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Series IV: Sermons, 1914-1963, undated.

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A Three-Fold Benison, New Year, 1924.

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New Year
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A THREE-FOLD BENISON
A SERMON FOR THE NEW YEAR
ABRA HILLEL SILVER

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We are told in our sacred lore, that when their hours of study were ~~over~~ ^{over}, and the wise men left the halls of the Academy, they departed from one another with the following quaint and beautiful blessing: "Mayest thou behold thy world during thy lifetime, but may thine end be in Life Eternal, and thy hopes, may they endure throughout all generations".

On New Year's Day, we too take leave, not from one another, but from the old year and from all that it held for us of good and evil, of gain and loss; and I know of no more seemly benediction which we can bestow upon one another at this hour than this self-same prayer of the Rabbis. If I were to bless you this day between the dark and the dawn of the New Year, with the choicest gift in the treasure-house of God, I could think of none more rare and precious than this.

It is a three-fold benison, each part a segment of a perfect whole. "Mayest thou behold thy world during thy life-time". Is there anything more complete than this? To see our whole world while we live! The world of our desires and the world of our hopes! To win every goal, to taste every fruit, to slake every thirst at the fountain of success. What a generous benediction this is!

Surely this is what we pray for on this our Holy Day. "Grant us life, long life; grant us health, happiness, prosperity, peace. Let us not die ere the last mile of our journey is covered and the last beautiful scene glimpsed. Permit us to see our whole world while we live."

And how thoroughly human a prayer it is! What man is there who would wish to close the fascinating book of life before the last chapter is read and the last page is turned and the story is fully told! Unless he be of those who have suffered much, whose eyes have been darkened by unutterable sorrow and from whose heart anguish has drained all love of life. We all wish to live, to see all, to

know all, to taste all, to have all. The world is so resplendent with the works of God and the works of man, with the beauty that dwells in the earth and in the habitations of the children of earth. Our souls are hungry for this earth beauty and this life beauty, for all the wonder and grace which are in existence. How very human then is this prayer, and how truly it voices our deep-most longings.

And yet, somehow, the wise men of old who uttered this valediction, keenly felt its incompleteness, for they hastened to ^{supplement} ~~supplement~~ it: "But may thine end be in Life Eternal, and thy hopes, may they endure throughout all generations". On the face of it, a paradox! If one could see his whole world in his life-time, why should his end be in life eternal? If one could realize all his cherished hopes here and now, why should they be extended throughout all subsequent generations?

But the Rabbis, who saw life steadily, felt this wish to be inadequate, because unattainable. They knew that no man can see this whole world in his life-time, nor realize his high hopes in his own generation. But, they also knew of a world which every man could realize in his lifetime and of a hope which every man could see fulfilled. In the eyes of the Rabbis there were two ~~kind~~ worlds; the world of our wishes and desires, and the world which these same wishes and desires create for us and in us. The world of our dreams and hopes, and the world which these same dreams and hopes surround us with.

In a sense every man builds his own world. Every man constructs his own dream-world, his universe of wish and desire, the far-flung constellation of passionate cravings and longings, whose fiery center is Self. The worlds of no two men are alike. Some build it of clay, of carnal wishes and coarse desires. Their world is narrow, never extending beyond the reach of the senses. Others fashion their dream-empires of finer stuff, of the needs of the mind and soul as well as of the body. Theirs is a larger estate, reaching out through spiritual roads into distant worlds. Still others who are caught up by some vision and, touched by some inspiration, shape their worlds out of ineffable beauties, transcendent, *and* ~~infinite~~, measureless to man.

And each builder would like to see his dream-world come true in his life-time. But God, the Master Builder, who has His own plan and His own architectural design, has so ordained His Universe, that none shall see his world fully realized in his lifetime, and that the finer and subtler the stuff his dream-world is made of, the more difficult shall it be of attainment.

Even the clay-world is hard to attain. Low desires and earthly cupidity, even when satisfied, leave ashes in the mouth. Each fulfilled desire incites to others, stronger and more impetuous. "The sea hath bounds, but deep desire hath none". Passion means suffering. Until our hankering is appeased, we suffer, and after they are appeased we soon weary of them. When we are in want we strive for the necessities of life. When we have the necessities of life, we crave for comforts. When we have comforts, we crave for luxury. When we have luxury, we cry for the moon! - a mounting fever of discontent - an endless cycle of futility. The Greeks called it "the torments of Tantalus".

Difficult as the clay-world is of attainment, even more difficult is the dream-world which some men wish to see fulfilled in their lifetime - the world which is not circumscribed by the ordinary wants of life, the world fashioned out of the silver sheen of ideals and the gold of aspiration, the world which a vigorous adventuring spirit seeks to create, the world patterned after the similitude of God's own perfection. The man who, conscious of his high estate, fashions such a world, and who, by his dream, would lengthen the road between himself and the beast, and shorten the road between himself and God, the man who projects a wish-world of justice and peace, an empire of knowledge and love, of truth and beauty, that man will never see his world fulfilled in his lifetime. Such wish worlds are eternities in the making. No single hand can effect them, no single generation can encompass them. Such dreams lead the dreamer, not to the goal of consummation, but to the pit and the ^{dungeon} ~~dungeon~~, the rack and the cross, and all the miserable artifices of a world afraid of his dream. Such dreams lead the dreamer along the dolorous road of frustration and loneliness to death.

Many illustrations come to my mind when we think of this. Let me but choose two - an ancient and a modern example. Moses, a leader of men, built for himself a

dream-world of heroic design - to liberate a people from the yoke of bondage - to give it a law and a land - to fashion it into a priest-people and to send it forth a messenger of a new revelation and a new covenant. Did he see his world come true? On the top of Mount Nebo, he died a lonely and a world-wearied man, his tired eyes straining to catch a glimpse of the land of his unfulfilled promise. He freed a people. He broke the chains of its body. He could not break the chains of its soul. He gave them freedom, they enslaved themselves. He gave them a law, they flaunted it. He gave them a hope, they destroyed it. Where was his world?

And what became of the dream-world of that modern dreamer - Woodrow Wilson? Somewhere in the Capitol of our land, there live for two years a broken old man, alone with his memories, ruminating among the ruins of his shattered dream-world. He had visioned mankind healed and redeemed, made one in peace and freedom. He failed. During the early years of the great world struggle, he sought to maintain neutrality. He failed. He endeavored to become the peace-maker. He failed. He gave his life blood to establish a covenant of people to enforce peace. He failed. He hoped for peace without victory, and failed. He hoped for peace with victory, and failed. He hoped that justice and civility would follow the Pentecost of calamity, and behold, violence and hatred everywhere. Did he see his world in his life-time? He died as his dream had died.

Our ancient sages knew the sorry plight of such world builders. They therefore added to their benediction this phrase - "But may thine end be in life eternal and thy hopes may they endure throughout all generations". The end is not here - cannot, should not, be here. A world which a man can achieve in his lifetime is unworthy of him - unworthy of the reach of his imagination, the chivalry of his spirit, the hardihood of his faith. Only such tasks and ambitions are worthy of us as lat bare the finitude of our bodies and the infinitude of our souls - the impotence of flesh and the omnipotence of spirit, the brevity of our days and the eternity of our dreams.

Blessed is the man whose dream outlives him. Blessed is the man who is strong enough to see himself grow old and powerless while his ideal remains young and

and green. For then old age assumes a dignity which compensates our infirmities. The flame of life may burn low, but the holy incense of our visions will rise inextinguishable from the undefiled altars of our ageless souls.

In his picture of Dorian Gray, Oscar Wilde tells of a young man, radiant and beautiful as a god, whom a great artist painted in the full splendor of his youth. When the young man beheld the finished masterpiece, he burst into tears. "How sad it is", he cried, "that I must grow old. My face shall become wrinkled and wise, my eyes shall grow dim and colorless, but this picture will remain always young. Oh, if it were only the other way! If the picture would change and I could remain always what I am now".

His wish was granted. Throughout the succeeding years, his picture, his dream-world, changed with the changes that came over him, while he remained unalterably the same. Through successive stages of degradation and shame, through sin and cruelty and vice, he remained the same, young and beautiful - but his picture - the mirror and reflex of his soul - took on all the ugliness, all the viciousness, and all the spiritual disfigurement which were his. At last the horror of the picture, the ghastly deformity of his dream-world, drove him to madness and to self-destruction.

This is the tragedy of one who wishes to outlive his dream, whose life-picture is tied up with that which is physical and transitory. When such a man grown old, he will have memories which will embitter his days; for ^{all} his glory will be of yesterday, and ^{all} his hopes as if they had never been. In the midst of life he is in death. Israel Zangwill, in his Italian Fancies, brilliantly sums up this truth. "He that dies in the full tilt of his ambitions is buried alive, and he that survives his hopes and fears is dead, unburied". And the ancestors of this brilliant writer, in their equally incisive way, declared - "The righteous are alive in death, the wicked are dead in life".

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world created by man by his own ideals. It is built up of mental and spiritual reactions to these ideals, out of enthusiasms and exaltations which these very ideals and loyalties create within him. For the ideals of man give to his life a definite content and a definite scope which are his real world.

This was the meaning of the Rabbi: "May your life be blessed with the vision of a world so beautiful that it will crowd your life with beauty, even though the vision cannot be fulfilled in your lifetime. Life may deny you the world of achievement, it cannot deny you the world of your vision - the heart-warming, mind-illuminating and soul-stirring experience which it will bring you. It cannot deprive you of the world of poetry and romance and the rich savor of living which the very presence of the vision within you will create for you".

Therein does the spiritual differ from the physical. The physical must be owned or consumed to be enjoyed, but we need not own or consume or realize our ideals in order to enjoy them. We enjoy them in the quest, and struggle for them in our devotion to them.

An ethical book written by a Jewish mystic of the eighteenth century tells a naive and charming folk-tale. There lived somewhere a lonely and pious Jew, poor and forgotten by men, whose ^{entire} possession in life was one single tract of the Talmud. He had no other books. The pious man spent all his days reading and re-reading this one sacred tract. It filled his entire life, it became his world. He guarded it, he loved it, he treasured it. When he died, so runs this tale, this precious tome of sacred lore was transformed into a radiant young maiden of surpassing loveliness, who led this faithful devotee to the Gates of Paradise. Quaint, is it not, but how profoundly true! In similar wise did Beatrice lead Dante along the terraces of heaven. For every high devotion, for every transfiguring wish, or hope, or prayer, an angel is born unto us to be our ministrant and guardian.

Such is the potency and virtue of ideals. They give us a whole realm of celestial beauty in which to live, even while these ideals are passing through the tragic stage of denial and frustration which lead to their ultimate transfiguration.

And such ideals are within the reach of all men. One need not be learned, or highborn, or opulent, to have them. They are more precious than gold - and yet the pauper may have them for the asking. Some men have vast estates, but they are lost in waste and wood. Others have a few square feet in front of their little homes, but love plants, a flowerbed there and a tree, and behold there is beauty there and the dream of perfection.

The cobbler at his lathe may have an ideal of high artisanship. He will see the charm of his world during his lifetime. The day laborer who is conscious of the indispensable character of his work, the merchant who is faithful to his standards of service, the employer who finds in his office a challenge to unselfishness, the professional man who regards his calling as a consecration, all of them have a dream-world which will outlive them, but one which will abundantly bless them throughout their lifetime.

These ideals are near at hand. You need not ascend mountains to find them. They have no habitation. They are everywhere. They are not only near, they are seeking us. Halevi, the mystic poet of the middle ages, exclaimed: "I have sought Thy nearness, with my whole heart have I called upon Thee, But when I went forth to find Thee I found that Thou hadst been seeking me". Our ideals are seeking us. Open your eyes, it is here, in your home, in the multitudinous acts of mutual love and sacrifice, in the exalted experiences of friendship, in shop, store and office, in your community, in social work, in civic work, in religious work, in the humblest and the highest task it is there". Behold I have set before you this day, Life and the Good, Death and the Evil. Choose thou Life!

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~~Choose you this day whom you will serve. Joshua 24: 15.~~

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hath none." Passion means suffering. Until our hankering^s are appeased, we soon weary of them. When we are in want, we strive for the necessities of life; when we have the necessities of life, we crave for comforts; when we have comforts, we crave for luxury. When we have luxury, we cry for the moon - a mounting fever of discontent, an endless cycle of futility. The Greeks called it "The Torments of Tantalus."

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Many illustrations come to our mind when we think of this. Let us but choose *one*, two - ~~an ancient and a modern one~~. Moses, a leader of men, built for himself a dream-world of heroic design - to liberate a people from the yoke of bondage - to give it a law and a land - to fashion it into a priest-people and to send it forth a messenger of a new revelation and a new covenant. Did he see his world come true? On the top of Mount Nebo, he died a lonely and a world-wearied man, his tired eyes straining to catch a glimpse of the land of his unfulfilled promise. He freed ^{a his} ~~at~~ people. He broke the chains of their body. He could not break the chains of their soul. He gave them freedom, ~~They~~ enslaved themselves. He gave them a law, ~~They~~ flouted it. He gave them a hope, ~~They~~ destroyed it. Where was his world?

And what became of the dream-world of that modern dreamer - Woodrow Wilson? Somewhere in the Capital of our land, there lived for two years a broken old man, alone with his memories, ruminating among the ruins of his shattered dream-world. He had visioned mankind healed and redeemed, made one in peace and freedom. He failed. During the early years of the great world struggle he sought to maintain neutrality. He failed. He gave his life blood to establish a covenant of peoples to enforce peace. He failed. He hoped for peace without victory, and failed. He hoped for peace with victory, and failed. He hoped that justice and comity would follow the Pentecost of calamity, and behold, violence and hatred everywhere. Did he see his world in his lifetime? He died even as his dreams died.

Our ancient sages knew the sorry plight of such world builders. They therefore added to their benediction this phrase: "But may thine end be in Life Eternal, and thy hopes, may they endure throughout all generations." The end is not here - cannot, should not, be here. A world which a man can achieve in his lifetime is unworthy of him - unworthy of the reach of his imagination, the chivalry of his spirit, the hardihood of his faith. Only such tasks and ambitions are worthy of us as lay bare the finitude of our bodies and the infinitude of our souls, the impotence of flesh and the omniscience of spirit, the brevity of our days and the eternity of our dreams. Blessed is the man whose dream outlives him! Blessed is the man who is strong enough to see himself grow old and powerless while his ideal remains young and green. For then, old age assumes a dignity which compensates for our infirmities. The flame of life may burn low, but the holy incense of our visions will rise inextinguishable from the undefiled altars of our ageless souls.

In his picture of Dorian Gray, Oscar Wilde tells us of a young man, radiant and beautiful as a god, whom a great artist painted in the full splendor of his youth. When the man beheld the finished masterpiece, he burst into tears. "How sad it is," he cried, "that I must grow old. My face shall become wrinkled and wizened, my eyes shall grow dim and colorless, but this picture shall remain always young. Oh, if it were only the other way! If the picture could change and I could remain always what I am now!" His wish was granted. Throughout the succeeding years his picture - his dream-world - changed with the changes that came over him,

while he remained unalterably the same. Through successive stages of degradation and shame, through sin and cruelty and vice, he remained the same, young and beautiful - but his picture - the mirror and reflex of his soul - took on all the ugliness, all the viciousness, and all the spiritual disfigurement which were his. At last the horror of the picture, the ghastly deformity of his dream-world, drove him to madness and to self-destruction.

This is the tragedy of one who wishes to outlive his dream, whose life-picture is tied up with that which is physical and transitory. When such a man grows old, he will have memories which will embitter his days; for all his glory will be of yesterday, and all his hopes as if they had never been. In the midst of life he is in death. Israel Zangwill, in his Italian Fantasies, brilliantly sums up this truth. "He that dies in the full tilt of his ambitions is buried alive, and he that survives his hopes and rears is dead, unburied." And the ancestors of this brilliant writer in their equally incisive way, declared: "The righteous are alive in death, the wicked are dead in life."

The world, then, of dreams and ideals which man creates for himself, cannot be, should not be, achieved in his lifetime. But the Rabbis knew of another world which they believed every man could and should achieve in his lifetime. It is the world created for man by his own ideals. It is built up of mental and spiritual reactions to those ideals, out of enthusiasms and exaltations which these very ideals, ~~out-of-enthusiasms-and-exaltations-which~~ and loyalties create within him. For the ideals of man give to his life a definite content and a definite scope which are his real world. This, then, was the meaning of the Rabbis: "May your life be blessed with the vision of a world so beautiful that it will crowd your life with beauty, even though the vision cannot be fulfilled in your lifetime. Life may deny you the world of achievement, it cannot deny you the world of poetry and romance and the rich savor of living which the very presence of the vision within you will create for you." Therein does the spiritual differ from the physical. The physical must be owned or consumed to be enjoyed, but we need not own or consume or realize our ideals in order to enjoy them. We enjoy them in the quest,

and struggle for them, in our devotion to them.

An ethical book written by a Jewish mystic of the eighteenth century tells a naive and charming folk-tale. There lived somewhere a lonely and pious Jew, poor and forgotten of men, whose entire possession in life was one single tract of the Talmud. He had no other books. The pious man spent all his days reading and re-reading this one sacred tract. It filled his entire life, it became his world. He guarded it, he loved it, he treasured it. When he died, so runs the tale, this precious tome of sacred lore was transformed into a radiant maiden of surpassing loveliness, who led this faithful devotee to the Gates of Paradise. Quaint, is it not? But how profoundly true! In similarwise did Beatrice lead Dante along the terraces of heaven. For every high devotion, for every transfiguring wish, or hope, or prayer, an angel is born unto us to be our ministrant and guardian.

Such is the potency of ideals. They give us a whole realm of celestial beauty in which to live, even while these ideals are passing through the tragic stages of denial and frustration which lead to their ultimate transfiguration. And such ideals are within the reach of all men. One need not to be learned, or highborn, or opulent, to have them. They are more precious than gold - and yet the pauper may have them for the asking. Some men have vast estates, but they are lost in waste and weeds. Others have a few square feet in front of their little homes, but love plants ~~a~~/ a flower-bed there and a tree, and behold, there is beauty and the dream of perfection.

The cobbler at his lathe may have an ideal of high artisanship. He will see the charm of his work during his lifetime. The day-laborer who is conscious of the indispensable character of his work, the merchant who is faithful to his standards of service, the employer who finds in his office a challenge to unselfishness, the professional man who regards his calling as a consecration, all of them have a dream-world which will outlive them, but one which will abundantly bless them throughout their lifetime.

These ideals are near at hand. You need not ascend mountains to find them. They have no habitation. They are everywhere. They are not only near, they are seeking us. Halevi, the mystic poet of the Middle Ages, exclaimed: "I have sought

Thy nearness, with my whole heart have I called upon Thee, but when I went forth to find Thee, I found that Thou hadst been seeking me." Our ideal is seeking us. ~~Open your eyes,~~ It is here, in ^{our} ~~your~~ home, in the multitudinous acts of mutual love and sacrifice, in the exalted experience of friendship, in shop, store and office, in ^{our} ~~your~~ community, in social work, in civic work, in religious work, in the humblest and highest task, ~~it is there.~~

~~"Behold, I have set before thee this day, Life and the Good, Death and the Evil. Choose thou Life!"~~ ~~Amn.~~



Like a jewel radiating through numerous facets, our spirit should adventure along manifold ways.

Above all, we should seek to outstrip ourselves, to outdistance our highest achievements, to grope with the unknown for the new quality and the new purpose which shall antiquate the supreme quality and purpose of the moment. Thus we shall remain young amidst the aging toll of the relentless years.

And the older we shall grow, the less we shall lament the passing of the years. For an eager pilgrimage to the dwelling place of light will continue along the climbing highways of aspiration, undeterred by the weighted years, and ^{upon} upon our lips shall resound the sweet Song of Ascent, until we enter at last the resplendant fields of Eternal Renewal, the Pilgrimage Everlasting. . . .



A THREE-FOLD BENISON

Abba Hillel Silver, Rabbi, Tifereth Israel Congregation, Cleveland, Ohio.

We are told in our sacred lore, that when their hours of study were over, and the wise men left the halls of the Academy, they departed from one another with the following quaint and beautiful blessing: "Mayest thou behold thy world during thy lifetime, but may thine end be in Life Eternal, and thy hopes, may they endure throughout all generations."

On New Year's Day, we too take leave, not from one another, but from the old year, and from all that it held for us of good and evil, of gain and loss; and I know of no more seemly benediction which we can bestow upon one another at this hour, than this self-same prayer of the Rabbis. If I were to bless you this day, between the dark and the dawn of the New Year, with the choicest gift in the treasure-house of God, I could think of none more rare and precious than this.

It is a three-fold benison, each part a segment of a perfect whole. "Mayest thou behold thy world during thy lifetime." Is there anything more complete than this? To see our whole world while we live! The world of our desires and the world of our hopes! To win every goal, to taste every fruit, to slake every thirst at the fountain of success. What a generous benediction this is!

Surely this is what we pray for on this our Holy Day. "Grant us life, long life; grant us health, happiness, prosperity, peace. Let us not die ere the last mile of our journey is covered and the last beautiful scene glimpsed. Permit us to see our whole world while we live."

And how thoroughly human a prayer it is! What man is there who would wish to close the fascinating book of life before the last chapter is read and the last page is turned and the story is fully told! Unless he be of those who have suffered much, whose eyes have been darkened by unutterable sorrow, and from whose heart anguish has drained all love of life. We all wish to live, to see all, to know all, to taste all, to have all. The world is so resplendent with the works of God and the works of man, with the beauty that dwells in the earth and in the habitations of the children of earth. Our souls are hungry for this earth beauty and this life beauty, for all the wonder and grace which are in existence. How very human then is this prayer, and how truly it voices our deep-most longings.

And yet, somehow, the wise men of old, who uttered this valediction, keenly felt its incompleteness, for they hastened to supplement it: "But may thine end be in Life Eternal, and thy hopes, may they endure throughout all generations." On the face of it, a paradox! If one could see his whole world in his life-time, why should his end be in life eternal! If one could realize all his cherished hopes here and now, why should they be extended throughout all subsequent generations?

But the Rabbis, who saw life steadily, felt this wish to be inadequate, because unattainable. They knew that no man can see his whole world in his life-time, nor realize his high hopes in his own generation. But they also know of a world which every man could realize in his life-time, and of a hope which every man could see fulfilled. In the eye of the Rabbis there were two worlds; the world of our wishes and desires, and the world which these same wishes and desires create for us and in us. The world of our dreams and hopes, and the world which these same dreams and hopes surround us with.

In a sense every man builds his own world. Every man constructs his own world, his universe of wish and desire, the far-flung constellation of passionate cravings and longings, whose fiery center is self. The worlds of no two men are alike. Some build it of clay, of carnal wishes and coarse desires. Their world is narrow, never extending beyond the reach of the senses. Others fashion their dream-empire of finer stuff, of the needs of the mind and soul as well as of the body. Theirs is a larger estate, reaching out through spiritual roads into distant worlds. Still others, who are caught up by some vision and, touched by some inspiration, shape their worlds out of ineffable beauties, transcendent and measureless to man.

And each builder would like to see his dream world come true in his life-time. But God, the Master Builder, who has His own plan and His own architectural design, has so ordered His Universe, that none shall see his world fully realized in his life-time, and that the finer and subtler the stuff the dream world is made of, the more difficult shall it be of attainment.

Even the clay-world is hard to attain. Low desires and earthly cupidity, even satisfied, leave ashes in the mouth. Each fulfilled desire incites to others, stronger and more impetuous. "The sea hath bounds, but deep desire hath none." Passion means suffering. Until our hankerings are appeased, we suffer, and after they are appeased we soon weary of them. When we are in want we strive for the necessities of life. When we have the necessities of life, we crave for comforts. When we have comforts, we crave for luxury. When we have luxury, we cry for the moon—a mounting fever of discontent—an endless cycle of futility. The Greeks called it "The torments of Tantalus."

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Cleveland, Ohio, September, 1924.

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because of lack of facilities. Plans for the buildings which are to be constructed include a large building to accommodate 1,000 students, with classrooms, study rooms and auditorium; a senior high school building, to provide for a large number of students who can later continue their studies at the Yeshiva; a college and library building for the older students; a dormitory with 200 rooms for out-of-town students and a campus with play-grounds, so that the physical development of the students will be provided for.

The new Temple Israel of Long Beach, a conservative synagog costing upwards of one hundred thousand dollars was recently dedicated. It is now planned to erect a community center on the adjoining land.

Martin Vogel, a local lawyer and former assistant United States treasurer at New York, announced last week that he is a contender for the Democratic nomination for governor of this state, in the event that Governor Smith refuses to offer himself as a candidate. Mr. Vogel is allied by marriage with the Lewishohn family.

Mayor Hylan has appointed Samuel D. Levy, for many years a justice of the court of special sessions in charge of children's cases, as a judge of the newly created Children's Court of this city. Mr. Levy is exceptionally well fitted for this post, as for many years he has been an extremely active trustee of the Hebrew Sheltering Guardian Society's orphanage at Pleasantville.

During his stay in New York City the Prince of Wales visited the offices of The New York Times and the Herald-Tribune. Adolph Ochs, publisher, and Louis Wiley, business manager of The New York Times, escorted the Prince through the editorial and mechanical departments of that paper. At the office of The Herald-Tribune, he was received by Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, the owner, Mr. and Mrs. Ogden Reid and Julian Mason, the editor.

Rabbi Alvin S. Luchs was formally installed as rabbi of the congregation of the Temple of the Covenant, at 612-16 West 180th Street. The services were marked by a series of addresses by prominent rabbis of the city. Rabbi Stephen S. Wise spoke on the Message of the Reform Jews to America. Jacob W. Endel spoke in behalf of the congregation. Rabbi Rudolph Grossman and Rabbi Clifton H. Levy were other speakers.

Marvin Lowenthal, associate editor of the Menorah Journal sailed for England to assume his duties as the European editor of that magazine. The Menorah Journal is establishing a European office in response to the great interest manifested in that magazine in Jewish circles abroad. Mr. Lowenthal, before settling in England, will tour the Continent for the purpose of getting in direct touch with Jewish writers and artists, to enlist their cooperation.

James W. Wise, leader of the White Plains Jewish Community Center and son of Dr. Stephen S. Wise, will speak for John W. Davis and the Democratic ticket, beginning within ten days, the Democratic National Committee announced yesterday. A daughter of Rabbi Wise in the meantime will be campaigning for the third party candidates. Rabbi Wise is a Democrat. After Charles F. Murphy's death he was named for the Tammany leader's place in the New York delegation to the National Convention, representing Mr. Murphy's Congressional district.

"For the first time since the close of the war I feel that Europe has turned the corner; that she has at last arrested her fateful slide down hill, and that we are now witnessing the beginning of an era of genuine and enduring recuperation." This opinion was expressed by Paul M. Warburg, Chairman of the Board of International Acceptance Bank, Inc., who returned to New York yesterday on the Homeric, after two months in Europe. He visited England, France and spent several weeks in Germany.

The one hundred and fourteenth birthday of Mrs. Mashe Urdang will be celebrated this afternoon at 2 o'clock at the Harlem Home of the Daughters of Israel, 32 East 119th street. To the party have been invited her brother, who is reported to be 100 years old, and her son, 89. Mrs. Urdang will have the good wishes of fifty other aged inmates of the asylum for the old—thirty-five women and fifteen men.

Frederick Solomon, musician and actor, for fourteen years general musical director for Klaw & Erlanger, died Tuesday of last week, in his sixty-third year. He left a widow and a daughter. Mr. Solomon had spent nearly his entire life in association with the theater, making his debut as a child of 8 at the Drury Lane Theater in London. He spent three years in the band of the Royal Marines, winning the Queen's Silver Medal as a first-class musician. Over here he joined Lillian Russell's company, his brother, Edward, being the star's second husband. In 1886 he began a term of six years at the Casino, playing Francis Wilson's part at the end of the long run of "Erminie."

Lebanon Hospital has purchased as the site for its new building the square block extending from the Concourse to Selwyn avenue, between Mount Eden avenue and 175th street. The approximate cost of the hospital when completed will be about \$2,000,000. It will have a capacity of approximately 300 beds. The plans are being drawn up now under the direction of the Building Committee, whose chairman is Benjamin J. Weil.

On Sunday, September 14, Temple Beth El and the United Community Center, Broadway and Locust avenue, Cedarhurst, was formally dedicated. Rabbi Norman Salit offered the opening prayer. Benjamin Cohen, chairman of the Building Committee, presented the key to Judge Leon Sanders, President of Temple Beth El. Enlightening addresses were delivered by Hon. Julius Miller, President of the Borough of Manhattan, Senator James Walker and Rabbi Moses J. S. Abels, of Temple Beth El, Cedarhurst. The exercises closed with the benediction offered by Rabbi Isaac Landman, of Temple Israel, Far Rockaway. Rabbi Moses J. S. Abels has been in charge of this new congregation since July 1. This attractive new Temple is now completed and ready for the High Holy Days services.

Mayor Hylan speaking to 30,000 persons assembled before the Elkan Naumburg bandstand in Central Park last Sunday night, at an elaborate orchestral concert in the late donor's memory, won applause from a considerable portion of the crowd who caught his words when he said the city authorities were hoping to give a free performance of opera, or a series of such performances, when the free concerts are resumed there another year. The Mayor, who spoke after the more serious half of the program by Hugo Riesenfeld's musicians and Cantor Josef Rosenblatt, tenor, made occasion in his speech to refer also to the 900 concerts held this year. They were due, he said, to "no single individual." Beyond that statement he did not further revive the controversy of the early summer, when Mrs. Daniel Guggenheim and others who financed the

In 1919 he was called to lead the Reform Congregation Keneseth Israel, in Allentown, Pa., which office he held up to the present year. He came periodically to New York to continue post-graduate work at Columbia University. He has received the degree of M. A., and is now preparing for his Ph. D.

At Temple Israel, Ninety-first street, near Broadway, officers and members of the congregation gathered to install their new associate rabbi, the Rev. Ira E. Sanders, M. A. Dr. Harris, senior rabbi gave an introductory address.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacques Loeb of Philadelphia and Atlantic City, have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Leonore Loeb, to Alan R. Goldsmith of this city, son of Mrs. May Goldsmith and the late Henry J. Goldsmith. Mr. Goldsmith attended Yale and is now connected with the F. & W. Grand Stores.

Mr. and Mrs. Max Guggenheim of the Gotham, have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Marguerite J. Guggenheim, to Leon W. Strauss of this city. No date has been set for the wedding.

ST. LOUIS EVENTS

All our rabbis have returned from their summer holidays refreshed, physically and spiritually. They occupied their own pulpits on last Friday evening. Rabbi Louis Witt, at Temple Shaare Emeth, spoke on "The American Constitution In Its Relation to the American Ideals." Rabbi Julian Miller, at B'nai El Temple, had as his topic of discourse "Synagogue and Church." Rabbi Thurman, who held Union Services all summer, excepting the last few weeks, when Rabbi Witt took his place and Dr. Thurman took an Eastern trip, spoke on "Taking Up the Reins." Dr. Harrison, who spent the summer abroad, had as his subject, "The New Europe I Saw this Summer, and Its New Destinies and Duties."

Dr. Samuel Sale will occupy the pulpit during the coming holidays at Pine Bluff, Ark.

Temple Israel will hold New Year and Atonement Services at the new Scottish Cathedral, where 3,000 seats will be available. The United Hebrew Congregation will hold their holiday services at Moolah Temple, which has a capacity of 2,400 seats. No Jewish stranger, living in or visiting St. Louis during the fall holidays, need stay away from the Temple on the holy days. All strangers will be welcomed and made to feel at home in the houses of worship.

Miss Cecilia Razoosky, executive secretary, department of immigrant aid of the National Council of Jewish Women, was in St. Louis last week to visit her parents. While here Miss Razoosky spoke before the "Town Club" and also addressed the members of Missouri Lodge on Sunday. St. Louisians are proud of Miss Razoosky, who did her first social service work here, as secretary, in the work permit department of the Board of Education.

"Liberalism and the Jew" was the subject discussed at the first fall meeting of the Hashomrim Club at the Young Men's Hebrew Association building on Monday evening.

Mrs. Joseph Glaser returned to St. Louis from a summer spent in Green Mountains Falls, Colo., and in Colorado Springs. At the latter place she was a guest at "The Antlers."—Mr. and Mrs. Sidney M. Shoenberg have returned from their summer home at Charlevoix.—Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Levi, after a summer spent in traveling through Switzerland, France and England, are at home again.

Mr. and Mrs. William Blumenfeld have announced the engagement of their daughter, Ella, to Harry H. Mayer of Milwaukee, Wis.

Mrs. Hattie Loucheim, who spent the summer with relatives in a camp in Wisconsin, is again at the "Gatesworth" and will as usual take an active part in doing good work for the "Board of Religious Organizations."

Mrs. Chas. A. Stix and mother, Mrs. Moses Fraley, returned from their four months' journey abroad. As president of the Women's Republican Club Mrs. Stix is destined to pass a busy fall and winter.

Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Rauh and daughters have returned from a summer spent in California.—Mr. Nathan Frank, Mrs. August Frank and daughter, Mrs. Grace Greenhall, have returned from the East. They spent the summer in Allenhurst and Deal, N. J.—Nearly all St. Louis people, who have spent the hot months in the East, North or West, have returned to their homes. Many were called home sooner than they expected by the death of Mrs. Jonathan Rice, who passed away on Saturday, September 13.

Colonel and Mrs. M. Shoenberg, who have been occupying their summer home, "Edgecrest," at Charlevoix, Mich., since June, have returned to St. Louis and are again domiciled at the "Chase."—After several months spent in Mexico, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Roth and son are at home again.

Col. and Mrs. I. H. Lesem, after a summer spent in New Rochelle and Charlevoix, are at the Chase Hotel.—Mr. and Mrs. David May are in St. Louis having returned from Charlevoix.

Mrs. Aurelia S. Rice, widow of the late Jonathan Rice and one of St. Louis' best residents, died September 13, on the steamer Columbus, while returning home after a five months' trip abroad. Her son, Charles M. Rice, who was in Charlevoix, Mich., at the time, was informed of the sad news by wireless and met the steamer when it docked in New York. The funeral took place from her late residence, 3733 Pine street, on Friday afternoon. Mrs. Rice was 69 years old. She would have reached her 70th birthday on October 12, and plans for a family gathering in St. Louis in her honor had been arranged. Mrs. Rice had a large circle of friends and was known for her good deeds and for the interest she took in literature and welfare work. She was a member of the "German Class," which she helped to organize many years ago. She was an active supporter of the Bethesda Home, which she visited regularly. Her pleasing personality and graciousness endeared her to many. Mrs. Rice was one of the founders of the Home of Chronic Invalids in St. Louis county. A portrait of Mrs. Rice, painted by Shannon, noted English portrait artist, hangs in the St. Louis Art Museum. Mrs. Rice was a member of Temple Israel. Besides her son, Chas. M. Rice, survivors are her mother, Mrs. Henry Stix, of Cincinnati; three sisters, Mrs. Dr. Sidney I. Schwab and Mrs. S. Koninsky of St. Louis, and Mrs. Leo Lowman of Cincinnati; two brothers, Dr. Walter Stix of Cincinnati, and Sol. H. Stix of Chicago. She was a sister of the late William Stix of St. Louis. Three grandchildren also survive. Mrs. Henry Stix of St. Louis, is a sister-in-law. Mrs. Rice was born in Cincinnati and had been a resident of St. Louis since 1878. Memorial Resolutions were published in all the St. Louis papers; The Erna Rice Ward was established for the care of cripples and incurables before the advent of the Hospital for Crippled Children and Home for Incurables in St. Louis.

Friends of D. Leroy Jacobson were saddened to hear of his death at the Jewish Hospital on Friday, September 19. Less than two years ago he was