tion, what was he to do? His business methods are a scandal, but he must live! All the lower elements of his nature are brought out; all the uncertainties as to a future which has nothing in store. He lives in dirt and darkness and his children after him. Now the war has brought on a crisis. The factories have been robbed of their machinery, so that there is no work, and when there is no work there is no food.

"I have my people coming to me every day, complaining of hunger, but what can I do? Before the war they had more to eat than they needed. Nowadays, the council has great trouble to get food at all. Our com-fort is, that the children seem to thrive just the same."

Going across the garden, a mod-ern-equipped playground, where lads whose fellows at home have bodies wholly undeveloped, are taught to wholly undeveloped, are taught to run and jump, and swing and climb a ladder, and shin up a bear-pole, we reached the girls' residence. Here we were entertained by music. The whole group sang in two parts a nursery-song, and then a verse of the national anthem. As they finished, the teacher who helps them with sew-ing and embroidery, came in It was ing and embroidery, came in. It was a treat to see the sort of thing these young fingers learned to do. "We want them," said the warden, "to be independent when they leave us. If they learn here the first principles of plain housekeeping; learn to keep their skin and hair and teeth clean, as well as something about hygiene in general, the greatest task is over. It's all a matter of pedagogy."

Yes. I thought as I came away. But O! pedagogy, what crimes have been committed in thy name! The war has wakened us up to this fact.



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The theme of all the greatest books men have written has been one and the same-education. But behind and above and underneath education there must be something else.

I had to write a few words in the album for visitors. The same one has been used since the founding, and it isn't nearly full yet! I simply said how glad I was to meet a man and see him at work on a task angels might be proud of. Here, in the case of this Jewish social worker, I saw embodied Krasinski's idea of immortality:-

Love without limit is life without end. And here, or somewhere here, is the solution of the eternal question: "What will you do with the Jews?" Pedagogy, and once more pedagogy! But the banner over it—is love.

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A splendid acquaintance with the world must convince every man, that actions, not words, are the true criterion of the attachment of friends; and that the most liberal profession of good-will is very far from being the surest mark of it.—George Washington.



For in

Rev. Pl

wear, find it