The Human Touch

By HARRY SALPETER

A Pledge Is Kept N NOVEMBER of 1924 a drunk en newspaper man gave me a book. I know, not because I have



Harry Salpeter

because scribed on the fly - loof He gave me book, not in order that I might have another collection of printed pages in binding, but in order thaf

the

might read it. That book mes a great deal to that particular drunken newspaperman. It con-tained for him the fine philosophy of pessimism and skepticism and determination. to tell me why this book meant so much to him—as he sometimes did between drinks—he became more or less incoherent, and simply pledged me to read the book. gave my pledge.

Years passed. "Have you read it?" he asked. We knew, both of us, to what "it" referred, and we had to be no more specific than that. My usual answer was, "No, but I shall." Pressed for an explanation, as I sometimes was, I would refer to the heaps of current works into which I had to dip and write about for a living. Of course there were other reasons and one of them was the natural disinclination to perform a duty, a task pledged. Perhaps, had I taken my word more lightly would have read through book on some easygoing after-noon, or on a train ride, or on an insemniac night, but I took that nledge with such dead earnestness that I postponed the ta The Constant Item

With the passage of the years came the depression and things happened to our jobs and we happened to our jobs and we drifted apart, and saw each other y. Then I read that he had but the obligation weighed no less heavily upon my con-science. My collection of books was subjected to weeding after was subjected to weening after weeding, but the red-bound, gold-lettered gift of my friend re-mained untouched. My collection mained untouched. My collection of books has so steady a turnover that I have refrained for that reason from acquiring a bookplate. We moved from one part of the Bronx to another. My friend's book moved with us. We moved from the Bronx to downtown Manhattan. The book moved with us. Again we moved, a little to the northeast, and again packed and unpacked that volume. It wasn't that I didn't want to read it, it was that I had bound myself to read it and it was also, to be frank about it, that I might find that it wasn't worth the em-phasis which my friend had placed

Saturday evening, July 15, 1934, I finished the book I had to read in November, 1924. During that ten-year period I have read an average of fifty books a year, not to mention that other fifty into which I have dipped, and which I do not therefore consider as having "read." Sometimes I can go four days without looking a book, and then I go into a rash of reading, and am not content merely with reading a book at a time, but must read three, and, sometimes, four at a time. temperamental that way.

The satisfaction of that November, 1924, pledge comes appropri-ately at this time. Last Tuesady, if you read last Tuesday's issue of The Bulletin, I wrote about Mark East Side, West Side



"Come on, Izzy! This is better than Coney Island."

"The Mysterious Stranger," which of those in the audience the un-meant so much to my dead news-comfortable feeling that they had paper friend and which I think been accused of not paying anynight have meant a little less to him had he read a more subtle exonent of the same ideas, to wit Anatole France.

The Surprising Thing

The most surprising thing about "The Mysterious Stranger" is that Mark Twain wrote it, for it shows him in the opposite of his normal character that of a comic of a story-teller, of the exponent of the American frontier type of humor. "The Mysterious Stranger" written by a man who, when he wrote it, was persuaded that things were not kosher, that people were hateful and revengeful. units in an ugly mass that would burn and persecute in order not to be mistaken for one of the minority and be persecuted in turn. The setting is Austria of the 16th century and the mysterious stranger is one who, not having to abey the laws of time and matter that binds us, is enabled to give a wide and universal perspective to a group of boys whose minds have not yet been poisoned by cowardice and superstitition. When we have put the book down we are persuaded that when Twair wrote it, he was thinking of life as a choice between evils and that a man was happiest who could lose himself in such insane notions as those in such meane notions as those in which one of the minor characters of the book passes his last year. Perhaps it doesn't matter now any more, but I can only hope that

in his last year the man who gave me his copy of "The Mysterious Stranger" found some comfort out of memories other than his mem-ory of this book.

On Asking for Money

HIS has absolutely nothing to do with what has gone before but I believe that if you care the least bit about music, you ought to dig into your jeans and send a centribution to the Stadium Concerts, Inc., in order to make pos-sible the continuance of the open air concerts during the rest of the Summer at the Lewisohn Stadium. I have already put my money where my mouth is, according to the good old American expression nchich Mark Twain, I'm sure, would understand.

Perhaps I may presume on the liberty thus purchased to say that I believe there's a science, or maybe an art, in asking for money. During the intermission at the Monday evening concert, at which Jose Iturbi was making his farewell appearance for the season, a Miss Nilssen said something to the Twain's piece, "Concerning the leffect that persons, such as those Abu Jilda and his heachman med Jews." The work which I read present, who enjoyed manic should no effort to redistribute the prop-factureday evening is Mark Twain's pay for their pleasure giving many letty they had stollen.

been accused of not paying any-thing for such pleasures as Mr. Iturbi's playing and conducting. Even a deaf person could have sensed the buzz of disapproval that arose from that audience when Miss Nilsson had finished her piece

Nevertheless, at the end of the concert, dollar bills were thrown into the yawning buckets which attendants offered to the draves of music lovers swarming toward the exits, into one of which buckets I exits, into one of which buckets I also threw my humble offering, which the hope that the required aum of \$7,500 would be raised in full and Miss Nilssen excused in the future from making moneyraising speeches.

Illegal Entry Charge Brings Innocent Man Into Toils of Zion Law

(J.T.A. Special Correspondence)

JERUSALEM, July 7.— The
helplessness of law-abiding persons when apprehended by police on a charge of being in the country on a charge of seeing in the country "illigally," was illustrated here to-day when an itinerant Jewish wendor of watches, Zeev Yehuda Fishman, was pointed out to a constable as an unauthorized set-

The constable arrested the man and took him to local police station, where he was detained for some hours before his protestations were heard. He was escorted home by two constables, and there showed them his Palestinian passport, proving that he had been in the country for ten years and for six years had been a naturalized

Arab Brigands Turned Into Martyrs by 'Reds'

(J.T.A. Special Corresponder NABLUS, Palestine, July

Sentenced to death for murder and highway robbery, the notorious bandit, Abu Jilda and his Neuten-ant, El Armeet, have the honor of being made martyrs by Commu ists in this all-Moslem town.

Placards distributed over walls of the fown claim that the bandits "only tried to amend the injustice in present day society of the unfair distribution of prop-erty. "It is reported, however, that both men have terrorized the Pal-estinian countryside for months, robbing poor peasants as well as the more wealthy gentry and that Abu Jilda and his henchman made



OR all that the thermometer may soar and temperatures make the front page; the shops have assumed

definitely pect. At the autumnal very modern-istic shop of Marion Valle, at 567 Wadison avenue,, you can go off into a wintry dream,



forget your much-laundered cot-tons and envision yourself an elegant lady in sumptuous velvet chapeux dripping with feathers in the best Mae West tradition. And when there aren't feathers on the hats, there are monkey fur and veils that give a "come-up-and-see-me-semetime" look. This designer seems to have a yen for daring color contrasts and sharp sym-metrical lines—which means that if you dete on flighty headgear that gets away from the uniform, you should put her to work for

THE new line of furniture

which Macy is all worked up about is meant to show what can he done to achieve simplicity and comfort on a slender pocket-book! They've gone into this thing in a big way and furnished thirteen new rooms with the stuff, just to show you that with a little bit of show you that with a little bit of ingenuity, a bit of inagination and much less money than it took before, you can bring summer coolness and charm into your home. Newly married couples take note! This "Leisure-Line" furniture offers you modern chairs, sefas and tables at prices you can Maten to. In furnishing these rooms to give you ideas, Macy decorators have kept the colors bright, fresh and crisp . . . small and medium sized rag rugs stress an added informal note, and striped and glazed chintz, gay linens and crash rugs have been effectively used. It's just the thing to give the newly-marrieds a lot of inspiration for a home, and also meant for fortunate older marrieds who are doing a Summer home in the country.

VERY successful cocktail
Lyperty calls for proliminaries
to produce that delectable array

By of hors-d'oeuvres. One hurdle Fve HERB KRUCKMAN never been able to leap is to cut. cheese thinly and slimly enough to look well when teasted But the English know how, and Saks-Fifth Avenue learned from them when they imported their cheese It really looks like a flat-spoon with a bladed slit that tened goes horizontal-ways where the bowl should begin. Paper thin your cheese emerges—just proving that the English know.

> OT since the introduction of the permanent wave has there been so welcome an inven-tion as the definitely superior Zotos method of Permanent Waying. The discovery of this ma-chine-less method is an achievement as important to permanent waving as wireless was to communication and the horseless carriage to transportation. Think of it—an hitherto unattainable softness, lustre and beauty added to permanent wave, without electricity-without electricity—without a machine and in far less time than you ever thought possible. No nerve rack-ing ordeal of being helplessly tied under a heavy machine, no worrying about the use of electric cur-rent, no hot metal heaters to pull Fifth Avenue Salon at 356 Fifth avenue are specialists in this wave and all you have to do is just re-lax in one of their comfortable chairs and he made beautiful the Zotos way. The result is a deep, lasting wave of incomparable

MARLY is a woman's secret instituating perfumes, the most flattering of face pewders and cosmetics whose artifice is unsuspected and irresistible! The House of Marly served the royalty of Europe when the world-old game of fascination was the chief concern of ladies of the court. When royalty passed from glory, the fashionable women of the Contifashionable women of the Conti-nent continued to seek from Marly those aids to beauty which they were so gifted and skilled in blending. These notable traditions have been maintained and improved upon by succeeding gen-erations and today the American gentlewoman, as well as her sis-ters abroad, knows the luxury of these superlatively fine perfumes and cosmetics. Altman's earry complete line of these products.

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