

# The Jewish Herald

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## THE OTHER SIDE.

Every now and then our attention is attracted by the press of this or that community, whose people are apparently deviating from the paths of righteousness. Often when it is suggested to build a new house of worship, there is a big hub-bub—the cry of “waste of money.” Again, when a club builds or suggests the building of palatial quarters, “Why it will be only a gambling den for the rich.” Or when some improvement is suggested of benefit to ourselves and a pride to the community, there is always some howl why it should not be.

That all communities are laboring to get the best there is of life is not to be questioned, for they certainly do. Every community that has a congregation finds the rich and poor doing their share towards that congregation. Certainly the rich should be called on to contribute more than the man of lesser means and more than offer he does it.

In our charities you will also find the rich and the man of medium and small means, and here, too, the rich should be called on to bear the heavier end, and more than often he does it.

In all enterprises the rich are expected to be more liberal than the man of lesser means, and the number of times the expected does not come to pass is extremely small.

But we do not see the necessity of any body, or set of bodies,

cause of some discontented, disgruntled and dissatisfied being,

or set of beings (who always manage to get their views into print), lambast and howl.

Miserly Jews are a rarity. But exacting in matters of business, are not all denominations equally as exacting? You can not cheat the moneyed Jew of his just praise, however you may envy him.

We would not encourage gambling. Yet because a paltry few do gamble, is it necessary to lambast and flay an entire club or society or make a public exposure of the fact? Does it do any good? It makes the fact notorious, and that's all.

Why not look on the brighter side? These same men who gamble contribute liberally to their various associations and bear the brunt of the same—and should they choose to chance some of their surplus among themselves, were the public lambaster attending to his own affairs, would he be aware of what was transpiring? Remember, that as venomous as is the snake, his skin and body can be used for the hide and oil.

Throw away your hammer! Do unto others as you would that they do unto you!

## Rabbi Must Excel

Time was when the church was the sole depository of learning, and the clergy constituted the most educated class. The masses were ignorant, and subject to their superiors, the keepers of their souls. The prerogatives of the clergy soon became iron clad privileges, and the training of the masses was done with the aid of the iron rod of superstition. Threats took the place of truths; the shepherd became a butcher. With the advancement of popular education, with the spread of enlightenment, the crown of learning was snatched off the head of the ecclesiastic. Today the average man knows as much as the average minister. In one respect only can the minister excel and that is in spirituality, as the artist, or musician, or the mathe-

matician excels in his particular sphere. If the spiritual guide were more spiritual, men would seek the law at his mouth as eagerly as they are willing to listen to the performance of the gifted musician. With the increase of knowledge, and with the progress of the world, there is a corresponding demand for religious truth—not the dogma or doctrine, or creed manufactured by theologians in council assembled, but the pure truth of God as conceived by the spiritually endowed, sincere, modest, humanity loving man—the truth which is true for all men, of all times, of all climes.

The efforts of such a minister are bound to bear fruit and to result in a golden harvest of divine joy.—Bennet Grad, Austin Texas, in American Israelite.

## Literary Board Meeting

At their hall in the Mason building on Tuesday night the officers and board of directors of the Jewish Literary Society held a well attended and enthusiastic meeting. The members are displaying much interest in the transactions of their board of directors, and the room was comfortably well filled with those desiring to see “how is it done.” Not alone is interest manifested in the attendance, but in the acquisition of new members also nearly a dozen new applications being received, and three previously recorded elected to membership. An emigrant study class was formed, with Dr. Barnstein as superintendent, to be assisted by volunteers of the society. The committee, which was appointed to confer with congregation Adath Yeshurum, had its powers enlarged, and now, if possible, may buy a lot. Through the courtesy of Mr. Joe Finger, the club rooms are ornamented with an enlarged drawing of the proposed new home. The work is a credit to Mr. Finger and a compliment to the society.

It was proposed to allow the Sons and Daughters of Zion the use of the rooms twice a month for meeting purposes, but owing to the nature of the lease, definite action will be taken later.

The Hebrew Literary Society will meet every Sunday at 8 p. m.

It was 10:30 when the meeting adjourned.

## LITTLE MISS BETH LITERARY.

When last we heard of Little Johnny Literary,  
 He had been transformed into a brilliant luminary;  
 Together with the stars, sun and moon  
 He ruled the season,  
 Flashed across the sky of man a grand-  
 er, nobler vision.

Little Johnny Literary,  
 While watching from his observatory,  
 Discovered a new luminary,  
 A portentous star of noble size,  
 But he could not tell with his naked  
 eyes;  
 Whether its nature was of manly Nep-  
 tune, or lovely Venus fair;  
 Whether a fixed star or a comet's shag-  
 gy hair.  
 So little Johnny rushed to earth,  
 To be present at the happy birth,  
 As the star fell from high heaven  
 On Sunday, October eleven.

Amidst temple dedicated and spacious  
 dome,  
 New splendor, in a splendid home,  
 Happy mamma Houston stood  
 A perfect picture of motherhood.  
 Beside her stood Papa Henry Donney  
 While rushing rushed came little John-  
 ny.  
 While with perplexion far perplexed,  
 Every living face was vexed.  
 Little Johnny took his place,  
 Dark perplexion shadowed on his face.

But forthwith and anon,  
 Like the booming of a cannon,  
 A voice trundered forth  
 The loud and joyous report.  
 And bade lovely Venus her banner un-  
 furl,  
 And shouted, “It's a little girl!” “It's  
 a little girl!”

Then came the doctor in solemn pro-  
 cession,  
 To name the babe according to his pro-  
 fession.

Followed Papa Henry Donney,  
 Followed Little Johnny,  
 Mamma Houston, filled with pride,  
 Carried the little bride;  
 In geometric progression  
 Went the procession.  
 Then with a solemn, unctious breath,  
 The doctor named her little Miss Beth.

Now Papa Henry Donney was sorry  
 Little Miss Beth could not be named  
 Little Johnny,  
 And the doctor, with the religious  
 voice,  
 Deprecated Fate's ignoble choice,  
 That little Miss Beth was not born a  
 boy,  
 But little Johnny was overcome with  
 joy.

Little Johnny dreamed of a home and  
 dreamed of love,  
 And blessed the thousand gods for  
 sending the little dove,  
 And he stroked her black and beauti-  
 ful hair  
 With a wondrous, wondrous magic  
 care,  
 And he looked into her black, dreamy  
 eyes  
 And saw visions of paradise.  
 And he picked her up in his hand  
 And thanked the gods for sending the  
 little friend—  
 Little Miss Beth Literary,  
 Promised bride of little Johnny Lit-  
 erary.

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 issue.