

A PORT OF MISSING MEN

From the Graham & Morton dock, at the foot of Wabash avenue, three men walked into the Chicago river recently. Four policemen wearily fished them out and left them to dry on the wharf.

These three men are dally associates of the following distinguished persons:

A brother of President Harrison's law partner.

A son of a millionaire brewer.

A brother of a stock exchange operator.

A brother of a Chicago police official.

Some day one of these four men may decide to take a promenade in the water and perhaps the police will get them out, and perhaps they won't. For the four distinguished persons, as well as the three undistinguished persons, are only "wharf rats," and their deaths would probably trouble the city as little as their near-deaths trouble the officers who rescued the three.

There is a story called "The Port of Missing Men." O. Burke, dock superintendent for Graham & Morton, thinks he knows where the port is. Hundreds of men have dropped suddenly out of sight. Many of these, according to Mr. Burke, are laboring now along the docks of the Chicago river, unloading boats for 25 cents an hour, and, like the three who nearly drowned, occasionally dropping, or nearly dropping, out of all existence.

Two years ago the Chicago police official's brother first drifted down to the docks. It was another year before his fellow workers discovered that he had relatives in Chicago. In

the winter the official's brother disappeared. It is said that his brother pays his way out of town. During the summer he can stay drunk with the assurance that he will not be arrested. Yet it was not drink alone that put him on the dock. It was his wife, Mr. Burke says.

The brother of the stock exchange man has been on the dock for three years. His brother long ago gave him up, but his sister, the wife of a wealthy real estate dealer, still labors with him.

The son of the millionaire brewer is a German. Superintendent Burke identifies him by a long scar on the right side of his jaw. He got it long ago in a Germany university. Every month he receives a remittance of \$150. It lasts him a night.

The man whose brother was a law partner of Benjamin Harrison seldom labors. He says his name is Farley. He speaks three languages, reads Latin, and can discuss literature and music.

Then there are others—disbarred lawyers, doctors, who have fallen victim to their own drugs, wrecked men of twenty different professions. There is a checker player who once earned large sums for his exhibition, poets, musicians, and murderers.

One of the three was named Johnson, another "Beefsteak," another "Scratches." Perhaps they have other names, but they did not tell them. When Mr. Burke makes out their pay checks he calls them, for the sake of convenience, Smith, or Brown, or Jones, or anything else which happens to strike his mind. It is unimportant, because the pay checks are never for more than 50 or 75 cents and are soon cashed in the nearest saloon.

This casual attitude is the thing which draws the men to the docks. At 3 o'clock every morning a Graham & Morton steamer comes loaded with the fruit. The fruit must be moved into warehouses quickly. Two or three hours of working time is as much as they want.—Chicago Tribune.

THE JEW IN ENGLISH FICTION

Every reader of fiction will have observed the frequent unpleasant references to Jews to which attention is drawn in an article which we publish this week. We have invited the opinion of some of the leading novelists of the English-speaking world and have pleasure in presenting them to our readers in this issue. General satisfaction will be felt at the sympathetic manner in which most of the great writers approach the subject, but a few of the opinions can not be passed without comment.

By a singular coincidence, Mr. Locke and Mr. Galsworthy both speak of being unable to understand the Jewish people owing to a difference in blood. One confesses his inability to get at the "esoterics" of Jewish character, while the other speaks of the mystery which veils the Hebrew from non-Hebrew eyes. With all due deference to these distinguished members of their craft, we believe them to be in error. There are no such racial mysteries as they imagine.

The non-religious or irreligious Jew veils no mysteries. He is as frankly materialistic as his Gentile neighbor of the same attitude toward religion. In these days of scientific testing of beliefs, the religious attitude has become hard to understand, and Christianity has suffered in this respect even more than Judaism. The so-called advanced thinkers, for whom logic and science are the final words, have a perfectly natural inability to comprehend the intellectual make-up of those who live by what seem anachronistic standards. All religion is more or less mysti-

cal; every religious man is more or less of a mystic and except to a kindred soul there must seem to be something veiled and esoteric about him. The Jew's three thousand years of devotion to a religious ideal—an ideal never perfectly lived up to and frequently basely betrayed—has given him, perhaps to a larger degree than other men, the inner quality which Messrs. Locke and Galsworthy say they can not appraise but they are in error in attributing it to fundamental differences of blood. The Aryan races, given the same history and an equally fair fidelity, would have produced the same result. The real difference is not in blood—it is in Weltanschauung.

Mr. London's argument sounds so fair and reasonable that it is hard at first reading to detect the fallacy in it. Yet fallacy there is. Surely no one would maintain that there are no wrong-doers among the Jews, or that they are to be depicted in literature as being all angels. Insofar both Mr. London and Mr. Locke are right. Where they are wrong is this: Probably because the Jews are a persecuted people—and, when not persecuted, living under ostracism or prejudice—they are judged by their evil types and the persecution and prejudice are fed by such types. If a novel dealt only with Jewish characters no objection could possibly be made to a villainous

Jewish character among others. When, however, only one Jew is introduced and he is a villain there is good ground for objection that we are treated unfairly. Shylock is not the hero of Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice," but it is the best known character of the play and in many minds the classic type of Jew. "Our Mutual Friend" is probably more read than "Oliver Twist." Yet Riah is forgotten while Fagin has been immortalized in journalism. Daniel Deronda and Mordecai are noble types of Jews, but the world refuses to accept them as such. For two thousand years, the Jew has been regarded as fair sport for every hunter, and because Mr. London would not hit a man when he is down, because he is the humanitarian he describes himself and because he believes in a fair field and no favor, he should reconsider the position he takes. We believe he himself will agree with us.—American Hebrew.

DIFFERENT

Madam Lillian Nordica returned to Farmington, Me., her old home, after an absence of thirty years, and sang "Home, Sweet Home" to her former friends. She and her audience were very much affected, but maybe Madame Nordica would not have felt that way if she had had to stay there for the thirty years.—Herald and Presbyter.

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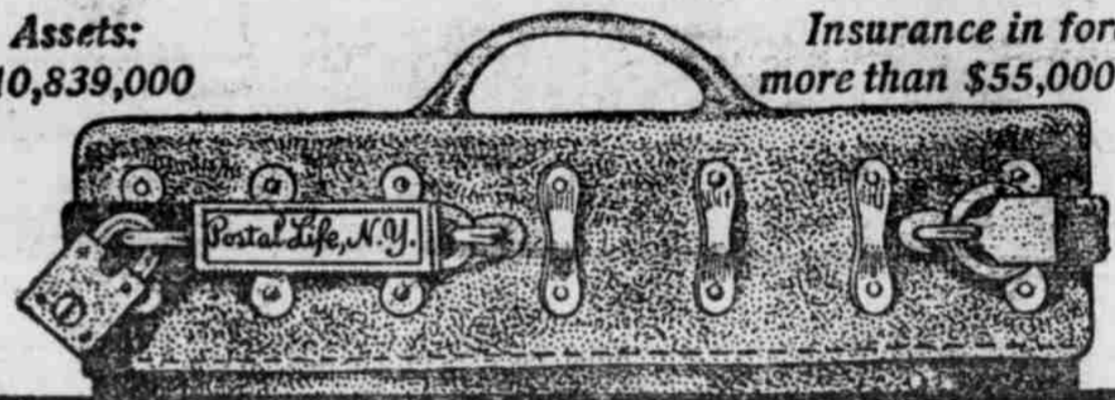
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