

boiling! But I could not help myself. I love Count Laszinski; the thought of him fills me with life and love. Can I resist when a greater force, which governs you and me and every one else, has taken possession of me? Do you remember, father, you used to tell me that whatever one does it is the will of God? If this is true, then it is not my wrong, but His, who made me love the Count. If you cannot forgive, forget not your ever-loving son.

"MALKE." The aggrieved father scanned the letter with a wild stare in his eyes. He remained speechless for a moment. Then, as if awakening from a delirium, he rose to his feet, got a knife and with a nodding head and tears flowing over his face came up to his wife.

"Sarah, our daughter Malke is no more!" he said in a hoarse, tremulous voice. "Her chastity is gone! Our child is dead to us—dead! Krea (rend your clothes)." And as he said this he made a cut in his wife's jacket, then in the lapel of his own coat, and sat down on the floor heavily.

"Malke is dead—dead!" he groaned through his streaming tears as he swayed his body mournfully. "Oh, my child! Oh, Malke! Malke!" wept Mrs. Takiff bitterly, wringing her hands.

BOOK THE SECOND. LIGHT.

"The people that walk in darkness have seen a great light."—Isaiah.

CHAPTER I.

"LITHUANIAN JERUSALEM."

The holidays passed mournfully enough. Nothing was heard of Malke. Her name was not to be mentioned in her father's presence, though both of the grief-stricken parents continued to weep and groan, and the dreary fall added a touch of gloom. I could not bear to stay in this house any longer, so when the first snow fell I thanked the broken-hearted people for their kindness and departed. With a hundred rubles in my pocket I hoped to be able to make a start in Vilno.

Late on Friday afternoon I arrived in the great city of enlightenment. The streets of "Lithuanian Jerusalem," as Vilno was justly termed, were thronged with running, jostling, pushing men and women, whose every look and gesture spoke of thrifty commerce. With no particular destination in view, I wandered through the busy thoroughfares, staring at everything about me with astonishment; at the three and four story white-plastered buildings which seemed to me like so many towers of Babel, at the crowded sidewalks, at the noisy pavements, at the smoothly rolling carriages, at the rattling carts, at the rushing droshkies. Everything was so different from what I had been accustomed to in the small dirty towns that I felt helpless, half-frightened.

I reached the marketplace. Here more than ever I was aware that I was in Vilno and on Friday—the busiest day of all seven. I paused on a street corner and looked about dazedly. Fishmongers, fruit-vendors, small dry-goods dealers called out their wares in stentorian voices, asthmatic voices, screechy, piping voices, jarring voices, and in all sorts of intonations and dialects.

A heavy-coated, fat Jewess, with a large woollen shawl twisted around her head and covering all features but her frozen nose and moving lips, solicited trade in this wise: "Blessed women, come, come; good, hot, mellow, and reliable beans; buy, women, for the Sabbath. They will melt in your mouths like granulated sugar—so may the Count whose name I am not worthy of mentioning help me to sell my chickens under the bridal canopy—a real bargain; a bargain as sure as I live." "A bargain as sure as I live," piped her little daughter, while her mother was rubbing her hands and warming herself over the "fire-pot."

Another woman stood in the doorway of a dry-goods shop, her hands under her apron and her head cowered in a heavy shawl, quarrelling with a woman who was leaving the store. "Outcast! Vixen! May your name be effaced from the earth!" cursed the storekeeper. "Don't I know that you go around from store to store only to bargain and haggle without buying a penny's worth of stuff? Ha! ha! Did you ever see such a pig, such an unclean animal, who came over here from some small town or village, and simply goes around for the fun of bargaining? Ten customers—so may God help me and give me good luck—ten customers—so may I see my eldest daughter under the bridal canopy and you in the grave!—ten customers—so may ten plagues set on your hogish black face!—ten customers passed my door and did not come in because you were bargaining with me, and they surely would have bought more goods than you have got in your store, you pig of a small town! All the ten plagues of Egypt shall rest on your hogish head!" The shopkeeper turned to the passersby: "Nul nul! Did you ever hear? She don't want my goods, she says, after I had turned the store upside down and quoted her the cheapest prices—almost at cost."

The would-be customer, a short, heavy-set woman with purple cheeks, blue lips, and a reddish snub-nose, had been gathering wrath, and she now turned it loose. "Theft! Pickpocket! Your swindles are known all over the world, from India unto Ethiopia. Ha! ha! She thinks she has got hold of a fool from a small town, and tries to sell her a 'cat in a bag.' Before I ever knew about your threadbare stolen handkerchiefs and rotten silk I had already dealt in ten thousand rubles' worth of satin and costly silks and velvets. All the storekeepers of our town warned me not to buy any goods from you—so may I live to see my husband and children in the best of health when I arrive home! All your curses will fall in the deep sea where the Egyptians were drowned, and where I hope to see you swallowed. Must I buy

your rotten goods? Get yourself a bigger fool than me. No, no, little sister!—this in a tone of mockery—"you can't sell me your stinking goods. I was not born yesterday."

"Fish—trembling, live fish, just from the bath, as good as the yeshivan," struck in a fishmonger, winking significantly at the two quarrelling women. "The Cear himself may eat them. Try them, buy them, good women. Eight copecks a pound—eight copecks. Fresh and trembling, good women."

Bewildered by the tumult and confusion I strolled from stall to stall, staring about me in countryman fashion. I paid dear for my curiosity. Every time I raised my eyes to the high buildings some urchin was certain to aim a painful blow under my chin. Once the blow was so powerful that when I recovered from my surprise I found my image deeply imprinted in a heap of snow.

At length the yellowish street lights began to flicker. I had never before seen such illuminations, and they filled my mind with admiration for the magnificence of the Lithuanian metropolises.

While engrossed in sight-seeing I was utterly unconscious of the biting frost and the dust-like sprinkling of snow in the air; but now that my curiosity was half-satisfied and night had fallen I began to feel the cold and think of a place to spend the night. I had money in my pocket and might easily have found lodgings, but I was so at a loss in this big city that I actually feared to try. At one tavern after another I stopped, but could not summon courage enough to open the door. I might have walked the streets all night had I not soon observed that on every corner policemen were eying me, made suspicious by my having so often passed and repassed them. As my fear of them was greater than my fear of innkeepers, I determined to seek refuge in the first lodging-house I should come across.

I pushed open the door of an ale-house and, half-embarrassed, remained standing like a beggar on the very threshold. Two men seated at a little table were talking in low tones, and at first seemed not to observe my presence. A minute later, however, one of the men looked up at me angrily and said to his companion: "The beggars are eating the flesh off our bones. They give us no rest even on Friday night." Then he asked sarcastically of me: "How many suppers have you had tonight?"

I was humiliated. I fingered the money in my pocket, with a strong desire to pull out the roll of bills and show him that I had more than enough to pay for a meal.

"He's not that kind of a bird," the other remarked, rising from his seat. "What do you wish?" demanded the first man, who was the proprietor.

In a faltering voice I told him that I was a stranger seeking lodging for the night, for which I was ready to pay in advance. My explanation seemed to appease the angry proprietor, and coming near me he asked: "What is your business, young man?"

I could not understand what right he had to put this question to me, but as I lacked courage to refuse an answer I told him I had come to attend the gymnasium.

"Talmudic sucklings are flocking in daily, so that the yeshivas will soon have to be closed for want of students," he said to his companion. Then turning to me he said in a tone of dismissal: "This is no lodging-house, young man."

I was about to leave, when his companion, who had been scrutinizing me silently, inquired: "Have you any friends here?"

"I don't know a soul in the city," I answered.

He continued to look sharply at me, and after a moment's hesitation asked: "Do you write a neat hand—mean Russian?"

"I think I do."

"If you are willing to do some copying—for an hour or two a day—I will give you lodging by way of compensation and give you an opportunity to earn a few rubles besides."

This was indeed a godsend. I accepted the offer straightway.

A few minutes later we were walking through the streets, while my companion was questioning me about my past. We were tall and solidly built, with jet-black curly hair, and with what I thought, mischievous-looking eyes. At first I was apprehensive of danger; but there were candor and sympathy in his words, and his offer was too inviting for one in my circumstances to reject, so I soon dismissed all suspicion from my mind.

We presently entered a large, gloomy courtyard. After we had climbed two narrow stairways my friend rapped on a door. We were admitted by a young woman into a dimly lighted apartment. He introduced the woman as "the lady who keeps house for me," and he showed me into a neat-looking room which contained, besides a bed and a little table, a small printing-press.

"Israel—don't mind my calling you by your first name; I also wish you to call me Adolph, not Mr. Dolgoff," he laughed merrily, and slapped me on the shoulder by way of encouraging good fellowship—"Israel, make yourself at home here. I hope you will not find me a bad fellow. But I must add one stipulation—whatever you see or hear keep to yourself; ask no questions. When you have had as much experience as I you will find this advice very helpful to you. Children must be taught to talk, grown people to keep silent."

After I had supped on very palatable food I went to bed. But although I was worn out hours passed before I fell asleep. The incident of my meeting Dolgoff and the scenes I had witnessed during the day kept me awake. My new friend looked mysterious; everything about him was suggestive of a secret; and yet his cordial manners won my confidence. One hour in his

company had made me feel as if I had been lifelong friends. But what did it matter as long as I was in Vilno—in Lithuanian Jerusalem—in the great city of light and culture? Finally magic hope sung a sweet lullaby and lulled me to sleep.

CHAPTER II.

MY SECOND BIRTH.

After a long rest I awoke the next morning with a happy word on my lips—Vilno. I lay in bed listening to the rumbling of wheels on the loud cobblestones as if it were sweet music, and later, glancing through my window at the tier upon tier of high buildings and domes and spires, I pictured myself as Napoleon beholding the burnished roofs and magnificent structures of Moscow before its doom.

My joy was so overwhelming for many days to come that all past recollections escaped my memory; even the fresh remembrance of Malke was merely like the sour taste that remains after eating sweets. I thought of nothing but the future. Nor was I troubled by the suspicion that Dolgoff had at first aroused in my mind. I did my clerical work as he bade me, asking no questions. Not infrequently I wondered what he did with so many passports, which I copied, and what he did with that printing-press, which I often heard him work behind closed doors, but I would instantly recall his stipulation and remain dumb. Did I have any cause to disregard his orders? Did he not treat me generously? Did he not furnish me with books that I might pursue my studies? Did he not help me in every possible way? With such questions I would quiet any misgivings that arose in my mind. And what a companion! His rich, elastic barytone, which rang with tragic sweetness and pathos on many a frosty winter night, still chimed in my ears like a weird echo whenever my mind recurs to that period of my eventful life.

Two months passed happily in routine work and study. One night about Christmas time, while I sat reading, I heard Dolgoff and another man talking in the adjoining room. That there was a man in his room was itself surprising, as Dolgoff had few visitors, but my attention was attracted not so much by the visitor as by something suggestive in the voice of the guest.

"S-h! I hear somebody stirring in the next room," I heard the visitor say.

"This is the fellow I told you about—silent as a fish."

A short pause.

"How soon must you have the passports and the circulars?"

There was a sound like that of unfolding a large sheet of paper. "Tomorrow morning, if possible," the stranger answered. "There is danger if they don't get the passports in three days."

I am afraid to work at night. The press makes too much noise, and my housekeeper tells me that the neighbors are getting suspicious of us."

"How about getting the fellow to work to-morrow all day?"

Another pause.

"I am afraid to trust him. He appeared dull at first, but I find him quite shrewd."

"Suppose you call him out so I can size him up."

Dolgoff called, "Israel!" I pretended not to hear.

He called a second time.

I stepped into the next room. It was dim, and I could not see Dolgoff's companion very distinctly, but I noticed that he wore a gymnasium uniform.

"Is that you?" the stranger exclaimed.

I shrank back a step and said laughingly: "The voice is Jacob's voice and the hands are the hands of Esau."

"Don't you know me?" he asked, again coming closer to me.

Ephraim! But what a change! A heavy crop of dark, curly hair crowned his well-formed head, a brown mustache shaded his upper lip, and his keen eyes sparkled through a pair of glasses. He was more erect, more graceful than ever, and in the smart gymnasium uniform he looked quite distinguished.

Then we forgot everything else and talked of days gone by and of what had happened to us since our separation.

"I am in the seventh," he answered to my question as to his class.

"And I am in minus one," I said jocosely, though a trifle jealously.

"You will catch up with the rest of us," Ephraim assured me encouragingly. "Once rid of the fanatics, the rest is easy sailing. In der Beschrankung zeigt sich erst der Meister," he quoted Goethe. "The danger is now over; one daring step brings the advance of two."

Although I rejoiced at meeting my old friend, yet I dreaded his association. I realized that Ephraim's motives and ideas had always been worthy, but at the same time I feared he was instinctively creating trouble for himself and his companions. I did not clearly understand in what complication he was now involved, but the passports of his and Dolgoff's fabrication, as well as the circulars printed behind closed doors, were doubtless not serving a legitimate purpose. However, my situation was such as did not warrant my severing connections with either him or Dolgoff. And, besides, in spite of Ephraim's revolutionary ideas, which were not in harmony with my nature, I loved him for his sincerity. I have always preferred erring sincerity to truth advocated by a hypocrite.

The following day he took me to his lodging, where we discussed my future. There would be no trouble in my being admitted to the sixth grade of gymnasium, as Ephraim had predicted. My answers to the examination questions drew attention to me. I overheard one of the examiners remark to another: "A bright Jewish lad." And the record I made at examination I kept up in the classrooms. I was constantly being commended by my instructors.

"Would you mind changing your name?" I did not divine his meaning at first and looked at him somewhat dubiously.

"Why, don't you understand?" He lowered his voice. "I can get you a passport under a different name, provided you would assume that name. Every three years you may renew the passport and live undisturbed all your life."

I felt that it would not be easy to part with my name; it seemed to me like changing my nose without remodeling my other features. But after he had laid the proposition before me and explained the impossibility of my accomplishing anything without such a step, I submitted to this change.

So that very afternoon, in the presence of Dolgoff, Ephraim presented me with a document that bore the Russian eagle and smilingly said: "I'll be your godfather and christen you Ivan Felitsch Russakoff, a native of Pskoff. Remember, you are a native of Pskoff, he repeated warningly. "And now you are safe."

That night I lay awake for hours. Hitherto I had worked with enthusiasm, I had been in much the situation of one who is trying to find his way alone through a wilderness. Ephraim had pointed the direct path to me; his advice helped me to reduce my depository plan to order. My hopes grew stronger as I tossed about on my bed. I began to look into the future. I saw myself in gymnasium uniform; I saw myself studying arduously to win prizes; I saw myself in the midst of a graduating class and heard distinctly, "Gold medal for Ivan Felitsch Russakoff"—and then, ghostlike, a picture began to take hazy shape. Gradually the figure assumed more definite outlines. My heart began to throb faster and the blood in my veins ran more swiftly as the picture became clear before my eyes. I held my breath. A blooming maiden, with rich brown hair hanging down her back, stood by my side, smiling. I thought I heard her murmur very softly: "You foolish Israel! Why, then I'll marry you."

CHAPTER III.

A ROSE WITH A THORN.

During the winter and the following summer my studies were a passion with me. My eagerness for study and my inexhaustible craving for books kept me so spellbound that the nights for sleep appeared to me like black spokes in a fast-whirling wheel. I was instinctively an idler, and day dreams were as natural to me as breathing. I forced myself to read and study assiduously all day and night. My friends urged me to study less and give more time to recreation. But how could I? I realized there was so much to learn, so much to observe, so much to think about, and that I was so ignorant and life was so short. And when I did permit myself a little respite in dusky twilight; when I figured it was cheaper to rest than to burn oil or candles, which I could ill afford, my mind would immediately turn to literature. I would review in memories of the works of Shakespeare and Milton and Dante and Goethe and Schiller and Lessing and Heine and Rousseau and Mollers and Cervantes. I was inspired by their grandeur—and at the same time I was humbled. To be called a student without possessing a thorough knowledge of literature, philosophy, and all the sciences seemed to me unpardonable pederasty. Such thoughts, immediately followed by a realization of my own insignificance and ignorance, often drove me to despair; and I would quickly make a light (not minding the cost, which frequently deprived me of a few meals at the end of the month) and proceed with my studies more arduously than ever.

To say that I devoured all the books I could get hold of is scarcely a figure of speech. Finding myself in a library before a pile of books, my brain would become dizzy from a nervous desire to read all the books at once.

In spite of Dolgoff's congeniality and kindness, I soon determined that his house was no place for me. I dreaded people with secrets. So as soon as I found employment by which I could earn enough for bread and butter and tea I moved to a small attic, from which I looked down upon a wide expanse of roofs. Small as my room was, I enjoyed it more than if it had been a sumptuously furnished palace. I loved the noiseless hum of silence at night, and there in my forsaken nook, with but a cot, a chair, and a table, I found these comforts in all their lavishness.

Ephraim's new idea, that I should go to the sixth grade of gymnasium, as Ephraim had predicted. My answers to the examination questions drew attention to me. I overheard one of the examiners remark to another: "A bright Jewish lad." And the record I made at examination I kept up in the classrooms. I was constantly being commended by my instructors.

But there is no sunshine without shadow, no rose without a thorn. A very sensitive person can never be happy; his feelings are so tender that the least unkindness puts him in misery. Happiness is the lot of those whose nerves are dull, whose brains are heavy, whose eyes look and do not see. Unfortunately, I was very sensitive—quick to see, quick to comprehend, quick to feel.

And it was not long before I felt the prick of the thorn. My assiduous study and native aptness for literature brought me to the head of the class in that course. The jealousy of the gentle boys was provoked, and I suffered. During recess, when the boys would play and fight, I could not pass through the schoolyard without insult. One would gather the skirt of his coat in his hand in the shape of a pig's ear and imitate that unclean animal as I passed; another would mimic my walk; some one else would bespatter me with ink blown through a straw. Nor were these the worst pranks they played upon me. Need I say that I suffered? The word suffer is not adequate to express what I felt. It was not their jibes and mockery alone that hurt me. I was hurt as much by their injustice to my race. It was not me individually that they insulted, but the great suffering people of Israel.

Many a night, when my tormentors were peacefully asleep, I lay in my dark little chamber and logged for the Ghetto and the Talmud. Several times I determined to give up all hopes of becoming a distinguished man and go back to the Beth-Hamedresh and the mystic folios of the Talmud. "Is not the confined Ghetto, with all its dirt and bigotry, the safest corner for the sensitive Jew?" I would ask myself. "There at least, though I suffered physically, I was not a target for sneering and jeering and unbearable offenses. There at least my heart and sentiments were not wounded. The swineherds who had beaten me were ignorant and were therefore not quite responsible for their inhuman act. But now, among educated people who are taught to reason and who boast of civilization, why should I feel like a strayed lamb among a pack of wolves? What fault do they find with me that justifies their insults? What makes me an object of scorn? I do not ask of them to love me. Tolerance is all I pray for."

But the next morning all my yearning for knowledge would come back to me, and I would go on with my studies with unabated zeal. Though it has never been in my nature to humble myself before any one, I learned after a while, in spite of my pride, to walk humbly before those brutal boys. I even used to correct some of the students' compositions before they had been handed to the teacher. And what recompense did I get for it? Smiling insults and tactful offenses.

After all, I derived a certain benefit from all these injuries. The misery I suffered through the prejudice of my tormentors strengthened my will; the sneers I received because I was of the fugitive race lent courage to my timorous nature. Suffering is the best cultivator of character. The wrongs others had done to me made me realize the wrong I was doing to others. Persecution taught me tolerance, sympathy, truthfulness, justice.

After a time I began to take thought as to what profession I should enter. I finally settled upon medicine, though I had no inclination for it. In Russia a Jew may not do what he wishes, but what he is permitted to do. I chose medicine because it was the most independent profession open to me.

During all the period of study and torture the image of Katia was constantly arising in my mind. Her sovereignty over me, which had lapsed during Malke's brief sway, was now more absolute, more absorbing; it sweetened my existence. I could not clearly see where or how I could ever meet her again, but I was young, and youth is ever hopeful. When my teacher pronounced my verses "decidedly promising" I regarded this success as a partial fulfillment of Katia's prediction that I would become a famous poet. Then would come the consuming ambition to realize her expectations, and I would study and write more zealously than ever that I might become as great as Nekrassoff or Lermontoff or Pushkin.

So several years passed—years of torment, of study, of versifying, of dreaming of Katia. On my graduation day I heard, as I once had dreamed: "A gold medal for Ivan Felitsch Russakoff."

Ephraim had graduated the year before and had gone to Kieff to study in the university; and thither I also decided to go.

CHAPTER IV.

"RUSSIAN JERUSALEM."

One chilly autumn morning I arrived in Kieff—the "City of Churches." Its numberless glittering spires, gilt cupolas, sparkling crosses, superb bell-towers, overtowering domes, and the splendor and holiness of its atmosphere filled me with overwhelming admiration. The sight of the picturesque Jerusalem of Russia, with its numberless monasteries, cathedrals, and churches, aroused in me new feelings, new thoughts, new hopes, new aspirations. My innate love for beauty in any form stirred my enthusiasm to wonderment, admiration, worship.

I found Ephraim easily enough, and through him I found Dolgoff. The former was pursuing his studies and no less ardently his propaganda, and the latter, by some means or other, managed, without doing a stroke of work, to wear good clothes and eat the choicest of food.

Dolgoff started on seeing me the first time. "By thunder!" he cried, "with that sprouting mustache on your face and appealing look you're enough like an old friend of mine to be his brother (this mustache was a product of my last year in Vilno). And by the way, one of his names—he had a dozen (this with a rolling laugh)—was the same as yours, Abramowitch."

I thought of Joseph—in my turn I was startled. My heart beat wildly. This (if this friend of Dolgoff's should prove my brother) was the first I had heard of Joseph since I was a child; and, in fact, I had scarcely ever thought of him.

"What was the brother of mine like?" I asked controlling myself and attempting to laugh.

"Don't call him your brother, even in jest," returned Dolgoff. "You look a

little alike—only in physical appearance. He is one of the biggest rogues the devil ever got into."

"He sounds interesting. You might at least tell me a little about him," I said, with a fast-beating heart, again straining a light manner.

"He certainly was a lost soul," said Dolgoff carelessly. "I heard it whispered that he killed his own father. Whether this was true I can't say. But I know he collected a lot of blackmail from an important personage who was mixed up in a murder, by threatening exposure. I got to know him pretty well, for we worked together for a while—passports, you know. When I first knew him he was living with a woman, a gentle, who said she was his wife. But they weren't married. He had talked free-love hocus-pocus to her till he had convinced her marriage wasn't necessary. He soon deserted her and ran off with a money-lender's daughter and all of his money he could get hold of. I haven't heard of him since, but he's undoubtedly at the same game. If I were you, Israel," he ended humorously, with a soft, rolling laugh, "I'd shave off my mustache and look like some one else."

I did not dare question him any further about Joseph, for fear my curiosity, together with the remembrance he had noted, might lead him to suspect the relationship between his old friend and me. Needless to say, I was not proud of Joseph. So I turned the conversation upon Ephraim.

"Oh, Razovski is now stirring Kieff with 'liberty for the Jews' and 'assimilation,'" he said in answer to my question as to what was Ephraim's present hobby. "He is always fortunate in finding co-operators. A certain Judge Bialnick—a gentle—is working indefatigably for the cause."

"Judge Bialnick!" I uttered breathlessly.

"Why, did you ever hear of him? He comes from Lithuania and has spent his life among Jews."

I did not answer his question; instead I again changed the subject. "And what about Nihilism?"

"It is not dead yet," he responded in a whisper. "That's how Razovski came to meet Judge Bialnick. The judge is at the head of our secret society here. Matters will become lively pretty soon. He suddenly checked himself, as if he realized he had already talked too much."

The information that Bialnick was in Kieff took me completely by surprise. I was so dazed that after leaving Dolgoff I almost lost my way. I recalled that Bialnick had talked of being transferred to Kieff, so this must be the same Bialnick that I had known. And Katia must be in Kieff, too. A thrilling hope took hold of me. I could not see my way clear to a renewal of friendship with her, but I trusted to fate and my efforts.

I took up my new course of study with fresh zeal. Because Katia was so near, because of the new hope that was kindling within me, I worked pages of anatomy and materia medica became as attractive to me as volumes of poetry. I was happy all the time because I was breathing the same air with Katia; and every evening I was doubly happy, because then I walked past her residence, which, I soon learned, was in the Pecherski quarter, the most fashionable part of the city.

But I suffered from material want. Living expenses here were much higher than at Vilno, and my earnings were less. I eked out my livelihood by doing some odd literary jobs for a well-known periodical, but the remuneration was so meager that I was often compelled to live on one meal a day. However, I was not discouraged. On the contrary, my ambition was stimulated, and the time of the missing meal was spent in writing verses. My muse was very active in those days. With ink and paper before me, and a pen in my hand, I felt as if I were riding on a fast-sailing cloud, with the earth below like a mere child's ball.

Yet I could not substitute verses for all my meals. So I advertised in a local newspaper, and the second insertion procured me a position as tutor in a wealthy family. The payment I agreed upon was sufficient to carry me through college. The next lessons I gave were satisfactory, and now all seemed very sailing. But I was soon again reminded that a rose is scarcely even without thorn. One afternoon, as I presented myself at the appointed time, I found the father instead of his two sons.

He bowed stiffly and in a courteous tone said: "Well—you will excuse me—a—your name—a—deceived me." And he smiled, as if he wished me to understand the rest.

I looked dubiously at him.

"Don't you see—Mr. Russakoff?" he added. "I don't believe you are the kind of tutor my boys need."

"Could you kindly specify my deficiencies, so that I may benefit by your opinion?" I asked smilingly, though I was filled with sudden despair.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he smiled graciously. "The fault—a—is not with you, but—a—with—a—the Jew—"

My feelings at that instant were beyond all description. I had suffered many injuries of a similar kind before, but never had I felt so hurt as at this time. I went to my room and threw myself upon my bed, and, man though I now was, burst into a flood of tears—tears of rage, of humiliation, of helplessness. Afterward I sat smarting at my window, watching daylight turn to dusk and twilight to darkness.

"He finds no fault with me, but with the Jew." This ran through my brain for days. However, little by little my wounds were healed. I soon began to reason and look for excuses for my abuser, as will always be done, and found some justification for his inhuman act. But I could not forget that my college fees were due and my board bill was not settled.

And now a daring plan came into my mind—a plan suggested by my recent