

## How Children of Israel Are Divided Among Nations

Edward R. Bushnell in Philadelphia Ledger.

Where and what is the most Jewish city in the United States? Chelsea, Mass., was stamped with that distinction at the recent session of the convention of the Federation of American Zionists. Twenty-five per cent of its population of 40,000 are Jews.

Numerically, New York has the greatest Jewish population either in the United States or the world, but the proportion of Jews there is slightly below that of Chelsea. Nearly half of all the world contains, live within the confines of Greater New York. Nevertheless, their proportion of New York's entire population is only about 16 per cent.

The extent to which the Jewish people maintain their racial integrity though scattered to the four corners of the earth, still remains the most astounding thing in the history of nation building. From the time of their bondage in Egypt, their flight through the wilderness into the promised land, and their wonderful expansion during the reigns of David and Solomon, followed by their subjugation at the hands of the Greeks and Romans, this integrity never suffered. And even during the last 2,000 years, as they have gone with civilization into every corner of the globe, they have always been a distinct people.

The study of their world-wide distribution forms a subject of gripping interest. Roughly speaking, there are about 12,000,000 Jews today. Every country has its quota.

Palestine, the original home of the Jews, numerically does not contain many Jews, but in proportion to the entire population of that country it leads the world. The latest statistics give Palestine a Jewish population of 78,000, out of a total population of 350,000. This gives the Jewish race in Palestine a percentage of 22.29 of the entire population, though its total of 78,000 is hardly half the Jewish population of Philadelphia.

In certain parts of Africa and Asia the Jewish population, although numerically small, is proportionately high. Tunis, in Africa, ranks next to Palestine, with a Jewish population of 108,000 out of a total of 1,923,217, or 5.62 per cent.

Europe, of course, contains the great bulk of the world's Jewish population, there being approximately 10,000,000 scattered throughout that continent of nearly 500,000,000 people.

Russia Home of Half of Europe's Jews  
Russia furnishes a home for more than half of Europe's Jews. There are 5,215,805 of this race living under the czar's authority. Then come Austria with 1,113,687, and Hungary with 932,466. Germany has 615,921.

Of all these European countries, however, Rumania contains the greatest percentage of Jews. There are 259,015 there out of a total population of 5,956,690, a percentage of 4.52. The Jewish proportion in Austria-Hungary, which includes Bosnia-Herzegovina, is 4.42, that of Russia, 4.15.

Portugal probably contains the smallest percentage of Jews of any of the civilized countries. Out of this country's total population of 5,423,132 there are to be found only 481 Jews, representing but .01 per cent. In Spain there are about 4,999 Jews out of a total population of 19,338,668, or .02 of 1 per cent.

Jews Flock to Great Cities.  
The Jews are not an agricultural people, a fact which explains why in this country most of them have found their homes in the great cities. Outside of New York, of course, Philadelphia, Chicago and Boston contain the greatest number. The Jewish population of Philadelphia is estimated at about 150,000, or a little less than 10 per cent of the entire population. St. Louis, with a total population of 587,029, contains 45,999 Jews, with the same number credited to Cleveland out of a population of 569,963. San Francisco, with 416,912 inhabitants, contains a Jewish population of 30,000.

Atlanta, Ga., thrown into a state of turmoil over the trial and conviction for murder of Leo Frank, has a Jewish population of only 4,200 out of a total population of 154,839.

The number of Jews in the small towns of the United States is almost negligible. An estimate made by the Industrial Removal office shows that 50 of the principal cities of the United States, not counting New York, Chicago, Philadelphia and Boston, contain only 257,100 Jews.

## WHEN BOWSER WHISTLES.

BUT IT'S SO WITH ALL OF THEM.

(Copyright, 1915, by the McClure News-paper Syndicate.)

When Mr. Bowser comes home and finds his wife lying down with her head tied up, he's real sorry for her, of course—just as sorry as any husband could be. And, like any other husband, he stands and surveys her for a moment and then bluntly says: "I expected it. Finally got down flat, eh?"

"It's nothing," she faintly replies. "Oh, it isn't! Nothing for a wife to flop down and upset the whole house, I suppose? Well, I've been looking for it the last three months, so I'm not much surprised. Mrs. Bowser, it's a wonder to me that you or any other woman in the state is not out of your coffin."

"It's only—only a headache, dear." "Yes, only a headache, but what do headaches lead to? If you are not a dead woman by Saturday night you may consider yourself lucky. Didn't I warn you not to sit in a draught—not to wear thin shoes—not to eat too much in warm weather? Little good it does to talk to a woman."

"You can't help ailing occasionally," she replied as she got up to wet the bandage around her head.

"Mrs. Bowser, look at me," he said as he struck an attitude and held one hand aloft. "When am I ever ailing? When do you hear me complaining? Never! And why is it? Because, Mrs.

"Ah! how I suffer!" he groans. "You may be a widow before the week is out. I hope you will always be kind to the cooks. I have tried to be a good husband, and—"

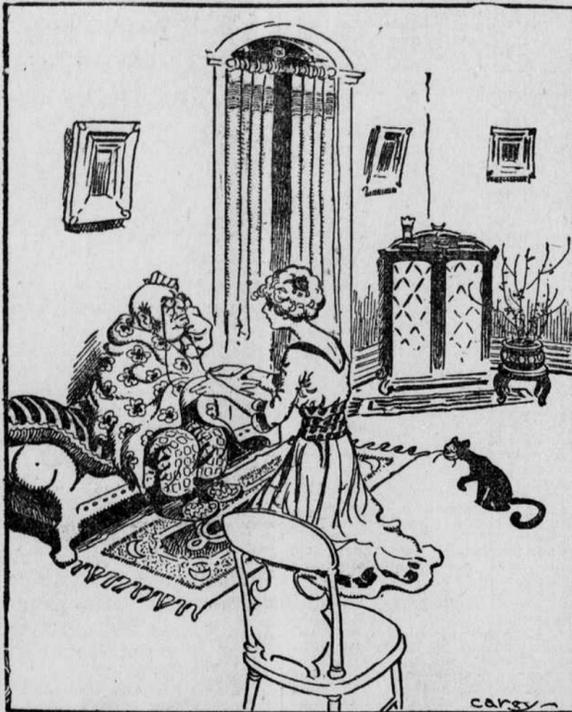
Mrs. Bowser lays her hand on his forehead and the tears come to his eyes and he suddenly becomes a great big baby. She has to hold his hand to get him to sleep, and when he wakes up he wants tea and toast and jelly, and he is as petulant as a sick baby until finally put to bed. He is a new man when he awakes in the morning, and when she asks after his throat he replies:

"Throat! Humph! Mrs. Bowser, for about five hours yesterday I was hovering between life and death. 'Had it been you, but you would have died 19 times over, but grit pulled me through.'"

"Grit." "Yes, Grit—sand—pluck—Spartan courage and fortitude. I let none of you know how bad I actually was, but just shut my teeth and determined to live and here is the result of it. Ah, Mrs. Bowser, if you only had a hundredth part of my courage and will-power you'd be a far different woman from what you are now—a far different woman."

Mrs. Bowser felt that she owed him one for that and she said:

"The minute you feel it coming on you should start for home." "Eh, what do you mean?" he asked as his face grew grave.



Bowser—because I don't cram my stomach with watermelon, buttermilk, gingerbread, custard pie, sweet cake, ginger ale and all that. Because I don't go around with my feet sopping wet. Because I know enough to come in when it rains. Because I exercise a little common sense in taking care of myself."

"Your dinner is ready." "And I'm ready for dinner. A healthy, happy person is always ready for his meals. You won't try to get up, I suppose?"

"Not now." "Well, you have only yourself to blame. You may learn in time, but I doubt it. I'd like to find one woman with about two ounces of horse sense in her head, before I die, but I don't expect to do it. Well, it can't be helped, I suppose. The Lord made you that way, and it's no use to argue."

Mrs. Bowser pats his dinner, smokes his cigar and sings and whistles as if the slightest notes didn't go through her aching head like a bullet. It never occurs to him to fan her, wet the bandage or ask if she can't sip a cup of tea. It does occur to him, however, to say about bedtime:

"I'm sorry, of course, but then you must have more sense. I'll go up to bed and you can come when you get ready. If you are going to kick around much, you'd better sleep in the spare room."

Now and then the tables are turned. Mr. Bowser comes home to lunch, dragging his legs after him and looking pale and very much scared.

"What's the matter?" asks Mrs.

"The strangest thing in the world that I can never get the better of that woman!"

Mrs. Bowser, as the reader well knows, is not a revengeful person. However, she got to feeling that she had let Mr. Bowser off too easy in this instance, and after giving him time to reach the office she telephoned him.

"I just wanted to ask if you got over without a chill."

"Did I? Of course I did," he roared back.

"I'm so glad." "Then she called in a neighbor to ask over the wire: 'Aren't you taking terrible chances, Bowser?'"

"What do you mean?" was asked. "Why, getting up off a dying bed to go to the office! Watch your feet like a hawk. If they begin to get cold you hump for home at once."

An hour later she got the wife or a neighbor to come in and say:

"Oh, Mr. Bowser, I've heard of how near you came to your grave. This is Mrs. Forbush, you know."

"Um!" "The whole city feels that it had rather lose the mayor than Bowser, so do be careful. If you feel one single shiver—"

Another grunt and Mr. Bowser hung up. Then Mrs. Bowser came in with: "Have you got your feet in a dish of hot water?"

"Not by a darned sight!" he whooped, but "I'll get you in hot water when I come home again!"

But he didn't. He was as good as pie, and without being asked to he gave her money for two pairs of 75-cent stockings reduced to 49 cents a pair.

Why the Boers Are Helping England.  
In his article, "Germany's Exit From Africa," in the World's Work, Lewis R. Freeman tells of an interview with a successful Boer banker, who, speaking of their last war with England and its results, says: "There is still an ache in some of our hearts for things the war cost us. But the sense of justice is highly developed in the Boer, and we cannot deny that under the fair, square, helpful regime of the British we have become better off in 10 years than we would have been in 50 under Paul Kruger. They have left us our language, self government—everything, in fact, we had before—and have brought us progressiveness and prosperity. A new national feeling—an imperial one, I mean—is developing among the Boers, and in time it will be as strong as the old one for which we poured out so much blood."

"Do you think it's anything serious?" he whispers as he grows paler.

"I hope not, but it's wiser to be on the safe side. You are subject to quinsy, you know, and spinal meningitis begins just this way."

"I believe I'm going to die," gasps Mr. Bowser, and he grows so weak that she has to take off his coat and vest and get him on the lounge. Every thing about the house is ordered to go

on tiptoe and even the cat is put out and the clock stopped. After his throat has been tied up, his shoes taken off and a quilt thrown over him, Mr. Bowser plaintively inquires:

"Don't you think you'd better send for a doctor?"

"Not just yet, dear. I don't think it's very serious."

"Mrs. Bowser, I believe I'm already struck with death!"

"Nonsense! You've just got a little inflammation of the tonsils. I've felt for some days as if a great calamity hung over this household. Hadn't we better have two doctors?"

"Just try and go to sleep, Mr. Bowser, and I'll warrant you will feel better by night."

"The chill!" "What chill?"

"Mr. Bowser, you were a very sick man last night, and though you say you are all right this morning you may have a relapse."

"Do—do you think I will?" "One can't say in such cases. However, at the first sign of a chill, you start for home. You had best come in the ambulance."

"But I don't believe I shall have a chill!"

Mr. Bowser stood around for five minutes, and then slowly left the house, and when outside the gate he muttered to himself:

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## SET ADRIFT BY ILLUSIONS

Young Mortal Allows Himself to Be Swayed by Conditions That Surround Him.

There is no chance and no anarchy in the universe. Every god is there sitting in his sphere. The young mortal enters the hall of the firmament; there he is alone with them alone; they pouring on him benedictions and gifts, and beckoning him up to their thrones. On the instant, and incessantly, fall snowstorms of illusions. He fancies himself in a vast crowd, which sways this way and that, and whose movements and doings he must obey; he fancies himself poor, orphaned, insignificant. The mad crowd drives him hither and thither, now furiously commanding this thing to be done, now that. What is he that he should resist their will and think on himself? Every moment new changes and new showers of deceptions to baffle and distract him. And when, by and by, for an instant, the air clears and the cloud lifts a little, there are the gods still sitting around him on their thrones—they alone with him alone.—Emerson.

Getting the Doctor.  
Ira Collins calls to our attention the difference that forty years has made in the old time run for the doctor. Forty years ago a runaway team injured a man on the Nemaha bottom. A neighbor saddled one of those famous race horses bred by the Smiths, Mormets and Wittwers and raced him to Sabetha, 18 miles away, for old Doc, tor Irwin. When he turned in the head of Main street he commenced to shout, "Oh, doc, oh, doc, d-o-c," and the doctor was on the spot with his thoroughbred old Monk and raced away on the last lap for the life of the Nebraskan. It took two hours and thirty minutes to pace that 36 miles. A short time ago a hay fork jumped from the roof of a big barn near Whiting and stabbed the operator twice in the chest. The injured man was bundled into the farmer's auto and in 38 minutes was upon the operating table in Sabetha, 26 miles away.—Leavenworth Times.

Motor Progress.  
"Now our new 1916 patent negotiable runabout is the latest thing on the market," said the agent.

"What's the advantage?" asked the prospective buyer.

"To begin with, it is a dividend-bearing car," said the agent, "but in addition to that we have arranged, with national and other banks in all parts of the world to cash 'em on sight if the owner ever gets hard up."

Usually the Case.  
"You owe it to yourself."

"In that case, there's no hurry. I find myself a very lenient creditor."

Louisville Courier-Journal.

Unfortunately Not Accomplished.  
Vagrant—Sir, I was captured in infancy by the Indians and reared in ignorance of all civilized usages.

"Well, what of it?"

"Why, I don't know how to lie, steal, boast, bluff or toady, and I'm starving to death."—Life.

Trouble Enough for the Present.  
Junior Partner—I think Mars is inhabited.

Senior Partner—Until this war is over, Jake, we will stick to our regular customers!—Philadelphia Bulletin.

## England Is In Disgust Over Progress of War

From the Kansas City Times.

London, Oct. 2 (By messenger to New York).—At no period of the war has doubts and misgivings prevailed in England to such a lugubrious extent as at the present moment. Not even the most incorrigible British optimist or pro-British sympathizer could, by any stretch of the imagination, pretend that the situation in England or for England is either cheerful or encouraging.

Disgust, rather than downheartedness, is the dominant note. Nothing happens. Four full months of the ideal fighting season—May to September—have gone by and Germany is as firmly entrenched in France and Belgium as ever. In the Dardanelles 12 miles of front at a cost of 5,000 casualties (including 41,000 men lost in the last 34 days) are all that Lord Kitchener was able to mention to parliament as the results of the terrific Gallipoli campaign against the German-led Turks.

Of Russia one speaks only in accents of utter despondency, which is little alleviated by Kitchener's amazing declaration that the Germans in the eastern theater have nearly shot his bolt.

The imminence of Vilna's fall, the continued menacing of the Petrograd railway line and the serious suggestions that Hindenburg and Mackensen's limitless sweep may even have Odessa as its objective, which a pounce on Constantinople and cooperation with the Turks at the Dardanelles as its purpose, are not evidence to the British public mind that the kaiser has "nearly shot his bolt" in Russia. A

few days before Kitchener's flat footed optimism in the house of lords, Mr. Lloyd George wrote a preface for a compiled edition of his "Wake Up, England!" war speeches. In it he plainly suggested that Russia, not Germany, had "shot her bolt."

"Poland is entirely German. Lithuania is rapidly following. Russian fortresses, deemed impregnable, are falling like sand castles before the resistless tide of Teutonic invasion. When will that tide recede? When will it be stemmed?"

If Mr. Lloyd-George's remarks in regard to Russia mean anything, they mean that Russia is badly beaten—for the present at least—and that her power, to be of the slightest effective assistance to the allies, is lamed for many months to come.

With the minister of war and the minister of munitions so flagrantly at odds as to whether Russia has "shot her bolt" or not, it is not surprising that the distracted Briton collectively known as "the man in the street," does not know what to think.

How the casualty list has been a constant crescendo was shown by this tabulation of the foregoing five official statements of losses:

Up to October 31, 67,000.  
Up to February 4, 104,000.  
Up to April 11, 139,347.  
Up to May 31, 258,069.  
Up to July 18, 321,889.

As far as the British are constitutionally capable of revealing their emotions, it may confidently be stated that these hideously heavy losses have given the nation a profound shock.

## Speyer Sets Example For German-Americans

"Holland's" Letter in Minneapolis Journal New York—Among other reports in circulation in the financial district purporting to tell of the opposition of a loan German to the establishment of a loan German in the United States in the name of England and France, was one that James Speyer would not be disposed to participate in the underwriting of the loan, and that he was conspicuous for his absence from the first meeting between American bankers and the Anglo-French commission in Mr. Morgan's library.

If Mr. Speyer heard these reports, they may have annoyed him, or possibly amused him. He could have said in reply that he is now furnishing the best evidence of the fact that he regards himself as an American citizen, having cheerfully assumed all of the responsibilities which his citizenship involves.

Financier a Plattsburg Private.  
Mr. Speyer is now engaged in military drill in the camp at Plattsburg. He is a private soldier, or was at first. He cheerfully endures the excessive heat and is making earnest attempts to master the manual of arms and all of the tactics taught in camp. He is bearing his full share in all the work entailed upon those who are preparing themselves for active service, if occasion should arise.

Mr. Speyer's reason for undertaking to become trained in military tactics and military life is a simple one. He feels that every American citizen of proper age should be equalized to take up arms in defense of the country, if at any time that is necessary. He is in thorough sympathy with all the preparations now under way and with all the agitation now in progress whereby American men can be made familiar with the science and art of war.

Very likely, Mr. Speyer, born as he was at Frankfurt, and making close personal and family and business relations with Germany, looks with tender consideration upon that country at this time. That, however, with him is a purely sentimental feeling. He recognizes no allegiance that involves any material or any loyalty except to the country that has adopted him.

Speyer's Advice to Young German.  
Mr. Speyer's friends say that he has good reason for feeling fully justified in giving the best that is in him to the United States, since it was in this country that his opportunities have come, his considerable fortune has been secured, and the most cordial and sincere of friendships have been established.

A friend of Mr. Speyer of German birth and who is now a reservist lieutenant, but who is and has been for some time in business in New York, was married two years ago to an American girl whose forebears were prominent in colonial days.

To this young friend Mr. Speyer said that it was not only his privilege, but his duty to take out his first naturalization papers. His counsel was substantially in these words:

"You are about to marry an American girl. You have come to the United States to accept opportunity to make at least a comfortable fortune; you expect to gain your livelihood here, you hope to have all the privileges so far as business and opportunity are concerned that any American possesses. You ought therefore to become, as I have done, a citizen of the United States, and when you become a citizen of this country you should remember that you owe allegiance to no other country, and that in the citizenship conferred upon you you will gain far more than you will give."

Whatever relation Mr. Speyer's great banking house may have to the negotiations now under way, it is certain that in view of what Mr. Speyer is now doing at Plattsburg, and also of his counsel to his young German friend, he will in no way oppose the negotiations and very likely will accept his proportionate part in underwriting the plan.

Facts and Facts.  
(From the Minneapolis Journal.)

The Washington correspondent of the Journal closes a dispatch with these words: "What the German government asks to have arbitrated is the set of facts."

Very good. But in the meantime, until those facts are arbitrated, are the people of the United States to accept the word of a submarine commander every time American lives are sacrificed? There were the facts about the Lusitania, there were the facts about the Atlantic liner, the Palaba, the facts about the Arabic, the facts about the Hesperian. About what passenger ship shall we next have the "facts?"

There are facts and facts, and the question is, whose set of facts is to be accepted? There are no denials of the fact that Americans, when upon their lawful and rightful pursuit of legitimate business, have been drowned by German submarines upon the high seas. Surely that fact is not open to arbitration, is it?

In these days it may reasonably take months and months before any Hague tribunal can hear and determine "facts."

What the American people want to know is, does the German government propose that, by allowing her submarine commanders to torpedo trans-Atlantic liners every time they appear to be getting ready to alter their course in such a way as to interfere with the illegal and inhumane practices of German underwater warfare? Until we get an answer to this question, direct and unequivocal, all other "facts" are not only irrelevant but impertinent.

Not since 1844, with one exception, has California produced so much gold as in 1914, when the output was worth \$20,562,436.



Bowser as soon as he steps into the house.

"Got a sore throat and I feel feverish. I—I think I'm going to be sick!"

She doesn't call out that she expected it, and declare that no husband in the world has sense enough to look out for his health. She knows that he was out in a draught in his shirt sleeves, but she doesn't even mention it. On the contrary, she remarks:

"Try and eat a little something and then lie down. You'd better gargle your throat and then tie it up."

"Do you think it's anything serious?" he whispers as he grows paler.

"I hope not, but it's wiser to be on the safe side. You are subject to quinsy, you know, and spinal meningitis begins just this way."

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## When Health is Wrong The Pay is Short

Getting ahead in this world calls for mental and physical forces kept upbit and in trim.

Often the food one eats "makes" or "breaks"—it depends upon the kind of food. In many cases the daily dietary lacks certain essential elements for keeping brain and body at their best.

Over 18 years ago a food was perfected to offset this lack—

## Grape-Nuts

—and it has stood the test of the years.

Made of whole wheat and malted barley this famous pure food supplies all the nutriment of the grains including their mineral salts—Phosphate of Potash, etc.—necessary for building brain, nerve and muscle.

Grape-Nuts has a delicious nut-like flavour; is always ready to eat—fresh, and crisp from the package; so thoroughly baked it is partially predigested.

Thousands "on the job" every day know

"There's a Reason" for

## Grape-Nuts

—sold by Grocers everywhere.