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THE
TERRIBLE JEWS

By One of Them

DR. ABRAHAM MYERSON

Author "The Nervous Housewife" (1920),
"Foundations of Personality" (1921), etc; Con-
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pital; Visiting Neurologist, Boston City Hospi-
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The Jewish Advocate Publishing Company
Boston, Mass.
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JEWISH ADVOCATE PUBLISHING COMPANY

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PREFACE

Concerning Slender-Mindedness

Study for a moment the generalizing folks. They get hold of a case and blow it up into a law, as a child blows up a toy balloon. They know an Irishman who drinks, so they say "All Irishmen are drunkards"; they met a Frenchman who shows too great a weakness for dress and they break out with "All Frenchmen are coxcombs"; they hear of a woman who has been a bit free and so the aphorism "All women are false." To distinguish these people from the feeble-minded let us call them the **slender-minded**. The slender-minded mislead themselves and those who are unwise enough to heed them.

The height of slender-mindedness is reached in Anti-Semitism, and especially in the Plot idea. This notion is directly descended from the ritual superstition, the one which declares that Jews need Christian blood for their Passover cere-

monies and which has been responsible for untold multitudes of Jewish deaths. "All Jews are plotters," says the new slender-mindedness, "seeking to destroy civilization, for their own welfare." Since the latest proponent of this wild generalization is an American of great prominence, he finds plenty to believe him, but fortunately, the great mass of the American people, sane and tolerant, find his statements either repellant or amusing.

Now, there are two ways of meeting folly. One is to attack it with reason and argument, and the other with satire and humor. Reason and argument are as effective against foolishness as a club is against a feather pillow. You can knock it as hard as you please but it remains the same old pillow, and only the wielder of the club suffers. But satire is a nice pointed sword, and with the first onslaught you scatter the feathers to the winds.

The slandered have no better weapon against the slanderer than satire, and the best technique is the gentle art of "going the other fellow one better." If he says, "You lie from the moment you wake until you go to sleep at night," murmur softly, "Ah, my dear friend, if you but knew that I lie all night as well!" If he insists that you are full of wickedness and malice, tell him in the most approved goat-getting style that you have just finished your task of stealing pen-

ries from blind men and tomorrow is your day for making sandwiches of boiled babies. Don't contradict him or show anger; for the most of the world believes with Shakespeare that "it is the galled jade that winces," but add folly to the slanderer's folly until the whole structure of hate and silliness crumbles through its own weight.

This booklet which is, let me hope, entitled to the term of satire, has very little malice in it. I cannot say it has none, and if I did no one would believe me. I have no real prejudice against the Mr. F. Livver of The Terrible Jews, though I confess that I am glad I can now afford a better car than he builds. I have no doubt that he is the best intentioned fellow in the world, though I am convinced that he has added a few streets to that hot place which is paved with good intentions. Indeed when some of my friends have said "Ah, let him go to H—l," I have raised my hand gently but firmly and reminded them that if he did he would try to interest Satan in a plan to get all the boys out of the fires by Christmas, a plan of which every conservative must disapprove.

I find it rather exciting to be one of a wicked race, and as I go along the streets these days I find myself slinking into corners and thrilling with pleasurable fear whenever I meet a police-

man. Mr. F. Livver has thus added zest and joy to my life and I sincerely hope that fighting the Terrible Jews has done the same for him. I hope some day to meet him, and I am sure my professional experience will be somewhat extended as the result.

CHAPTER I.

Introducing the Terrible Jews

I could not deny, if I would, that I am one of those terrible Jews. True, I have no hooked nose, and the back of my head offers a good support for my hat, yet there is a cluster of peculiarities around my nose, mouth and eyes which a world that sneers or laughs recognizes as the physiognomic sign of the race. Though I wear no yellow gaberdine, even in my stylish American apparel (designed and tailored by Jews) the racial connoisseur spies me out; though I speak a Boston English with the fluency of a collegebred man, there occasionally creeps into my inflections and into my gestures a something Hebraic.

We Jews are terrible, who can doubt it? Does not every country in Europe proclaim it? Are we not a menace to Pole, Russian, Hungarian, German and Austrian? Indeed, are there not those who say that we who number as 1 to 100 of the world's population threaten all the rest of this globe's inhabitants? Yet individually we do not look to be so sinister and of such extra-

ordinary power. In fact, though often enough homely, the average Jew has rather a pathetic face, stamped with the history of his race. There are indeed taller and fiercer looking peoples, whose faces and demeanor would, it seems, be more likely to inspire terror than ours.

Consider, for example, the Nordics, that blonde, blue-eyed race of super-men who are the height of biological perfection and the soul of civilization. It is true that the world saw some great men before the super-race appeared upon the scene—Moses, Buddah, the authors of the Bible, Christ, Plato, Socrates, Aristotle, Phidias, Euripides, and a hundred others one might mention and there have been non-Nordic geniuses since their advent—such lights as Galileo, Spinoza, Michael Angelo, Pasteur, Marconi, Ehrlich, Freud, D'Annunzio and a thousand or two of high rank in the aristocracy of the human race. At the same time when even the highly modest Nordics themselves admit that they are wiser, braver, more energetic, fiercer, sweeter, more idealistic, more practical, more dreamy, more moral, more ruthless, and biologically better than any other racial group, who are WE to dispute this? This makes it the more marvellous that the individually insignificant Jews without a country, an army or a navy, constitute a menace even to the Nordics.

With 1,486,000,000 other inhabitants of the

world thus living in terror of the Jews, it becomes certain that there is some diabolical or semi-diabolical agency at work. There have been a few clear sighted and intrepid Gentiles of all races who have understood this and have warned the world against the plotting people. The latest of those who have sadly but sternly pulled off the mask of Israel is one to whom I extend the right hand of fellowship on his remarkable work. This alert and cultured person is famous for the clear and noble insight of his promise to the mothers of the world, "to get their boys out of the trenches by Christmas," and for the manufacture of a vehicle which, by the noise of its progress, also promises somewhat more than it achieves. In order to disguise his identity I shall speak of this gentleman under the nom-de-machine of R. LIVER. I may say that he has done more than any man in the world to make walking both unfashionable and dangerous. His efforts to expose the Jewish plotters have suffered from the handicap that he is a non-Jew, and therefore he is not familiar with the sinister machinations that are, so to speak, afoot and is unable to run them down with his usual efficiency;

This daring man and his associates have especially devoted themselves to the nefarious work of the Jewish organization in America. It has been shown conclusively that the Jewish

influence has ruined the theatres and the movies, has debauched the press and the law, and is fast bringing our beloved America into a state of bondage to a group of international schemers.

Particularly pathetic is his disclosure of the damage the Jew has done to the guileless New England Yankee. This careless, unreflecting, friendly and trusting soul is induced to sell his primitive cider to the malevolent Jew, and when this is doctored into hooch, it is resold to him and while under its influence he is persuaded to buy phonographs for his family, put rugs on his floors and ruin his moral character by purchasing Balzac's Droll Stories. Even more distressing has been the lot of the descendants of the Holland Dutch, famous through history as the original blue-eyed babies from whom anyone could take candy! As is well known, these Dutchmen bought at a generous price the Island of Manhattan from the avaricious Indians, and now find themselves in the deplorable situation of seeing their real estate go way up in value because its Jewish residents have centralized there the clothing and the popular-song business of America. It is true that one who has read "Knickerbocker's History of New York," marvels that anyone could outwit or outmanoeuvre either the New England Yankee or the New York Dutch—but then Irving did not know the terrible Jews. There is

no doubt that American business was conducted on the plane of pure ethics, American art never knew the chromo but rivalled the attainment of Raphael and Michael Angelo, American literature emulated that of Elizabethian England, there were no best sellers and no plays on sex, American law never heard of corrupt courts or shyster lawyers, and American politics was the admiration of the world—before the Jew came on the American scene.

And now I must introduce my PROFESSIONAL Jew and also tell why I, a Jew, am about to disclose the full wickedness of the Jewish scheme.

CHAPTER II.

Introducing the Professor and My Sixteen Times Removed Great Grandfather

My professorial friend is a very unreasonable Jew. He refuses to be convinced by F. Liver's facts and arguments and in fact can hardly pass one of that gentleman's vehicles without an insane desire to strike it with his fist and thus destroy it. I call him my professorial friend because he is a professor of mathematics in a great eastern university. Naturally, he must have bribed the Trustees, the President, and the Faculty into giving him the job. It is true that now and then he is mentioned in academic circles as an extraordinarily able thinker but this cannot be, else he would not talk as he does.

"Damn it," he says in his profane Jewish way. "Did the fellow never hear of the Sugar Trusts corruption of the Custom House, or of the Beef Trust when it poisoned the American soldier in the Spanish-American War and the American family at all times, so that it became necessary for the United States Government to pass laws

to prevent this commercialized murder? Did he never hear of the rum ships, owned by good old Boston families, that slipped down to the coast of Africa and brought back black slaves half suffocated in their holds? Why, sand in sugar and water in milk were good old country store standbys . . . ”

“Tut, tut,” I interjected hastily, hoping to stem the tide of his silly remarks.

“Don’t ‘tut’ me,” he shouted, “did these anti-Semites never hear of the terrible corruption that existed in all the legislature of America, with no Jews in them, because the railroads owned them body and soul, railroads with no Jewish money in their coffers, legislatures that were bought and sold like dead fish? Has he never read Ida Tarbell’s account of the oil business? And what about the Erie railroad scandal which ruined thousands upon thousands and plunged the whole of America into anxiety and disorder? What about the Tweed ring and the regime of Croker and his crew in New York City, how about Philadelphia and its history as a scene of operation for municipal highwaymen, of good old American stock and conservative political affiliations—yes, and even dear old Boston with its county rings and its czars and bosses? Why, our country, brilliant and shining as it is in fundamentals, had set the world an example on how not to govern its cities for gen-

erations long before the Jew played any role at all in its life. Why—”

“Tut, TUT, TUT!” I cried, waving my hand with an imperious compelling gesture. “You wax incoherent. Shame on you! That of which you speak was long ago and belongs to a dead past. Believe me, American nature had entirely reformed and the millenium was at hand. Rockefeller was about to give money away without raising the price of oil, and Morgan and Gary had made a date with Gompers and other labor leaders to take lunch with them in one of Child’s restaurants and to change the working day in the steel mills to 7 hours at double the pay; Tammany Hall and the Boston Good Government Association had held a conference to eliminate graft from municipal government and were in touch with the Philadelphia Republican Party and the San Francisco labor unions, both of whom were very anxious to co-operate. Garage owners and automobile repair shops had agreed that the up-keep of cars costs too much and arranged so that when a machine was fixed no mechanic should forget to tighten a vital nut or two; and finally advertising managers, meeting in solemn conclave, prepared ads for the Saturday Evening Post to read like this:

The ———— Car
Costs Too Much to Buy and Operate

**It is of Inferior Design and Construction
You Never Can Depend on It
But We Need the Money
PLEASE BUY!!**

“Oh, get out,” ejaculated the Professor, as he angrily darted to and fro.

I smiled reprovingly and continued, “Then in came the International Jew, saw that in a country so good there would be no chance for a decent living and threw his immoral monkey wrench into the ethical, political, social and financial machinery and that is why we have wars, unemployment, depreciated international exchange rates, vampires, prohibition, best sellers, and no real good five cent cigar.”

I silenced him effectually with this broadside of truth, and hasten to the complete exposure of the terrible Jews. Why do I do this, what prompts me on to this act of justice? I will tell you!

In the 14th century there dwelt in a Ghetto village in what is now Bavaria, a fair Jewish maid, courted in uncouth fashion by many a Ghetto youth. Her 16-year-old heart responded to none of these, for all unknown to her watchful parents it cherished as a beau ideal none else than a gallant blue-eyed, light headed young Ger-

man knight who dashed gaily now and then through their village taking a mischievous pot shot at luckless Jews who were not quite quick enough to dodge him.

One day as the young knight rode through the village cursing his poor luck and markmanship, for he had bagged only two Jews—both of them elderly—he spied the maid. His connoisseur glance took in at once her full and yet lithe figure, and his eyes met with a bold and friendly embrace the limpid, black-irised orbs that adoringly turned his way. He dismounted, doffed his helmet and stood before her, a beautiful Nordic god.

Ah! let me draw the curtain on the sweet days that followed as they met in a secret rendezvous. Then he went off to the hereditary Christian war his family had waged for a century with a neighboring noble family and he found out at the cost of his life that spears enter into noble bodies as well as into Jewish ones. The maid mourned, but she had a reminder of his dalliance in the shape of my great, great, great, great, great, great, great, great, great, great, great, great, great grandfather on my father's side, who was born three months after a hook-nosed, dark-eyed rabbi who

loved the sinner, despite her sin, espoused her.

Thus was the line of David as it runs in my veins crossed with a superior Nordic strain; this it is that makes me thrill when I read Shakespeare, Milton, Goethe or Ibsen; this it is that makes me love Newton, Bacon, Darwin, Kant, Virchow and Roengten. Could an unadulterated Jew worship these great ones? This it is that makes me expose at the sure cost of my life the hideous Jewish plot.

For I shall surely die, though the manner of my demise is as unknown to me as the manner of my funeral. Perhaps the dread Kehillah or the worse Elders of Zion will poison my food or gaily drop potassium cyanide in the Scotch highball I nightly quaff. I have made my will, taken out a million dollar life insurance policy, sold my N. Y., N. H. and H. R. B. stock, and foreclosed a mortgage on the Blind Orphans' Home. I shall go out in a way not to disgrace my great, 16 times great grandfather, the blue-eyed, blonde knightly ancestor. Spurred on by his gallant spirit, I am ready. Kismet! Selah!

CHAPTER III.

Converting Bacon Into Veal, and Revealing the Plot

And now for the plotters and the plot.

The plot has its origin in the minds and hearts of the Elders of Zion, as the erudite F. Livver has shown. But of course he has been unable to trace adequately this organization and he has almost no conception of its origin or leaders. He has done very well, but even his inventive genius cannot pierce the Stygian darkness of the Hebraic master minds.

The plan dates back to the dark and dire prophecy of Isaiah:

*And kings shall be thy foster fathers
And their queens thy nursing mothers
They shall bow down to thee with their
face to the earth
And lick the dust of thy feet.*

When the Jews were expelled from Jerusalem by the Romans, a group of them swore that they would make this prophecy come true, and bound

themselves by a hideous oath into an organization which since then has never ceased to operate though with varying fortunes. There grew up in the course of the centuries two departments of these Elders of Zion, as they call themselves, an Administrative group whose business it is to administer Jewish affairs the world over and to work for the acquisition of the power so dear to the Jew, with means furnished by the second or Research group. This second group delved into black magic, yellow magic, and plain everyday magic, and became masters in all departments of necromancy, cheiromancy, oneiromancy, and humancy. Late in the 16th century this group became acquainted with the great Francis Bacon and determined to capture him for Jewry. Why did they seek him out? Were they attracted by his forbidden name?

No! They saw what it has taken centuries of Baconians to decipher; that he was by far the most remarkable mind the world has ever known. They knew that not only had he discovered the inductive principle in science and written learnedly about it, but also that he was responsible for the dramatic and poetic writings published under the name of one William Shakespear or Shakespeare, an obscure actor; that further he had written Spensers' Fairy Queen, and Don Quixote de la Manche, as well as acting as head of the Masons of his time and

CHAPTER IV.

The Council Instructs Science

The Professor who had left the room after I vanquished him with the arguments of F. Liver, re-entered it, with a brusqueness that startled me out of my train of thought. He grabbed the written pages, sat down in a great chair near the fireplace and read, turning the pages very rapidly as if merely skimming what I had written, and now and then frowning or saying in an irritated way—"Pish!—Bosh—Rot!"

Naturally it angered me to see this man so opaque to the light of reason, thought I expected him to disagree since he is very arrogant. Before I could speak he broke out—

"Well, then! What a bother people make over nothing. How absurdly exaggerated the facts of race become and how men forget their unity under God! You would think that Shakespeare was all wrong—some seem to believe that if you pricked a Jew he would bleed a dark, black poison and others that there would issue a fluid sparkling with some light found neither on sea nor land—

“That’s it! The anti-Semite calls the Jew Sub-human in his feelings and sympathies, but thinks that he is Superhuman in his capacity for evil, and the Jew himself thinks he is one of a Chosen People, somehow nearer to God and the best things in the universe, and finds it a bit hard to believe that the anti-Semite is of the human race—God knows he has reason to doubt it. Whereas the truth about the Jew is that he is a very active, very purposive sort of human, yes, too much given over to his purposes—rendered grotesque by his history, just as every other race has its own deformities of soul and spirit, and, like all the oppressed, crude and too radical in his methods . . . We are either too willing to please our fellows whether in America or Germany, or else we drift from them into the narrow but safe harbor of race feeling—”

At this juncture in his monologue I rose, my dignity as a writer wounded by his neglect of my writing.

“Since,” I said, with biting sarcasm, “your natural sense of the fitness of things has not led you to realize that I am preparing what is to be the most important document in the history of man, and that I desire privacy and freedom from impertinent obtrusion, it becomes necessary for me to ask you to leave this room. Go, and close the door carefully since it is cold outside—Go!”

I repeated, pointing with a lofty gesture at the door:

He looked at me with mouth open, grinned, and tapped his head in a significant and highly obnoxious manner. Then he shrugged his shoulders and sat down again in the big chair, humming a famous aria from Lucia.

After all, what did it matter whether he came or went so long as he said nothing? I resumed my writing—

Those who think of the famous Paul Ehrlich, lately dead, merely as a great medical scientist intent upon solving the problems of blood chemistry, disease immunity, and the treatment of syphilis are wrong, pathetically wrong. Ah, how one's mind pictures him, amongst his retorts and his beakers, peering with the vision of the seer into the microscope, or else working amongst his experimental animals with the idea constantly in his brilliant mind that he was consecrated to his great profession of medicine. Indeed, at his death he was universally acclaimed as its High Priest, with no rival. The worst of the Jewish conspiracy is that it blinds all except the elect few, such as F. Livver and myself, to the Jew's real nature.

When Paul Ehrlich was not yet twenty he was awakened one night from a deep sleep in his bed in Frankfort, Germany. He sat up and saw before him a figure dressed in a shimmering

white robe, ornamented with the star of David. The figure leapt thrice in the air, each time holding up a different article of Paul's clothing, first his trousers, then his shoes, and lastly his necktie. In a flash Paul recognized this as the traditional and holy summons of the dreaded and yet revered Council and hastened to dress himself. This accomplished he was blindfolded and whisked away with the speed of lightning. When the bandage was removed from his eyes he found himself in the Council chamber, facing a row of inscrutable masked faces. There was something oriental about the room that excited even the budding scientist—subtle perfumes, a flute playing a queer syncopated melody and a Nautch girl with face veiled, otherwise unadorned, drifted in and out of the room with langorous beckoning movements.

"Saul," said he, who apparently was the chief (disdaining to use the Christian name of Paul, and I add here, as part of the Jewish plot, that each Jew has a secret name), "mark well our words. We have looked around the laboratories in all our universities; (for of course you know that we Jews control Leipzig, Heidelberg, Berlin, Oxford, Edinburgh, Cambridge, Harvard, Yale, Johns Hopkins and in fact most of the halls of learning in the Gentile world), and find in you the instrument of our plans. A list of your researches will be given you by the secretary.

You will discover the neutrophilic, acidophilic, and basophilic properties of blood, and you will uncover the great laws of immunity, thus making it possible to conquer disease. **We note especially, and with grave concern, the ravages of syphilis amongst our Gentile slaves, our Nordic helots, and we feel that each of these infected is a dead loss to us, since it makes one less Boob to exploit.** Then discover 606, the great Salvarsan, and thus save our domains for us. Go—you have heard, you know the perils of disobedience, you will taste the great joys of our pleasure—Go, not where the dancer is, Saul, but the first door to the left—Go, and the blessing of Israel with you!"

And Paul Ehrlich backing out of the room confusedly found his way home. He then began a career of feverish activity the results of which have made his name, not the record of a man, but the symbol of a great epoch. Following out the plan of his dread collaborators he gave to the medical world in short communications, like the messages of a general to his army, the results of his work, each communication being the signal for a thousand research men in laboratories all over the world to follow on. Yes, and I know many an ardently anti-Semitic doctor who makes the most of his living administering the remedy which Ehrlich gave to the world, just as there are countless fine Nordics,

Slavs, Celts, and Latins who owe their life and their health to this instrument of the Council. Thus Ehrlich fulfilled his allotted task, and his name ranks with Hippocrates, Galen, Harvey, Lister, and Pasteur as one of the bulwarks of medicine.

But do we (and thus I include myself with the non-Jewish world) owe anything to this man, or to Cohnheim, Henle, Weigert, Neisser, Barany, Freud, Politzer, Meltzer, Flexner, Loeb and the countless Jews whose names and deeds are part of the warp and the woof of the tradition and achievements of medicine? No, a thousand times, No! The good of man was not in their hearts, they worked for the secret organization that directs all Jewry under the leadership of Francis Kalbfleisch, and their work was to blind the rest into security and lure them to good fellowship. Besides, had what they accomplished been really great, would not a Nordic or a Latin or a Celt have done it, and since a Jew did it was it really worth doing? This question is a bit too dark and deep for me and I turn it over to the penetrating logic of my colleague.

* * * *

I had not noticed, in the frenzy of my inspiration, that the occupant of the great chair had slyly slipped behind me and was reading every word I wrote.

"Nonsense!" he boomed. "We Americans have done very well in medicine, considering that we are just beginning to establish a tradition of research in our schools. We have our great men, our Reed who gave his life to discover the cause of yellow fever, Fitz and his work in appendicitis, Cushing and brain surgery, Loeb, great physiologist—but no one, not even the most patriotic of Americans can compare, any or all of them, to Ehrlich. As for a Council and your mad Baconism—"

This was more than I could stand. I rose, grappled with him and ejected him through a window. Down, down he went, turning somersaults but landing finally on his feet, like a cat or a Jew—I watched him hobble painfully toward my doorway.

CHAPTER V.

The Plot Thickens . . . in a Musical Way

It was a bit shocking to me to see the Professor go spinning through the air and I was not disappointed when he landed on his feet. The fact that we were classmates softened down the just anger I felt against him for his unreasonable stubbornness.

The case of Paul Ehrlich is a type of Council activity and the case of Mischa Elman is cited as another type, even more insidious. After all, the people who know of the great scientist are few, though the number he saved is many. But Elman is a great musician, and his name flaunted in newspapers and on billboards reaches the eyes and the minds of hundreds of thousands.

You who have stood in line ready to pay out the money not taken from you by Jews to hear Elman, another Jew, play on his divine fiddle have felt "Ah, here is the soul of harmony incarnate in a man! Here is one whose genius has the power to interpret to me the very soul of the universe, which is harmony, and which my soul

yearns and burns to know. Oh, divine player and divine instrument, how good it is that you are dedicated to this, my deepest need!"

Pish, posh! Drunk again. To the cuckoo-cloister for you! When the musician, whose real name is Moses Raphael Mann, was ten minutes old he was ravished from his mother by the doctor, an emissary of the Council. It was decreed that Mischa (which is readily derived from Maischa, the Hebrew for Moses) should become a world violinist, for it took but a glance on the part of the G. O. O. M. E. to see that in the infant was great latent ability. In the plan of the Council music plays a great part, since it is realized that some of the "Gentile minions" who cannot be reached by other means can be kept in hypnotic submission by music. All programmes of the world violinist are so arranged that each successive number plunges the non-Jewish auditor deeper and deeper into a paradise of lost will and satisfied reverie. In order to make sure of this there are always present a considerable number of Jews who are cabalistically immunized against this effect of the player's efforts, and aid and abet him by hypnotic whispers and sly looks.

It may interest the reader to know that all Mischa gets out of the enormous proceeds of his concerts and his phonographic royalties is just enough to live on in a style befitting his place as

a master violinist. Indeed, this is true of all Jews above the level of mediocrity. As the price of their achievement they are compelled to turn over to the Council for its use all above what is decreed as a proper standard of living for them. This is as true of the great financiers, Rothschilds, Schiff, Kuhn, Loeb, Warburg, Guggenheim and Speyer as it is of the musicians or scientists. Of course in the case of the last mentioned the Council often has to subsidize them for years. In its wisdom it does not hesitate to do so.

Since I mentioned the kidnapping of Elman as a baby I am impelled to lay bare what is perhaps the most hideous of all the plots of Israel. I advise the weak nerved, those with cardiac disease and the victims of high blood pressure NOT to read the next paragraph. I hereby solemnly disclaim all responsibility for their sudden demise or their transformation into horror stricken lunatics if they persist in reading this:

The Council kidnaps new born Gentile infants in whose lineage and lineaments its unerring vision sees genius and substitutes for them the worst of the Hebrew infant crop, changing over the Gentile children so that they look like Jews and vice versa. This accounts for the phenomenon so often observed that the Gentile men of genius are

rarely succeeded by sons with genius, and indeed are followed by semi-imbeciles. No one knows exactly in which cases this has happened but it is almost certain in the case of Moses, Spinoza , Mendelsohn, Rubenstein, Bergson and other celebrities, and there are some vehement Germans who claim that even Christ is the son of a German mother. Of course the motive for this is to steal power, since the Jewish leaders are quite Nietzschean in their belief that the leader is the only really worth while human being.

To return to music. It is no accident that the programmes of the concert halls are so crowded with Jewish names, and that the "high visibility" of the Jewish face is so notorious in the orchestra as well as in the solo ranks. Not all or even many of these musicians know how they are manipulated, but at every step they take in life doors are opened and closed and so they are led to their life work. The Council well knows that "music hath charms to soothe the Gentile breast," and has with diabolical cunning and superhuman energy turned loose trained men and women to lull the world into ecstatic trustfulness while its other agents pick the world's pockets.

CHAPTER VI.

The Plot Develops a Knockout Punch

"Thank Heaven," I exclaimed as I finished the last chapter, "the pest has gone away for good."

At that moment the door was banged as if the police were trying to break it down.

"Hold on," I cried, "who is there."

"Let me in," I heard my man's voice, somewhat feebler than usual but with a note in it that was of fierce command.

Fearful lest he make a vulgar scene, I opened the door. The Professor staggered in and flopped into the big chair. For a moment or two he busied himself cutting off his shoes with a pen knife. It disgusted me to see that his feet were quite bloody. I brought him some warm water in order that he might make them more presentable, and he washed his feet for a few moments and then dried them with a towel.

He looked up with a malicious grin—"So you have turned anti-Semite, have you, and you seek

to kill your best friend in order to qualify as a first-class renegade?"

I did not reply but fingered a paper weight nervously.

"Ah," said he, "would that the world were here to hear me say—I am a good American because I am a Jew. For Jews have much to praise and thank this country for—where full religious and civil liberty has never been denied them, with only voluntary Ghettos as its tradition. The American spirit at its highest and best is built on the ideal of "Fair Play." To this country life is a game to be played according to the rules, and victory and defeat are to be accepted like a sport. After all, we Jews must judge a nation by its highest . . . If we did not, we should hold ourselves in light esteem. For though our prophets and seers preached righteousness and upright dealing 3,000 years ago and passed along a torch that each generation has found some prophet to hold, yet have many of our people followed after Mammon with the zeal of a religion. We must not deny our faults nor must we rest content in saying to the traducer "You are another."

He splashed his feet in the water and seemed absorbed in bitter thoughts.

"God," he cried, "they speak of what the Jew does to America; I might retort 'what has America done to the Jews?' Yes, I know what

I said a moment ago—we have the greatest of boons, liberty. Is that too heady a drink for us—that we wear rich furs, and jazz, and lose the love for scholarship and learning that is our birthright? I look on the faces of a new generation of Jewish-Americans—I miss something that gave to the uncouth elder generation a spiritual value—”

I was tired of his railing. “O, keep quiet,” I muttered as if he were too insignificant to waste effort on, “if you want to stay here let me hear no more of your folly!”

He closed his eyes, and seemed as if asleep, though now and then he sighed heavily. I went on with my disclosure.

The plot has been wonderfully organized. What would seem trivial and of no consequence has received the attention of the Concil’s collective wisdom. Who would think that prize fighting and prize fighters would receive any attention from a lot of gray headed men intent on the conquest of the world? Who would believe that here, too, they would see to it that Jewish supremacy was necessary in order to win approval of that great mass of the people to whom sport is the predominant life interest?

Yet watch your neighbor in the train or the street car and see to which page of the newspaper he turns first and where he lingers longest, and see if I am not right when I say that

in the majority of cases it is the sport page? And of the sporting activities which is it that is non-seasonal and highly dramatic, appealing to the most primitive and therefore most intense interest? The prize fighter is the person most in the popular mind and his qualities offer an endless source of debate to the man in the street.

Note then that the Jewish fighters are represented out of all proportion to their numerical ratio, and that either as champions or contenders in all weights, except the heaviest, they play a great role. Note also that this has occurred only lately in America, is a matter of the last twenty years and becomes more marked with each year.

Take the case of one Benny Leonard, for example, not unknown to fame as the lightweight champion of the world. Bennie plays with his opponents until he gets ready to sock them on the jaw, then his right hand shoots out as if it were a projectile from a Big Bertha and the unfortunate opponent hears the birdies twittering while the referee's hand chops off the fatal ten seconds. "A bad man, that boy," I hear you say. Ah, my poor misled friend, when will you ever learn that nothing is as it seems with the

Jews? In the first place there is a little doubt as to Bennie's nationality, and I have heard rumors that he is an Irish changeling. In the second place all the referees and umpires have been bribed to help him along, though of course it IS difficult to get an Irish man as the third man in the ring who will favor a Jewish pug. In the third place the Council had a brilliant electrician make for this fighter an appliance worn in his belt which serves two purposes; it sets up a repulsing current through which the opponent finds it hard to drive his glove and then it connects with Bennie's glove in such a way as to irradiate power into the glove and thus when Bennie cares to land on his adversary's jaw it is "good night" for the latter.

"Simple, it is not? I suppose it sounds like a fairy tale where the Prince wears enchanted armor and carries an enchanted sword. Indeed, the Council justifies the use of these remarkable aids on the ground that the Jew is at war with the world and therefore entitled to the weapons of war.

Not all the Jewish pugs have such aids, for the Council knows that suspicious would ruin its plans. So only in great battles, or for a championship title is this belt passed from one man to the other. Once in a while the appliance fails to work as when Battling Levinski was defeated by Georges Carpentier. Had it worked

the battle between them would have gone ten rounds and at the last minute the Battler would have placed his knockout glove right on the Frenchman's jaw and the great Dempsey-Carpentier mill would never have occurred.

Some will scoff at this revelation, but not the ringside follower. He will remember the tired worried look on some Gentile boxer's face as he tried to land on Leonard and the way the blows were deflected. And he will remember that the knockout which Bennie lands travels apparently without any effort on his part. Particularly do I call the sport writers' attention to this matter, and ask their aid in bringing the conspiracy to an end.

All this is of relative unimportance as compared to the plan which I shall drag to the light in the next chapter. What I am now about to disclose is the Jew at his deadliest, show his subtle Oriental mind pursuing a devious path to a fiendish end, and all with the guileless mask of science. I allude, of course, to the great Freudian conspiracy.

CHAPTER VII.

Again the Plot Thickens— No, Sickens

Though everyone has heard of Freud, the average man and woman knows little about him and cares less, except if they happen to be poseurs in culture to whom it is necessary to pretend to much knowledge. This is my excuse for going into some detail both as regards Freudianism and Freud.

The Council recognizes the power of ideas, of theory in shaping the fate of the world. Morality, in the sense we nowadays understand it, rests on a few simple ideas, that the sex life must be restricted, that it is wrong to murder and steal, that the forbidden conduct is bad and the allowed is good, that what we suppress in ourselves OUGHT to be suppressed for the good of ourselves and everybody else. The Council has long since felt that the Ten Commandments of Moses were a great mistake and have hurt the racial urge for power beyond calculation. In every Council meeting-place the picture of Moses is always turned to the wall and the ten

commandments are always turned upside down. Recognizing the hold the ten commandments were getting on the Gentile world, how rare stealing, murder and adultery had become at about the close of the 19th century in all Christian countries, the organization began to look around for some means of counteracting the Mosaic influence. No one knows just what went on in their secret conclaves but it requires no great intelligence to understand how they reasoned—

“If a Jew like Moses,” we can hear the G. O. O. M. E. saying, “could lay down great laws by which the world is governing itself to our detriment, why may not some other Jew lay down a code to hoodwink the Gentiles by which we may benefit?”

Could anything be more simple, and yet thus was born the complex idea of Freud. It was just at that time that the great young Austrian-Jewish neurologist was beginning to study the subconsciousness, and the Council had been watching him with great interest. Freud, himself, a nice young family man with a lively curiosity about other people's thoughts and feelings, but withal a conventional sort of fellow would never have elaborated the psychological structure he did, nor would the result have received any but a scientific publicity had it not been for the Council. So though we call the psychological system Freudianism we must re-

member that it is largely the creation of the Council and especially of that marvellous individual Francis Bacon, now the Jew, Francis Kalbfleisch.

Freud's theory breaks down the Mosaic commandments by showing that unless we do lie, steal, cheat and break the seventh commandment, we shall have all kinds of trouble with the subconsciousness, and that's worse than having trouble with the police. This subconsciousness is an awful trouble maker—it just thumbs its nose at the conscious self and if that prim and proper part of us pushes it down, represses it, it does all the more mischief because it seems to be quiet. Family life especially seems to be bad for the subconsciousness and Freud (you know I really mean Kalbfleisch) has proved beyond any doubt that boy children are jealous of and hate their fathers, girl children are jealous of and hate their mothers, and if they should happen to love them, so much the worse! Once you get the real Freudian flavor of life you are in what might be called an anti-domestic frame of mind and become distinctly in favor of community housekeeping **without** parents.

When the organization completed this scheme, into which I cannot go in more detail at this point, it started giving it publicity. Freud soon became a fad and all school teachers, social workers and maiden ladies of whatever de-

gree of culture avidly accepted it. Greenwich Village discussed complexes, repressions, phallic symbols, and all the more crude paraphernalia of sex over its delicatessen and cigarettes. The nervous and hysteric were pumped of their dreams and psychoanalysis became the favorite way for the bored and blase' to renew their sensations. In the popular magazines gifted writers proved that neurologist XYZ could cure you of tic, bunions, and enteroptosis, as well as of the habit of beating your wife, by learning about the way you sucked your thumb when you were six months old.

Thus there has grown up two great groups, Freudians and anti-Freudians, the one swearing by the great Austrian Jew and the other swearing at him. This is just what the Council wants and I here disclose what is really its plan—

The Council is subsidizing both the Freudians and the anti-Freudians in the hope and belief that the next great war will be between these two groups. It makes me smile when I hear people discuss the Japanese peril or the Anglo-French situation, or the trouble between Turkey and Greece. It makes me laugh until I have trouble with my vest buttons when I read about disarmament congresses and League of Nation meetings, etc. Humbug, my dear friends, all humbug! The next great conflict will take place as a gigantic civil war in every country of the

world. Anti-Freudians will meet Freudians on the field of battle, and Gentile civilization will give one loud squawk and disappear. The antis will carry great banners on which will be inscribed "Damn the subconsciousness if there is one," while the Freudians will carry as symbols—well, I don't dare to tell you what. I fear the police would then not permit the publication of this stupendous document. The carnage will be dreadful, and if the Freudians ever release their subconsciousness, as they threaten to do, the horrors of poison gas will seem like a pleasant June afternoon's stroll in the garden. It is said that one of Freud's younger followres has devised a means of instantly expanding the subconscious fighting instincts so that the one so treated will have the courage of a tiger and be entirely invulnerable to anything that ordinarily would destroy him. Meanwhile the anti-Freudians are developing sharp instruments invented by one S. A. Tire which it is believed will counteract the subconsciousness.

I solemnly warn the world of this impending disaster. Nothing that is yet known of the Council's plans equals in diabolical ingenuity this Freudian attack. My advice is to lay down an ultimatum to Freud; that on peril of death he announce his real views. As I said before he is really a very decent sort of a fellow, married, conservative, likes his naughty story as do the

rest of the men, but is a firm believer in the good old fashioned code of "Believe what you please but do as you have to." If he could be made to express his own honest opinion a prop would be knocked from under the platform of the Council, and Freudianism with its threat to the world's quiet peace would be ditched.

CHAPTER VIII.

Showing How a Cracked Heat Lets in the Light

It has, I think, been conclusively shown you how widely ramifying the Jewish plot is. In science, music, athletics, moral philosophy and psychology the Jew produces leaders whose apparent independence is a mere mask for the sinister scheming of a group which seeks to capture the world and make it into a Jewish state, with Jews in control and exploiting the labors and riches of the non-Jews. The world has F. Liver to thank for the courage and financial backing which has made apparent the plot, and it will have me to thank for carrying on his work in a way impossible to anybody who is not a Jew himself. Had I not discovered my Nordic ancestor it is doubtful whether I should have been stirred to save the world but when that knowledge came to me it pulsed in my veins like a stream of beneficent virtue, it aligned me with mankind, it shook off the shackles of my narrow racial allegiance and brought me into community with the greater races.

How did I discover my great, 16 times great grandfather and the plot, I hear you ask. It is curious how interesting personal details are to the vast majority of people. The reader wants to know all about a great man, what cigars he smokes, his favorite kind of entertainment, the color of his ties, and whether he likes 'em brunette or blonde. So great a contribution to the world's welfare as that which I have made, naturally arouses interest in me which I shall, ahem, ahem, sidetrack except to admit that I am very handsome in a Hebraic way, of elegant taste in clothes, of refined manners and quite irresistible to the ladies of culture. I have arranged matters so that after my death my portrait will be hung in the Capitol at Washington.

One evening I visited some Jewish friends, in fact the Professor and his family. We dined and then we talked until midnight of art, philosophy and religion. As I remember it we were in fine accord on the points of view we held, and there was a symphony of good feeling and intellectual comradeship. We parted, when I left, with hearty best wishes for each other's welfare and through our minds coursed the unifying ardor of our faith in Israel.

I had walked but a short distance when out of a dark doorway stepped two men, with handkerchiefs covering the lower part of their faces. In my college days I had been one of the very

best boxers in my class, and at 40 I had still much of the skill and quickness of youth. I leaped like a flash on one of them and struck him to the ground, then grappled with the second. As we cursed and panted in each other's arms something thumped, dull, crashing, on my head and the world faded away from my senses.

When I came to, a little group was gathered around me, and water was trickling down my face. My head ached but there seemed to me to be a glorious feeling of power in my glance. I could read men's minds, I could see into their souls, and the truth could not be hidden from me. I rose to my feet, and demurred against the attention and solicitude the strangers insisted on giving me. They escorted me home and though I thanked them cordially the feeling grew on me that the blow had released power and originality in my brain. I knew now that if I cared to I might become anything I chose; great financier, scientist, statesman, scholar, athlete or anything else that human ambition aspires to. Though my memory was a bit poor yet life itself became crystal clear beyond the power of words to describe.

As I looked at my self in the glass I suddenly became aware of the fact that there was a glint of blue in my eyes and that the straight lines of my face were strangely Nordic as well as Semitic. I reflected on my height which is de-

cidedly above the average Jewish stature and I remembered also my partiality for pretty Gentile girls—

Then I idly picked up a book of old German legends and the first thing my eye fell on was the story of a Nordic knight and a Jewish maid in Bavaria in the 14th Century. In a flash the truth came to me—clear, convincing and incontrovertible. There was my kinship to the dominant race established and there burned in my bosom a desire to be of service to its people.

So in the dead of night I stole into the Professor's house and delved in his secret papers. One of them was a treatise on the refraction of X-rays as they pass through the cartilaginous structure of the fetus. As I read it my all penetrating eye saw that if one selected the first and fourth word of every alternate line on every fifth page that a connected story was told of the origin and the doings of the Council. Amazed, shocked and yet afire with the knowledge that my great opportunity was at hand I took the manuscript home, and worked out the details of the plot.

What has been said of Ehrlich, Elman, Leonard and Freud is true of the stream of Jewish talent and genius that is devastating the Gentile world. The most remarkable thing is the part half-Jews play in the game, the way they are made to do the work of the Council. I could

write volumes on the influence of Herschel, the astronomer, Heine the flaming poet and wit, Karl Marx the Socialist leader and Madame Curie, the illustrious scientist, and how they have been subsidized and directed by the Council. Even their misfortunes have been capitalized and he who weeps at the tragic end of Heine, for example, little realizes that the latter was deliberately fed with a slow poison by the Council when his active creative usefulness was over.

Yes, I saw all things clearly after that blow on the occipital region of my skull and now I query this:

On what portion of his head was F. Livver hit to be of such penetrating vision? Surely the blow must have hit his whole head!

CHAPTER IX.

Annihilating the Professorial Jew

During the time when I was writing the last part of this my erstwhile friend was restless. Now and then he stood up, walked around the room, and sat down. Sometimes he muttered fiercely, at others he groaned as if in pain. With true Hebraic excitability his eyes were flashing and he ran his hands through his thick hair until it looked like a black lion's mane. Then he strode over to my desk and banged his fist on my table with such force that the papers jumped to the floor.

I arose in indignation. "Silence," I cried, seeing that he was about to speak.

"Silence yourself," he shouted. "Who are you to cry silence at me?"

He glared at me for a moment, and then softened.

"The crucifixion of man has come through his own ideas. He creates nationality and then slaughters his young men by the millions for it; he grovels at the feet of idols he has built out of wood and stones and is haunted by the fear

that he offends them; he builds dwelling places for his nature that shut him out of Paradise."

I laughed at him. "Some races," I said, knowing what was on his mind, "are better than others. The inferiors must not be allowed to acquire the earth."

He sneered at me. "I remember a man who got up at a scientific meeting and pointed out the danger that our America is in from the South European peoples. He said that the original American stock, the race of Lincoln and Washington is passing away, and the high places will soon go to the others, the scum of the world. Before he had finished I was standing at his side waiting for the floor. I reminded the gentlemen that the original Americans were the Indians and that the others, Anglo-Saxons and all, were immigrants. South European races, I cried, who can sneer at them. It was from South Europe that we got the first free human thought, in the Grecian philosophy and from the same cradle of culture came art and literature we have not excelled, if we have equalled. South Europe, the source of our law in the Roman jurisprudence and later the origin of the revival of learning, the home of Galileo and Michael Angelo, of Dante, and Petrarch. And from the shores of the Mediterranean have come the dominant religions of our country, and the first protest that man deals with a just universe.—

Poor benighted fool, drunk with the pride of race, does he not know that where the purest Anglo-Saxon, Nordic stocks dwell, in the hills of Kentucky and Tennessee, in the sequestered poor white groups of the South, is the lowest cultural and moral level of our country? . . . Great as is the race of the Pilgrims and Puritans other stocks are also prolific of high ideals and lofty courage."

"Are you one of the plotters too," I asked the Professor as he paused, and a horrid suspicion took possession of me.

He looked at me in bewilderment and then tapped his head again in that odiously insinuating way.

"We talk too much of races and not enough of individuals. Who can indict a people, and who does not know that all men seek power and all men seek fellowship? Ah, we Jews seek power too much, you say, but you mean we seek it too successfully. And yet do we succeed? No! Our misfortunes come from our merits. Were we only a race of garment makers or a race of hewers of wood and carriers of water there would be no Jewish problem."

He almost foamed at the mouth as he said this. I fixed my penetrating glance on him, seeking to know the real heart of a man I once believed I knew as myself.

"Does not America preach in its every word,

Succeed, get rich, rise from poverty? Is not the typical American story the tale of the poor boy who became a millionaire? Yet this Americanism is not for the Jew, it is insolence if he gets rich and voices mutter 'the damn Jew' if his wife is foolish enough to wear too many furs and diamonds.

"Does not America worship athletics and have we not been told that we were an ill balanced people of good enough minds indeed but of very poor physique? Well, in a decade we have produced champion women swimmers, champion pugilists, captains of great football teams, and runners up in every sport, and shown that pound for pound no race is better, and yet the same lie still goes unnailed.

"Are we not a money mad people—they who accuse us forgetting that all Europe so speaks of them, disregarding the magnificent idealism of America. Well, we the Jews have our share of the money mad but also let me say that the laboratories are full of Jewish research workers, working God knows for love of learning. Go to any university and of those who are seeking the poverty-destined paths of philosophy there will be an undue proportion of the gold-loving Jew."

"Bah," I said, "the Council subsidizes them."

He almost shrieked, "Council subsidizes them? What council? What subsidy? Heaven knows I would have taken a subsidy from the

devil himself when I starved my way to my doctor's degree! Who subsidizes my poor friend Isaacs, honor man in mathematics in my class, who eats three meals a day only on the days he spends with friends, and whose overcoat is a subsidy from the ash barrel?"

He stopped, and I watched him, anxious to make up my mind. Somehow my clarity of vision was troubled by a mental cataract. Was it the ghost of old friendship? Bah, in the name of Truth I would cast it out!

"Race, race race!" he said very gently now. "We Jews would disappear in the ocean of humanity like snow melts into a river were there not race prejudice. Is race worth the ocean of blood and the abyss of misery it has cost? Does a hooked nose look worse to the Planner of all things than a snub one, and is a short head less desirable than a long one? To create beauty, to conquer nature and to govern ourselves are not the specialties of any race. Oh fellowship, fellowship, would that God would give me the tongue of Demosthenes that I might preach it in the highways and by-ways! Why all the races are aspects of God himself and fellowship is His divine will uniting them."

Ah, I saw it all clearly. This was a new trick of the Council. Either the man was a consummate actor or he had been tricked into the belief that he had a mission. So, there was a new dan-

ger. Fellowship, indeed, for the Jew! It was more than a man with even a drop of noble blood could stand. I raised a brass bound Bible and struck him, once, twice, thrice, over the head.

As he lay on the floor he turned and saw the weapon I had used. "Ah!" he said, "that is the fate of the Jew, to be struck down by his own best creations."

He put his head on the floor, muttered a few Hebrew words to the effect that there was one God and Israel was the immemorial witness, sighed and died.

I frowned, took the body to the dumb waiter and lowered it to the cellar. Then I sprinkled a little sawdust on the floor, picked up my writing and went on.

CHAPTER X.

An Endless Finish

As I think of it, he was right. The Council forgets one thing in its plans and that is human nature. The little Polish member was right when he muttered "poor psychology." The plan of producing so many remarkable men and women neglected one thing, that when man smiles in admiration he shows his teeth and these are always ready to bite; that superiority is only welcome where we love and even then is mixed with some jealousy. When it is the attribute of the alien or those unlike ourselves we may use it for our own purposes but we never forgive it. Yes, if the Jews were content to remain hewers of wood and carriers of water there would be no Jewish problem. He was right and the Council is wrong. It is the Rothschilds, the Ehrlichs, Elmans, Leonards, and Freuds who stand in the road of brotherhood and block it. It is the Jewish fate to build his own prison by his achievements.

"We are killed by our own best creations." Yes, for centuries harried and persecuted in the name of their own Christ and to the text of their

own Bible. Well, I don't know what to do about it. My crystal vision discloses no ways or means to upset the plot. You can't convert the Jews at a reasonable figure. By the estimate of the British Society for the Conversion of Jews it takes \$50,000 to convert one stiff necked Hebrew and as there are 14,000,000 of them in the world it would cost about \$70,000,000,000,000 to do the job, and then there's no knowing whether chicken will remain fish just because you sprinkle it with holy water. And to exile them as in the Czar's plan would be of no avail for they would come back. Coming back is the Jewish speciality.

Pharoh's plan is a little old fashioned. It is disagreeable to contemplate killing ALL the Jews, and if you despatched only the men the women would find a way of breeding, parthenogenetically, without help, a new race producing a full course of prodigies from soup to nuts, from prie-fighters to philosophers.

I wonder if I was too hasty with the Professor. Centuries of persecution have failed, and the Jewish plot thrives on restrictions and pogroms. Can it be that there is only one way to defeat the Council—to let the Jew alone, and to admit him into the fellowship of the races? The idea seems preposterous, and yet, and yet . . . there may be no other way left.

I must consult Mr. F. Livver.

The following letters are some of those received by Mr. Alexander Brin, editor and publisher of The Jewish Advocate, Boston

Dear Mr. Brin,

I greatly deplore the widespread attack upon the Jews as initiators and promoters of a world-wide conspiracy against civilization.

The Jews, like other people, are sometimes good and sometimes bad. Some of the Jews I have known I greatly esteem and admire as possessing the finest human qualities. Others, chiefly I think those who have fallen away from the faith of their fathers, are known to be bitter enemies of human society. It is the height of injustice to class all Jews as belonging to the same category.

Very truly yours,

DAVID J. HILL

New Haven, Conn.

Mr. Dear Sir,

This country is too broad and liberal to give countenance to any such propaganda of anti-Semitism as is contained in Mr. Ford's view, and I venture to think that too much notice of such a narrow and contracted manifestation of small race prejudice gives it too much dignity. Nothing will come of it, and it will die of its own weakness and injustice.

Sincerely yours,

WM. H. TAFT

Fort Sheridan, Illinois

Dear Mr. Brin,

I know of no justification for the statement that the Jews have proven their disloyalty to the United States.

I had many men of the Jewish Faith under my command at Camp Funston. They were good soldiers and performed their duty creditably. The Americans of Jewish faith gave their full proportion of soldiers for the war. Many gave their lives in their country's service. More than this no man can do.

In this country of ours all stand equal before the law—rich and poor, newcomer and native-born, Protestant and Catholic, Jew and Gentile. There should be no discrimination against any citizen because of his religious belief. On the other hand, all who are citizens of this country must be known not as Jews, Protestants or Catholics first, but as Americans first.

Good citizenship does not depend upon any particular form of religious belief, although every citizen should be a member of some church and have a fixed religious belief, but it does depend upon absolute undivided loyalty to the United States.

We have no room in this country for the man who in citizenship is anything but an American. I feel very strongly that all our new citizens must emphasize the fact that they have foresworn all national allegiance except to America. Those who have not done so are not the people we want; there can be no divided allegiance.

Any propaganda which is circulated with the object of inciting racial or religious hostility is un-American and contrary to the best interests of our country.

Very truly yours,

LEONARD WOOD

Washington, D. C.

My Dear Mr. Brin,

I have heard some discussion of these articles, but frankly my hatred for any attempt to incite inter-racial hostility has prevented my reading them. To me there is nothing more un-American or dangerous to democratic institutions than racial animosity. How any man or number of men could hate and despise a whole race of people is beyond my comprehension. The Jewish race need have no fear of America seriously entertaining any sympathy with an anti-Semitic movement. The contribution to culture, education and industrial progress of the human race by the Jewish people in every part of the world where they have been given an opportunity to enjoy the blessings of free institutions have been exceedingly great and all sound thinking men know and appreciate it.

You may count upon my unswerving support of any movement inaugurated to stamp out of American life any attempt to lessen or restrict the influence of our loyal and patriotic Jewish citizens. There is no place in America for intolerance.

Very truly yours,

DAVID I. WALSH

United States Senate,

Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. Brin,

I have no sympathy whatever with any movement based on racial prejudice of any sort. There is nothing more unprofitable than impersonal hatred directed toward no one in particular but toward an imaginary group which in our ignorance and intolerance we try to personify. Every man should be rated on his own merits and not on incidents of race or of caste.

It has been my good fortune never to have seen the so-called "Protocols" which good authority tells me are forgeries.

Certainly the Jews are not a "menace to civilization." We have good authority for believing in the grandeur of soul of "Jesus the Jew" and in His message of the sanctity of human life and the brotherhood of man, the "first great democrat." Among the Jews today as in all other races, there are good men and bad, and some of the bad are no doubt a menace to their neighbors. It takes a great opportunity to become a "menace to civilization."

The Jews as a whole have been in the great war and in other wars, thoroughly loyal to the nation of which they are citizens.

I have no evidence that there is among the Jews or anywhere else, a "conspiracy to become masters of the world." There is no doubt that certain Jews have been both in the past and at present, men of great wealth and influence. It is even true that "the world of high finance is a Jewish world." But in so far as this is a fact it is due not to any racial "conspiracy," but rather to the clear vision characteristic of the Jews. It is a racial trait among them to see things as they are, without obsessions of optimism, pessimism or prejudice.

Very truly yours,

DAVID STARR JORDAN
Stanford University P. O.
California

Dear Mr. Brin,

The attacks upon the Jews in the "Dearborn Independent" fill me with shame and indignation. Such utterances are stupid, cowardly and false.

One has only to glance at these slanders to see that they are the work of ignorant persons who set themselves the ignoble task of keeping alive in men's minds hostilities and prejudices which originated in times far removed from

the present. With inconceivable temerity these anonymous assailants of a whole race ask that the rest of the world accept their verdict without weighing the evidence. Obviously they have not taken the trouble to investigate the sources of the "protocols" upon which they base their allegations. It has not occurred to them that racial hatred is repugnant to the best brains and hearts of today. They have surrendered unconditionally to the retrogressive forces of human nature. Fortunately, the minds of most people are not so perverted.

A considerable number of Gentiles recognize the immense service the Jewish race has rendered to mankind, and some of us warmly acknowledge our discipleship to Hebrew thinkers ancient and modern. Who among us dares forget how much we owe to the Jews? Have they not enriched every field of human knowledge? How impoverished we should be without the literature, the science, the music, the philosophy and the aesthetics they have contributed to the common treasury of mankind!

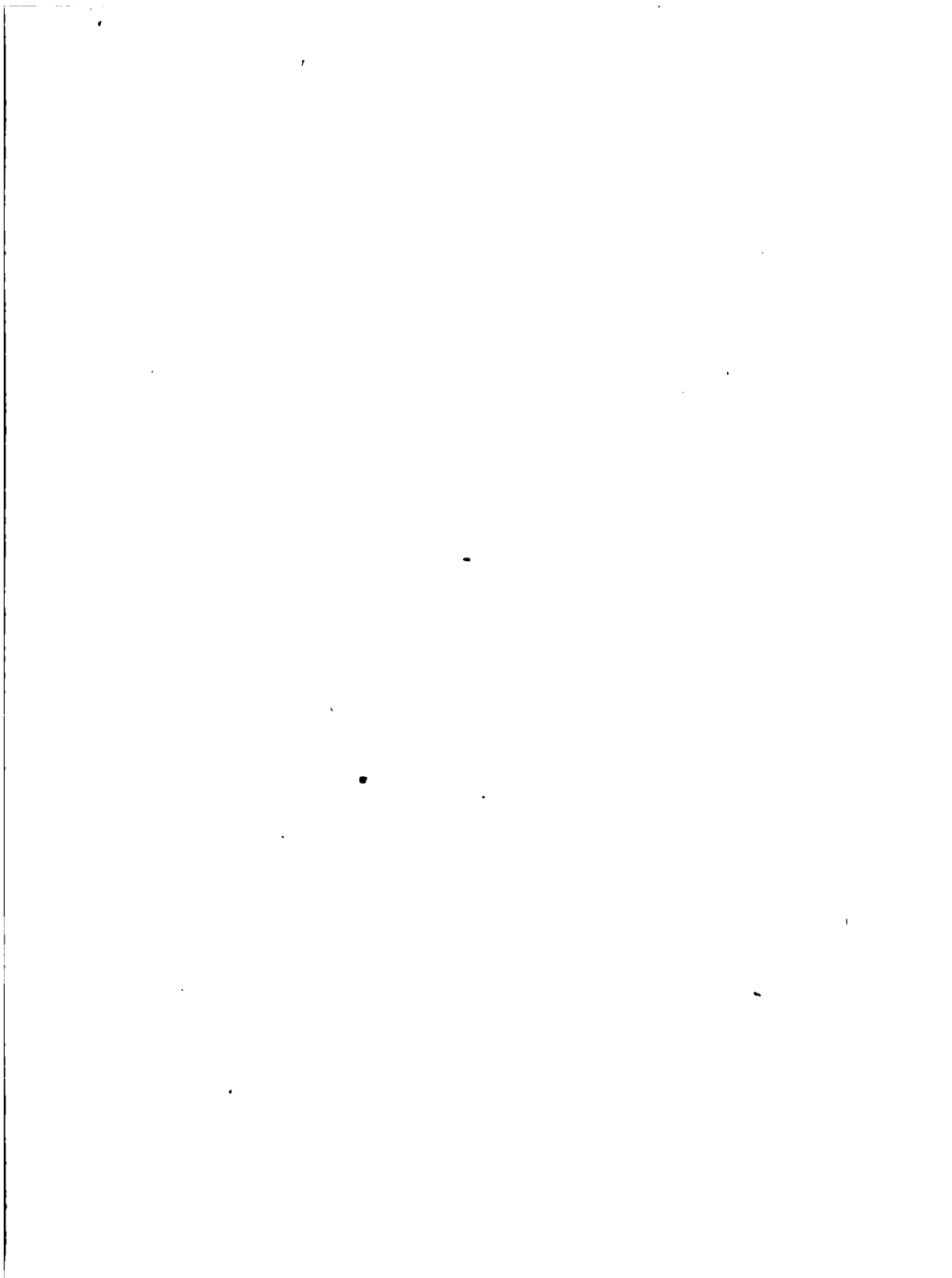
In every country the Jews inhabit they stand for tolerance and fairness. More than any other race they have broken the chains of superstition and tyranny. By word and deed they foster an internationalism of mind and heart. That is why the anti-Semitic movement will not succeed. It will be resisted by all the forces of good sense and justice in the world.

For the sake of future civilization, if not for our own, let us be done with animosities and persecutions. The scientists tell us there is no pure race upon earth, consequently racial jealousy is absurd. We gain in richness and variety from the contrasts of racial temperaments and cultures. Then let us, Jew and Gentile, work together for the unity of the spirit in which the best of all races shall be merged. Let us "build higher and stronger the walls of the City of God wherein the souls of the whole world may assemble."

With cordial greetings, I am
Sincerely yours,
HELEN KELLER
25 Seminole Avenue,
Forest Hill, L. I., N. Y.







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