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What happens to a business man after fifty, 1929.

"WHAT HAPPENS TO THE AMERICAN
BUSINESS MAN AFTER FIFTY?"

RABBI ABBA HILLEL SILVER.

THE TEMPLE, SUNDAY MORNING,

MAY 5, 1929, CLEVELAND, OHIO.



The book "Dodsworth" which I am going to discuss this morning, and use as a text for my discourse, is one of a group of books by Sinclair Lewis, in each one of which the central theme is the effort of a man to find himself and to reach out after a fuller life, an effort sometimes crowned with success and sometimes frustrated. This is true of "Main Street" and of "Arrow-smith" and of "Babbitt." It is also true of "Dodsworth."

The hero of this book, Samuel Dodsworth, is a man of fifty, prosperous, highly respected in his community. He had been educated at Yale, had had early visions of cutting loose and seeing the world; but like so many people, he got married and settled down. He became engrossed in the fast developing automobile industry, and by his unusual ability, perseverance and energy, he amassed a fortune.

Dodsworth is not at all a Babbitt type of a man. He is not coarse and commonplace; he does not howl with the mob; he has some taste in literature, in music; he has imagination, especially in his business; but somehow life had drained him of all the romance and the poetry. He was so complacent; he was so sure and satisfied with himself, and with his wife and family, and with his position in society, and he was so sure that his world was the best possible world in which to live, he had never taken an audit of his life, never really

examined his life; he was content, or, rather, he was too busy to be discontented. He never would be, as the author puts it, a man who would love passionately, lose tragically, or sit in contented idealism upon

His wife, eight years his junior, loved, just as Dodsworth himself, all the bourgeois things, the comforts, security and position. She also had a hankering after elusive worlds and after distant horizons and adventure, which twenty years of married life and two children somehow did not satisfy. She was less educated than Dodsworth, and of a lower mental capacity; but she had a brighter external cultural polish. She had been abroad; she spoke a little French and German; she talked about art with a capital A, and she managed quite thoroughly to browbeat her husband into believing that he was just an ignorant businessman. She somehow succeeded in deflating him, enfeebling him. She was a snob by temperament, and in the less apparent relationships of life she was hard and selfish, a spoiled, wilfull child. She was beautiful, and Dodsworth loved her.

At the age of fifty Dodsworth's business is absorbed by a huge motor combine, and he finds himself for the first time in his life footloose. He had accumulated a vast competence, and he is really no longer needed in business. His wife Fran suggests that they go abroad for a long vacation. She thinks that Dodsworth needs a rest.

She herself is hankering after some vaguely defined new life. She had reached the dangerous age of forty, and she was reaching out for her world of unfulfilled desires. Thus she says to her husband:

"I'm absolutely not going to let my life be over at forty--well, at forty-one, but no one ever takes me for more than thirty-five or even thirty-three. And life would be over for me if I simply went on forever with the idiotic little activities in this half-baked town! I won't, that's all! You can stay here if you insist, ^{things} but I'm going to take the lovely/that--I have a right to them because I understand them! What do I care whether some club of human, or half-human, tabby-cats in eye glasses study dietetics or Lithuanian art next year? What do I care whether a pretentious bunch of young millionaire manufacturers have an imitation English polo team? - when I could have the real thing in England! And yet if we stay here, we'll settle down to doing the same things over and over. We've drained everything that Zenith (that's the town) can give us--yes, and almost everything that New York and Long Island can give us. And in this beastly country---In Europe, a woman at forty is just getting to the age where important men take a serious interest in her. But here, she's a grandmother. The flappers think I'm as venerable as the bishop's wife. And they make me old, with their confounded respectfulness--and

their charming rejoicing when I go home from a dance early--I who can dance better, yes, and longer, than any of them."

There are many people, both men and women, who have felt just like Fran, Dodsworth's wife, felt. They want a new life; they have drained everything out of the old life, and they believe, foolishly enough, that they can win a new life by going to a new country; that they can change themselves by changing their locale. And so they pursue this elusive thing, this will-'o-the-wisp, all over the world, but they always come back to their own selves. That is one thing you can't escape, and that is yourself. You cannot make passionate lives by simply running away to a country which has a more complex and more graceful civilization. That is the thesis of the author.

Spiritual transformation has to come from within. One must make his own spiritual readjustment within his own self, a new orientation. Place and time have nothing to do with it. You can find a world of adventure right around the corner of your house, and you may miss it in the Brazilian jungles or in the South Sea Islands. One may travel great distances and never get outside of the walls of his house, and one may remain home-locked and narrow and provincial in the clamorous cities of the Orient and in the wastes of the Himalayas.

Physical beings have little to do with spiritual renewal.

Both Dodsworth and Fran sought, after they had lived half of their lives, for something new in life, for a new zest and a new relish, and did not know how to find it. And so they sailed for England. Dodsworth determined to enjoy himself, even if it killed him, and Fran determined to enjoy herself no matter who was killed. And onboard ship Fran begins her first hesitant adventure into the new life. She begins her first flirtation with an English major. This major becomes their mentor in England, for very much like so many other American couples, when they get to the Old World, away from home, they cannot entertain themselves in society. They must have other people about them; and this English major becomes their guide. He introduces them to some English society, but somehow their adventure into English society is not a great success; they somehow do not fit in, in spite of the fact that Fran makes every effort to look as un-American as she possibly can, and to run down America at every occasion.

By the way, there is a choice bit of comment on this attitude of the American abroad, to run down his own country. The English major is made to say: "I know only two classes of people who hate their own race--cr tribe or nation or whatever you care to call it--who travel principally to get away from their own people, who

never speak of them except with loathing, who are pleased not to be taken as belonging to them. That is, the Americans and the Jews!"

In England Dodsworth discovers for the first time in his life that something he had not yet faced. He meets there Englishmen of his own class, business men, professional men, who somehow are intellectually more alert, more wide awake and in touch with world ideas and world movements; have knowledge which is accurate and dependable, and discuss a world problem not related to their immediate business intelligently; and he is at sea when discussion leads to any other thing that is known. Somehow he feels that he had not thought much in the last five or ten or fifteen years of his life of anything besides selling cars and golf.

He becomes dimly aware of the inadequacy of his life. There is an interesting interlude in London which serves, at the hands of the author, his opportunity to contrast the civilization of England and the civilization of the United States. A friend of Dodsworth's arranges a dinner, at which plenty of Americans who had been at London for a longer or shorter period of time, are the guests, and the conversation naturally drifts to a comparison between England and the United States. All the people there are Americans and loyal, and yet somehow none of them wishes to return to America and

make his permanent home there. Dodsworth inquires the reason for it, and he is told, among other things:

"Well, I'll tell you," says one of them, a rather blustering, coarse fellow, but evidently one that is sincere, "the way I look at it personally. Strikes me that one-half or maybe two-thirds of the American people are the best fellows on earth--the friendliest and the most interested in everything and the jolliest. And I guess the remaining third are just about the worst crabs, the worst Meddlesome Matties, the most ignorant and pretentious fools, that God ever made. Male and female! I'd be tickled to death to live in America," he says, "if we got rid of Prohibition, so a man could get a glass of beer instead of being compelled to drink gin and hootch. If we got rid of taking seriously a lot of self-advertising, half-educated preachers and editors and politicians, so that folks would develop a little real thinking instead of being pushed along by a lot of mental and moral policemen. If our streets weren't so awfully noisy. If there were a lot more cafes and a lot less autos.

"But the whole thing, the fundamental thing, is a lot harder to express than that. There's more ease in living here! Your neighbors don't spy on you and gossip and feel it's their business to tell you how to live, the way we do backhome. Not that I've got anything to hide. But if there's one thing that would make me

go out for all the vices I ever heard of, it would be the thought of a lot of morality hounds sneaking after me all the time, the way they do in the States. And you get better servants here," he says, "and the servants themselves like their work a deuce of a sight better than our red-neck hired girls in America, because they're skilled, they're respected here, they're secure, they don't have the womenfolks nosing into their ice boxes and love letters all day long! And business---Our greatest American myth is that we're so much more efficient than these Britishers and the folks on the Continent. All this high-pressure salesmanship bunk! Why, say, I'll bet that stuff antagonizes more customers than it ever catches. And over here, they simply won't stand for it! An Englishman knows what he wants to buy, and he don't intend to be bullied into buying something else. And a Scotsman knows what he doesn't want to buy! Half our efficiency is just running around and making a lot of show and wasting time. I always picture the ideal 'peppy' American business man as a fellow who spends half his time having his letters filed away and the other half trying to find them again. And then the Englishman does not feel he's virtuous because he spends a lot of extra time in his office not doing anything special. He goes home early and gets in some golf or tennis or some gardening. Might even read a book! And

he's got a hobby, so that when he retires he has something to do; doesn't just waste away from being bored to death when he's old, the way we do."

Well, of course, as a people we are beginning to have more leisure. The newer generation of American business men is taking more time from business; but our problem now is how to use that leisure time intelligently and creatively. To have leisure and not to use it wisely is even more harmful than not to have leisure at all. Now playing golf is a healthful thing to do, but it does not represent, after all, life's deepest meaning. To use leisure creatively is to use it for the enrichment of life, for the satisfying of our intellectual and spiritual curiosity, for the deepening of our love, for the humanities of life, for the refining of our tastes and sensibilities. That is the next task of the American business man, who is now gaining or taking more leisure than he ever did before.

Well, Dodsworth and Fran leave England in a hurry. Fran had led on this English major until he became bold and she became frightened, and so they fled to Paris. And in Paris the second phase of their life begins--Fran's hunger for a new life and Dodsworth's re-education in his own life. In Paris the fundamental temperamental differences of the two peoples begin to stand out in even greater and bolder relief. Fran has a love for the

✓ smartness of life, for style, for elite society. She wants to climb, thinks that there at the top is something which her own life does not offer. Dodsworth loves the commonplace things of life, and loves his friends from back home; and, unlike Fran, he talks about art. Dodsworth is actually moved from time to time by the art which he sees all about him, and impressed by this new civilization which seems to rank culture above money.

But he is bewildered. He wasn't prepared for this new world and its new standards and its new code. But in the artificial world in which Fran moves she is thoroughly at home, and she drags Dodsworth about from one French play to another, from one social function to another, and she carries on her flirtations, and they quarrel more frequently and for a longer time, and they begin to drift further and further apart. Dodsworth begins a little maneuver now from his contemptuous wife. He thinks it would be a fine thing to return home and attend the 30th class reunion of his college. Fran does not want to go. She likes it here. And so Dodsworth returns home alone.

He had idealized America during his absence; his home sickness idealized America for him; but on his return he finds that America is not perfection either. He learns many other things on his return home. He learns, for example, that his boy, who is about to graduate from

Yale, does not really need him. He hadn't the time during his very active business career to entwine himself around the life of his boy, to make himself an indispensable part of his growing, developing manhood, and so the boy developed of himself and by himself; and when he meets him, now a grown young man, he finds that somehow his boy is getting along without him. He is a stranger to his boy. And he finds, too, that his young married daughter can get along without him; that while she loves him, he is not an indispensable part of her life. He finds too that his friends during his absence have made other contacts, and he is really not wanted or needed there, either, and the haunting fear begins to creep in upon him that perhaps his wife Fran does not need him, either.

He receives letters from her, and these letters begin to convey information about a certain new and exciting friendship which she had made in France. She met with a rich American Jew by the name of Arnold Israel, a perfectly brilliant man, rides like an angel; and each letter tells more and more about him. She has even quarreled with another woman about him, and she has gone to Italy, where Arnold Israel has joined her.

Dodsworth will not be defeated; he will not lose his last hold upon those whom he loves; and he returns to Europe and confronts Fran, but sees that Fran too has

become a stranger to him. He insists that she leave at once, break this friendship which she had formed during his absence, and depart for Spain. He threatens her with divorce, and after a very stormy and tempestuous scene she leaves with him for Spain; and so a long series of unhappy and aimless wandering over Europe begins for these two ex-patriates who had set out in quest of romance and the golden apples of Sodom, and found that they were but dust and ashes.

Wearisome wandering, wearisome sightseeing, endless tedium, till their weary steps lead them finally to Berlin, and here in Berlin the last phase of Fran's disintegration begins, and the last phase of Dodsworth's reeducation. Fran meets up with a scion of an old Austrian family, a Count Kurt von Obersdorf, a cultured gentle person, who centers his attention upon her. Dodsworth meets up with German business men and German men of culture, and again he is made aware of how constricted and one-sided his life had been. Somehow or other the great world movements had passed him by; but now a new thought entered his life, that while it is true that he had missed much in life, it is also true that he had been taught by his wife and friends to depreciate himself too much; that after all he had done something worth while and something creative in the world, and that perhaps there is something yet in the world for him to do.

After conversing with a German scholar, who inquires about the Non-Partisan League in North Dakota, and Dodsworth can't tell him a thing about it, Dodsworth says to himself: "He knows more about your own country than you do! Ignorant! You know nothing. I wish I hadn't given up thirty years to motor cars. And I haven't really learned much here in Europe. A tiny bit about architecture and a little less about wine and cooking and a few names of hotels. And that's all!"

"Sam (Dodsworth) had a vision of learning and of learned men, of men who knew things with precision, without emotional prejudice, and who knew things which really affected the broad stream of human life; who considered the purposes of a thousand statesmen, the function of a thousand bacteria, the significance of a thousand Egyptian inscriptions, or perhaps the pathology of a thousand involved and diseased minds, as closely as he himself had considered the capacities of a hundred salesmen and engineers and clerks in his company. He saw groups of such learned men, in Berlin, in Rome, in Basle, in both Cambridges, in Paris, in Chicago. They would not be chatterers. Oh, he pondered, probably some of them would be glib and merry enough over a glass of beer, but when it came to their own subjects, they would speak slowly, for to any given question there would be so many answers among which to select. They would not

vastly please Fran; they would not all of them be dancers of elegance, and perhaps they would fail to choose quite the right waistcoats. They would look insignificant and fuzzy, like Professor Braut, or dry and spindling. And he would be proud to have their recognition--beyond all recognitions of wealth or title.

"How was it that he had not known more of them? In Yale, teachers had been obstacles which a football-player had to get past in order to carry out his duty of 'doing something for old Yale.' New York was to him exclusively a city of bankers, motor dealers, waiters, and theater employees. On this European venture which was to have opened new lives to him, he had seen only more waiters, English spinsters marooned in hotels, and guides with gold teeth.

"Scholars. Men who knew. Suddenly he felt that he might have been such a man. What had kept him from it? Oh, he had been cursed by being popular in college, and by having a pretty wife who had to be surrounded with colored lights.

"Suddenly he felt better about it. Was it possible that in some involved, unelucidated way, he himself was a savant in fields not admitted by the academicians as scholarship? He told himself that in the American motor-world he was certainly not known merely as a pedler and as a financial acrobat, but as the authority

on automobile designing, as the first man to advocate four-wheel brakes. Did that constitute him a scholar, or possibly an artist? He had created something! He had no pictures in the academies, no books to be bound in levant, no arias nor flimsy furniture named after him, but every one of the twenty million motors on the roads of America had been influenced by his vision, a quarter of a century ago. Yes! And it didn't hurt a man to be a little proud of some honest thing he had done! It gave him courage to go on. Anyway, he wasn't going on just being a Cook's tourist, rather less important to Fran than room-waiters. He'd do something."

Fran gets deeper and deeper into her love entanglement with this Count Kurt. Dodsworth stormed, to no avail. He begs her to return home; she will not. He receives a cable from home that his daughter had given birth to a son. Dodsworth is delighted beyond words. He is now a grandfather, and he conveys the glad tidings to Fran, and Fran is at first pleased and then she is mortified. The idea of letting it be known to her friends here in Berlin that she is a grandmother! Her new life of romance would be at an end. And what occurs? Dodsworth realizes that a deeper and deeper gulf is opening up between them. Finally Fran confesses that she loves Kurt and that he is to marry her; and Dodsworth, a beaten and a broken man, consents to his divorce and

leaves Fran.

He drifts about Europe, aimless, unhappy, lost; and it is a woman again who finds him and saves him; a woman who is as understanding as Fran was unsympathetic; as unselfish as Fran was exploiting; as steady as Fran was unstable. She too had lived and suffered, and their common sorrow brings them together into a beautiful, slowly ripening friendship and companionship. Subtly but effectively this woman begins to rekindle Dodsworth's self-confidence and respect for himself. She encourages him to pursue his new ambition, to return home and set on foot a new project--to build a beautiful suburb of homes which will have all the comforts and conveniences of American homes, and yet be artistic,--artistic not in a cheap and tawdry imitation of European art, but based on an authoritative, native American domestic architecture.

But in the midst of this ripening friendship a frenzied appeal comes to Dodsworth from Fran. She wants him to come back. Kurt can't marry her. His mother, who is a devoted Catholic, will not permit him to marry a divorced woman and a grandmother! Twenty years of memories are too strong, and Dodsworth leaves Italy, where he had met this woman who was re-making him, and rejoins Fran onboard ship on the way home. But onboard ship Dodsworth realizes that he can't make a go of it.

He had learned a new way of life; he had come up with a new type of personality. To live with Fran is to commit spiritual suicide. He must escape; and so he leaves Fran in New York. Fran, who had started out to find a new life and lost the old, and Dodsworth, who at fifty had set out to wrest, to do, who had discovered that life held much in store for him of newness, freshness and interest.

Now not all American business men are like Dodsworth, and not all wives of American business men are like Fran, fortunately; and not all American business men and their wives who go abroad go through such a tempestuous, emotional career as did these people. In a way, they are not at all typical. Certainly, Fran is less typical than Dodsworth, and yet there is enough of truth in this book and in the characters of these two people to merit deep and searching reflection on the part of everyone.

One of the sad things about American business men,--and this is said not of a few but of many; it is said not about you but it is said about others,--is that they have but one world in which to live. That world is too all-absorbing and all-consuming for any other interest in life they can have. They can spare only the lag end of the day or the lag end of the year, or the residue of their energies, and when they are compelled to leave that

world, as Dodsworth was compelled, as so many business men either are compelled or choose to leave that world, they are altogether lost; they have no other world in which to live; they become spiritually and mentally homeless nomads, with no anchorage in life.

Now a man must have more than one world in which to live, for that one world may collapse about him and he will then be left without a heritage, without a patrimony and without a home. There are so many American business men who think while they are busy and occupied, that they will build this other world when they have time, when they will retire; they will catch up on life after they retire, as Dodsworth thought he would. But they never do, for they retire to emptiness and nothingness. They have laid up a financial capital upon which to retire, but they have not during their working years laid up a mental and a spiritual and an emotional capital upon which to retire. They have no interests to turn to when the workingday years of their lives are over.

And then there are so many American business men who at fifty are drained and sapped, completely worn out by the hard drive of that competitive industrial life which encircles them, overwhelms them, abuses them, drains them and throws them aside. How many American business men succumb to the first serious illness in the forties or the fifties. Our industrial life is becoming

frightfully speeded up year by year. The machines which we think we are driving are driving us, and we are broken upon the wheels of that machine which we think we master but which masters us. We don't seem to have time, or much time, for anything else but our business. We do have time but only for the thing which we think is all-important, namely, business.

We institute time-saving devices in order to give us more time. For what? For more business. We have time to accumulate a competence, and then we have more time to increase that competence over and over and over again, endlessly. But we somehow, many of us, haven't time for the prime concern of life, which is, after all, not the accumulation of wealth, for after a man has accumulated that which he needs for a decent living, for himself and his family, over and above that is not a vital concern, a desperate need of life. Life is not a game and the success of life does not depend upon how much of the stakes that you can have at your end of the table at the end of the game, because if that were life then you would always be the loser. One who gambles may have a chance at the end of the game to have something won, but in the game of life, if life is a game, you are always the loser. At the end of life, at the end of the game, death takes not only your winnings but it takes the winner himself.

The prime concern of life is living beautifully, harmoniously, free, enterprisingly, creatively; to see more, to understand more, to grope into the mysteries of life; to learn more about the world about us, the world of things, the world of nature, and the world of men; to be alive, throbbingly alive, thrillingly alive. That is the prime concern of life. We haven't time for that, strange enough.

Many an American business man has not the time, even as Dodsworth had no time, for his children. The education of the child, the training of the child, is left to the nurse or to the school, at best to the mother. The father is too absorbed, too taxed, to try to grow into the life of his child, to fashion with his own hands, as it were, a mellowing character of his child. And so he loses out. When the child is grown, the child, the young man or young woman, is a stranger to him.

Many an American business man has no time for that marvelous thing we call home-building. The home for many a business man is a stopover place between one working day and another working day. It is a place in which to eat and to sleep; But home is a spiritual creation; it requires artistry and imagination and devotion to build a home. Why, many an American business man has no time even to play, and when he does play he plays furiously and hectically, as if it were a job and a

task to be gone through with, like a dinner bolted. I have been at banquets and I have seen hundreds of American business men enjoying themselves, and I have never seen so many sage and solemn and hard faces in my life trying to enjoy themselves.

Leisure,--the English type,--ease, that quality which makes life kindly, sweet, beautiful, tender,--that has not yet come into the lives of many an American business man. I think it will. I think we are becoming wiser as a people. We have gotten through the strenuous pioneering period of our lives, and many have come to realize that there are other things in life besides the accumulation of money. So many of us have become rich that money is not looked upon with such reverence and such awe, as it was a generation or even a decade ago.

We are beginning to think of other qualities in life which are more important,--of free minds, of fine, keen perceptions, deep loyalties, keen discriminations, culture, civilization. These are the things that the American business man will, from now on, seek more and more in life, and he will not wait until he is fifty, worried and gray, to seek those things, but along with his work he will seek them; and he will set aside in his working day and in his working year time, a great deal of time, for the acquisition of those spiritual and intellectual things which bring the romance of far away things, the ineffable splendor of real, intense, passionate

eager living, into our days.

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1. Samuel Johnson at 50 - prosperous, respected citizen
 - ① Yale - ② Not a Ballist - trained - audit - sure.
 - ③ He never used "too" personally, lose rapidly no sit in crowded idleness upon tropical shores"
2. His wife - 8 yrs - Bourgeois - plus a yearning - 20 years - less educated - bought cultural veneer - talked Art - knows - depicting & publishing - 19th century. Mrs. was - Snob - in less apparent - she was beautiful -
3. Mrs. absorbed by huge motor combis - Fran suggest - she is haunting "new life" - D. apers. He wants rest Fran. in a dangerous reaching for and desire
4. Many people have felt like Fran. - changed by changing locale - a new country - make new spirit - pushing cannot escape - "cannot walk past with arms - running away to a new complex - Sp. Transf. inner readjustment Place Adventure around the corner - one can travel -
- 5 - And so sail - D. determined to enjoy -
 - ① On board ship begins her first pleasure - English - first hesitant step - winter - cannot entertain for unarmist - lovely - adventure does not end Do not get in - in spirit. Fran little Am. (41)
 - ② D. discovered cannot keep pace with intellect - Had not thought much of any thing - selling cars - playing golf - on world affairs - made money
 - ③ Intending intended 96

6. We are beginning to have new begun - but -
Playing golf - does not represent full meaning -
Creativity - enrichment of life - widening of outlook -

7. Fear in a library - Far too late May on -
In Paris - End phase - Differences - Swastika -
Bewildered - at home - she drops him abt. - Came -
in photographs - ~~do~~ Guaranteed - Drift apart -



He decides to return to the 30th reunion, he leaves at Yale. She decides to stay on in France. In his absence and his letter notices he had idealized her. He now finds on his return that it is not perfect, either. - He finds also that his son, who is about to graduate from college, doesn't need him any more - Their lives had drifted apart. And that his day likes to, ^{perhaps he loves her} ~~has no need for him~~, and his friends, perhaps unperceivable, have made other contacts in his absence and they don't need him any more. And the haunting fear creeps ~~back~~ in upon him - that perhaps Fran herself, does not need him any more -

He receives letters from Fran - full information about a new, an exciting and altogether brilliant friend he had made - a rich American Jew - Arnold Zerkow - ~~rich~~ like an angel - Fran was about painting & biology. They ch. than 10 articles & professors - etc. etc. Each letter tells more & more about Arnold. She has even quarrelled with another woman about him. She ^{is} ~~has~~ gone in & out of him. ~~like~~ ^{when} dear Arnold has found her - D. sails for Europe. He finds Fran meets Fran and realizes that they are strangers - He will not surrender without her ^{hurry} without a struggle. He offers her the alternative of leaving at once for Spain & starting from her life - or scandal & divorce. She ~~can~~ ^{leaves} with him for Spain -

And so a long series of unhappily, aimless wandering over Europe begins for the two expatriates, who set out in quest of the shimmering apples of Eden. There must be ^{weariness, poverty - weariness, fight - suffering - endless temptation} ~~that~~ ^{these} weary steps bring them to Berlin - And here the last phase in Fran's ~~Katabasis~~ begins - her last desperate reach for the new life. She meets

she, sent for her life's first adventure. He, a brother to disfranchisement
man. Again he wanders, aimlessly, adventuring, adventuring
to go home - lost & weary - during & through time. It was on
another woman who saved him, ~~as~~ as sympathetic as Fran
has been selfish, as real as Fran had been timid, as
steady as Fran has been unstable. ^{in 7 days he wrote} Edith Cost is not
a widow, who had lost Happens. Their ~~int~~ ^{a deeply cultured, refined woman - constant friend & comfort} lives had them
to seek companionship in each other. She sees his faith in
himself. She sees his new plan which had visions
than his visions, wanders Europe, returning, here and
building a model school where will be the new school
comfort & art - a nation's art - not a vulgar
imitation of a European art. In the midst of their
opening friendships - a pregnant appeal came from
Fran to return. Kent can't marry her. His
mother - a Catholic - will not permit him to marry
a lower woman. He returns. On board ship
realizes - he can't ^{make a point} see it though. Leaves her in
Italy to return to Italy - a saddened man - but a
man alive, with a new story to tell and a new hope.

2. Not all Am. bus. men are like J. Not all Am. bus. men's
wives are like F. Very few of them read emotional stories
and ~~in a magazine~~ ^{are abroad} ~~stories~~. In ~~reading~~ many ways they are not typical. Far
less than J. - but there is enough ^{negative} ~~truth~~ ^{in the tale} to
merit reflection.

① Many Am. b. men have only 1 world in which they live -
 they bus. world - It consumes them - For all other interests
 they ~~too~~ can spare only the lay end, the day is the year, is the
 words, their energies. Their lives are intense, busy, but
 limited. ~~from time to time~~ ~~they~~ ~~have~~ ~~for~~ ~~real~~ ~~adventures~~ ~~in~~ ~~mind~~ ~~to~~
~~which~~ ~~that~~ ~~world~~ ~~is~~ ~~left~~ ~~-~~ ~~they~~ ~~are~~ ~~lost~~ ~~-~~
 7. at 50 years in contact with crowds
 1 away from his bus.

nothing in life - other standards - almost demoralized
him -

(2) Many b. men think of catching up on life ~~after~~ they retire. They never do. They retire to emphysema. They have paid up w/ sp. & mental & emo. capital when when to retire. ~~In a whole sphere away from their bus. they are lost.~~

(3) Many are ^{phys} spent & wearied at 50 - drained & exhausted
The necessary to go on to the first series of the 2nd series by means of the
the production process which produces very low wages then the other competitors
the same time is some from them. They have no time

⑤ They have no time for the noble adventure of home-life - Home as a necessary interlude bet. working & ~~personal~~ hours - not an end in itself. ~~the end of it~~

(b) They do not enter there have to play. They play primarily - tactically. Like a duty performed - ~~for a~~^{like} time booked and got the other with. Gemini's hot shot is unknown -



There is a water, locher way, having —

AN ABSTRACT OF THE ADDRESS

"WHAT HAPPENS TO THE AMERICAN BUSINESS MAN AFTER FIFTY?"

BY
RABBI ABBA HILLEL SILVER
AT THE TEMPLE, MAY 5th, 1929

Many American business men have only one world in which to live - their business world. When they leave it they are lost for all other worlds, for self-cultivation, for home, for children, for citizenship, for God. They can spare only the lag end of the day or the year or the residue of their energies. The romance and the beauties of life pass by them.

Many business men think that they will catch up with life after they retire. They never do. They retire to emptiness. They lay up enough financial capital on which to retire, but no spiritual, mental and emotional capital. It is too late to discover engrossing interests in life after the best years of a man's life have been consumed.

Many American business men are physically spent and exhausted at fifty. Their vitality is drained. They succumb easily to the first serious ailment which attacks them. They who call themselves masters of industry are actually mastered by industry. They are caught up in the furious processes of our relentless competitive industrial life and they are drained and scrapped.

American business men know how to employ their time efficiently for the thing which they regard as important - business. They have time to go on making one fortune after another, but they have no time for life's chief concern, which is not the accumulation of wealth, but living freely, harmoniously, creatively, to satisfy our noble mental and spiritual curiosities, to see deeper into God's marvelous world and to develop finer discriminations, sounder judgments and deeper loyalties.

Many American business men have no time to entwine themselves in the lives of their children. When they are fifty they realize that their children

have built their lives without regard to them and that they have lost them.

They have no time for the beautiful adventure of home building.

Home to many of them is a stop-over place between one working day and another. But to build a home in which beauty abides and in which the souls and minds of children may unfold beautifully requires more imagination and application than business.

Many American business men have not yet learned how to use leisure intelligently and creatively. Even when they play, they play furiously - for their health, not for the joy of playing. They have not found that element of cultured ease "gemuetlichkeit" which is one of the outstanding qualities of the civilization of the world.

The younger generation of American business men are becoming aware of the inadequacy of the restricted and one-sided lives which their fathers led. They have become conscious of the sweeter and nobler way of living. And here and there in our cities there are already appearing men who are content with less than the maximum of wealth which they could attain and discontented with the minimum of living, which is the lot of many American business men. They are not waiting until they are old and retired to find romance and poetry and beauty in life. They are learning to look upon business as only a means to an end. They no longer stand in awe before the man who is only a successful manufacturer or merchant or banker. They have learned to pay greater deference to the man who cultivate the things of the mind and the spirit. As America is becoming older it is becoming more civilized.