

# *The Law of Liberty*

*by L. Fry*



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# **THE LAW OF LIBERTY**

**by L. Fry**

CALIFORNIA LEAGUE of CHRISTIAN PARENTS

P. O. BOX 596  
SAN BERNARDINO CALIFORNIA

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PRINTED in the UNITED STATES

of AMERICA

TO THE MEMORY

of

JACOB BRAFMANN

*Renowned Jewish Rabbi*

*Converted Christian*

and

TO THE MEMORY

of

MONSEIGNEUR ERNEST JOUIN

1844-1932

*Author of Numerous Books and Dramas*

*Publisher of THE PROTOCOLS of THE ELDERS of ZION*

also of the Catholic

*REVUE INTERNATIONALE DES SOCIETES SECRETES*

*From 1912 to 1932*

# Foreword

The modest little fiction work: THE LAW OF LIBERTY being herewith presented to the public owes its title to the words of the Epistle of St. James the Apostle; it lays no claim to literary talent; it simply indicates the path followed by a mind searching a satisfactory and equitable answer to the ever recurring question: WHAT IS A JEW?

Written over twenty years ago, before America had entered the WORLD WAR, the initial purpose of the work had been a film script, later, it had been laid aside together with many other works, mainly legends and Christian stories written for children. However, the basis for the LAW OF LIBERTY had been laid in 1918 at the time of the public apparition of a document entitled: THE PROTOCOLS OF THE ELDERS OF ZION which had been mentioned in Washington before a Congressional Committee called the OVERMAN COMMITTEE making an inquiry on Bolshevism which, in 1917, had given Communism the possibility of seizing power in Russia and overthrowing the Russian Empire. The document thus called is the most glaring and daring example ever given of a plan devised and formulated by human minds to pursue and obtain complete world domination. It is not authored by just one man but appears to have been written and uttered by an entity of teachers, presumably advanced psychologists, conscious of people's characteristic frailties and endeavoring to show the various means whereby whole nations might be brought under the government of one despotic and tyrannical rule.

The PROTOCOLS reek with contempt and hatred toward the whole Gentile world, the Christian civilization and chiefly against the Roman Catholic Church. Are not the abominations per-

petrated against millions of Christian Orthodox Russians, Spanish Catholics and the Christians of Hungary as also of China and recently Goa a cruel illustration of this deep rooted hatred?

The very title of the document PROTOCOLS OF ZION led to a serious and extended study of Zionism and its aims, such as a national claim over Palestine as differentiated from international DIASPORA or DISPERSION of Jews throughout the world; the field of study was wide being that of the History of the Jews by various authors, notably Henrich GRAETZ.

One particular striking aspect of Judaism evidenced throughout the ages is the special organization of the leadership of the Jews, the world over, into what was formerly known as the SANHEDRIN, name given to the Assembly of the seventy Elders or leaders of Jewry but which, in 1929, in Geneva, took the name of JEWISH AGENCY grouping leaders from both the Diaspora and Zionist factions. Regardless, however, of their political differences, both DIASPORA and ZIONIST leaders and their respective followers came indiscriminately under the ruling of the KAHAL System of Community. The special organization of the KAHAL has been analyzed in the book WATERS FLOWING EASTWARD. It functions, whether locally, nationally or internationally for the thorough application of Jewish laws as decreed by the SANHEDRIN.

Steady study took one back to the early history of Christian civilization and the work of the four great Evangelists, the ACTS and all the Epistles. Paul of Tarsus, a Jew by birth and training who, more than any other of his contemporaries gave strength to the foundation of the Christian Church through his personal faith and teaching opened a wide path leading to the understanding of the everlasting question: WHAT IS A JEW? He showed that a Jew, however learned he might be was susceptible, through his independence of spirit and regard for truth, of becoming a true and widely enlightened Christian. Martyrdom crowned his devotion to Truth and Faith in Jesus CHRIST's ineffable teaching

tending to the overcoming of gross materialism as well as reverence toward God the Creator.

Yet, throughout 2000 years which have elapsed since the advent of Our Lord, the hatred of the SANHEDRIN Jewish hierarchy and KAHAL Rabbinism toward the Gentile has never abetted and has been steadily nurtured. It is fully exposed in the traditional Jewish TALMUD and in its abridged compendium named SCHULCHAN ARUCH which embody the code of Jewish laws ruling Jewish life from the cradle to the grave. The set purpose for the eventual domination of the world by the elected SANHEDRIN has never been altered. History bears witness to the different attempts that were made in several countries where, through the accumulation and use of money, Jews had gained power over the reigning sovereigns, financing their wars and needs, namely in Spain, France, Poland and various other lands. A point which, however, retains the attention of the student is that, no matter where or in whatever country the Jewish hierarchy had gained ascendancy, the KAHAL or Community system had been firmly instituted and it severely kept its adherents under a strict despotic discipline. Consequently, the individual Jew, never became assimilated as a full member of the national life of whatever country he lived in, therefore, he ever remained an outsider.

For a very long period of time this singular aloofness of the Jews was ascribed to the fact that they had been driven to live in ghettos or, as was said "outside the pale" or prescribed limits as was practiced in several countries. This separation between Jews and Gentiles was reputedly caused by the hatred of the former toward Christians and the assertion repeatedly made of their being guilty of committing ritual murder. The far and wide cry of "persecution" has been almost accepted as the explanation of the innermost strongly cultivated hatred of the Jew toward the Gentile and his unrestricted desire for "retribution".

However, in America the concept of "persecution" of the Jew is totally in-existent and, in simple vernacular, "it does not

hold water." In the United States, the Jewish immigrant was given the same welcome and afforded the same treatment which was granted to all those who came in search of either freedom or opportunity and they also became participants in the great benefits which the CONSTITUTION bestowed upon all mankind. However the KAHAL system which primarily binds all Jews under complete obedience to their leaders had already erected its power in the United States, and consequently, every Jew landed in America was immediately tabulated and placed under the supervision of the local Rabbis who, forcibly, obliged all to fall immediately into line, adhere to the tenets of their own faith, meaning the uniformity of the teaching of the TALMUD and predominantly also, each Jew had to submit to the payment of all the taxes fixed by the KAHAL and imposed upon him, taxes which were mercilessly collected, regardless of hardships and difficulties.

Thus placed under the heavy yoke of duress and compulsion of the KAHAL system of oppression labeled as "Jewish autocracy" by Theodore HERZL under which the majority of the Jews suffered, it can hardly be wondered at if his state of inescapable servitude made easy the task of enrolling him under the banner of revolutionary Communism and fashioning him into a leader of rebellion through which he might attain the goal of prosperity dangled before his eyes by the very leaders and arbiters of Communism.

Were the Jew to be freed from the rapacity and terrorism of his KAHAL leaders he might and probably would become a truly assimilated American citizen for whom the welfare of the Country and of all its people would assume a different outlook and meaning. It is not the simple Jewish worker or small business man who naturally objects to becoming fully assimilated in a country such as America where freedom has been granted to all, but it is his KAHAL leaders whose un-American policy was clearly stated when as far back as 1879, in the first number of the AMERICAN

HEBREW proclaimed that throughout the ages and in every country where they had lived, regardless of persecution, they had ever been able to organize their own people into "a nation within the nation and an Empire within the Empire."

Let the American reader of this simple little book, herewith presented publicly demand the full assimilation of the Jew but above all, request that he be granted his freedom from the tyranny of his KAHAL system; let also a specific request be made that the Governmental Administration, regardless of Party suppress and forbid the imposition and collection of any taxes levied by either the Diaspora or Zionist leaders.

In connection with the imposition and collection of arbitrary taxes, one should not lose sight of the fact that millions and millions of dollars thus collected are tax free and are placed at the disposal of powerful Jewish financiers and bankers members of the international JEWISH AGENCY who are easily enabled to organize and control the evasion of American capital. Moreover, since 1913, date of the creation of the FEDERAL RESERVE Board, the American Treasury has ceased to exist and it became simply the office of a private bank. Meanwhile, the national debt has reached unbelievable proportions. After financing the UNITED HEBREW they proclaimed that throughout the ages and in every NATIONS and its anti-Christian various derivatives such as UNESCO, UNICEF and other similar undertakings, international Jewish financiers have clearly demonstrated that they have almost reached the apex of the pyramid of plans for world domination such as they were formulated in the PROTOCOLS OF THE ELDERS OF ZION. In America through the Power of the Purse, they have appeared as determined to supplant and even annihilate the CONSTITUTION replacing it by the ONE WORLD GOVERNMENT whose elected or appointed ruler will be the Lord of the World. Within a very short time the American people will know whether they can make the needed effort for the survival and triumph of the Law of Liberty.

L. FRY

## CHAPTER I

### CONFIRMATION

Mrs. O'Neill was just crossing the hall when the street door opened and three young school boys rushed in.

"Hullo! Here we are Mummy", said one of them to her. "I have brought Harry and Leo to lunch because Mary made me promise I would. Where is she?" Ma-a-ary! he shouted while his companions greeted his mother.

"I'm just coming, Patsy", came the answer from the top of the stairs, and presently, a radiant child of seven appeared scampering down, a fair haired, blue eyed girl, her golden curls framing her pretty face; she rushed toward her brother and his companions. In her hand she held a small package, she handed it to one of the boys saying:

Here, Leo, that's my present for your confirmation".

"How sweet of you darling, thank you so much!" said the boy taking it.

"Come on! let's go to the playroom and see what is inside".

The four youngsters rushed into the playroom and squatted upon the large sofa while Leo unwrapped his present. Mary, her brother and the other boy, Harry, looked on in silence while Leo untied endless strings, unwrapped endless papers. He came at last to a box, opened it, and there on a red velvet lining found a beautiful silver framed miniature of the Christ Child among the doctors.

"How lovely!" exclaimed the three boys.

"Mary, you're just a darling", said Leo kissing her.

Thus grouped, bending over the picture, the four presented a vivid contrast. Pat and Mary O'Neill, both fair, were the chil-

dren of a prosperous New York stockbroker; Leo and Harry Medina, their dark eyed and dark haired companions were the sons of the richest Jewish banker. The two families were linked by ties of friendship dating from the time when both David Medina and Patrick O'Neill had worked together in the same financial firm. Their wives, Kate O'Neill and Rachel Medina had been congenial to each other from the first, and their children were inseparable playmates.

Patrick O'Neill Jr., and Leo Medina were thirteen years old, Harry was twelve, little seven years old Mary was the darling of them all. They teased her or petted her according to their mood but loved her tenderly. The day was one of great importance in the life of Leo Medina. He was to be confirmed in the Temple Emmanuel Synagogue. During lunch, he asked Mrs. O'Neill

"Aunt Kate, did you see the lovely picture Mary gave me?"

"Yes, dear, I am so glad you like it".

"Like it! I'll say I do!"

"Well", interrupted Mary, "both Mademoiselle and Nannie said it was the best I could choose for Leo's communion".

"Confirmation, not communion, you silly!" her brother called out.

"I don't care what it is, I hate long words anyway, you horrid boy!"

"Right you are, Babsie", said Leo, "long words are for big people".

"Yes, and I never want to be big, so there!"

And giving her brother a pinch, she hastily got up from her chair, taking refuge at her mother's side.

Luncheon over, as the boys were getting ready to return to school, Mrs. O'Neill said to Leo:

"Pat and I will be in the Synagogue this evening, but Uncle Patrick telephoned that if he was delayed at the office, he would come home to dress and then join us at your house afterwards."

That evening, the fashionable Fifth Avenue Synagogue was well filled with worshippers for the Friday evening Sabbath Ser-

vice performed in English. On the platform, with the officiating Rabbi, sitting on a special armchair was young Leo Medina. On his head and over his shoulders he wore the symbolical ritual vestments. At the appointed time he stood up to read the portion of the Law in Hebrew. To the satisfaction of his family, overcoming his natural shyness, he read it faultlessly and with a clear voice. The Rabbi then handed him the Scroll, and there followed the procession around the aisles of the Temple. The boy having resumed his seat on the platform, the Rabbi addressed him, telling him of the obligations imposed upon him on becoming a full fledged member of the Israelitish Covenant. Waxing strong in his exhortation, pointing a finger directly at the child, the Rabbi finally uttered: "And remember, you must hate the Gentiles, you must beat the Gentiles, you must kill the Gentiles!".

Horror crept into the boy's eyes as he listened, but at the last words, putting his hands up to his face as though to shut out the picture of hatred, he screamed, "No! No! No!", he tried to stand up but fell limply back on his seat. A scene of indescribable confusion ensued, the Medinas rushing up to their inanimate child, while Kate O'Neill shaking from head to foot, overpowered by horror, seized her son's hand and hurriedly left the Synagogue.

Mother and son walked for a while in silence, turning from Fifth toward Park Avenue, until Pat said:

"Mumsy, what are the Gentiles that Leo must hate and beat and kill?"

"Your Dad is a Gentile, you are a Gentile, dear, so is Mary and so am I. All people who are not Jews are Gentiles".

Neither of them spoke again until they reached home, Pat not even asking why they were not going to the reception. It was almost seven o'clock when Patrick O'Neill, Sr. came home. Walking into the drawing-room, he was astonished to see his wife sitting motionless, as it were, lost in thought. Getting nearer, he noticed her pallor:

"Why Kate, honey, what is the matter? Are you ill?". Have

you been crying? What is it sweetheart? I thought you and Pat were going straight on to the Medinas after the confirmation".

"No, we are not going, and I never want to see them again".

She then described the scene in the Synagogue and how she felt that it was more than she could bear. Her husband was stunned, but his thought turned immediately to his son. He asked:

"And Pat?"

"I don't know", she replied, "he is probably with Mary".

The broker sought his son. The door of the children's playroom was open; Pat was sitting in an armchair gazing into the fire; on the rug, at his feet, her hand in one of his, knelt little Mary looking intently at her brother. Both were silent. They had apparently not heard their father's footfall on the heavy rugs. Taking in the scene, at a glance, he knew that his son had been dealt a cruel blow. "Children!", he called gently; little Mary rushed into her father's arms, saying:

"Oh, Daddy, speak to Patsy, he is just as sad as when our Vicky was run over".

Rising, Pat also came toward his father, and looking up at him simply asked:

"Dad, are Jews very wicked? What are Jews?"

## CHAPTER II

### CELEBRATION

Meanwhile, in the Medina's luxurious home, the celebration of Leo's bar-mitzvah was taking place. Following the scene in the Synagogue, after he had recovered from his fainting spell, it had been explained that being of a delicate and highly sensitive nature, the ordeal of the ceremony had been too much for him. Restoratives had been applied and he now seemed his usual quiet self. He received the congratulations and presents from their relatives and family friends in a composed manner. Never-

theless, he felt hurt, and his brother Harry, who knew so well what a trial he had undergone, stood by and tried to make light of the whole thing.

"Don't worry about anything now", he had said to Leo, "we must let tonight be a swell success for Mother's sake. She is as much hurt as you are because Aunt Kate and Pat have not come, so don't make it worse for her. I'll have that old Rabbi's beard off his ugly face yet. I swear I will, but tonight is Mother's night; we must not spoil it. So cheer up, we'll all soon be dead anyway".

Around the table heavily laden with all sorts of delicacies, fine wines and liqueurs, the guests who were numbered among the richest of New York's Jewry were discoursing and also discussing what had just taken place in the Synagogue. Some were of the opinion that Rabbi Magnin would have done better to leave unsaid the portion regarding Gentiles out of his exhortation, since every boy was taught these precepts in the Torah school anyway; others thought that the very precept could never be too much emphasized and that the Rabbi was justified in impressing it so strongly on the young boys at the time of their admission into the membership of the Covenant. Opinions were divided, voices were raised, and all arguments for and against were being put forth heatedly, when suddenly young Harry said:

"Well, after all, I think it is all boloney, because if anyone of us here started beating Gentiles, we'd be had up by the cops, and if we killed them, we'd go to Sing Sing and get the chair, so what is the use of telling us to do things like that. I know I don't want to go to the chair for any number of old Rabbis, and neither does Leo".

"Harry! Harry! shut up!" his father called sternly across the table, but the child was wound up and so went on:

"What is the use of shamming, Dad? We're Americans, aren't we? You know full well that you are not going to kill any man just because he is a Gentile, too many of them are your friends to be-

gin with, so why is a Rabbi allowed to speak in that way? when it comes to my bar-mitzvah next year, you had better tell the Rabbi to can that stuff, because I won't take it, and that's that! And for Pete's sake can't all the people talk about something else? Leo and I are just dying to open the parcels that have been brought to him".

The boy's logic had dampened the heat of the contestants, and they fell to discussing other subjects. Leo's presents were duly admired by all the guests; each and all represented money. The Medinas were very rich, therefore presents had to be costly. Books, and there were many of them, were richly bound; emblems and souvenirs were jewelled; it all meant wealth. Harry was unwrapping one present after another, handing it to his brother who thanked each giver. Both boys played up to their mother, who, they knew, was deeply saddened by her friend's absence.

The evening wore on; Harry waxed boisterous and tried desperately to keep everybody amused with his tricks and songs, making Leo play and accompany him. With the departure of the last guests the whole family heaved a sigh of relief. David Medina, then in a few words tried to make light of what had taken place in the Synagogue and explain the Rabbi's attitude. Leo listened to him in silence and then simply replied:

"Father, please understand that you must never expect me to set foot in a Synagogue again. My mind is made up, I never will. I am an American; I do not want to be a Jew. I can't be both".

Long after all had gone to bed, Rachel Medina crept noiselessly into her boys' room. They slept in twin beds. Harry had fallen asleep clasping one of his brother's arms in both of his. Leo was awake, his bed lamp carefully shaded so as not to disturb his brother. When he saw his mother coming in, he gently disengaged himself from Harry's clasp and stretched his arms toward her. For a few moments, mother and son mingled their sorrow and their tears; they both looked at Harry whose sleep went on undisturbed; his mother very gently kissed him.

"Dear, dear Harry, he was such a standby" Leo murmured, "but Mother, I cannot give up Pat and Mary and Aunt Kate, I love

them so!".

He then pointed to the table by his bedside; on it was the picture Mary had given him, with the little slip of paper on which, with her childish hand, she had scrawled "To dearest Leo, with love from Mary".

It was the only present he had carried to bed with him.

### CHAPTER III

#### MOTHERS

Next morning, around ten o'clock, Rachel Medina, having first telephoned her friend Kate O'Neill asking if she could see her, arrived at her house and was shown into the drawing room. Both women were pale and sad; at first, they sat in silence, neither seeming able to open the conversation. At last Kate said:

"Rachel, I don't understand it at all . . . I cannot yet believe that I heard rightly yesterday what that dreadful Rabbi said. I never saw such hatred painted on a human being's face . . . Oh, it was horrible, horrible . . . Over and over again, we have been told that Jews hate Christians, but of course, I never believed it. I thought it was idle and mischievous propaganda; now I know that not only is it true but that it is the main part of the teaching imparted to every Jewish child, and I cannot tell you what a revolution it has produced in my heart and mind; I cannot grasp it myself".

"Does it mean, Kate, that our friendship of so many years, the finest thing in my life, and the friendship of our children has come to an end?"

"For my own part, I fear it is so. I cannot speak for either my husband or Pat. I will not try to influence either of them . . . the breaking of my own heart is enough for me. How could you and Dave have lived such a life? You simulated friendship for us, accepting ours which was so genuine, and you allowed the bonds

now linking our children to grow daily stronger. You must both have had the same abominable teaching which was given Leo yesterday . . . . And to think that we were the idiots who believed that your Synagogue was like our Church, a place for the teaching of religion, of love and charity, whereas it is murder and hatred that they teach you and your children. Remember, Rachel, I heard it with my own ears: "You must hate the Gentiles, beat the Gentiles, kill the Gentiles".

"Will you believe me dear, if I tell you that never did I think such a thing could take place, otherwise would I have been likely to ask you to be present? Think yourself".

"Yes, I quite believe you, but such is not the question: the fact is that whether I heard it or not, the teaching to hate and to kill is the teaching of Judaism. I am even more shocked at the idea that not one single man in that vast congregation stood up to protest against the hideous Rabbi's words".

"That is just where you are touching the sorest point, Kate. I am only a woman, and let me tell you a Jewish woman is of very little account in the eyes of the Jewish law; I, am...no exception... such is beyond my knowledge, but what I do know is that not one of the men would dare protest because that would spell his being ruined. The power of the Rabbis is terribly strong, and no one dare oppose it. Call it discipline, or despotic rule or anything else, but it is the rule to which all Jews must submit or else pay a heavy price for disobedience or opposition".

"But Rachel. this is in absolute contradiction with all our principles of Americanism. Here, the Jews, whatever they may have suffered in Europe, have found the principle of equality applied to all. They have been allowed to become candidates to all kinds of offices; they have enjoyed all the privileges of our land, the friendship and help of their fellow citizens, our common freedom and liberty, and yet, not only do the older ones nurture hatred against us all non-Jews, but they are perpetuating it in the odious teaching given to their children. Remember Rachel, "You must hate the Gentiles, beat the Gentiles, kill the Gentiles". Those words will

haunt me for ever. I can never forget them. Since last evening, I keep on comparing them with the teaching of love, charity, forgiveness of our own Teacher, our Christ, and I do now understand why it is said and proved that Christ was not a Jew. Neither am I well versed in all the things which make for deep knowledge, but since yesterday, I do understand the difference between good and evil, between Judaism and Christianity".

"I understand it too, even though David was almost cruel to me last night, after Leo had told him he would never set foot in a Synagogue again".

"You don't mean the child did that?"

"He did indeed and David was wild. He says that the whole future of the boys depend upon being good Jews, in appearance at least".

"And Harry?"

"Harry is the staunchest little piece of goods imaginable. Under his careless, rough outward manner, he adores his brother, as though he felt that sensitive Leo needs shielding and protection. There is nothing he won't do for him. Leo even told me last night that after they had gone upstairs they had discussed the Rabbi's words, and when Leo had said that from now on he wanted to learn Hebrew and Yiddish thoroughly, Harry said he would also. Since yesterday, I feel tragedy in the air, and I know it is not the first time it has taken place in the Medina family. When David first came to America, he was then in his early twenties and he entered my father's banking firm. I remember my mother saying there had been a terrible tragedy in his father's family but that it was never to be mentioned. All I gathered was that his mother had been in love with David's uncle but had been compelled to marry his brother. Of that uncle it is forbidden to speak. They pronounced the herem against him, I ignore why".

"Pronounced the what?" queried her friend.

"The 'Herem', that is equivalent to excommunication". And pursuing, Rachel went on: "We Jewish women are mere pawns in a game which is entirely played by men; the daughters of such or such

a house are marked as being destined to marry men of certain other houses; they are mostly part of a bargain. I was no exception. It had been decided that the Medina's fortune was to be added to my father's considerable one for reasons of certain economic control. Who actually decides, I do not know, but my sons are supposed to carry out later whatever will be assigned to them by those unknown and unseen rulers of Jewry. But I have been told very little indeed, Kate dear, I sense more than I know. Whenever we have gone over to Europe to visit David's family, I have felt more and more drawn to my mother-in-law, but she has never told me anything. She worships the two boys and they have for their grandmother an affection which gets deeper as they grow older; both resemble the great-uncle of whom it is forbidden to speak....But why do I tell you all this, Kate?. I hardly know. So far, it seems as though we had had only joys to share together, then yesterday, sorrow crept in. Are we to share that or have we come to a parting of the way. and are our children to be separated?''.

''Separated! Like fun! Who speaks of separation here, I'd like to know!'' It was Pat, followed by Leo, Harry and Mary, who making a noisy irruption in the drawing room had overheard Rachel Medina's last sentence. ''You two maters just stay where you are, just as us kids are going to stick together until hell freezes. Aunt Rachel, you just put away that little rag of a handkerchief. We don't want you or Mumsy to cry just because a stupid old Rabbi talked rot last night. Harry here says he is going to have him arrested for breaking the peace and for incitement to murder and violence; that ought to satisfy everybody. Perish all Rabbis!'' he lustily exclaimed.

''Perish all Rabbis!'' echoed the other three children.

''Mumsy, what are Rabbis? The boys keep on damning them''.

''Oh, Mary, shame on you! Who on earth taught you to say damn'' asked her brother.

''Why! you did!''.

''Well, Rabbis are great big bogeys with dirty long beards who frighten everybody, and when I am big, Mary, I'll pull off all their

beards'' explained Harry .

''Oh, won't it be fun! Mumsy, can we all have lunch together, and after, may I go to the Park with the boys. They said they would take me if you and Mademoiselle said yes''.

''Yes, yes darling. Run along Pat and tell Croft to lay the table for us all. Canned food.....pot luck.....''.

Thus, in an atmosphere of greater serenity, all went toward the dining room, and Kate O'Neill, having linked her arm in that of her friend's, just whispered with her warm smile: ''Pat is right, Perish all Rabbis!''.

''Amen!'' fervently replied Rachel.

## CHAPTER IV

### THE LORD OF THE WORLD

David Medina, born in Poland had for many years enjoyed all the rights and privileges of an American citizen. Now, in his fiftieth year, he was the undisputed head of the greatest international banking firm in the United States.

His appearance was unmistakably Jewish, He was fairly tall but inclined to stoutness; his cast of features, unlike his sons' lacked refinement, and despite his sephardic name, pointed to a strong admixture of Ashkenazi blood. A high forehead denoted intelligence, but his baldness accentuated the curvature of his too prominent nose. His large dark eyes too close together had a glint of cold calculation; his thick lipped mouth was both sensual and cruel. His hands with short, thick fingers were fleshy and hardly ever still; on one of them he flashed an enormous diamond. His feet and way of walking proclaimed him the unmistakable Oriental, the son of a secular and distant ghetto. The general appearance of the man was not prepossessing, conceit oozed out of him, conscious pride of his vast wealth and power over others made people shrink from him. Apart from Patrick O'Neill Sr., he had no friend. He look-

ed upon people as he did on things and money. With money he bought men and women; they became his possessions to be used in whatever way was most beneficial to him.

Soon after his arrival in America he had learnt that he would in time marry the daughter of the richest banker in the United States, Rachel Pereira, who was yet but a schoolgirl in her early teens. It had been pre-ordained by their respective fathers; neither of them had any participation in the consent but were married nevertheless. Love had not entered into this new partnership of two existing banking houses; even the birth of their two sons had failed to create more than a semblance of happiness for the tender hearted Rachel. David Medina had treated her as he treated any pretty woman who was his whim of the moment, and Rachel was decidedly pretty.

Harry was still but a tiny infant when Rachel Medina had discovered that her husband had many mistresses; she had kept silent for a long time. On one occasion, however, Fate played one of those tricks, which sometimes, despite their insignificance, are likely to change the trend of current events and even human lives.

One morning, a brand new automobile of the latest model and the last word in luxury had been delivered to her, at their home. She had not ordered it and was surprised, but her astonishment only increased on being told that it had been bought for her by her husband. Knowing him as she did, she did not believe the thing possible, and so despatched her secretary to the firm that had effectuated the delivery. There, the whole firm had been thrown into a state of violent agitation upon hearing that Mrs. Medina was under the impression that the firm had made a mistake. The Secretary brought to the Manager of the firm the order for the car which the banker had effectively ordered for his wife.

"Ah, I see", Rachel's secretary had said, looking also at the slip, "you only delivered the car at the wrong address".

The address was that of Fifi White, the coloured manageress of the 'Black Birds', the 'chorus of buck niggers' as she herself called them.

That same evening Rachel had told her husband that either their separation as wife and husband became complete and final, or she would tell her father and sue for divorce. The only man that David Medina feared was his father-in-law, who at that time was the head of the banking firm. Unable to face his displeasure and the scandal of a divorce with all proofs against him, he had been forced to agree to his wife's terms, and although they lived under the same roof and kept up appearances, their separation was indeed a complete one.

From then on, the banker had given unrestrained sway to his sensual passions, and for the sake of money, girls and women of all kind and colour had been his toys.

It could hardly be said that he loved his two sons, they were his, just as their mother had been his property. They would eventually carry on the business and become great leaders of their people, as he was, and as his father and grandfather had been before him. Having become the head of the firm after his father-in-law's death, he felt that there was no limit to his domination. His two brothers, one in Poland and the other in Germany, represented their family power in Europe but were under obligation to refer to him for all decisions of importance.

David Medina had been a most successful man. The only opposition he encountered was that of the Rothschilds whose grasp of almost the whole of Europe as well as their control of the British and French Empires were a constant menace to the ever increasing extension of the Medina's domination over the nations of the world.

However, he had scored an enormous success when he had managed to oust the Rothschilds from Russia where they had seized power with the Kerensky-Lwoff-Miliukoff gang after the downfall of the Empire. Through his clever financing of the rival gang of Lenin-Trotsky and his outright support of Bolshevism, David Medina had himself gained complete possession of Russia and her immense wealth. Small wonder, therefore if in his own eyes his power seemed infinite. At home, in America, despite the

inroads made by political Zionism of the Rothschilds in the ranks of the American Jewish Committee and the Order of the B'nai Brith of which he was the head, he knew that the Palestine dream was possible only if he, the controller of the purse, allowed American dollars to support the scheme. He was the Supreme Master indeed. Were not all the Jews of America his subjects and all the Gentiles his slaves? No organization, whether great or small, good or bad was beyond his reach; no gangster outfit could function outside his sanction; the white slave traffic which made the brothels of South America such a wonderful investment came within his purview as did the drug traffic. All those prosperous investments formed his chain of power, a chain whose every link he could finger, solidify, weaken or even snap asunder according to his will.

As to the political life of the country, he controlled it entirely; it was after all only a question of money, he had not yet found the man or woman who was beyond a price. Elections were just exciting little periods which relieved the monotony of life and made him feel keenly the pleasure of control, for regardless of the party in the saddle, it was after all composed of men he had bought and paid for. They were his to command.

He also controlled the industrial life of the country through the financial market, and as to the agricultural wealth, it had long since passed under Jewish control through mortgage of farm land and loans. Regardless of the names they bore as trusts or companies, oil, coal, minerals were all his.

In his own Jewish world, he was the Nasi or Prince indeed, just as his grandfather had been before him in Poland. The decisions of either the American Jewish Committee or the Order of B'nai Brith had to be ratified by him; his was the last word. All were his servants, his courtiers, his minions, his serfs, from the President of the United States down and including representative clergy of all denominations. Was not the Catholic Pope himself at his mercy since the time before the war, when all the funds of the Vatican had been transferred from Irish hands into his own

for investment?

Had potentate ever wielded greater power? Yes, at times he felt that the world was indeed his, and that in the end, through another war, no doubt, even the Rothschild opposition would be broken and he would be left the recognised and undisputed Supreme Ruler. The Goy world, white, black or yellow was his to order, exploit, slaughter on battlefields just as wished; his strength was immense, unshakable; the Goy had learnt in Russia the extent of the power of the Jew and lay prostrate, humiliated, tortured, dying, begging for mercy, for bread...but of mercy, he would have none. Christian Russia was doomed and after her, it would be the turn of other nations who still believed in the despicable Galilean who had taught them freedom of mind, the dignity of poverty, of truth, and wither had it led them? The Galilean, their Christ, their Messiah had died ignominiously on a cross while the Jew triumphed in splendour and had at his feet all the nations of the world and the power thereof. The Jew had never died. He ruled, he ordered, he was obeyed.

Power was his, his, David Medina's, the Lord of the World!

## CHAPTER V

F. W. F.

Years had gone by, Pat O'Neill and Harry and Leo Medina had grown into University graduates, but their friendship had withstood the test of years, they had remained inseparable, had gone to the same school and then to Harvard. The day before their departure they were gathered for the last time in Pat O'Neill's rooms. With them was another graduate who was also leaving the famous Alma Mater. He was William Taylor, son of an Episcopalian Bishop; throughout his university years, he had become the closest friend of Harry Medina. Typically Anglo-Saxon in looks, William Taylor contrasted with his three friends. Pat O'Neill

had inherited his mother's Irish cast of features and colouring, that alone would have made him handsome, but nature had lavished all other physical gifts upon him; he was tall, athletic looking and a great polo champion.

Leo and Harry Medina, on the other hand, could not be mistaken for anything but Jews; both were handsome with the particular kind of looks which distinguish the Sephardim Jewish element from the rough and coarse characteristics of their Ashkenazi brothers. They were almost as tall as Pat O'Neill but of a slighter build; their large dark eyes betrayed their oriental strain, they bore a strong resemblance to each other. But whereas Leo was of a quiet disposition, Harry seemed to bubble over with vivaciousness and fun. He and Bill Taylor had either started or prominently shared in all the pranks and practical jokes which had taken place during their stay at Harvard.

Seated in comfortable chairs, puffing away at their cigars, the four friends were almost in a solemn mood on the eve of leaving the University.

"How strange it will seem to have to take all our own decisions and live under the shadow of our own responsibility", said Pat O'Neill.

"True enough," added Bill Taylor, "Up to the present we have had all decisions taken for us by our parents, but from now on they will expect us to know what we want to do and to set about doing it. Great things parents are!"

"Sure", said Harry, "the family is some great institution.... at times....but it can be mighty boresome at others. You boys can just reason with your parents and study different avenues before coming to the decision of what road you are going to choose, as far as your career is concerned, but we can't, that is I can't. Leo here has been the clever actor that has so subtly failed in mathematics and shown such a damned hatred for figures that my father and uncles think him a half wit, so that when he came out with the idea of wanting to be a doctor, the family heaved a sigh of relief, such a sigh, it could have set a row of

windmills going. They had been lying awake at night at the very idea of his entering the office, subtracting billions from millions, mixing up all the fractions and sending the bank in the bankruptcy courts. So they all urged him to carry on with the noble idea of trying to save humanity, messing around with human flesh and blood and a scalpel. So now, it is poor me who will have to juggle with the millions and the figures and the whole disgusting caboodle".

"Come on, old man", said Taylor, "don't be too despondent. When the burden of carrying millions of dough becomes too great for your shoulders, call on me, I'll come and relieve you".

"Fine! Bill, call it a deal. You can come and play the relief man any day you feel like it. But what do you think you will undertake, you and Pat here?"

"Oh, as to me," replied Pat, "the line is pretty clear and I am in almost as bad a hole as you are Harry. My father wants me to step into his bucket shop, help him read over a kind of tape ever so often, get excited, shout, chuckle, swear, all in turn. I guess one gets used to the pantomime in time, but all the same, I have put a condition to my granting him my valuable help for robbing other people of their money, and that is that. I shall first go through a complete engineering course for my own personal satisfaction".

"Why! that is great", said Leo, "Here we are four of us going to represent finance, engineering, the Church and medicine. All we lack at present is a politician".

"Politician! Shucks!!" interposed Harry. "Politicians are bought, not made, you simpleton! How many times have you heard father say that they are the cheapest goods on the market? For heaven's sake! who wants a politician? Now if you had said a trained diplomat, there might be some sense in that, but . . ."

"A diplomat, a statesman" mused Bill Taylor, "I might almost be induced to look into that".

"Come, come, Bill" said Pat. "What about the separation of Church and State? You can't be both, a diplomat and a Bishop".

"He has plenty of time in which he can make up what he is pleased to call his mind, and whatever his choice, we back him, don't we Leo?"

"Sure!" answered his brother, "Bill knows that".

"By the way", said Pat, as though a thought had suddenly struck him, why don't we four fellows that have got along so well in sincere friendship all these years do not undertake to carry on a foursome through our life, and swear help and friendship to each other, regardless . . . . ."

"That is just fine", interrupted Harry, "Pat always shines with brilliant ideas. If we could but pot them we'd outdo all the hair-shines on the market. But all nonsense apart, I for one know that there is nothing which could make me forswear my friendship toward you both, Pat and Billy. As to Leo, he knows . . . . ."

A tender grateful look from Leo greeted those words of his brother's, and he said:

"I too am ready to swear a lifelong friendship for you three, regardless . . . . . that is the important word, regardless . . . regardless of differences of faith, regardless of prejudice, of race, of antecedents, regardless of mistakes, faults, regardless of the trouble anyone of us may fall into, even through his own fault . . . regardless of life's foul weather . . . misfortune . . . poverty".

"In other words", interjected Taylor, "the F.W.F. foursome, standing for: Foul Weather Friends".

"Three cheers for Bill!" exclaimed Pat rising, and following his lead, all stood up while Bill Taylor, having become suddenly very serious, pronounced the words: "Here and now, we four swear to stand by, help and protect one another, throughout our life, regardless of circumstances". All four raised their right hand in silence, and with an earnest voice in turn said: "I so swear". Then they all shook hands. Nothing could have been simpler or more sincere.

"Goshy!" said Pat, to dismiss the atmosphere of emotion enveloping them, "all Bill forgot to say was: "Until death doth us part" or "hang by the neck till you are dead" which is pretty much the same in the end, I guess. Well all good things do come to an end, so pack off to bed, all of you, and dont you forget that

you are all dining at my place tomorrow night because my kid sister is just dying to see you all as three little happy boys, just out of school".

## CHAPTER VI

### MARY

Mary O'Neill was now seventeen. She had just graduated from the Sacred Heart School in Manhattan. The fair haired, blue eyed child had grown into a lovely, graceful girl. She had received all her education at the famous Catholic School, and with the exception of the year in which she had made her first communion, her conduct marks, every term had been the very lowest. She had been the soul of mischief, although at the same time unusually studious. She was the pride and joy of her parents. Witty and vivacious, Mary nevertheless had developed a character of her own; for instance, she had made up her mind that even if every girl of her acquaintance smoked and went in for what she considered cheap popularity, she would not follow suit.

She did not want to go to college but wanted to join in her mother's social work, specializing in relief for little children. In her early childhood, poor children had ever attracted her sympathy, and her pocket money and many of her toys went to crippled little ones. Her mother had encouraged her charitable tendencies with the result that at seventeen, Mary knew she wanted to be a social worker and perhaps even a nurse.

Her parents had turned the former children's playroom into a charming sitting room for Mary, and as she stood at the open French window, with an ineffable smile of happiness, gazing into the garden alive with all kinds of flowers, her mother came in.

"Oh, Mumsy", she exclaimed, "how lovely it all is! How grateful I am to you and Daddy. I am so happy, so very happy".

"May God keep you so, my darling", answered her mother, clasping her in her arms.

"When is Daddy coming home?"

"Here he is", came a voice from behind them as Patrick O'Neill, Sr., entered the room.

"Oh, darling Daddy!" cried Mary rushing to her father. "What a home coming! All this is too lovely. You and Mumsy really spoil me and I am so happy".

"Thank God for it, my pet. Mother here and I have no other object in life but to see you and Patsy happy. But what are the plans for Patsy's home coming tomorrow?" he asked.

"The boys are due from Harvard sometime in the afternoon, and then, they all come here for dinner," replied Mary, "and I have a little surprise for each one including Bill Taylor. We are going to have such fun, and it is grand to think we are never going back to either school or college. What a summer we're going to spend! And, Daddy, you will have to make the weekends as long as ever you can, stretch them to the limit, because I want to have more of you than ever. I am all set out for a grand vacation, and only after it is finished, will I allow you or Mumsy to breathe a word to me about a serious life of any kind. As a matter of fact I have done all the thinking I need along those lines, and we shall talk about them when the summer is over. I want it to be a grand summer for us all, for you Daddy, and Mumsy and Aunt Rachel and our three boys. After it is all over, one day, you both will have to tell me all about what is called the Jewish question, for the Mother Superior gave me a lecture on the subject two days before commencement. I can't think why she picked on that, I'm sure, and I could not make head or tail of what she was saying, it was so involved. But for the present, I do not want to tackle any problems; I only wish to go on being happy as I am just now with you both and Patsy. Later, I shall want to share Mumsy's work if she will let me; will you dearest?". she said, looking up at her mother.

"Certainly, my own", answered her mother. "Aunt Rachel and I do need all the help we can get in our welfare work. No sooner do we relieve some hard cases than new ones crop up

with the same dead certainty of the moon's everlasting phases which go on repeating themselves since the year one".

"I say, Kate", interposed her husband, "are you going to start finding fault with the Creator's own handywork?".

"Not exactly, but you will acknowledge that seeing the moon increase and decrease in exactly the same proportion every month, year in and year out, is just a wee bit wearisome...I don't wonder so many people are downright lunatics. The man in the moon must be so tired of having sometimes only one eye, other times two eyes, and other times no eye at all, to be swollen on one side of his face when he has one, then find himself nothing but a horn, and then begin all over again".

"Kate, you're just dreadful, and there is no poetry in your lovely head".

"That's just it my dear", she answered, "you would have very little time for poetry either if you witnessed the sordidness of life as I see it day after day. But let us cut short, our lamb here has said she does not want to be serious until after the summer, and I am surely going to see that we all keep up our resolution to make this vacation the happiest we ever had. So, Patrick O'Neill, you can just brush up all the poetry you ever knew, from 'Twinkle, twinkle little star' to 'To live or not to live', and repeat a bit of it to me every day, since you are so poetically inclined".

"And don't forget Alice in Wonderland, Daddy, and 'IF' by Kipling, for Patsy's benefit, and 'She was somebody's mother, boys' and 'We are seven', and....."

"Mercy!" shrieked her father, stopping both ears and rushing out of the room. "I'll get even with you both yet, just you wait".

"My own sunshine", said Kate O'Neill tenderly, "your home coming will mean so much to your father and rejuvenate him. That money making strain has eaten some of his life, and sometimes I even think some of his soul. Sometimes, I just hate the very mention of the word money".

"Poor Daddy. I suppose he has really spent his life thinking

of nothing but our happiness and comfort".

"True enough, dearie, but I wish happiness was not always measured with the money yardstick. However, now that you and Pat have finished your education and that Patsy will soon be able to help and relieve him, I shall be glad to see your dear father relax and break the terrible strain of these past years. Your cheerfulness will mean a lot to him, darling, and between us three we must start repaying him with our care and affection for all he ever sacrificed for our sakes".

"Right you are, Mumsy. Little me will perform her good little scout daily worthy deed, but I'm jiggered if I am ever going to forget that my own little mother bore her own share of all the sacrifices, and here is my great big bear's first hug..." And Mary, hugging her mother, waltzed her round the room and into the hall.

"And now, darling", she said, "let us go and have a squint at Patsy's rooms. I want to see what surprises you have prepared for him".

## CHAPTER VII

### HOME COMING

Pat O'Neill's home coming had put the finishing touch to the happiness of his family. His father had just returned from his office when he burst in, hugged both father and mother in one embrace and called to his sister: "Hullo, Ugly, not changed the colour of your cotton crop yet? Here we are, free men and women, and my! isn't the world grand?" he almost shouted.

Strong emotion underlay the exuberance of the younger O'Neills; their parents knew that the more apparent their carelessness, the stronger their feelings.

A little before dinner time, Bill Taylor came in and soon after, the Medina family was announced. All were assembled in the drawing room when Mary joined them. Her fair curly hair done up in a fascinating manner gave a special "background" to her

beautiful and delicate complexion. Like her mother's, her large blue eyes had the Irish distinction of seeming at times of a deep violet hue, and her long dark eyelashes and eyebrows lent character to her young face. Her head was rather small, poised on a slender, beautifully shaped neck and her sloping shoulders added to the dignity of her carriage. Her white dress, very simple but elegant, was relieved only by a blue velvet and silver ornament fastened on her left shoulder.

"Here comes Ugly", said her brother advancing to meet her, and standing side by side, brother and sister appeared strikingly handsome. Greetings over, bantering and teasing began, creating an atmosphere of fun. Both David Medina and Patrick O'Neill had been strictly forbidden to even mention the word "business", and for once, both men seemed to be enjoying the fun of their children.

Dinner was joyful; the four young men made it their collective business to tease Mary; they wanted to know what her last school report was:

"Don't ask", said her father. "As usual her marks for behavior were way below par, and as to the remark they wrote upon her character, it would bring my grey hair to the grave".

"It just goes to show", said Bill Taylor, "how deceptive appearances can be, as though heredity was only skin deep, and considering that Mary has been educated in a respectable kind of institution, namely a convent, it proves how weak is the influence of environment".

"You can afford to talk", retorted Mary. "You, the son of a respectable Bishop, grown up into a disreputable youth. Shame on you!"

"Well, you see, in my case it is complete reaction to an environment of so called goodness. In other words, Mary, both you and I are two of a kind; reared among gangsters we would have blossomed forth as..what?....let me think....."

"As lillies of the valley and forget-me-nots, to say nothing of the humble violet, etc." said Harry.

"You're no better than we are", said Mary turning upon him. "Who was threatened with expulsion in the course of what our parents call education?"

"Well, we all went through that", answered Pat, "all except Leo who sometimes is just too good to live".

"One of us had to be near normal, I suppose", chimed in Mary, "and poor Leo happened to be the one Fate picked upon to play the good boy's part".

"Don't you, any of you, believe it", said his brother. "Half the mischief Bill here and me and also Pat got into was due to the ingenious brain of Leo. His was the master mind, just listen to that Mary, the master mind, and don't you go and believe him to be a little plaster saint. The only difference between us is that Leo looks good and I don't, but make no mistakes about it, we are just as bad, one as the other. We were always bad together, only at Harvard, Bill and I somehow managed to get caught while Pat and Leo manufactured alibis. It is all bunkum the reputation of goodness they all weave around my beloved brother. I happen to know the truth and that saves his life every time, because if I thought for one moment he was the weaniest bit better than me, I'd knock him cold. He and I are just one as we've always been, in badness and everything else".

"Shut up Harry!" called Mary, "To hear you, one would believe that Leo was a hypocrite, and I won't have it."

"Well, well, and who is somebody's champion?" asked her father.

"I am".

"Who said I needed a champion?" inquired Leo, laughing.

"One for Leo. Tait, tait, Mary", said her brother. "Little girls should be seen and not heard, and that goes for ugly little girls too".

"I sure don't give much for college education. I think you four boys are just rude and horrid. What we are going to do with you all at Dark Harbor for the length of the summer is more than I can imagine. Mumsy, Aunt Rachel and I will have to engage nice

governesses to teach them good manners and polite language before we let them loose upon the world to enter respectable careers for real gentlemen.

"O.K. with us as far as the nice governesses go, Mary, be sure you pick them out pretty and young, good swimmer, first rate tennis players, and I guess we shall be the nicest little charges any governess ever had".

This coming from quiet Leo seemed to take everybody by surprise.

"There! didn't I tell you that Leo was the ringleader of all the gang?" said Harry triumphantly. There is no curbing him; I bet Dad ought to be glad Leo won't be in the office. He would corrupt the whole staff, and what would happen to the Stock Exchange does not bear thinking about".

"But Harry, you just said you and Leo were just the same, so what is the odds if you go into the business?" archly demanded Mary.

"Oh, that's all right, I will do violence to my instinct of Siamese twins during business hours".

"Siamese twins is about the right term for them" said David Medina, "one would think at time that there was but one brain between the two".

"Stickphast has nothing on them", added their mother laughing, "or over their temperaments, promises or threats were equally vain to make them tell on each other; they just stuck together and that was all, so it meant punishing both or letting both go, and did it enrage their teacher!"

"What if they ever fell in love with the same girl?" asked Mary.

"There you are! Hand it to a woman every time to create a situation", said Bill Taylor.

"Well, and what if they did?" insisted Mary.

"No Solomon here", replied her brother, "and I'd hate to hear the judge say: 'Cut the woman in two'".

"But if Leo is going to be a surgeon, he wouldn't mind a bit", said Harry. He'd hand me my half of the unhappy victim, thinking

only of the nice operation he had performed”.

“And just think if it had to be you, Mary”, groaned Bill.

“You gruesome, horrid boys, and at table of all places to say such horrible things. If ever I have children, they will never go to Harvard”.

“But if you are cut up in two, you won’t have children, and that is just what is going to happen to you because Leo and I are both in love with you, aren’t we Mother?”

“I’ll say you are, have been ever since she was born. Mary ought to have had a twin sister to satisfy you both”.

“Far too commonplace, far too commonplace”, said David Medina. “Two brothers in love with the same woman has an attraction of its own. As a matter of fact, it happened to my own mother...” He stopped abruptly as though those few words had escaped him involuntarily. Turning to their hostess, he went on: “I hope you are giving us coffee in your attractive garden, Kate, you have turned it into a regular little paradise”.

Amid banter and much laughter, the night wore on, and happiness seemed complete for all the members of the little party. Only in the dark eyes of Rachel Medina, there lurked an indefinable and infinite look of sadness.

## CHAPTER VIII

### PROTOCOLS

Bill Taylor had been invited to spend part of the summer at the Medinas. He arrived early in July and, together the four friends indulged in all the pleasures fashionable Dark Harbor offered. Mary’s numerous girl companions joined in all the parties and picnics which were the order of almost every day. Canoeing, sailing and racing their motor boats took up a good deal of their time, and it seemed as though Mary’s desire that the summer was to be one of complete enjoyment for them all was indeed to be realised. Their parents were keeping the pact, and business and serious topics of discussions were banned for the duration of the

vacation. Pat O’Neill was therefore much surprised when, a few days after his arrival, Bill Taylor who was out sailing with him said:

“I have something very serious on my mind and I want to discuss it with you, Pat; can you arrange to have a few undisturbed hours alone with me?”.

“Sure!” was young O’Neill’s reply. “You’re not in any difficulties of any kind, are you Bill, because you know, if you are, you must tell me straightout”.

“No, no, old man, I am in no personal difficulties I am only much perturbed by something I have read and upon which I want to have your reaction and advice”.

“What is it? a heretical book?”.

“A thousand times worse”.

“Obscene then?”

“Not exactly, but poisonous, abominable, terrifying. It is in manuscript form, typewritten. I wish you could read it as soon as possible. How early do you think you can do so?”.

“At once of course, if you want me to”.

“Very well, then. I’ll bring it round this afternoon; be sure you lock it up, for it must not be left about for anyone to see. I am under obligation to return it but have been granted permission to copy it. However, before starting on the job, I want to have your opinion of it; then when it comes to copying, I’ll ask you to make it possible for me to do so at your house, you will understand why”.

Three days later, one morning, O’Neill went over to the Medinas and asked Taylor to come and help him install a new gadget in his motor boat.

“Here comes the great inventor!” teased Leo when he heard his friend’s request.

“Better take a safety belt along, Bill”, added Harry. “I don’t know to what extent we should allow you to humour Pat with his bum engineering, we being responsible for your life while you are under our roof. Still, if you are bent on noble self sacrifice and an early death, I suppose there is little we can do to alter

your decision, so go along and if possible, come back".

O'Neill and Taylor headed the boat for one of the distant numerous little islands which dot the Maine coast. They finally stopped under the shade of an overhanging tree.

"And now, to business!" said Pat. "Where on earth did you get this accursed thing, Bill? I have read it over twice and it is the damnedest horror I have ever come across. Who ever wrote it?"

"God only knows", replied his friend, "both my father and I have had real nightmares over it, and it needs a deuce of a lot to perturb my illustrious governor, let me tell you. But, what is your reaction to the accursed thing, as you called it?"

"My reaction was that the whole thing is what we have come to know as bolshevism since the Russian revolution took place. At first, I thought it was half baked plans of a megalomaniac of the kind Philip Oppenheim describes in some of his weird novels, but tell me, Bill, what does the word 'goy' mean? It recurs so frequently".

"Goy means the non-Jew; it is the term of contempt used by Jews to designate all non-Jews in general, and Christians in particular".

"Oh, is that-so? Do I understand then that those elucubrations emanate from some Jew brain?"

"That's what they told my father, but does it not seem to you preposterous?"

Pat was whistling softly to himself.

"No indeed", he replied to the amazement of his friend. "In fact, this supposition which appears to you preposterous throws light upon the whole matter and convinces me of its Jewish origin".

"But how?"

"Simply this: years ago, when I was but a mere boy, my mother and I were shocked out of our lives upon hearing the teaching of hatred toward the Gentiles, which a Rabbi was giving to his congregation in a synagogue. Mind you, we heard it with our own ears; it is not hearsay or reported gossip, or propaganda. The

document you gave me to read is but a lengthy, one might say, a scientific "expose" of the shape this hatred must assume to destroy the Christians. It is too horrible for words, and who can doubt the fact that such a program does indeed exist and is being followed when we see the horrors perpetrated by Marxist and Communist Jews in Russia? But, tell me Bill, how on earth, did you come across this abominable manuscript?"

"Very simply indeed. My father gave it to me to read, just as I have given it to you".

"But do you know how he came in possession of it?"

"I do. Do you remember that sometime last winter, there was a senatorial investigation of bolshevism by the Overman Committee? Well, from the testimony given by a certain American commercial attache and a Methodist clergyman, there was much stress laid upon the fact that bolshevism was directed by Jews and financed by some of the richest international Jewish bankers? It is in those reports that the document you have read is first mentioned. An American woman, wife of a banker - who had lived in Russia and left some time after the outbreak of the revolution came to my father and implored him to do something about the matter. She said the plain truth ought to be told from every pulpit, that it was the duty of the Church and clergy. She gave my father this manuscript. Of course, my Governor has been terribly disturbed ever since, for after all, as you see, there is not a shred of evidence proving that the document is indeed the work of the Jews. One cannot go on prejudice alone and embark upon an antisemitic campaign without a single proof which would stand in a law court".

"Quite so, quite so", answered Pat O'Neill. "I see your point perfectly, but to me, for instance, the thing is as clear as a bell, and it would take a lot of evidence to uproot from my mind, now, the belief that the whole thing is Jewish from beginning to end. You cannot possibly feel as I do, because you have not gone through the same experience I have, and thus you must reason with our inborn sense of justice which does not admit preconceived condemnation of unproved guilt. To my mind, the thing is

very serious, that American woman is right. If those wicked plans against our people and our civilization are indeed being fulfilled, whether they are Jewish or Patagonian makes no difference, it is obvious that our patriotic duty is to find out the truth about that infernal plot. If it is all poppycock, then all well and good, but if it has a foundation, it is up to us to expose it and hold its authors to universal opprobrium. From this moment, I shall devote myself to a serious inquiry into the subject, how about you Bill?"

"I am with you to the limit, old man; after all I brought the damn thing to you. What shall we start with, after I have made copies of these Protocols?"

"My first impulse would be to show them to Leo and Harry, but we must think well before we do so. Let us revolve it in our minds for three or four days, until you have completed the copies. Meanwhile, we shall decide upon our attitude toward our Jewish friends".

"One could hardly imagine Leo and Harry plotting the overthrow of our government or the destruction of our Christian system of law and order".

"True, but neither would anyone suspect a synagogue of being a centre of subversion".

"Gosh! I should hope not", said Taylor. "One might as well suspect my venerable and venerated Dad of being a preacher of Communism".

"Stranger things than that do happen, believe me" retorted Pat. "It is time for us to return, but whatever we do, we must not let the seriousness of this morning influence in any way our attitude. If Mary knew that we are facing a serious problem, she would anathemize us both. Meanwhile our gang will surmise that the new device I put in my boat has cost us our lives or resulted in an accident that is delaying us. I am in for a day of teasing in which you must join to ease the strain which is gripping us Let's cheer up Bill, we aren't dead yet.." And to the amazement of his friend, as he put the motor into action, he gave a loud laugh and shouted; "Perish all Rabbis!"

## CHAPTER IX

### THE TEST

During the few days it took Taylor to copy the Protocols, he and Pat had come to an independent but identical decision of laying their latest problem before their Jewish friends. In accordance with their F. W. F. oath, they considered themselves bound to do so. With this in mind, under the pretext of wanting to have a regular fling, Pat arranged that the four should go to nearby Portland and stay there overnight. Apart from their bedrooms he had engaged a sitting room in which they all gathered after dinner. They had barely settled down to a comfortable smoke when he opened up the subject:

"You must be wondering what in the name of mercy drove me to arrange this meeting away from everybody else. It is simply this; we have come across a document which Bill and I have read; it is anonymous, but we feel that we must have your reaction, as Bill felt he wanted mine. Remember our F. W. F. oath, regardless. And now....". He then unfolded his copy of the Protocols and proceeded to read it through. The others listened in deep silence until Pat came to the end.

"Is that all?" demanded Leo.

"What more do you want?" replied his brother. "They have planned to get all the world. I guess only eternity seems somewhat beyond their reach, otherwise they'd plan to grasp that too. Phew! What a devilish thing!".

"May we have a copy?" asked Leo. "I'd like to re-read the whole thing alone, quietly".

"So would I", said Harry. "It's a pity the megalomaniacs failed to put their signature to the hellish affair".

"Elders of Zion...Zion..." mused Leo. "Protocols of the Elders of Zion...". I for one don't think a 'goy' invented that

name. After all we know that 'wise men' and 'elders' are titles given to some Jewish big pots. The whole thing is too horrible for words, but one cannot escape the conclusion that a great many of the things or plans, if you want to call them so, have already come to pass. For instance, since the war, where is the gold?"

"Now, you just ask Dad that question. I bet he can answer it", replied Harry. They all laughed. It was a well known fact that the Medina Bank had been the means of stopping the circulation of gold, no sooner had the war broken out, not so very long after the inauguration of the Federal Reserve Banking System.

The brothers shared a double bedroom, and late that night they read and commented the document.

"Thank goodness, we stuck to the study of that hateful Hebrew and Yiddish, through your determination", said Harry to his brother, "otherwise we would not be any wiser than Pat and Bill and just as puzzled as they are. But when one has seen as much of the hideousness of that awful Talmud, this document is a mere piker".

"Right you are. We certainly are unable to contradict any of the statements that are made, but what strikes me is the callousness of the whole thing. Golly! I wish we knew who on earth elaborated the schemes. The psychology is worth a good deal, the system of preying upon the weaknesses of those who are regarded as the 'enemies' is drawn up in a diabolical fashion. Statesmanship built on corruption and destruction is cleverly conceived, in fact the whole thing is devilish. If plans of that kind can be or are being executed, what chance has any government of defending itself against such a subtle and hidden peril?"

"It is enough to give anyone a nightmare. How true were your words said to Father on the evening of your bar-mitzwah, that one could not be both an American and a Jew; do you remember? What a mess! Of course, we must help Pat and Bill find out all they can for the common good, but where does one begin?"

"That's just it, where does one begin? First of all, we must

work with the utmost caution and no one is to suspect that we know anything about the damn document. By the way, I bet that old great uncle of ours about whom it is forbidden to speak knows a lot, otherwise why should he have been cut off from the family so completely?"

"By Jove! that's an idea. How about coaxing the dear old grandmother into telling us his story when we go over next month?"

"We can but try, and if nothing comes of it, there will be no harm done. And now let's go to sleep if we can".

When next morning, the four met again, much to the amazement of Bill Taylor, the Medina brothers seemed as convinced as Pat that the whole program detailed in the Protocols of the Elders of Zion was indubitably Jewish, and he confronted their conviction with the doubt still existing in his father's mind.

"I must own that I am greatly surprised at the way you three seem so convinced of the Jewish origin of this conspiracy or plot, or whatever you like to call it. After all, we have no evidence, no actual proof".

"Oh yea?" interrupted Harry. "That's because you don't know the Talmud, old boy".

"No, I don't, that is true, and no doubt on that account I share many of my father's objections and understand his constant plea for racial and religious tolerance. He keeps on repeating that there are too many good Jews, fine American citizens, like your father for instance, the Rosenwalds and others who would never consider, let alone favour the execution of such diabolical plans".

Harry whistled and then replied:

"Ask your father and yourself, old chap, how many of those fine good Jews, first-class American citizens have sent bolshevism to Russia and gone there themselves to help establish it. Let's be rational and on the square. Leo and I are Jews, furthermore, rich Jews; until last night, we took most things superficially, but that document has set us thinking. Tolerance is a fine word. It makes things easy for all those who object to fighting

evil, it reminds me of a man on a raft in a stormy sea, opening an umbrella to ward off the rain. You may exercise tolerance after you have caught a criminal and put him beyond the range of doing further harm, but to ease his criminal path through tolerance is just foolish; to put it mildly, I'd call it aiding and abetting crime".

"I wish my Governor could hear you", mused Bill Taylor.

"Well, he can't, but you at any rate, Bill, can clear your mind of that bug. This thing is serious, and if we undertake to do anything, we must be of one mind; have a single purpose and leave aside all considerations leading to hesitation. If after investigation, we find that the document is a hoax and the Jewish peril non-existent, we can found a tolerance brotherhood, not before".

"That's commonsense" said O'Neill when Harry had concluded summing up the matter. "We are setting out to either prove or disprove the existence of a Jewish conspiracy against civilization and for the complete domination of the world. Is that so?"

"It is so", responded Leo, "so let's just get down to practical discussion of our own plans".

"To begin with", Pat went on, "in the course of the last few days, Bill has made up his mind to follow a diplomatic career, the better to serve the country and discover if there are any plans afoot to ruin it".

"That certainly is O.K.", said Harry Medina, "but Bill, have you thought that there is precious little money in that kind of service, and that it costs the deuce to live a life of so called representation?"

"Yes", said Pat, "we have discussed the matter, and this is my plan. Bill makes the first sacrifice in that odd work which we four are undertaking, he shoulders an ungrateful kind of work with very little pay; we three make the next move, by that, I mean that we arrange to grubstake Bill, as it were. For that purpose we invest his savings including his shirt buttons, in the flourishing businesses of our respective fathers thus making his account

grow to the proportions required to give him the possibility of leading the independent, well-to-do diplomat's life. Is that O.K.?"

"Sure!" echoed the two Medinas. "Hurrah for the future Secretary of State!"

"Now, number two; what does the pair of you intend to do?" Pat asked the brothers.

"We undertake to trace the little document to its source, if it can be done, during our stay in Europe, and we will work like the devil".

"It leaves me", said O'Neill. "What shall I do?"

"Try and get the damned thing published", said the elder Medina. "Try Scribners, Putnam, Small and Maynard....it will be interesting to see the result. If you meet with too many difficulties, then we can always form our own publishing firm. The main thing is to get that thing out in pamphlet or book form".

"All right", assented Pat. "I'll start at once. Father's secretary will help me find a publisher".

"Umph! Father's secretary, eh? Is that the way it is?" teased Bill.

"Just the very way it is" replied Pat. "She is over forty, white-haired, experienced, a darling, and one of Mother's oldest friends, so you see, she's far removed from your wicked thoughts, you degenerate son of a perfectly good bishop!"

"Bill can't help it, he was born a reprobate", said Harry, and handing him a package: "Here, take back your copies of the damn thing; it would never do for us to have them about, for of course, no matter what happens, we, Leo and I will never have seen the Protocols, never set eyes on the putrid document. So forward ho! for plenty of work and let's hope plenty of fun!"

The Medinas left New York in the latter part of August going for their annual visit to their grandmother in Poland.

## CHAPTER X

### IN POLAND

The arrival of her grandsons was the cause of much personal rejoicing on the part of aged and widowed Raissa Medina; it was the one period of the year to which she looked forward; the two boys, but more particularly Leo, were her favourites. She herself supervised all the preparations made for their reception; she surveyed their suite of rooms. For days she held councils with the French chef to ensure the choicest and most varied repasts. Nothing was adjudged too good or too costly for those two sons of her eldest son who had been sent away from his own land and home to found a branch of their family and banking house in far away America. She had felt defrauded when the time had come for David to be sent to the United States; his children had consequently become dearer to her than those of his brothers and sisters who had remained in Poland or gone to Germany.

Leo and Harry had been "home at Grannie's" for a fortnight when they resolved to ask her to tell them the story of her own life and of their late grandfather.

"She can but send us to Jericho if she does not want to tell us", Harry told his brother, "but we've got to know, because I just hate the mysterious way some of our relatives assume when they speak of her marriage to grandfather".

And thus it was that one evening, after dinner, when they were alone with her, she sitting in her comfortable armchair and they squatting on the rug at her feet, their favourite position when they were with her, that Leo made bold and said:

"Grannie, dearest, we are now grown up young men and we have new interests. You have meant so much to us through our childish years; now we want to ask you to tell us what is this awful skeleton that seems locked in the family cupboard. We have asked mother on several occasions, but she has always answered that she herself ignored the whole affair. Father has never told

her. She said she believed you were the only one who would tell us what it is. Will you tell us, Grannie? We both want to know".

Leo had by that time lain his head on his grandmother's lap and taken hold of one of her hands; he had felt it grow suddenly cold and moist. A long silence ensued broken only by the ticking of the clock on the mantelpiece. Having controlled her emotion, stroking Leo's head, Raissa Medina spoke at last:

"If it is decreed that I must open my old heart to anyone, it can only be to you two boys.....It will mean reviving old, very old wounds, but you have a right to know.....I will tell you.

"Your great grandfather was the most powerful man in Polish Jewry; he enjoyed all the privileges which a Jewish Court banker is in a position to claim because of his wealth and the power he wields in the affairs of the State. He had two sons, your grandfather, Abraham and another, Effraim, who was the elder of the two. Effraim was handsome, clever, highly cultured and destined to succeed his father as head of the family and of the business. Nothing had been spared to educate the two boys. Not only were they learned Hebrew scholars, but they were equally well versed in the classics and modern languages. A very clever Catholic Friar had been their mentor in Latin and Greek, and they could vie with anyone outside their own Jewish world, so vast was their fund of general knowledge. Their family and mine were on very friendly terms, and due to my own Father's wealth and high position in the Community, it had long been decided by our parents that Effraim should marry me. Regardless of the fact that the match was one arranged by our respective families, we were very much in love with each other; in fact I could not remember a time when I had not loved my future husband. We were officially betrothed and all the world seemed glorious in our eyes. Then one day, it was just a few months before the Passover, my father and mother called me and told me that our marriage would not take place and that Effraim's name was never to be mentioned in our house again. Overcome with grief, I asked what had happened to him, and my father's stern and only answer was: "Worse than

death". My mother tried in vain to comfort me, the only one who shared my grief and understood it, because hers was even greater, was his mother. Together, we mingled our tears, but she also kept silence concerning the fate which had befallen my lover. She only assured me time and time again that he was alive but that we would never meet. I became very ill and my mother took me away; for over a year we traveled. She did all she could to make me enjoy life but I could not forget. Soon after we returned home, my father told me it had been decided that I was to marry Effraim's brother....You may know the harshness of our Law where women are concerned; it may not be as hard in America where they have made so many reforms, but here, a young girl like me had no escape; she went where she was bid to go...I protested, begged, implored,...all in vain. Thus was I married to your grandfather. My mother-in-law was the one and only comfort of my life, and she and I together mourned the absence of the son she loved so well. Before she died, she revealed to me that Effraim was still alive and told me the place of his retreat; she also enjoined upon me the duty to forward him twice a year a large sum of money, leaving me in her Will for that purpose an important share of her own fortune. I have never failed to do so; my trips abroad covered up those transfer transactions, but of course, after my father-in-law died, I felt freer in carrying out the instructions I had received. I never saw your great uncle again, although I suspect that his mother found means of meeting him sometimes. He had ever been her pride and joy and he was so to the end. No day has ever passed without my praying for his safety...It is all I can tell you, my darlings. Neither his father, mother or brother ever told me the cause of his having been excommunicated from the community. I therefore cannot impart to you wherein lies the actual secret....I only feel sure that he never did anything wrong, no matter what they said....You both resemble him so much....."

"Grannie, dear Grannie", both boys said, taking each hold of one of her hands and kissing it. They knew that her heart bro-

ken so long ago was still beating with a love which had survived the happenings of a lifetime.

How long they thus sat in silence, not one of them could have told. It was already very late when Harry, with his usual sense of breaking the tenseness of any situation, exclaimed:

"Grannie, you're just a brick, and you must not cry because we want you happy. Both Leo and I are going to love our old uncle for your dear sake; we will go and see him and will tell him all about you . . . and remember, we are with you, no matter what might happen, even if the damn Community found it out and start being funny. And now, darling, you go to bed . . . don't forget that you have two accomplices who will never desert the old uncle so long as he lives, even if he had committed blue murder".

"The very thing he would never have done" she answered enigmatically.

## CHAPTER XI AT THE MONASTERY

One sunny September morning, having climbed a steep and dusty hill road, the Medina's powerful American car stopped at the gate of a Polish monastery. From the monk who came to open the gate, the brothers inquired about their uncle under his assumed name, gave their own and handed a letter from their grandmother. The porter told them he would bring back an answer. They waited for his return.

"The old man is still cautious", said Harry.

"I don't blame him, he must have found out long since that Jewish vengeance is eternal".

Just then the Friar returned with a message that their uncle would see them. Having put their car under the great trees, which on both sides shaded the road leading to the Church, they followed their guide and were ushered into a room entirely bare, except for a long deal table, a dozen chairs ranged alongside the walls, whitewashed and bare save for a crucifix. There they sat and

waited. Within a few minutes, a side door opened and a tall venerable old man entered. He paused for a moment, looking at the two young men who stepped forward, Harry saying:

"We are your great-nephews; this is Leo and I am Harry".

"Bless you, my sons" uttered the old man. "Yes, I know, your grandmother has told me in the note which you brought. What can I do for you?"

It was Leo who answered:

"Uncle", he said, "you can tell us all about Judaism . . . we are perturbed, we seek knowledge, and perhaps you can help us . . . Can you? . . . Will you?"

"God alone knows, but if I can be of any use to enlighten your young minds, praise be to Him! But come, let us go now to my own rooms where we shall be able to converse undisturbed".

He took them through the quadrangled cloister built of high arches and encircling a beautiful court in the midst of which was a stone wall surrounded by artistic iron ornaments, with, at the top, a statue of the Virgin and Child. Four great lime trees planted at each corner gave abundant shade to circular benches and tables disposed underneath. Plots of grass and flowers made this inner court an abode of beauty, work, silence, prayer. One side of the cloister gave entrance to the Church, whither a double file of white robed monks were wending their way, Crossing to the opposite side, the brothers and their uncle came to a few steps which led them to a long corridor. There, Effraim Medina opened a door and bade them enter. The room was cell-like in its simplicity but the walls were lined with book shelves.

"This", said the old man, "is my library; the next room is my study". And he led them in. They saw relative comfort; a thick rug, a large desk, three armchairs, a sofa and more books. "Still farther is my bedroom". They looked in; it was the barest of the three, mere necessities, a camp bed, washstand, but a magnificent prie-Dieu richly carved attracted their attention. It was the only luxurious piece of furniture. They stood looking at it and admiring it. "My mother's gift", he slowly said. Above the prie-Dieu, on the wall an ivory crucifix, beneath it a beautiful reproduction of

Michael Angelo's Pieta.

"Come now, glance at this view from the study window".

They looked upon a chain of thickly wooded hills denting the sky line. The austerity of the dark fir forests was relieved by the smiling rich green valley beneath, all dotted with peasant dwellings. The harvest was in full swing, men and women were at work, and the red kerchiefs and blouses of the women detaching themselves on the green background, brightened up the landscape. Wheat laden carts bound for the mill made a slow moving file along the winding road. In the distance the white smoke of a moving train traced cloudy signs along the foothills. The scenery bespoke peace, work, still life and life in action.

"It is very, very beautiful", murmured Leo.

"Restful for the mind and soul", replied his uncle. "But come, let us sit down and tell me why you came".

It was Harry who spoke first:

"But, Uncle, are you or aren't you a monk?"

"I am not".

"Are you a Christian?"

"Yes, a convinced and sincere Christian. The monks here, have kindly consented to let me live among them; this has been my home for a great, great many years, and after my travels, I have always come back to it with a feeling of inner joy. And now, my sons, what is it you want to know?"

"First of all your personal story, if you feel we can be trusted with what seems to be a great secret", replied Leo, "also you can tell us about the esoteric side of Judaism, the power of the Rabbis, anything, everything you can tell us".

"My personal story, I told it to no one but my mother and the man who saved my life; even your grandmother does not know it. I felt I owed it to my mother to let her know what had broken her heart. Be prepared for a rude awakening, my sons, for it is a hard and pitiful story.

Being members of our family, you may easily imagine the extent of our wealth and the way in which I and your grandfather were reared. All that money could procure was ours for the mere

desire of it. Our education was developed fully along the double line of Jewish and modern Gentile cultures; if we had to learn Hebrew and Yiddish, so did we also learn Greek and Latin as well as four of the modern languages. Art also took its place in our education and nothing was spared which was to enable us to hold first place in any kind of assembly. We traveled much, visited our numerous relatives, who because of their wealth, also held important places in different countries; we knew that we too were destined to play an important part in the affairs of the world. Being his eldest son, I was my father's special care; he initiated me little by little in the science of Jewish statesmanship so closely linked to the management of finance. It can be said that through such teaching, every responsible Jew of high estate must work consciously and at all times with the fixed idea of forwarding the realization of the Messianic promise, that is Jewish domination of the world".

"Then it is true that the Jews want to dominate the world?" asked Leo.

"Nothing was ever truer", answered his uncle. "Have you come across anything which points to it, or has your father already told you?"

"Go on Leo", said Harry, "tell about that document".

"What document?" questioned the old man.

"A document called 'THE PROTOCOLS OF THE ELDERS OF ZION'. He saw his uncle smiling and added: "Do you know it?"

"Yes, I know it very well indeed. I knew it in the early eighties then in 1897 a certain Stepanoff published them in pamphlet form; later Sergius Nilus included them in a mystical book of his called 'THE GREAT WITHIN THE SMALL', and another writer Butmi also published them at the beginning of the century. It has circulated here in Poland since 1919 and has been translated and published in French and German. So you know the Protocols", he mused, and after a few moments of silence added, "In that case there is little I can tell you. They impressed you much I see, but what led you to believe that those Protocols were

indeed genuine Jewish plans?"

"Tell Uncle about your bar-mitzwah, Leo".

Leo related the scene which had taken place in the synagogue and how, ever since that day, he and Harry had felt badly about Judaism.

"Horrible, Horrible!" exclaimed the old uncle. "Things being so, I consider you entitled to hear what was my own experience. As I was telling you a few moments ago, life for me held nothing but the best; unlimited wealth, future power and a forthcoming marriage to the woman I loved and who, I knew loved me.

It was sometime before the Passover, when one evening, having spent a few hours reading and taking notes out of an old Spanish book in our Library, I felt somewhat drowsy and getting up from the desk went and lay down on a deep sofa at the farther end of the room. How long I would have lain there is difficult to say, for I fell fast asleep; what awoke me was someone coming into the library to put out the oil lamp I had left burning on the desk. I became conscious of voices in my father's study which opened onto the library. The door between the two rooms had been left open; the clock in the hall chimed the midnight hour. Tired as I felt, I was still debating in my own mind whether to rise and re-light the lamp, when I heard my father saying:

"Now, we are quite safe; no one can disturb us. Let us proceed".

I then resolved to remain quiet and not disturb my father, knowing that he kept nothing secret from me. At least, I thought he did not. Presently, I recognized the voice of the Chief Rabbi of Poland; he was addressing my father as 'Prince' and telling him that the law had been fulfilled. Then addressing himself to another man, he said: 'Weitzman, present the offering to our exalted Prince, and tell us the full and true story of the sacrifice.' In Yiddish then, the man told how on the previous week, a little Christian boy had been lured into the house of a certain Kaplan with the promise of sweetmeats as he was returning home from an errand, at dusk; the street was deserted and no one had seen the child enter. He, Weizman, together with Kaplan and another man

had proceeded with the sacrifice. They had acted swiftly, he said, and the little victim's cries had been stifled. They had then bled the child alive, according to the ritual, in the presence of their Lord and for his honour. For a few hours the child's body had hanged head downward as prescribed, until the last drop of his blood had been gathered. The man must then have shown my father some container, because for a while, there was silence until the Great Rabbi pronounced some Hebrew words of thanks, praise and offering to Jehovah.

Afterwards, my father asked the man whether he was quite sure that no trace of the sacrifice could be found. Quite sure', answered the stranger, 'for before dawn, we three sacrificators buried the corpse in the forest in the deep grave which had already been prepared, and we were back at our houses before dawn'.

'We do not want a scandal' observed my father, 'no second Father Thomas's affair'.

'Have no fear', the man said addressing himself to the Chief Rabbi; we have taken all precautions and the police are entirely baffled by the false clues given them as to the child's disappearance'.

'You have done well!' I heard my father commending the man. 'You deserve well, you and your assistants. The Rabbi will attend to your just reward. Once again we shall celebrate our Passover according to the Law of Moses, having offered the blood sacrifice to the Lord. My own son will be the messenger who will deliver the precious token of our Covenant to our mighty Prince in Egypt and to our powerful princely Houses in London, Vienna, Paris and Frankfort. Go now, you have done well'. Then addressing the Rabbi in Hebrew: 'This is your reward, the price of blood, the blood which must be shed in accordance with our law'. He then evidently handed something to the Rabbi for the latter thanked him effusively.

I was horror stricken, hardly believing that what I had heard was indeed reality and not a horrible nightmare. My father himself had gone to the door to let his guests out. When he returned, he

found me standing in his study.

'Well, son' he said, 'what has happened? Haven't you gone to bed yet?'.

'No', I replied, 'I must have fallen asleep in the library; the sound of voices in here woke me up'.

'And did you listen?'.

'I did'.

'That is all right, my son', my father said calmly, 'this will spare me having to tell you of one of the duties incumbent upon you when you succeed me as head of the Community. The strict observance of the blood sacrifice which must take place before each Passover is one which the head of the Polish Kahal is bound to watch. I intended revealing this secret to you next year only; it is the secret which is revealed to none but the son to whom it pleases the father to impart it. You naturally are the one with whom I would deposit it; not even your brother must ever be told. You and you only, besides myself are the depositor of this blood secret. Heathen and Gentile blood is claimed by our God as a worthy sacrifice; it is part of the Covenant we have with him . . .'. More along those lines did my father say, and never could I have suspected the fanaticism which burnt in his eyes and animated his whole being. I was transfixed, motionless, speechless . . . After what seemed to me an interminable silence, I at last spoke:

'But Father' I said, 'I do not wish to participate in murder . . . . ever . . . .'.

'The murder of a Gentile is no murder', replied he. You know the Talmud, you know the Law.

'I can only repeat what I have just said. I will be no party to murder of any kind'.

'Dare you oppose yourself to the most sacred part of the Law?' he demanded, his anger rising. 'Do you realise that although you are my son, regardless of your exalted position, regardless of the power we wield, our Rabbis, our Wise Men would ban you from the Community, would pronounce the herem against you, would ruin you for ever, if you as much as dared express opposition to the observance of the Law'.

'Let them', I said, 'I will be no murderer. Think of that child whom those men coldly murdered, whose blood is not only on your hands, but in your very hands'. I pointed to the container standing on his desk. This seemed to enrage him.

'Stop it!' he cried, 'stop it, do you hear? Go away! go! I tell you, go! before I kill you with my own hands . . . .'. So saying, he advanced upon me with upraised clenched fists . . . I knew then that fanaticism was stronger than any other instinct in my father's soul . . . I moved away. Back in my own room, I thought fast and clearly. Nothing, I knew, could ever bridge the abyss separating me from my father. Either I consented to become as he was, a fanatic and a murderer or as I knew full well, my very life was at stake because of the fateful secret. Had I not been taught the punishment inflicted by the Kahal of their days upon a Spinoza, a Da Costa? I saw it all. The knowledge I had gained of the hideous secret spelt my doom . . . I did not want to die. Hastily, I gathered a few things held most dear, took money, jewels, clothes, cast all into two bags and before four in the morning, I crept noiselessly out of my father's house. I had paused but a brief moment at my dear Mother's door . . . .

'It was yet dark when I knocked at the house of the priest who had been our teacher of classics; he was the only one to whom I turned. He lived alone, a high wall surrounding the little garden which he cultivated. He came to open the door, he had already been up praying; he looked astonished at seeing me, but without asking a single question, he took hold of my bags and led me into a little room, went to a cupboard, and poured out a glass of a strong cordial which I drank. Then he led the way upstairs to a tiny bedroom which he said he always kept ready for any priest of his acquaintance who might need shelter; he bade me undress and go to bed. I obeyed. I felt exhausted, my head was aching, the bed was hard, but I fell asleep.

'It was full morning when I awoke; my host was sitting on a chair near the foot of the bed. It seemed so unreal waking into this cell-like room with a priest near. After a long silence, all he said was:

'Your Mother . . . . does she know?'

Those simple words brought me back to myself. The thought of my poor Mother whose grief must be beyond words made me open my heart to the kindly man. He had, I knew, a great regard for my mother who respected him and frequently contributed to his charities. I told him all that had happened to me the previous night and how I knew that there was no longer any room for me in my father's house.

He it was then that took all the decisions. He knew the Talmud as well as any Rabbi; he made his plans rapidly. I would remain hidden in the little room all day, and late that night he would take me himself to a place of safety, leaving me among friends under another name. Meanwhile, he would manage to see my mother and give her a message in which I was telling her that I had incurred my father's displeasure, that he had cursed me, that I would be safe but that she was to tell Raissa to try and forget me as now she could never marry me. My love was theirs for ever. Through the good priest, my Mother sent me a large sum of money and her blessing, because she felt I could not have been guilty of any wrong doing.

That same night, my friend and I left the town, travelled by coach for two days and nights and he finally brought me to this very retreat. Within a few weeks, the great herem was pronounced against me publicly in the synagogue where I had been accused of having rebelled against the Rabbinical authorities. I had transgressed, and anyone killing me would accomplish a worthy deed in the eyes of the Lord . . . . I must not omit mentioning that no doubt, through the priest, the Polish police made the three sacrificators confess to the murder of the Christian child, his little body was unearthed; the three men went to their doom never betraying either my father or the Chief Rabbi.

No one here has ever known my real identity. Later on in years, I became a Christian but I consecrated my life to the study of Judaism to discover the root of the evil taught in the Talmud.

I worked carefully and patiently and came to an understanding of the words written by Moses Mendelssohn. 'Judaism is not a

religion, it is a Law religionised'. It is therefore the essence of the Law which all must understand. We must look for it in the Talmud, and every honest and decent human being cannot escape the conclusion that the Talmudic Law is an abominable law. There are in Judaism two things which must therefore be studied diligently, the Law itself and its system of application. The Law rests upon an almost unbelievable fund of pride, a pride so colossal that it surpasses the limits of human imagination; I wonder if you know that the great initiates of Judaism consider that Israel is God itself....As a corollary to this belief, comes the sectarian conception of the Jewish people being the Chosen People, a teaching which breeds fanaticism among the masses and which the Gentiles have been foolish enough to adopt and propagate, thus helping to swell Jewish pride. Hatred and contempt toward all non-Jews are but the natural offshoots of this evil root. Every Jew, no matter how poor or miserable is absolutely convinced of his superiority over the Gentile, however rich or powerful the latter may be; he is conscious of being a member of the super-nation ruled by a super-government.

Coming now to the application of the odious Law of the Talmud, we face the system of the Kahal through which it is imposed upon the Jewish masses, the world over. If you young men want to understand the Jewish question, you must study the Kahal system in its essence and in all its ramifications. Only then will you be in a position to grasp the misery of the people, the oppression under which the masses labor and suffer, eke out a miserable existence in order that rich Jews like ourselves may thrive, prosper and work for the realization of the Messianic ideal. The oppression of the Jewish masses by their own leaders, this is the key to the situation which throws the whole world into turmoil. It will explain a great deal to you.

You may have heard perhaps of a very learned Rabbi, by name Jacob Brafmann?"

The young men shook their heads. They had never heard the name.

"I knew him personally well and frequently met him. He too

had fallen under the sentence of the herem. He simply loved his own people and knew that the misdeeds of the masses were due in great part to the misery in which they lived. His guiding thought was that if the Jewish people could once be freed from the oppression of their leaders, they would have a chance of becoming decent citizens in every state. At one time, he thought he had succeeded and that the Russian Tzar Alexander II would abolish the Kahal system in his vast empire...He was, however, doomed to disappointment because a powerful Jew Peretz had bought one of the Emperor's Ministers, a certain Speransky. Time has passed.. Tzars, Peretz, Speransky and lots of others, Jews and Gentiles have long since passed away, but Bolshevism is alive and Bolshevism is the monster conceived by Jewish Satanism and nurtured by Gentile corruption. For, let it be well understood, that crime is not to be imputed to Jews alone, but also to so called Christians whom Jews have ever found willing to sell themselves for lucre, wealth, the satisfaction of their ambitions or sensual disorderly appetites. The thirty pieces of silver are for ever available, and so are legions of Judases. Money covers the price of innocent blood indeed, the price of those rivers of blood shed daily and nightly in Russia at the present moment....But what are you, young boys proposing to do with the knowledge that you seek to acquire?"

"That's just it", replied Leo, "we hardly know...we want to do something, we feel we are Americans and patriots, and what to do against this terrible menace facing our country and the whole world is what troubles us. We have Christian friends who share our horror and also desire to do something, but we are very few and we hardly know where to begin".

"Certainly the task is indeed a tremendous one, but you must reduce it to its smallest common denominator. Jewish power is built upon two main pillars: oppression of the Jewish masses and penetration into non-Jewish institutions. Oppression and penetration constitute the control which Jewish leaders have converted into a real science. The oppression of the Jewish masses is based upon the fear which subdues them; the penetration of the Gentile

institutions is based upon the corruption of the non-Jews. The system of oppression as I told you works through the laws of the Kahal; the corruption of the Gentiles takes place for the most part in the lodges of Freemasonry. Those two systems should be attacked and destroyed in order to cleanse the world from the poison which has penetrated into all parts of its organism. The cleansing process would presuppose a strong and combined effort of sincere and earnest Christians and Jews.

"You personally are in a position second to none to know just how the world is being governed, because your father is the acknowledged leader of the American Jewish Community, and if I am not mistaken the man who has gathered in one unit the whole of the money collection proceeding from the iniquitous and illegal taxation of every Jew. Into his hands also is the unlimited power bribery which accounts for so much of the political mire into which the American, and with it other ships of State are sinking. If you unfold all that lies behind his power, you will have a clear view of what ails the world. Let your Christian friends uncover the machinations which take place in the masonic and occult lodges into which millions of men, women and youths are attracted, and let them try and do the work of enlightenment which the churchmen of all denominations and the educators have failed to do.

"Such work may lead to persecution and even martyrdom, but if your friends are real Christians and you two are genuinely patriotic and also devoted to the welfare of the unfortunate and oppressed masses of Jewish "am-harets," your combined efforts and self sacrifice may yet be deserving of God's mercy upon a sinful world. But be cautious, my sons; do not act with undue haste; you will have to dissemble to prevent the shark-like Rabbis from reading your very thoughts...I sometimes think that if I had been able to dissemble and conceal my horror when I discovered the terrible ritual murder and the extent of the guilt of Jewish Leaders I might perhaps have done more good in the long run...Who knows? Living in this enforced solitude, all I have been able to do has been the collection of a large amount of material proving the truth of the subject we have been discussing as the source of world

unrest and revolutions. All of it will be at your disposal at any time you may choose to use it...Today, I have come to the conclusion that perhaps all my work has not been in vain...But keep to your post which is one of command, remember, you must work patiently and in silence, and when the time comes for the universal liberation of the Jews from oppression, you will have contributed to the freedom of the whole world and to the restoration of divine and human order. Then, indeed shall His will be done on earth! My having become a Christian has made me a stronger Jew. I have measured the darkness in which live the people I sprang from... I have understood why it was among the Jews that Jesus Christ, the noble non-Jew Galilean tried to spread his doctrine. To the very sons of Satan such as were the Pharisees and the Saducees, God sent his own Son that light might penetrate their souls, but it was in vain.

To me the Crucifixion is the most convincing example of combined Jew-Gentile evil; it was the cowardice of the Gentile Pilate which helped the cruel Pharisees to reach their objective and send the compassionate, life-giving, divine Christ to His death. I shall never repeat it often enough, the Satanic wickedness of the Jews would be powerless were it not for the corruption of the Gentiles. And because evil is a combination of Jewish and Gentile forces, so also should good be. On the side of good there must be truth and fearlessness.....truth and fearlessness....those are the weapons.

From now on, my sons, my thoughts will follow you. I will pray for you, and any help you think I can give is yours. Meanwhile I shall make a selection of a few books which may be useful, store them at your friends; none of them must ever be found in your own home".

It was late that evening when the two brothers re-entered their car, accompanied by their venerable uncle. Once again he blessed them, and before the turn in the road hid him from their view, they beheld him still standing watching them, his hand raised in a gesture of blessing.

## CHAPTER XII

### MAPPING A COURSE

The young men drove in silence for a very long time; it was Harry who broke it.

"A grand old man, our Uncle..Gosh! I would not have missed being alive today for anything in the world, would you?"

"Not me! I can't tell you what I feel like....as if another soul had grown within me..It is all very strange".

"Strange is the word; personally, I feel as if the old Boy had turned me into a Christian more surely than if they had dipped me into a bucketful of holy water".

"Harry!"

"Don't Harry me! It is not any good. You've just said yourself that you don't know what you feel like, that's what it is. We both feel we hate Judaism, and that's putting it plain. Holy Moses! what a putrid thing Judaism is, to be sure".

"At any rate, the Uncle had made it very clear to us, clearer even than that cursed old Rabbi had done on my bar-mitzvah. But what are we going to do about it? That's the question".

"Ask me another," replied Harry, who seeing his brother's emotion wanted to ease the strain. "Here we are, the supposed to be young men who have not a desire in the world because they are so rich that they can buy anything, coming here, from the other end of the world to seek trouble and ask for punishment. Are we, or aren't we a pair of lunatics?"

"We are lunatics beyond the shadow of doubt, but that does not solve the problem of what we're going to do about it, now that we do know so much".

"Now, you listen to your Uncle Harry, and don't you be down-cast. Nothing has become worse in the world since this morning, because we happen to know what is one of the chief sources of misery, so it is no use our moping over it. What we have to think of is action. I would suggest first of all that we investigate the

state of the Jewish Kehillah in America. We've got to start with America. I think we'll find it comparatively easy to get all the data we need, situated as we are, with Father the biggest pot".

"Yes, but in that case we shall have to pretend to be taking an interest in the affairs of the damned community and I'm hanged if I can. The very mention of it is nauseating..I just hate the whole show".

"Of course, you do and so do I, but nevertheless, I think it will be quite sufficient for one of us to play that game. What you could do, Leo would be to become more interested in Mother's social welfare work, and thus get nearer to the poor sections of Jewry. That field should be vast enough for all sorts of inquiries in the state of the Jewish people, and since you're going to be a doctor, the opportunities will be endless".

"Harry, old man, you're just a genius! You among the rich and I among the poor, with Mother in the middle. Poor Mother, if she but knew what we have been up to, today, I bet she'd tremble from head to foot for fear of Father".

"I'm not so sure. With all her gentleness, she seems to be the only person that Father does not dare oppose or browbeat. Shall we or shan't we tell her?"

"I vote we don't, in case of some mishap, she would always be in the position to say she never knew we had been visiting our great-uncle".

"You're probably right, so mum is the word. We don't tell anyone about today and simply start on our program of investigation. When our plans are drawn, we'll tell Pat and Bill how we think we had better proceed".

"Sure, but we must also tell them we are firmly convinced that the Protocols are genuine Jewish fabric, and so work in perfect harmony. We can tell them what the old uncle said, that there was even worse in the very minutes of the various Zionist Congresses, and how at one of them, in 1905, I believe he said, old Chaim Weizman who is now the head of Zionism had, with others, laid all the plans for the Russian Revolution. He also said that Herzl and Asher Ginsberg had vied with each other, both preach-

ing world domination, Jewish super-nation, super-state and that proofs of that kind are easily obtained”.

“Right you are. It is not so much the proof that the Protocols are Jewish which is important, but the destruction of the spirit that dictated them. That spirit is to be found in the teachings of both the Talmud and the Kabbalah, and that is our province; find that spirit, expose it and then uproot it if we can, otherwise it will be the ruin of America as it has been the ruin of Russia and will be that of other nations”.

“And now, what story are we going to invent for the benefit of dear old Grandmother?”

“We’d better not invent anything, because for all we know, the old Uncle may have said something in the note he gave us for her”.

“All right, let us simply say that he made a great impression upon us and that we’re glad we went to see him”.

“By the way, I wonder how much she guessed of the truth; do you remember her remark the other evening about murder being the one thing he would never commit. I am of the opinion that Grandfather must have talked in his sleep..”.

“If that is the case, then the poor woman must have known that her lover was punished, banned, anathemised and what not, just because he refused to be a vile murderer. After all, that’s what it boils down to”.

“It does not bear thinking about”, went on Leo after a long pause. “Our great grandfather consented to murder, our grandfather must have...does our Father?”.

“Stop! for heaven’s sake, stop!” cried Harry. “I can’t bear it; I’ll go nuts if we carry on in that strain. All I care to know and do for the present is to break that chain of abomination. We must for our own sake and that of those who may come after us. Let’s look forward, all the time; the past behind us is too awful”.

The evening following their return to the Medina mansion, after coffee had been cleared, once again the two young men were sitting at the feet of their grandmother. She took out of her bag

the note which they had brought her from the man to whom she had given her heart, so many, many years before and handed it to them to read;

It ran:

“My dear,

Your boys are here; thank you for sending them. They have come as the messengers of your blessing. For my own part, I have blessed you every day of my life, Raissa, and will do so to my dying day. I pray the boys may be able to do for our unfortunate Jewish people what no amount of alms or philanthropic charities can do. They have understood, they are young and unspoilt, truth can penetrate their mind; they may accomplish great things.

Our years of tribulation are nearing their end; there awaits us a future in the Great Beyond, where they neither marry nor give in marriage, and where there can be no parting. That is where evil is powerless and where our two souls and hearts will be united for ever, beyond the anathema of men and with the blessing of God.

Enclosed is the little picture of you which I have to this day carried on my heart and cherished. You will give it to the boys if you think fit. I could not bear the idea of its being fingered by strange hands when my last day comes, and I die here alone. It is my only link with that beautiful past which belonged only to us. Even the horror of the separation could not blot out its remembrance.

May God enrich your soul with blessings, my dear.

Ever yours,

Efraim.

And to her grandsons moved with unconcealed emotion, Raissa Medina said: “And so you see, my dears, true love never dies”.

## CHAPTER XIII

### RETURN

The Medinas returned home late in October and were duly welcomed by their parents and friends. A meeting of the F. W. F. little clan took place almost immediately and the first plans of action were drawn up. Taylor had already obtained a post in the State Department as secretary to the sub-head of the Russian section. One of the early steps of the friends was to take and furnish an apartment in the name of Bill Taylor to be used as their meeting and work place.

Neither Pat O'Neill nor Taylor had wasted time since the summer and were able to announce the imminent publication of the Protocols. They had all sorts of queer adventures to relate.

"You'd never believe all the intrigues which have taken place in connection with that publication"; they told their friends, "it passes the limits of human belief. You ask Bill here, because his poor Father is simply being driven nuts over the question".

"And what does Bill do?" asked Leo.

"Me? I play dogo, the man that can't be interested in the silly question", he replied; "but I hear different sides, and more and more my father is becoming convinced that there is more to it than meets his tolerant Christian eye. On the other hand, there is a chap in the State Department, Oliver by name, who had been given the manuscript and has gone crazy over it; he says he knows some Russian emigres who swear to the Jewish authenticity of the document and he is wondering why it is not being published here, as has been done in England, Italy, France and Germany. I tell you it is an amusing game up to now".

"Your Oliver is right; we have brought over the various editions. Two French, one by Monseigneur Jouin, a wonderful French priest, one by the eminent publicist Urbain Gohier; an English edition, a German, an Italian and a Polish one, the com-

mentaries in each are most interesting".

"It looks as though, for once, Americans were behind Europe. But what is going on here is really funny; just imagine, a short while ago, some big Jews got wind of the fact that the Protocols were going to be published over here, and what do you think they imagined as a bright idea? You'd never guess.. They actually started having long excerpts of them published in the Philadelphia Public Ledger under the title of 'THE RED BIBLE', saying it was the program of the Bolshevicks which some American Ambassador had swiped off Trotsky's own table in Moscow... We had a lot of fun; we wrote the Phila Ledger that somebody was evidently leading them around the garden, that there was some slight error in their RED BIBLE because the whole thing had been written before the advent of Bolshevism; we advised them to look into Zionism and offered our help...Would you believe it, the series stopped the following day, and the editor wrote us that there evidently was an error but that their correspondent, who happened to be Carl Ackerman had been of good faith!".

"And that is not all", added Taylor, "the same big Jews commissioned William Hard to write an article in the Hearst Metropolitan, making fun of the Protocols. But the best and most significant of all is what happened to poor old George Putnam. He had actually undertaken the publication of the Protocols and had the whole thing ready for binding and distribution, when old Louis Marshall fell upon him and threatened to ruin him if he went on with the job. He collapsed of course..".

"You don't say!" exclaimed Harry. "Poor old Putnam! It seems we are just back in time to see some of the fun".

"It sounds like a gigantic game of blind man's bluff with some of the cleverest and wickedest brains in the world", said Leo.

"Then", interrupted Pat, addressing the brothers, "you two are still convinced that the program for world domination does exist and is indeed Jewish?".

"We certainly are", both Leo and Harry answered together.

"We have with us enough proofs to satisfy not only ourselves, but the rest of the world. However", Leo went on alone, "There is a tremendous lot of work to be done, and for the moment, there are only four of us".

"Never mind", said his brother, "it is a beginning". And he proceeded to unfold the plan which he and Leo had agreed upon. He would assume the part of the dutiful Jew as far as appearances went, while Leo would play the agnostic student of medicine, the kind of half wit bent on saving suffering humanity, the utopian humanitarian that his father and uncles would very thoroughly despise.

"Fine!" said Pat O'Neill after he had heard the brothers; "all we can do at present is plan and work against the evil of Communism, try to enlighten people by degrees and never for an instant relax our watchfulness. When in a few weeks, our own publication of the Protocols comes out, we shall then be able to size up the reaction. There has already been real ferment following the publication of the English book 'THE CAUSE OF WORLD UNREST' and a little pamphlet by Pitt Rivers on Bolshevism, with a foreword by the Jew Professor Oscar Levy, in itself the most terrible indictment of Jewry. But you have not heard the best, which is that Henry Ford has started an anti-Jewish campaign, of his own in his local weekly 'THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT' and is it Hot!! Ask Bill...We have kept two complete up-to-date series for you".

"We heard some vague rumours about it in London, just before we sailed. What is the matter with 'Enery'?" asked Leo.

"The Lord alone knows" replied Pat. A chap, friend of Father's came into the office the other day and entertained us for over an hour all about Ford's campaign. It appears he has a nephew, Jacobsen by name, who is one of the Ford's agents in Europe and North America. It turns out that Jacobsen, one fine day, last winter met an American naval officer in some Black Sea port, and he complained to him that no matter what he undertook, at the end of every lane, he invariably fell upon a Jew. The poor

chap must have hurt himself quite a lot over those repeated falls because he was quite sore!. Nonsense apart, the navy man told him that if ever he wanted to understand the wherefore of the ubiquitous Jew, he had better read the PROTOCOLS, and there and then he gave him the address of a person in New York who would let him read them. Jacobsen comes home to Detroit and finds his friend, the Dearborn Independent editor, literally tearing his hair because the boss, Henry Ford wants articles on the Jewish question run into the paper, has repeatedly, for some months past, told said editor, named Cameron that he wants them, and all the poor chap knows on the subject is what he learnt in Sunday School. Just when Jacobsen alights on Cameron, the poor editor has been told by the boss that unless he starts those articles on an appointed day, he will be given the gate, and that means kissing goodbye to five hundred bucks a month. Thereupon Jacobsen tells him to cheer up, rushes to New York, grabs the Protocols and deposits them on Cameron's desk.

"Thus were the articles started and dope on the question is simply pouring in. Cameron sure has got a pen; his articles are brilliant and have created a tremendous sensation. You two will hear plenty because the big Jews are prancing mad; Cameron spares nobody and the Brandeises, Marshalls, Untermeyers, Shapiros are all being shown up, to say nothing of that hydrocephallic Rabbi Wise. Some say that Ford is to be ruined by Wall Street, others that before he started, he had made himself quite independent so far as his business went".

"Well, well", said Harry, "who would ever have expected that of ignorant old Henry Ford? I, for one, would like to know what motive he had, what ever prompted him to begin. Does anyone know?".

"No one really knows", answered Bill Taylor, "it is rumoured that he got mad because 90% of the beasts he embarked on his Noah's Ark, the 'Peace Ship' were Jews, and made a fool of him, turning him into a laughing stock for the whole world. First and foremost he had it in for the Hungarian Jewess Rosika Schwimmer".

"Personal revenge, then?" inquired Leo.

"Who knows? The main thing", said Pat, "is that he is ploughing the American mind with his new kind of tractor, the 'DEARBORN INDEPENDENT' and sowing the seed. The Protocols will come in as a potent fertilizer. Things are moving in the right direction, thank God! After the Protocols are published, what we shall have to do will be to form an organization and have at least one newspaper able to exist without any advertisements.. in other words, plenty of work and very little play".

"That's all right with us", said Harry Medina, "do you suppose there would be much play for any of us under Bolshevism? Look at Russia. Personally, I verily believe that with the means at our disposal, patience, courage and co-ordination, we four may yet do quite a good deal to keep Bolshevism out of the country".

"It will be a tough job with the millions of Jews in the country and the powerful Kehillah, but we can try just the same", said his brother.

"Well, when all is said and done", retorted Harry, "apart from our determination, it boils down to a question of money against money, ours against theirs".

"You surely are a queer fish, Harry" said Taylor, "how do you make that out?"

"Oh, quite simply, don't you see? It is going to be Medina money against Medina money; some of it, ours, is to be national money against Father's international heap . . . . Was there ever anything quite so mad, I ask you", he ended, laughing.

"It is what my righteous Father would declare the house divided, all right enough", commented Bill, "but of course it can't be helped".

"I bet, even a perfectly good bishop like your Father would give his blessing, if he knew all we know and guess. Still, the one thing that matters above all is the perfect union of our four wills, and that thank goodness, we have. We may be a foursome of idiots asking for trouble but all I know is that I would not

change places with anyone outside our little F. W. F.", said Harry.

"Same here!" echoed his three companions.

## CHAPTER XIV

### JOY AND SORROW

Meanwhile, Kate O'Neill, Rachel Medina and Mary had also pursued their own activities. Over a year had elapsed since the four young men and Mary had fallen into their appointed places and shouldered their own tasks and responsibilities. Radiant at eighteen, the O'Neill's daughter had come out as a young debutante, one of the most beautiful of the season; her looks and her wit made her a general favourite; she entered fully into the fun of the girls of her age, although adhering strictly to the principles she had laid down for herself. She neither smoked nor drank and never infringed upon her self imposed discipline. She had become a social worker, embarking also upon a nursing and first aid course. During her free hours, she accompanied her mother or "Aunt Rachel" in their various visits of charity. Thus she became familiarized with misery, need, sickness, whether in Gentile or Jewish homes, and her feeling of charity and commiseration went to all, regardless of what she called religious denomination. As time went on, more and more frequently, outside his medical studies, Leo Medina joined his mother and shared her social welfare work among poor Jews, whether on the East Side, the Bronx or Brooklyn.

In every case which came under his notice, Leo inquired carefully into the causes which had led the family in the dire straits in which he found them. He also diligently investigated the exact amount of money collected from the family at any time by the different Jewish organizations, and he kept accurate record of all information received. His mother and Mary were oftentimes puzzled at this strange curiosity of Leo's, but he laughed

off their astonishment explaining it was one of his numerous manias. His visits to Jewish hospitals, houses for old and destitute people and so called orphanages soon convinced him of the fact that in such institutions, care and food were of the poorest kind; means allotted by the Kahal from money collected, not only was inadequate but was partly diverted to the capacious pockets of appointed managers. The unfortunate inmates had no recourse; complaints were of no avail, suffering had to be endured with no hope or redress or relief. Leo was indeed finding the proofs of all his great-uncle had taught him concerning the cruelty and despotism exercised upon the poor by the leaders of the Jewish Kahal.

Moving constantly in a world of suffering, Leo Medina's greatest pleasure was his frequent companionship with Mary whenever she accompanied his mother. She continued to be puzzled by his odd investigations. Walking home with him, one afternoon, she taxed him with being the most inquisitive creature she had ever met and asked him:

"Do tell me why you are so inquisitive, Pat would have said 'damn' inquisitive?"

"Curiosity killed the cat", he replied.

"Maybe, but it has not killed you yet..And besides, are you by any chance calling me a cat, you horrid boy! I did not expect it of you..If it had been Harry, I could understand, but you! I am surprised, shocked, grieved..."

"No, no darling", he said soothingly, "you are much too sweet a kitten for any one to dare call you a cat. Puss, Puss! Kitty, kitt! he teased.

"You great horrid boy! You just wait until we get home and I tell Dad and Mother".

"Does not that 'horrid boy' sound as if we were back to more than ten years ago when your greatest threat to us three was just the same 'I'll tell Daddy and Mother, you horrid boys'. How many times did we hear it?"

"Yes, it seems like yesterday..how happy I always was with you three, in spite of your everlasting teasing, and how I

loved you all".

"Don't you love us now?"

"Of course, I do, you silly! What a question!"

"Up to you to ask the next".

"Ask what?"

"Whether we still love you".

"I know you do, so why should I ask? Besides, Leo, I am grown up now, and I can't very well ask all the young men around if they love me".

"I quite see that, it would indeed keep you too busy, with the throng around you. Ah, Mary, Mary, I sometimes wish, we none of us had ever grown up".

"Me too, Leo..." she sighed. Saying these words, she lifted her beautiful eyes to gaze at her companion. Just one glance at her companion. Just one glance which revealed to each that their childish affection had grown into something which they feared to mention..So they remained silent, and their mutual silence had the eloquence which love alone can impart.

They walked on for a while, Mary having, as in her childhood days, slipped her hand into Leo's. They were just passing a little Italian Church on the East side; "Let us go in for a minute", said Mary. And together, they entered the deserted sanctuary. Mary, kneeling, lost herself in prayer while Leo standing by her side gave way to the overpowering tenderness filling his heart for the young girl he cherished and who had, that day, made him understand that she too loved him.

That same evening, Leo had barely returned home and been joined by his brother, when an urgent phone call from the Roosevelt Hospital requested them to come at once. Their Mother had met with an accident and had just been brought in. They rushed off, racked with anxiety. As soon as they arrived, they were ushered into a private room, where upon the bed lay Rachel Medina. An automobile accident on the West Side, not far from the hospital; an empty ambulance swerving from a side street had crashed into her car, head on. The chauffeur had been instant-

ly killed and she lay dying. The case was hopeless, her spine having been broken.

She opened her eyes as her sons came in: "Leo..Harry.." she murmured, "my boys, my own". With an effort, she moved her hands and placed them in theirs. "So glad you came" she whispered. A radiant smile overspread her blanched face.

"Mother..Oh Mother.." they both kept on repeating, "don't leave us..". Bending their heads upon her hands, they kissed them passionately. Only the sound of their sobs broke the death-like silence until she whispered again: "My darlings, my darlings, with you both here, it is not difficult to die...Promise me that you will ever stand by each other..regardless of what may come...Harry, dearest, you will remain Leo's stand-by, won't you?...Promise me....".

"Of course, darling, I promise"

"Leo", she said, "I leave you my poor ... care for them ... provide for the chauffeur's family...it was not his fault...what happened...And give my dear love to Aunt Kate...dear Kate.... she has meant so much to me, after you two...Harry, watch over Uncle Patrick's business.....don't let him be ruined....Tell Aunt Kate I died a Christian at heart, she will understand.....Don't let go of my hands, dearest...my two own boys.....my own..... It is getting dark.....oh so dark....."

"Mother, oh Mother, stay, wait for Father" sobbed Harry.

"No..it is best as it is, my dearest...just you two...you two.. souls of my soul.....Death is closing in....but she is smiling.... she is leaving my hands in yours....yours in mine....oh my own... for ever....to hold your hands....for ever....My darlings...my love..

A very gentle sigh, a flutter, a smile...and it was all over.

The boys had not moved and were still holding their loved Mother's hands when the door opened softly and David Medina entered. The nurse made a sign to him, and he understood that he had arrived too late.

The message calling him to his wife's bedside had reached him at that of his colored mistress's .

## CHAPTER XV

### REVELATION

After Rachel's death, gloom overspread the Medina house; even the banker appeared awed; he spent his evenings at home and his sons sat with him every evening after dinner, but toward ten thirty, they repaired to their own smoking room, where free of constraint, clinging to each other closer than ever, they talked, smoked, read, always together. They were crushed by the unexpected cruel blow and went about their work in a listless manner, mourning their loss.

A week had barely elapsed since the tragic accident, when, one night, after he had brought in the customary tray with ice water and glasses, their butler addressing himself to Harry said:

"Sir, may I speak to both you gentlemen?"

"Certainly, Brady, what is it?"

"It is like that, Sir, the mistress...she told me like this, Sir, 'If ever anything happened to me, Brady, I want you to tell my sons everything'. I promised her I would...I was devoted to the mistress.... I'd have gone through torture for her..for her sake I listened to many things that went on in this house and told her.. she wanted to know, she wanted to know everything...".

"What things? said by whom?" queried Leo.

"That is just it, things the Master said with all them rabbis and other rich men that used to come here and stayed for ever so long".

"Did they always speak English?" asked Harry.

"No Sir, they mostly spoke Yiddish".

"But Brady, how did you know?...You're not Jewish".

"No Sir, but as good as.." he replied to his astonished hearers.

"You see, it is like this", he went on; "my Father, he was Irish, but he died in one of those mine accidents in Pennsylvania; my mother, she was Irish too, she came to New York with me, I was only a two year old little shaver then; with the insur-

ance money, she took a small apartment on the East Side. It was a pretty poor place, but my mother, she reckoned as soon as I was a bit bigger, she'd get a factory job, but meanwhile she took in sewing and washing. On the same floor as us, there was a Jewish family, Bernstein by name, and they made friends with my mother. They had two kids, and us kids we grewed up together. I was five when my mother died of lungs. Rebecca Bernstein, she had been awful good to my mother; and when they had taken her to hospital, the Bernsteins just took me in, and, believe it or not, Sir, Mother Becky, she made no difference between her kids and me, she even hugged me more than she did her own Jaky. I grewed up a regular little kike, jabbering in Yiddish as well as any of them and even going to school with Jaky. It all went well until I was eleven and a Catholic social worker found out I was Irish, and very soon a priest came along and before I could say Jack Robinson, I was clamped into one of them orphanages; I stood for it as long as I could, it wasn't long, and then I ran away. My brother Jaky, he helped me hide with some of their cousins in Brooklyn, and Mother Becky, she gave them a little money so they'd keep me until I could earn my own keep. That's how it come that I'm really as much a Jew as.....". He hesitated.

"As we are", said Harry smiling.

"Exactly, Sir. The Mistress, she knew", he went on, "because she had picked me up one day, at Mother Becky's when she had come to see her when she was sick, poor soul, after her husband and her daughter had died of the grippe and Jaky had gone wrong and joined a gang...She knew those big blokes..beg pardon Sir.. those big toffs that came here were sort of plottin' as she called it, and she wanted me to listen to all I could and tell her.....And that's all, gentlemen.....I've done what she told me to do".

As he turned to go, Leo asked: "But, Brady, how on earth did you manage to hear what was going on in my father's study?"

"Quite easy, Sir, the Mistress, she had had one of those things they call microphones or something like that set up in my bedroom....I guess that's all I had to tell you gentlemen...to keep

my promise to her.....Good night, gentlemen".

"Wait an instant, Brady", called Harry, "for the present, carry on for her sake, as you had done so far...remember, Brady, for her sake...and tell us as you used to tell her".

"Very good, Sir I will if I can stand the house without her; it's just awful".

"It's worse for us, Brady....let us face it all together..". And standing up, both Leo and Harry silently shook hands with him before he left the room.

"So, Mother was wise to a lot", remarked Harry after Brady had gone. "It was her way of helping us in the task we had undertaken, since we returned from Poland".

"I wonder how much she knew of what we were doing.. Leo, that is what she meant when she spoke of her hand for ever clasping ours...her guiding hand..for ever...she was bent on the same work as we are..".

"Undoubtedly, Brady comes to us as a kind of legacy, and also old Becky whom she used as a scout to find out the genuine cases of misery among the poor Jews....I can see now, how she was able to prevent the perpetration of cruelties of which she knew beforehand".

"Well, Leo, she has made use of Brady to send us the message we needed, to snap out of it and carry on with the work. We must pull ourselves together and become active again...as she would wish".

"You are right, of course, but Harry, I feel like Brady....the house is just awful without her, and if it were not for Father, I'd like to get away from it".

"I know", answered his brother, "but it would not be right, here is where she worked and where we must also go on working. The house which was her watch-tower must be ours also. And don't you see, Leo, we must do for ourselves what she had done for Brady, that is rig out the most up-to-date set of microphones in our own quarters. There are so many things which must sound double Dutch to poor Brady but which would be very clear to us. Pat must do the job for us, his engineering will come in useful

for once”.

Luck favoured their plans, for the next evening, the banker having shaken off his mourning mood, did not dine at home, and Patrick O'Neill, Jr., having been called in, the three friends had the house to themselves. After having been told the revelations made by Brady, the previous night, Pat mused in silence for a while and presently said:

“Ah, now I can understand what Dad called Mother's extraordinary hunches, She simply used to tell Father what to do and what not to do on the Exchange...Every time, there was a crisis in the air, she had just the right kind of advice to give him, and Father used to think it uncanny....Dear Aunt Rachel was on the look out to see that no harm befell us, and in her wise quiet way, she has been protecting Father and our family....God bless her!” he added fervently.

“That's it”, said Harry, “I now remember Father saying to Uncle Patrick, not so long ago, about the plunge of the steel shares; ‘Well, O'Neill, you surely always seem to guess right, buying just when everybody was throwing the stuff all over the market. You actually started buying even before I did....you must have made a pile. Tell me what on earth did induce you to buy?’. And you and Father answered: ‘Just because Kate was so keen on it and she never makes a mistake’. Dad just laughed saying: ‘You must be a strong believer in the banshee and all that kind of Irish tommy rot...’....”.

“Well, now we can see there was nothing uncanny about Mother's hunches. It was all plain canny, and dear Aunt Rachel knew that one wrong move would have sent Father and us crashing to the very bottom of the ladder”.

“Yes”, added Leo, “let us now tell you what was one of her last recommendations to us as she lay dying. She said to Harry: ‘Watch over Uncle Patrick's business, don't let him be ruined’. Those were among her last words....”.

“Oh, bless, bless her!” was all Pat seemed able to say, moved by the deepest feeling of gratitude for his Mother's late friend.

Later that evening, Pat O'Neill, having examined the rig up in Brady's room, laid up all the plans for the installation of powerful microphones leading from the banker's study and library into his sons' rooms upstairs.

## CHAPTER XVI

### RETROSPECT

After five years in the diplomatic service during which he had been entrusted with various important missions, Bill Taylor had decided to abandon his career and dedicate his time to the co-ordination of all information gathered by himself and his friends. There was little he ignored concerning the real situation of the administration of all nations, and in particular he had learnt much as to the power exercised by picked members of masonic lodges in the functioning of governments. He had therefore directed his inquiries into the field of Freemasonry, Rosicrucian, Illuminist and Theosophist occultism; his special position in the State Department had made it possible for him to tabulate with unerring exactitude a source of evil thereto unknown to him. He knew for instance that, but for very few men advanced to power, no matter in what government or country were ‘without a past!’ the majority were addicts to all kinds of vices, homosexuality being the most prevalent. But what had struck him most forcibly was the fact that whenever he had traced the power which put such individuals into posts of responsibility, he had invariably come upon an important member of the Jewish International Order of the B'nai Brith. From that point on, his information was checked, corroborated and added unto, thanks to the careful investigation made by Harry Medina for whom his father who was the invisible real head of the international Order had no secret. Between them, therefore, the younger Medina and Bill Taylor had in hand the carefully hidden and most important international

political information. They held the secrets of those individuals who, blackmailed by the men who had put them in key positions, acted as they were ordered against the manifest interests of their country and for the sole benefit of international Jewry. As to corruption through bribery, it was revealed to Harry in its naked plenitude since no account of sums disbursed by any member of the Jewish Kahal for this particular purpose could be hidden from his father whose assent was necessary. No man, no politician, no official, no 'agent provocateur', no churchman could be bribed and bought unknown to the Medinas.

With such accurate information at hand, the four young associates appreciated unerringly the extent of the power wielded over the world in general and America in particular in the political, financial, economic and social field by the fully organised Jewish State headed by David Medina. Indeed nothing seemed to impede the march onward of the great international banker. The only thing which annoyed him was the protracted bachelorhood of his sons. He kept on urging them to get married, but they repeatedly objected that they were not in Poland where young men were practically forced into early marriages, and that they wanted to enjoy their freedom while they still had it.

"You must realize", David Medina used to say, "that already long ago, the house of the Sassoons have agreed to the marriage of their daughter to Leo, and the Speers hope Harry will take their younger girl".

"Well, Father", Leo had answered on such an occasion, "you had better tell the Sassoons that unless they want their daughter to grow into an old spinster, they had better bestow her upon somebody else. I do not intend to marry at all for the present or in the near future".

"And neither do I", Harry had added. "I am having a perfectly scrumptious time of my own and am fully satisfied with my present mistress, a real Miss America".

"But", his father had replied, "marrying would not put you under any obligation to give up your mistress, even if she is a

Goy".

"As a matter of fact, she is, and because her constitution is just a little weak at present, I feel she requires and needs all my undivided attention. Love just happens to be like that..."

"Can't Leo who, they say, is such a clever doctor do anything for her?" questioned the banker.

"Oh, he does all he possibly can, as though he was just as much in love with her himself", Harry had answered, casting a sly glance at his brother. "For the present, we don't want to hear of marriage, besides, when I do get tied up, it will be to a Karaite girl".

"A Karaite girl! Mercy! What on earth, ever put such a notion into your head?" his father had asked excitedly.

"Now, I wonder what did?" Harry had answered dreamily.

"You had better never say such a thing again...Karaites are our enemies, quite as much as the Goyim, never forget that they are Jews who reject the sacred law of the Talmud, our Law..."

"Well, don't get excited over that Father, we neither of us will marry yet awhile".

"We...we...always..we...why can't each one of you think and act by himself once in a while? The way you stick to each other is almost uncanny; it seems as though there was but one brain and one will between you. I have not found out yet which is the one who leads the other. Inseparable you always were, and inseparable you still are. Yet you're not a bit alike. Look at Leo, he does not understand a thing in finance, whereas, you Harry have all the genius which has made us great, and I need feel no concern leaving the business in your hands".

"Ah, but father, neither you nor I could perform one of those operations which have made Leo already famous".

"Maybe, but they will never make him rich".

"But surely, Father, don't you think that I am rich enough without having to earn more money?" Leo asked.

"One is never rich enough, for there is always more to be

had”.

“Come, Father,” Harry had said, “we can’t all be making money, some people must do other things”.

“Spend it, I suppose, as Leo here does without caring. Look at his hospital, his creche, his convalescent home, his kitchens and I don’t know what else”.

“You surely have not forgotten that all those were the charities Mother was interested in and for which she left us her considerable fortune”, Leo had said, reproving his father.

“All the same, I fail to see why the Kahal’s works and centres were not sufficient to meet the needs of that Jewish plebe. The Lord knows we spend enough on the wretches”.

“That of course is a question of personal appreciation. In view of the misery which is constantly brought to my notice, I frequently wonder whether the money collected from the Jewish masses is indeed being spent on them. I know Mother had every reason to doubt the fair use of all the money, and I have come upon innumerable cases of wilful and criminal negligence”.

“At any rate, I should think you were the last person capable of delving into the accounts of the Kahal’s funds with your inborn horror of figures”.

“On that score, we fully agree, not figures but the lives of people are of interest to me”.

“You are just a utopian as your mother was, thinking you can solve all the miseries in the world by bestowing money on utterly undeserving beggars....still I must admit that even your foolishness is useful to us, as one of your uncles remarked a while ago, it gives our House and family a good name both in and outside the Community....”.

Thus in the space of five years, the young Medinas had stuck to the programme they had traced for themselves in far away Poland, the day they had visited their great-uncle.

Meanwhile, Pat O’Neill was also reaping the harvest of five years devoted zeal to the cause the four men had made their own. He had been at first very active among the different

Irish organizations such as the Hibernians, the Irish National Brotherhood, the Sons and Daughters of Erin, the Knights of Columbus and Daughters of Isabella; he had also approached the Carpatho-Russian and Polish elements notorious for their anti-Jewish feelings. Later, he had founded a special organization known as the MILITANT CHRISTIAN NATIONALISTS whose members had been recruited among the above-named associations, and had as powerful an adjunct as the League of AMERICAN CHRISTIAN WOMEN. But, by far, his most important undertaking had been the purchase of a chain of provincial newspapers in which the Jewish question was daily discussed. His papers penetrated into the house of farmers and reached rural Americans. His newspaper ownership had indeed proved fortunate, as otherwise the defection of Henry Ford, when it took place, might have seriously handicapped the whole anti-Jewish movement. Blackmailed by powerful Jewry, the automobile magnate had not had the courage to face threats and had metaphorically fallen upon his knees and abjectedly apologised to the American Jewish Committee. He had thus followed in the wake of George Putnam and a few others who had dared challenge Jewry.

Happenings of that kind had clearly shown young O’Neill and his friends that not only was independent money necessary but that another essential requisite was a life ‘without a past’. Youth therefore was an asset; they possessed it and with it unlimited money, they had no fear of blackmail and their ownership of newspapers enabled them to minimise the consequence of what they called Henry Ford’s treason of the American people.

Pat also had travelled extensively in the course of the five past years, going to Europe to study the activities of movements similar to their own. He had even gone to Rome to see if at the Vatican, there was any likelihood of seeing the banner of Christ raised openly and fearlessly against Satanism. He had been sadly disappointed witnessing the indifference which the so called dignitaries of the Church, the Curia showed toward

the question. He had interviewed Jesuits and had been told that whatever they might feel individually over the subject, yet they were powerless to lend any help, due to the strict instructions given by the General of their Order forbidding them to ever speak against either Jewry or Freemasonry.

As a contrast to the apathetic attitude of the highest representatives of the Catholic Church, he had met in Paris the valiant and saintly priest, Monseigneur Jouin, the model churchman and patriot who himself led the most active campaign against the evils of Judeo-Masonry and occultism. At the feet of this noble prelate, he had learnt much which had confirmed him in the belief that the path he had elected to tread was the right one. With the blessing of the French Saint, he had returned home more determined than ever to carry on the fight against evil.

Leo Medina, on his part had done no less than his friend Pat in the work assigned to him, namely the enlightenment of the Jewish people. To his horror, he had discovered that the evils related by Jacob Brafmann in 1870 in his books: 'Kahal-local and international' and 'Jewish Brotherhoods', were being perpetrated in the very heart of New York. The unfortunate Jewish "am-haretz" the wretch, as David Medina had called him, was being victimised by the Rabbis and fleeced by the various money collectors of the constituted brotherhoods; in fact, there was no appreciable difference between the poor Polish Jews and his American cousin.

Leo had done among the Jews the very counterpart of the work done by Pat O'Neill among the Christians. He had founded the 'LEAGUE AGAINST THE OPPRESSION OF THE JEWS' with a mixed Gentile and Jew committee at the head. He too had bought several newspapers, one daily in New York and several weekly outside, published in Yiddish and exposing the evils of the Kahals and the oppression of the poor Jew. In the dangerous field of publicity against the Jewish leaders, doubly dangerous for a man in his position, he had met with unexpected good

fortune. Four years previously, in the course of his social work among the poor, he had come across the distressing case of a young Jew, a printer, out of work, with a wife dangerously ill and two babes emaciated and half famished and he had undertaken to help the family. Leo had immediately taken charge, carried the sick wife to his hospital, the father and children to his convalescent home. Months of nursing and care had restored them all to health, and their benefactor had then installed them in a small cottage outside New York. He had procured work for the father in a Jewish printing firm; the man was intelligent, hard working, and rarest of all things, he was also grateful. For the sheer sake of gratitude, he worked to the very best of his ability. So well had he progressed that he had advanced to the post of foreman; Leo had then taken a hand in his future; by advancing some capital, he had managed to have his protegee made a partner in the business, and having eventually bought out the former owner, he had thus become the real proprietor of an important Jewish printing firm under the name of the man whose life and family he had saved. Under his name also, he had since published a Yiddish daily, the JEWISH DAY, which after a while became a formidable rival to the existing ones. It was essentially a Jewish Workers paper. What made it popular was the fact that in its columns, the poor Jew found not only sympathy for his plight but could not fail to observe the finger which was consistently pointed to the abuses committed by the leaders of the Community. or Kahal. Many and many a case of hardship left unaided was described in detail in the 'Jewish Agony' columns of the daily sheet.

Moreover, the Medina's great-uncle had himself translated into Yiddish the Brafmann books and given them to his nephews on one of the annual visits they never failed to pay him. Leo's firm printed the two books and they were circulated among Jews all over the States.

Apart from this work of propaganda, Leo had done much in

the practical field to relieve the sufferings of the people. He had built a large modern hospital, a creche for little children, a beautiful convalescent home in Westchester county, several kitchens and dispensaries; he had also founded and was supporting workers' centres where tired men and women found relaxation and much reading material.

Thus was the ground being carefully prepared on parallel lines for both Christians and Jews, and knowledge disseminated for the ultimate welfare of all. The Jewish problem was being presented to Gentile and Jew alike under a new light. The accusing finger pointed not in the direction of the little Jew worker regarded as guilty of communism and unrest but to his leaders, the rich Jews, who in every crisis had hitherto remained unscathed while the poor people had paid dearly in every land for the crimes committed by their leaders.

The spirit of antagonism against the Rabbinical oppression, which was fast growing among the different sections of the Jewish communities in the United States was not without causing increasing perturbation to the leaders. Numerous collectors of money reported mass refusals on the part of some communities to pay their dues. There had also been several meetings at which workers had openly spoken against the oppression practiced by their leaders, and Leo's paper was constantly being quoted. The fact that at such meetings there had been a noticeable fraternization between Gentile and Jewish workers, loomed as a direct menace to the rabbinical-plutocratic power whose tactic it was to foment and exploit antisemitic feeling, the better to crush the poor Jew. Rabbis felt themselves powerless to stem the tide of what they called the 'revolt of the slaves'; they vented their ire against the 'JEWISH DAY' accusing the publishers of the paper of inciting the people to rebellion, and demanding its immediate suppression. But there, they found themselves powerless against the strength of American freedom of the Press; they were therefore more determined than ever to strive for the eventual abolition of the Consti-

tution of the United States.

## CHAPTER XVII

### MEETING OF THE ORDER

A special meeting of seven of New York Kahal's most notable leaders had been convened at David Medina's house, where it was believed the utmost secrecy would enshroud it. It was on a Friday night; the banker had not mentioned the matter to his sons, who, however, in their own quarters could overhear what was taking place in their father's study.

The Chief Rabbi had opened the meeting; "Brethren", he had said, "we are here gathered around our illustrious Prince to discuss the serious danger which is at this very moment threatening our power. The Goy dogs are unleashed and barking at our heels. Curse them! May our powerful Jehovah destroy their houses, their lands, their offspring and reduce them into servitude...Death is too good for the best of them...servitude is what they deserve, eternal servitude...Curse them and curse them again O Lord!". The invocation was duly repeated by all present.

"Open revolt has spread among our own contemptible 'am-haretz'", went on the Rabbi, "some are refusing to obey our commands and, worse than all, they are refusing to pay their various taxes to our Treasury. This state of rebellion is spreading among our workers whom we thought we had in hand, but now that they are fully organised, they would, if directed against us constitute a terrible menace. Furthermore, there is growing of late a kind of entente between the Jewish and the Goy workers, they are fraternizing and they agree in saying that the poor Jew is not responsible for the evil of communism, but that it is the rich Jews who are behind that movement in Russia and have financed Bolshevism. This kind of agreement between our am-haretz and the Goy worker is, I repeat, the greatest danger threatening our hierarchy. Our

secret agents who circulate among the rebellious organizations and the antisemitic Goyim are making strange reports. For instance, they tell us that young Patrick O'Neill, the son of the rich broker, is one of the heads of that antisemitic organization the MILITANT CHRISTIAN NATIONALISTS".

"Pat O'Neill!" exclaimed David Medina, "what nonsense! he is my own sons' best friend; his father and I have always been friends, for mercy's sake, talk sense in this time of crisis...what you are saying now is sheer nonsense".

"But it is not nonsense; we have been given the proofs that he is the owner of that chain of provincial papers which are doing us more harm than the very campaign that fool Henry Ford started five years ago. Here are the proofs".

Thereupon, the Rabbi proceeded to unfold some papers which he extracted from his brief case and put them on the banker's desk. Glancing through the documents, Medina could not escape the conviction that Pat O'Neill's participation in the antisemitic movement was fully established. His sons heard him saying:

"Curse the young cur! son of a disgusting bitch...I'll break him! I'll ruin him!...I'll send his father to the wall....tomorrow, tomorrow...I'll ruin them all...tomorrow, do you hear? tomorrow... Dogs! Pigs! Carrion!...daring to raise their hand against me!... against us!...."

There was dead silence in the room until the banker had regained a certain amount of calm, and then the Zionist Rabbi Weiss asked to be heard:

"There is yet worse news for the ear of our mighty Prince", he said in a bitter tone.

"What is it? what is it?" exclaimed David Medina in an angry voice "speak and be sharp about it!".

"Our agents report that the Yiddish paper JEWISH DAY which has played havoc with our Kahal prestige, denouncing the abuses of some leaders of the Community is financed by our Prince's eld-

est son".

"Say that again!" yelled David Medina, "are you by any chance accusing my son of being a traitor to his people, the Jewish people?".

Dead silence.

"Speak, I said, who are those agents, their names?...give me their names. I command you, give me their names at once!".

A list of names was read which the brothers hastily jotted down; among them were two who had been befriended by Leo.....

"All right", said the banker when the list had been read, "and now, what is my son accused of?".

"Of being the moving spirit behind the revolt of our own people, of encouraging the rebellion against the leaders of the community, and pointing to our Prince and his chosen ministers as to the creators of evil, corruption, subversion and being the financiers of the Russian revolution....".

This time Medina did not ask to see the proofs, he simply rang the bell and said to Brady when he appeared: "Is Mr. Leo in?".

"I believe so sir, I'm not sure Sir, I will see".

"Make sure, and if he is in, ask him to come down here".

"Very good, Sir".

Brady who had also been listening up in his room knew as well as Leo and Harry what had just taken place in the banker's study; he rushed upstairs to the brothers:

"Sir", he said, "there is a hell of a mess downstairs as you know. Had I not better say that Mr. Leo is out?".

"No", answered Leo, "go and say that I shall be down presently".

"But Sir", remonstrated Brady, "the master is in a rage. Better not go...".

"Never mind, if it is not today, it will be tomorrow; why put it off?...I am ready for it tonight. Harry, stay here and take

everything down”.

“And me, Sir”, said Brady to Harry, “can I stay here with you?” Then turning to Leo added: “I’ll call the police and come down to you if they start any funny business, Sir”.

“Good”, replied Leo smiling, as he rose to go, “at any rate, I am well protected.”

Within a few minutes, he entered his father’s study and saw him surrounded by seven of the men known as the leaders of American Jewry. All of a sudden as in a flash, there stood before his eyes, the picture which Mary had given him of Jesus among the Elders of the Temple, and he remembered the horror of his bar-mitzwah.

“You sent for me, Dad”, he asked with great composure, after he had bowed to the assembled men.

“Yes, I sent for you because you are accused by our Elders here, of fomenting revolution and rebellion among the people”. Leo remained silent.

“Did you hear?” asked his father angrily, “what have you to answer to such a preposterous accusation?”.

“I want to hear more about it, all about it. Who is my accuser?”.

“I am”, said Rabbi Weiss, leader of Zionism in the United States.

“And what is your precise and detailed accusation?” calmly asked Leo.

“We have been told that you are the financial power behind the printing firm of Minsky, supposed to be owner of the subversive JEWISH DAY, which is inciting the Jews to rebel against the leaders of the Kehillahs, all over the United States”.

“And your proofs?” asked Leo.

“We have no actual proof”, replied the Rabbi, “that is, no actual written proof, as Minsky persists in saying that the money is his, that he is the publisher of all the material which appears in his paper and is the author of all the leaflets and books which have come out of his press”.

“Well, then?”.

“But we know it can’t be true because less than five years ago, Minsky was on the books of the Community as one of the poorest of the poor, had not a cent to his name....Where would he have got all the money from?”.

“Ask him”.

“We have; we do know that you took care of him and his wife and children”.

“Why did I have to do so? Did you ask him that?”.

“No”.

“Then I will tell you. Minsky’s case of utter misery is but one of a great many which came to my notice and which I relieved. In each case of the kind, I have the list and details. In every instance, I came upon the same thing, namely the rapaciousness, the greed, the fraud, the cruelty practiced by men appointed by the Community to collect money and receive a percentage. When I found Minsky, his wife was lying on a cot, on a bare mattress, she was very ill...There was no table, no chair; he and his two little children had none but the threadbare clothes they stood in, there was not a morsel of food, the children were hungry, crying....I sent for food, then for an ambulance and removed them all, the wife to my hospital, the father and children to the convalescent home. Then I wanted to know what had led to their distress; the story was a simple one, the firm employing Minsky as printer had gone out of business and he had consequently lost his job. He sought another, living meanwhile on their meagre savings; he was not a union man. Although he was out of work, the Rabbi came to collect his weekly shekels, the Zionist collector came to ask for his ma’aser, the burial brotherhood claimed its due threatening to let the wife have a shameful kind of burial should she die; the Jew landlord exacted his rent, yet all the time, there was not enough to get the sick wife the needed remedies. let alone pay a doctor. The wretched woman had once been in a community hospital and preferred death to such an experience again...and you and I know

why. Did the Community do anything? did the Rabbi proffer help? Or did the so called authorities protest when a cruel landlord who was on good terms with the district Rabbi, took one by one every stick of furniture and every yard of linen? Ask Minsky, I tell you...ask him as I did....I verified everyone of his statements...and I repeat, his case is but an example of many, a great many....You do not protest, you do not contradict me, no! because you can't. You know quite well that what I am saying is true, that all of you Rabbis and other Community sharks live on the misery of the poor wage earner, that for you, parasites, he is ever the despised amharetz on whose back you ride until he falls and dies. You do know that you sell to a few the right to bleed the many. You know the shame of the "hasakah and meropie" in real estate which you sell in order to ruin the unsuspecting Gentile.....you yourselves participate in every enterprise which spells money reaped from crime, gangster bands, brothels, white slave traffic, drug traffic, etc., and with all the money thus gathered, what do you do? You Elders of a congregation of slaves? I'll tell you what you do, you organise corruption, you buy souls, you buy dishonourable Gentiles, you cater to their vices, you make traitors of them, you buy their churchmen, their judges, their statesmen, you buy all and you systematically ruin the manhood and the womanhood of America.....".

"For heaven's sake, stop him!" shrieked the chief Rabbi to David Medina.

"No, Father". said Leo, "you cannot stop me, you asked me to speak and I will go on to the end....for there is worse yet; you are all of you murderers, yes murderers in heart if not in deed,for you all consent to murder...the murder of innocent Gentiles to fulfil the most abominable ritual of blood sacrifice..... for the sake of that blood which you mingle with the passover matzoth...".

"It is not true", screamed the Zionist Rabbi.

"Oh, yes, it is true, and you know it as well as I do...My

own great grandfather was one of those who consented to that kind of murder, and my grand....."

"Stop! I tell you". yelled David Medina, "stop! or I will kill you with my own hands....Go! go! before I murder you, you dog!....".

"Renegade! traitor!...apostate!...."shrieked all the others, and three of them, rising, closed in upon Leo with clenched fists...Mad with rage, the banker seized a massive bronze paperweight off his desk, and with all his might threw it in the direction of his son. Leo ducked and the missile hit a pedestal upon which stood a chinese vase of great beauty containing a plant. Pedestal, vase, plant, all went crashing to the floor.

"And so, you too would be a murderer, father.." Leo had barely uttered those words, when the door opened and Brady, quite unperturbed announed: "The Chief of Police of the precinct to see you, Sir".

"What does he want?...Tell him to go to hell! I don't need him here".

"Not so fast! not so fast!..." said the burly Irish policeman, pushing Brady aside and stepping right into the room followed by two of his men. "I was called in to put a stop to a disturbance".

"There is no disturbance here", gruffly interrupted the banker.

"Oh, is that so?...no disturbance, eh?..And what then is this?" pointing to the debris strewn all over the rug. "A gentle game of ninepins, eh? Wallace", he said to one of his men, "pick up that thing off the floor", indicating the paperweight. "Was anybody practising discobolo, for the pleasure of markmanship, or was it aimed at somebody's head?".

"As a matter of fact, Chief, when you entered, these two gentlemen here", pointing to the Zionist and the Chief Rabbis, "were really threatening my life, as my father and others can witness, If you want to call it a simple disturbance, all right, I call it attempted murder". And with a wink at the officer whom

he had recognised as one of Pat's friends, Leo left the room. Four at a time, he rushed upstairs to his brother.

"Thank God, you're safe! For Mother's sake, Leo do as I ask you, leave at once with Pat, at once you hear! Brady has already put a case with the most necessary things in the car.... Go!.., one attempt at murder is enough for today...Good night.... go quick...go...The police won't leave until you are out of the house...Brady is watching....".

Thus, as his great-uncle had done fifty years before, Leo Medina also left his father's house....

Meanwhile, downstairs, another scene was taking place; the faces of all the men in the banker's study registered fear; almost terror. Taking his cue from Leo, The Chief of Police addressing the two Rabbis said:

"As to you two gentlemen, you had better come along with us...attempted murder is no mean offence in our United States".

"But I did not, I did not throw anything", each of the two kept on stammering.

"I am just cautioning you, gentlemen, you'd better not speak now...you'll explain to the judge.." he laughed. "Here, Wallace, you had better take these two men to our car", and give us that paper-weight. Then addressing himself to those who remained: "And now gentlemen your names and addresses".

"Where are we going Pat?" Leo had asked as the two were driving off.

"To my home, of course, where else?".

"But, Pat,...if you had heard my father...".

"I know all about it, Harry told me, but don't you worry.... Mother is waiting up for us, and I will tell her just enough. You're Aunt Rachel's boy aren't you? Then our home is yours. As soon as you are settled, I will run around to the papers and have some sting put into the announcement of the Rabbis' arrest for disturbing the peace. It'll be a ringer! Just great! What a scoop! what a sensation! You might phone Minsky to do the same, for it

is only by boldly exposing the skunks that we shall insure our own safety....Those rats can't stand the light...."

Kate O'Neill was waiting for them when they reached home. Coming straight to the point as she always did, she said: "Welcome Leo, Pat tells me you had a row with your Father...Ours is your home for as long as you like. As to the row, boy, I don't blame you. If it had not been for my husband, I would have had more than one myself, with your father. Your Mother was very dear to me, and he made her unhappy. So you need not fear that you are going to hear any "dutiful son" business from me. You try and have a good night's rest, my dear, and don't worry about anything".

"By the way, Mumsy", said Pat, "will you impress upon Dad that he is not to sell or buy a single thing on the market tomorrow; tell him you had a dream or something, anything you like, but he must not heed any advice coming from Uncle David. Dear Selby will do all the watching at the office....Leo's father has sworn to ruin us".

"Nice thing to do to one's lifelong friends, I am sure," said his mother. "Well, don't let it disturb your sleep. Come, till we show you your room, Leo".

As he entered, he saw, standing on the mantelpiece, a large picture of his mother as though she herself was welcoming him.

Kate O'Neill's delicate attention went straight to his heart and drove the bitterness out of it.

## CHAPTER XVIII

### CHURCH AND STATE

It was late the next morning when David Medina rang for Brady who experienced real though concealed joy when he brought his master a sheaf of newspapers with glaring headlines, telling of the two Rabbis' arrest at his house. The story told was garbled

to the extreme, but the essence of it was that the men arrested had tried to blackmail the rich banker, and failing in their purpose had attacked him with murderous intent.

Having read the preposterous story which made impossible the immediate release on bail of the innocent rabbis, Medina rang again, and to Brady peremptorily said:

"Tell Mr. Leo to come to me at once".

"Sorry, Sir, but Mr. Leo is not home".

"Where is he?".

"Could not tell you, sir; Mr. Leo left the house last night and has not returned".

"Then tell Mr. Harry to come down".

"Mr. Harry left for the office quite a while ago, Sir".

"All right....that's all".

Within ten minutes, the banker rang for the third time.

"Call up the Cardinal and tell him I would desire to see him here this morning, if convenient.....tell him it is urgent".

"Very good, Sir".

Brady did as he was bid, then ran out of the house, post haste, to telephone the O'Neill's office and tell Pat.

"Any idea when the poor Cardinal is going?" asked Pat.

"Sure, Sir, he said he would be there at 11 sharp".

"Well, don't miss any of it Brady".

"You depend on me, Sir. Wouldn't miss it for all the heathens in Christendom".

The power which David Medina wielded not only over the Cardinal but over all the Catholic Church was indeed immense. The war had impoverished the Vatican, first because the European countries from which it had formerly drawn large revenues were all reduced to extreme poverty, secondly, due to the fact that in 1908 the Vatican had transferred its wealth from Irish into Jewish hands, whence it had been invested in prosperous German affairs. The eventual defeat of Germany had taken the bottom out of those investments, and the Catholic Church had subsequently

seen its vast properties everywhere mortgaged to the hilt. And who held the major part of those mortgages if not the powerful Medina bank? The banker knew therefore that the Cardinal would not dare remonstrate with him, let alone disobey his orders, and he was going to issue strict orders this very morning.

Punctually, at eleven, the Cardinal rang at the Medina's door. Brady opened, duly kissed the Cardinal's ring, smiling slyly the while, and ushered him into the study which had been the scene of the turmoil the previous night.

"I hope I find you well", said the Cardinal, shaking hands with the banker".

"Yes, yes", absently replied Medina, "you must excuse my having disturbed you this morning, Eminence, but there is a matter of great urgency which I desired to discuss with you".

"I hope it is not in connection with any delay of interest settlement on our mortgages", said the Prelate, "for I have given precise instructions about exactitude in our business dealings with your bank".

"No. no..we are finding your New York jurisdiction quite punctual as regards settlements, although we cannot say the same of other provinces, but of course, in view of the cordial relations existing between us, you and me, which I hope will be maintained, I can let our branch managers know that I wish them to be a little lenient, in view of the Holy See's difficulties which are well known to me. After all, as you know, it depends on me..."

"Just so, Mr. Medina. Times are very hard indeed, and our Catholic people, whether Irish, Italian, Austrian, Polish, all feel that their first duty is to their relatives in the Old country, who have been so sorely tried by the war. The numbers of unemployed grows higher and higher everywhere..."

"Quite so, quite so", replied Medina in a tone of absolute indifference, "but my having asked you here this morning is for an entirely different reason. You cannot ignore that the anti-semitic movement is taking alarming proportions in the country

today”.

“Indeed”, interjected the Cardinal, “no one deplores it more than I do, unless it be His Holiness the Pope”.

“What are you doing about it?”.

“We have admonished very severely those among the clergy who seemed inclined to follow along the lines of Henry Ford’s miserable and contemptible campaign, and the Jesuits have of course strictly forbidden any member of their Order to even express an opinion unfavourable to Jews”.

“That’s quite all right, but then how do you account for the strong anti-Jewish movement led by the Irish population, not only in New York but all over the country?”.

“We cannot account for it at all; it seems just a popular movement which has spread like a prairie fire. Those of our people from whom we have sought an explanation reply that the small or average Irish businessman, the small Irish store keeper who had a business insuring the support of his family have in many instances been ruined and put out of business by a Jew who under-sold him. We have had the same complaint from insurance agents, musicians in orchestras and bands and of course, against such a situation we are entirely powerless”.

“Well, after all”, said Medina, “whose fault is it if the Jew is smarter than the Irishman? But, whatever the reasons, which to tell you the truth interest me but very little, this movement must be stopped, you understand me, Eminence, it must be stopped”.

“But how?”.

“By your condemnation, public condemnation of the ring-leaders. Do you know who they are?”.

“I am afraid I don’t. Do you?”.

“Yes, I do. The most important moving spirit behind it all is the son of Mr. O’Neill, the stockbroker”.

“But surely, this is a mistake...it cannot be...I know Mr. O’Neill and his wife very well indeed and I always understood that your family and his were on the most intimate terms.

“Regardless of these facts which are quite correct, the fact remains that young O’Neill is the ringleader of the anti-Jewish movement. But to dismiss any doubt you might entertain about the matter; I will show you proofs which were given me yesterday”. And opening a desk drawer, the banker handed the Prelate the folder he had received the previous evening. From it the Cardinal learnt that Patrick O’Neill Jr., controlled and owned several newspapers in which the leaders of Jewry were exposed, also that he was directing the power of the ever increasing organization MILITANT CHRISTIAN NATIONALISTS who hold meetings where the Jewish question was publicly debated.

“Your Eminence understands of course that such a movement against my people must come to an end in the immediate future”. said the banker when the Cardinal handed back the folio.

“But what can I personally do?” asked the prelate timidly.

“You surely can answer that better than I can”, sneered Medina. “Your church has many ways of imposing its will; is not excommunication one of its prerogatives?”.

“Yes, Yes...” said the Cardinal hesitantly, “but the Church exercises that power only in case of heresy against the dogma, or in cases of rebellion against the Church...But I will see...I will think about what can be done...I am greatly shocked by the news....I’ll see what I can do...”. And the Cardinal rose to go.

“Your Eminence understands clearly” said the head of the Jewish State to the Prince of the Catholic Church as he rang for Brady, “that I will brook no delay nor excuse procrastination. This anti-Jewish movement must cease”.

“Certainly, certainly, Mr. Medina”, the prelate was murmuring almost humbly, when Brady appeared to let him out.

“That ought to settle young Pat”, said Medina to himself. “I’ll fix his father too, and there won’t be much money left to run newspapers by the time I have done with him. As to Leo, I’ll attend to him tonight”.

CHAPTER XIX  
CHURCH POWER

It was a very perplexed Cardinal indeed who reentered his car after he had left the banker. But orders were orders, and it was up to him to obey them. He therefore came to the conclusion that the best he could do was to communicate with Patrick O'Neill Sr.; he did so immediately after lunch and got the broker to promise that he would come to see him soon after five.

During the whole of that day Pat and the faithful Miss Selby had stood guard over all the financial transactions made by the elder member of the firm. That morning Harry had found time to go to the O'Neill's house, first to inquire about his brother and also to caution Pat against any but his own personal suggestions coming from the Medina bank. Kate O'Neill had therefore played the inspired prophetess and warned her husband: "Daddy", she had said, "I have a kind of hunch that Harry is a regular wizard in

money making, and if I were you I would not do anything on the market without asking his advice...Promise?"

"All right, honey, all right". Patrick O'Neill had conceded, "I suppose it is absurd to place faith in hunches, but I have never seen yours fail yet. You have been a regular mascot, and I shiver to think of the gigantic mistakes I might have made on more than one occasion if I had not heeded your advice. The strange thing about it though is that you and Pat always seem to have the same ideas along those lines".

"Telepathy, my dear, telepathy...and inspiration perhaps.... But you do promise me, you'll follow my hunch?"

"Sure, sure, honey".

Accordingly, several times that day, either Miss Selby or his son had gone in to the stockbroker's office with the remark: "We've asked Mr. Harry Medina about so and so, and he says...."

Every time, Patrick O'Neill had invariably replied: "If it comes from Harry, go ahead...." and the brokerage firm had registered no losses that day.

Soon after five, that same evening, Patrick O'Neill Sr, was ushered into the drawing room where the Cardinal was awaiting him. Greetings over, the Prelate, without preamble, plunged into the subject:

"My son", said he, "it grieves me to have to speak to you about your son's scandalous behaviour".

"My son's scandalous behaviour! what does your Eminence mean? Neither I nor his mother ever had to complain of our son's mode of life which is unusually clear of scandal of any kind...I fail to understand".

"It is not a question of immorality to which I am alluding".

The broker's face cleared. "Then what is it?" he demanded.

"He is stirring up the population and inciting them against the Jewish people".

"Oh, that..." said the elder O'Neill with a sign of relief, "that is Pat's own bug, and there is nothing anyone can do about it".

"But something has to be done about it", said the Cardinal severely. "The Church cannot tolerate such an attitude which may plunge it in the gravest of difficulties".

"How?"

"How?...you are asking me how...Gracious goodness, man, don't you know, don't you realise that the very existence of the

Vatican rests upon the goodwill of the Jewish international bankers who can ruin the Church?...Don't tell me you ignore that everything the Church ever possessed is mortgaged..mortgaged..do you hear?...to the smallest of our school building and the humblest of our chapels or shrines...Nothing is free, nothing has escaped..They own all the possessions that once were the patrimony of the Church...And it is against such a power that your son is inciting the masses. Do you want to see the Pope reduced to the utmost

poverty? Answer me that! Do you want to see our Holy Father and the whole College of Cardinals and all the Catholic clergy reduced to beg alms outside the Churches which can be closed to our cult because they will have passed out of our possession? No, my son, such things must not be. It is our duty, your duty to prevent them by all means within your power. You must prevail upon your son, who, I believe, has ever been dutiful, and make him dismiss the organization he has formed, those MILITANT CHRISTIAN NATIONALISTS. Make him cease at once his campaign against the Jews in the chain of newspapers that he owns. I repeat it is your duty as a good Catholic and devoted son of the Church".

"And if he refuses?"

"You do not ignore that the Church has her way of punishing disobedience to her orders. Should your son refuse to obey, we would consider him in the light of a rebel against the authority of the Church".

"And?" interrupted O'Neill.

"And we would be obliged to make use against him of the sanctions which are the Church's right and prerogatives when any member disobeys its orders".

"What sanctions, for instance?" asked the broker calmly.

"They range from the refusal to grant absolution as far as excommunication, according to the gravity of the offence".

"And should my son refuse to submit, what, may I ask, would be the extent of the sentence pronounced against him?"

"That, I cannot tell you offhand, my son: what you must impress upon this young man is the fact that in the eyes of the Church, his attitude is considered extremely wrong and likely to cause irreparable harm".

"Very good, your Eminence", said Patrick O'Neill rising to take leave", "I shall deliver your message to my son this very evening".

"And you will let me know his answer tomorrow morning, will you not?" "There must be no delay" he added, echoing David

Medina's own words to him.

"That, your Eminence, I think I will leave to him to do". And saying these words, Patrick O'Neill made a great effort to repress an almost uncontrollable desire to laugh.

When he returned home, the broker found that Harry Medina and Bill Taylor had been invited to dinner: he greeted all very cheerfully, and thanks to Mary's irrepressible wit, the meal was a huge success. She had been told that morning by her mother that Leo would be their guest for some time because he had had some difference with his father at home. "Difference, all right", she had replied. "I can't blame Leo. Uncle David is so different from us all". And she had dismissed the subject.

Later, after coffee, Pat suddenly addressing his father said:

"Well, Dad, how did you enjoy your talk with His Eminence?"

"I'll be jiggered!" the elder O'Neill exclaimed. "How on earth do you know that I did see the Cardinal, you young reprobate!"

"What!" said Kate O'Neill to her husband, "you go and see the Cardinal and keep it a secret from me! Patrick O'Neill, I am surprised at you, after almost thirty years of what I believed was complete confidence...Shame on you!"

"Come, come, Mother", he countered, "maybe, I kept the news from you to avoid breaking a mother's tender heart. That son of yours standing there is on the eve of being banned from the Church".

"WHAT!!!" came from everyone in the room, as though in a chorus.

"Just as I said" went on the broker. "Patrick O'Neill Junior, unless you disband your Militant Christian Nationalist organization and give up your anti-Jewish campaign in your newspapers, you are going to be excommunicated....hear that?...ex-communicated....And that", he added, "is the message I was asked by the Cardinal to deliver to you".

"Well, Dad, you surely are some brick, taking it all in that way...I worried all day, fearing it might cause you and Mother some grief".

"No, son, if the Church representatives choose to mix up their duty to God with politics and finance, that is their own business, but it falls short of my conception of religion, and come what may, I follow the dictates of my conscience as a reverent Christian.....But may I inquire how you knew the Cardinal wanted to see me today?"

"Do we tell the family, or don't we, you three fellow conspirators?" Pat asked his friends.

"Go ahead, Pat", they all answered.

"I can't go into loads of explanation, Dad, because it would take too long, but we four are convinced and have accumulated proofs galore that unrest, revolutions and wars are due to organized Jewry having formed a state within a state. We are Americans first and last, and we are out to see that our Constitution is not destroyed to be replaced by the Jewish law which we know is just about the worst kind of despotism anyone can imagine, and Oriental despotism at that. So we four have been working like beavers, from the very year we left Harvard, and we are out to smash that Jewish power. And that's that", he concluded.

"But Harry and Leo here..what of them?" the broker questioned.

"Harry and Leo here, being the sons of the very man who wields that power, and being also the would-be heirs to it, know what it means to America and to the American people. But above all, they know what that power has meant to their unfortunate Jewish people; they know the extent of the oppression under which the Jewish masses groan, an oppression which breeds communism, hatred, revolt, bolshevism, and they are out to break that system of oppression and the teaching of the abominable laws of the Talmud".

"Some task!" ejaculated his father.

"You've said it, Dad, some task!...it almost cost Leo his

life last night".

"Oh, no!" cried Mary, "surely no one tried to kill Leo".

"Yes, they did", went on her brother, "and that is why he is here and will remain here. We are putting him under your care, Ugly, up to you to see that nothing happens to him....What you all read in the papers this morning", he proceeded, "is only part of of the truth. There was a case of attempted murder last night, in the Medina home, but the intended victim was Leo, not his father. ...."Do you think, that after that a single one of us four is likely to give up? I ask you Dad, I ask you Mother.... would you expect me or anyone of us to give up our work?...Of course, not!..... you don't want a coward for a son...As to the Cardinal's threat, if the Pope in person were to excommunicate me, it would not make the slightest difference. I serve Jesus Christ who is higher than any Pope, and I serve America...the justification of my work is theirs...it is that simple....As to the Cardinal, Dad, I'll answer him tomorrow".

He was still speaking, when the butler came in with a hurried message for Harry. Brady was outside. He had come to tell Harry he had overheard his father summoning a big Jewish attorney...for eleven o'clock that night. It was already half past ten; Harry returned to bid all goodbye and was hurriedly leaving the room, when Bill Taylor called out: "Hold on, old man! I'm coming with you. Can't let you have all the fun by yourself.... Good night everybody!". A deep look of unspoken gratitude filled Leo Medina's eyes as he wrung Taylor's hand.

## CHAPTER XX

### PUNISHMENT

The expected guest had not yet arrived when Harry Medina and his friend reached the house.

"A pity, you can't understand Yiddish, Bill, as I presume the Elders will hold their confab in that highly civilized tongue.

All the same, I believe your knowledge of German will allow you to make out quite a lot".

"As a matter of fact, for several months past, I have spent a lot of my precious time mastering Yiddish, Hebrew and Arabic, so that even if I do not actually speak the jungle lingo, I do understand and read it now quite easily".

"Well, well", replied Harry, "what a studious, sly customer; and you never told us....talk of the modest violet...".

"No, I intended telling you all one of these days as a grand surprise, but events are running just too fast ahead of us...".

A knock at the study door and Brady appeared:

"I wanted to tell you Sir, there are two other men besides the attorney. One is Mr. Krauss, the other I don't know, he don't belong to our parts, he is some furriner for sure. I have just shown them into the library".

"Thanks Brady, we'll be on the job".

"And me too, Sir".

"You always are, Brady, we know that".

Down in the library, the three men who had been shown in, paid their homage to their, Nasi, their Prince, in the usual style, bowing very low. The man whom Brady had described as a "furriner" was in fact the highest Rabbinical authority in world Jewry, his place of residence was in Egypt, and he had only that very morning landed in New York. He was accounted as the highest Kabbalist of his time, a famous Zaddik and wonder-worker.

All three men waited for their Prince to open the conversation.

"It gives me great pleasure to know you are here" David Medina said, addressing himself to the stranger. "Your counsel will no doubt be of great use to us, for we are passing through a sore trial". Then turning toward the attorney, he demanded: "Have Weiss and Magnin been released yet?".

"Not yet. I have been meeting with all kinds of difficulties".

"Difficulties! What difficulties?" angrily asked the banker.

"Difficulties, fiddlesticks! there must be no difficulties when there is a question of executing my orders. I told you to provide bail. Krauss, how do you account for this delay?".

"Unusual things are taking place, exalted Prince, answered Kraus who was the head of the Jewish International Order of B'nai Brith. "The Tombs where the Rabbis were taken last night had been picketed all day long and is so now by a powerful threatening band of those wretched Irish Militant Nationalists, curse them!".

"What is the matter with setting another band just as powerful of our Communists against them and dispersing them by sheer force?".

"That's just what we can't do because the greater part of our Communists have been so corrupted by Minsky's papers and propaganda that you can't get them to move in favour of a Rabbi".

"What rot!" exclaimed Medina. Are we or aren't we the masters of the Department of Justice. I ask you? That was your special province Krauss, the special province of the B'nai Brith, Have you, by any chance, fallen on the job?" he asked, in a threatening tone.

"No, indeed, I have worked day and night, but even though Nathan is the virtual head of the whole Federal Bureau of Investigation and Edelstein that of the Department of Justice, they both are complaining of late that they are constantly meeting with a kind of covert disregard of their orders from subordinates who seem in connivance with the Federal and State Police, three quarters of whom are without a shadow of a doubt favourable to that Militant Nationalist Organization".

"Then what do those craven Christian curs want?...a revolution?...I'll give it to them....I'll get Trotzky back here, right away....I'll give them Bolshevism...I'll show them what it costs to rebel against my power...it'll make the Bolshevik regime in Russia look like a Sunday School picnic....Here!" he said, addressing Krauss, "go into my study and phone to Rosenwald to

come here, immediately...at once, do you hear...If he is not at home, find out where he is, leave the message that I must see him tonight...regardless of whatever hour he returns....I want him here without delay....".

Within a few minutes, Krauss re-entered the library with the tidings that Rosenwald was at home and would arrive directly.

"Yes,..I'll show them....I'll show them...." Medina kept on muttering... Then aloud he said:

"Something has to be done to put an end to this state of affairs and, above, all, our own people must be taught a severe lesson which will show them for all times that it is useless ever to endeavor to rebel against the authority of the constituted Jewish State, their State".

"But will it not be difficult to strike so long as our Prince's son is leading the revolt?"

"He won't head it long, believe me...And that is just where we have to strike first of all. My elder son is no longer my son. I cursed him as my father before me and his father before him would have cursed him...and never again will he enter my house.... never, never".

"In this case", said the stranger who had hitherto remained silent, "would it not be advisable to make an example of him for all the communities in this country and in the world to see his punishment being made public?"

"In what way?" questioned Medina.

"In the way prescribed by our law, by the pronouncement of the herem in its totality".

"You mean pronounce the great herem against him in all the synagogues of Jewry?"

"Precisely. His crime deserves no lesser punishment. His sentence should be made public and world-wide. In this way alone could his work be destroyed...No Jew to be allowed to approach him, to have recourse to him as a doctor...no Jew to be allowed to enter either his hospital or any of his homes for the poor... No

Jew allowed to hold any intercourse with him because he is a renegade and as such is ostracised".

"And", chimed in the B'nai Brith head, "every Jew to be told that if he disobeys this order, he too will incur the same kind of punishment and be cut off from the Community".

"And how soon can you arrange to pronounce this sentence upon my apostate son?" coldly demanded the banker.

"Within the next three weeks, on the third Sabbath day. We must comply with the law and send him the customary three admonishments and exhort him to make a public recantation".

"Three weeks is a long delay and a sheer waste of precious time, for I know full well that all your exhortations will be in vain and will go into the garbage can".

"But", hazarded Krauss, "is there no possibility of the renegade's brother, our Prince's younger son prevailing upon him?"

"No!" cried Medina, "you leave my second son, now my only son, out of this infernal mess. If anyone interferes, he will take his brother's part at once, and I will lose him also....I can't let that happen.....Harry is needed to carry on our affairs. I could never spare him, he is too wonderful, and, so far, he has respected my authority and yours...Harry is a good Jew...but the other... the other is just a worm...a worm that I will crush...crush..".

The bell rang.

"Here come Rosenwald", said Krauss.

Effectively, Brady announced: "Mr. Rosenwald to see you, Sir".

A rotund, bald, oily kink of Ashkenazi Jew entered the room and paid homage not only to Medina but to the great Kabbalist from Egypt and shook hands with his pairs, the attorney and Krauss.

"I sent for you Rosenwald", said the banker, "as I have a special task for you to perform. Time presses and not a moment is to be lost. You know as well as I do, as we all do, the danger that threatens us. We must act promptly and mercilessly, for un-

less we do, there is no telling what those Christian dogs are capable of doing against us. Even our people can hardly be depended upon, for I hear that a large majority has fallen for the subversive theories expounded in the JEWISH DAY and that the masses are rising up against the duly appointed Kahal authorities, refusing to pay their legal taxes. Therefore, your negroes are our best hope. How ready are they for a revolt? How soon can you unleash them against the whites?"

Rosenwald did not reply at once, he seemed absorbed in thought. Finally, he said:

"The latest reports I have been receiving are of a very disturbing nature...it appears that those confounded Militant-god-knows-what have been more than busy not only in the South, but in every place and city in the States where there are large agglomerations of blacks. The Tuskegee and Hampton institutes have made use of their former students to organize a strong propaganda against Communism and we have been losing support to a larger extent than I want to admit".

General consternation fell upon his hearers when Rosenwald finished speaking; the defeat of the man who had spent a lifetime and a Kahal fortune organizing systematic subversion among the American negroes came as a mighty blow. David Medina rose from his seat in a towering rage and walked up and down the room twice then coming to a standstill in front of Rosenwald and the others he thundered:

"Do you mean to tell me that those brutes won't march if you give them the word of command, arm and pay them?..What are you all made of?...What have you been doing all this time?...I trusted everyone of you to fulfill his appointed task...I allowed you the means for doing so, and are you, all of you, going to stand there and tell me one after the other that there is nothing you can do to crush that nascent rebellion against our Messianic kingdom?... Are you all unworthy of the honors which were bestowed upon you?...What has happened, answer me!"

But without waiting for an answer the infuriated banker turn-

ed to the Egyptian Kabbalist and said: "Surely, after all the profitable work his Chosen People has done to establish his reign upon the ruins of that accursed Christianity, our Great Jehovah will not permit our defeat! Think of all we have accomplished, think of the power we have erected....Nothing, no one has resisted us in this land, this our own American Promised Land...who can withstand us? are we now to be brought down from our exalted seat?...Speak, I beg of you, what are we to do?". Medina returned to his seat, a picture of dejection.

"It is difficult for me to answer", replied the Rabbi, launching forth into German". Only a few months ago I and my Kabbalist colleagues had none but satisfactory news concerning the gratifying results we were obtaining. Our special domain which covers the whole field of occultism for the destruction of Christianity had never reaped such a tremendous harvest. All the Freemasonic lodges, Illuminism, Rosicrucianism, Theosophy, Anthroposophy, Lamaism, Yoghiism, Fakirism, Buchmanism, Martinism and all the rest were flourishing and sending their emissaries into all fields; the powerful British Intelligence Service and the secret services of all other nations were thoroughly honeycombed with our very adepts; our agents provocateurs all came out of the lodges we control, your worker here Mr. Krauss can testify to this since they are all under the orders of the international B'nai Brith. It seemed as though none of the Goy institutions had escaped our subtle penetration. The World Fellowship of Faiths organized the final and utter destruction of the Christian Churches and as to the Catholic Church, we know where an impoverished head of the Vatican stands, begging alms as it were outside our Synagogue... All seemed to go according to our plans..And now comes the blow, this kind of simonpure Christianity rearing its head and defying our power...I also am lost in a maze...I also, like our Prince, am seriously alarmed...the revolt among our own people being, to my mind, the most dangerous symptom of all, however".

"That is just why you must exercise the prestige of your

great authority over our people here", said Krauss, "and will you not in virtue of your rabbinical high estate, yourself pronounce the herem against the renegade who has proclaimed himself the enemy of our people?"

"This will I do", the Kabbalist answered gravely, "if it be the will of our Prince. Meanwhile, I will devote all my endeavours, to the stemming of this revolt".

David Medina assented silently, and turning his angry face to the three others:

"As to you", he said sternly, "I cannot conceal my displeasure springing from the fact that, according to my conviction, you have failed in your duties. Had you been more watchful, more diligent, more vigilant, this accursed double headed movement could not have developed the way it has. Have you by any chance lost sight of the fact that we are but a few months from the presidential elections and that we, Jews, cannot possibly afford to have things go in any but the way we have planned? Go now", he added, himself rising, "and bear in mind that I wish to have frequent reports of your activities, unless there are noticeable improvements in the situation, changes will have to be made...I have done my own duty, you now fulfill yours..." To the Kabbalist, in softened tones, he said: "I leave the punishment of my renegade son into your hands. Make an example of him.... No sentence can be too severe compared to his unforgivable guilt... I myself do not want even his life spared..."

The banker let the four men out of the house himself.

"And now", said Harry, after he and Taylor had listened in to the whole conversation, "up to us to act swiftly. It is already past two, but in order not to arouse the old man's suspicion, you had better spend the night in Leo's room, and we shall both leave the house before he rises tomorrow morning. I shall tell Brady. Bill, old boy, I advise you to look up all the niceties of the herem, such as they will pronounce against Leo. You surely will be edified, let me tell you....It is plain incitement to murder,

that's what it is....I'd just like to see anyone of those cowards touch a hair of my brother's head.....It has never yet occurred to my father that I am in a position to ruin him and the whole shoobang! Damn them!"

## CHAPTER XXI

### PLAIN SPEAKING

Young Patrick O'Neill had been as good as his word and had given the Cardinal the answer demanded in these terms:

"Your Eminence,

My Father last night gave me your message in the shape of an ultimatum, that either I cease immediately my social and national activities or else lay myself open to the imposition of certain sanctions by yourself or other ecclesiastical authorities. I choose the latter. No power on earth will make me forsake what I consider my Christian and patriotic duty.

I choose to be responsible to God alone for my conduct. Compromise may be the policy of the Catholic Church and as such may command respect, but I cannot reconcile it with the dictates of my own conscience.

Together with this letter I am sending Your Eminence a few books which I presume have so far escaped your notice, namely: The Protocols of the Elders of Zion, Two books on the Kahal by Jacob Brafmann, The Mirror of the Jews.

I add also: 1) Several reports of our experts upon certain activities of the League of Nations, on the Intellectual Co-operation Committee created and directed by two Jews, Albert Kahn and Professor Henry Bergson of Paris. The fact that the head of the Catholic Institute in France, Monseigneur Baudrillard eats out of the hand of the Banker Albert Kahn does not in any way alter the system of educational corruption which is devised and

financed by the two Jews above mentioned. 2) The League of Nations publications and reports on the International Agricultural Mortgage Credit Company which shows plainly that not only the Church possessions but all the territory, the agricultural wealth, the industry, in short the whole of the resources of any nation can be mortgaged by responsible administrations and thus fall into the hands of international Jewish bankers. 3) The report on the Bank of International Settlements which needs no explaining.

It should be very easy for Your Eminence and other Roman Catholic ecclesiastical authorities to study all that literature and more and then help instead of hinder those among us who have undertaken to break the Satanic power at present seeking to wreck Christianity.

I have fully understood from what my father told me that the financial situation of the Catholic Church may be further embarrassed by the measure which the international Jewish bankers may take as reprisals if our organizations refuse to disband, but unfortunately such considerations cannot enter into our reckoning. I have my own opinion as to the use which is made of a large part of the Church's revenue. Several among us have travelled and witnessed this splendour in which Cardinals of the Sacred College and their retinues live. We have seen the display of the so called Papal State, have listened to the silver trumpets heralding the entrance of the Pope into St. Peter's. Less of that kind of expenditure would also entail lesser indebtedness to the Jewish bankers.

When, on the other hand, we tried to get even a slight degree of spiritual interest in our work from the highest representatives of the Church concerning the diabolical plan formulated by Jews and being accomplished by them, we failed totally. The only moral support we obtained was from the saintly French Catholic priest Monseigneur Jouin who himself published the Protocols of the Elders of Zion and is also the editor of a weekly review against Judeo-Masonic evil and Occultism. We feel strengthened in our purpose because of the blessing he imparted to us, and since he

also pursues a work on lines similar to ours, we feel sure of Christ's blessing and will indefatigably pursue the task we have undertaken.

We are facing an organized, universal system of despotism, corruption and persecution at the hands of the same Bolshevism which has made millions of Christian martyrs in Russia. Such a fate must not overtake Christian Americans.

To defend our Faith, our Motherland, our Constitution, our Flag is the duty to which I have consecrated my life and I feel bound to add that no threats of any kind will ever alter my decision.

Most respectfully,

Next day, much to the consternation of the Prelate, everyone of the Militant Christian Nationalist papers owned by Pat, and also the JEWISH DAY gave publicity to the letter which had been sent to the Cardinal.

The scene which had taken place in the Medina's home had been reported in detail and discussed by the four friends. Little time had been lost on personal expression of the horror which the banker's attitude suggested, but plans were under study to counteract what David Medina and the Rabbis and other leaders of the Jewish Community believed would be the annihilation of Leo.

"Short of blowing up the synagogue and all the Rabbis and Elders in it, I fail to see what we can do", Harry had said dejectedly, while they were discussing.

"Why, Harry, old man, what has come over you? You the everlasting tonic of the gang, you surely are not losing your grip", said Taylor.

"No, it is not that, but I can't bear all this happening to Leo. To think that for years, he has spent his life doing nothing but good, helping the poor, tending the sick, and those confounded fiends have never had even one word of commendation, and now they want him killed...It is too sickening for words."

"Of course, it is", replied Taylor, "all the more reason for our concentration upon finding some means of opposing that Kahal power and nullifying whatever effect the herem pronounced against Leo might have upon the Jewish masses. So let us put all our heads together and elaborate a plan".

"We have three weeks in which to prepare and that is a mercy", said Pat, "How would it do to have a gigantic demonstration outside the synagogue to begin with, on the herem night?".

"Bully!" cried Harry springing up, all his pep come back. "That's the very idea. Let's show them!".

"Sure! that is just the best idea, because we can tell that the fact of picketing the Tombs where the Rabbis are still lodged has injected a most uncomfortable feeling in the souls (if they have any) of those beasts we listened to yesterday", said Taylor heatedly. "But, forgive me, both of you", he added speaking to Leo and Harry. "I am afraid I let my indignation carry me too far".

"No need to apologise Bill, old man, you can't think otherwise after hearing the abominations you and I listened to last night. Besides if Leo here has no father any more, let me tell you that neither have I. If he thinks he can renounce one of his sons and keep the other, that is our Father's mistake. We were and we still are and will for ever remain our beloved Mother's sons, bless her sweet memory".

"Bless her indeed! but thank God she is not here to suffer through all this", said Pat. "Now, come on, all of you and let us set down all our ideas about the demonstration. We must get all our people lined up and Minsky will also have to organize his followers because we shall need all the Jews we can get to join in the show. It will not be so easy for we must not give an inkling of what is afoot. The final destination of the parade cannot be told the leaders until the last minute and when the units are already marching up Fifth Avenue".

"That is right, let us call it a Fifth Avenue march; the Jewish authorities will imagine it is one of those things meeting on

lower Fifth Avenue and won't pay much attention".

"We have time to prepare, thank God", Pat kept on repeating. "We must make it a success if it is the last thing we ever do... Besides", he added laughing, "it will serve as a kind of rehearsal for the day when the Cardinal will be excommunicating me".

"By the way, I think the Protestant hierarchy is missing all the fun and I shall feel slighted if my revered Governor does not threaten to cut me off from the body of his episcopalian church".

"How does your Father feel now?" asked Leo.

"Feel? I think he eats, sleeps and dreams Protocols, but he never gets beyond the stage of study and remains in a state of complete inertia. He pretends he does not know what I am doing, and that eases the home situation, precluding all differences of opinion..Poor Governor! he feels he ought to come out with it but he dare not because of course, before he knew all this, he had accepted too much money from Jews, including the munificent gifts of your father for the construction of his pet dream, the new Cathedral...It is really pitiful to see the way money had tied the hands of those who should have been the leaders of the people, their teachers, their defenders. If ever there was a case of sheep without a shepherd, it is surely taking place under our very eyes.. But if instead of philosophizing, we got down to business, it would be better. Where do we begin?".

"Fifth Avenue!! you dumb creature!...teased Harry". But to be serious, let us talk about our women's organization. Will they join in the demonstration?".

"We shall have to discuss that with Mrs. O'Brien. Our women are, if anything keener than the men, but we do not want them into any kind of rough house, and I fear this demonstration might turn out to be on the tough side", replied Pat.

"I would suggest we leave the women out of this show". advised Bill..."They will come in for enough jostling as soon as the election campaign begins, and that is not far off. What do the others say?".

"O.K. with us, eh Leo?" asked his brother. Leo assented. "And you Pat?"

"I side with the majority which has already expressed itself", he replied laughing. "Bill's suggestion is wise, let us leave the women out of it".

"You are going to get a laugh. What is happening there is really funny", said Leo. "They are splitting more and more...They are obliged to side with Minsky and his crowd of Jews who refuse to pay the Rabbis and all the other Kahal sharks, yet on the other hand, they hate our organizations like poison because of our open fight against Bolshevism. So they fight among themselves like Kilkenny cats. Yesterday, they had a regular, bloody row and fought after a meeting which had been presided by that skunk Sid. Billman, and what do you think happened? They beat him up into pulp and he barely escaped with his life".

"What a pity!" from Pat.

"Wait and hear the end", went on Leo, "they actually brought him to my hospital!"

"Haw! Haw! Haw!" roared all the others. "Billman in Leo's hands!"

"Yes, just fancy bringing the stinking beast to me...He is badly damaged and a mess all right, two broken ribs, a deep cut above the eye where a blow just missed the temple".

"Don't tell us you are going to play the good Samaritan to that kind of a brute, Leo"

"I don't know about that, but what I can tell you fellows, is that where he is, he is going to stay for over a month, and that makes him as much use as a sick headache as far as doing anything about the herem is concerned. As he is one of the brutes the Rabbis rely most on, it is going to cramp their style having him out of commission just at this time...every little helps and I feel Billman is contributing his bit to our work, landing in my hospital at this very moment...And, don't laugh, I want Pat to arrange a sweet little contraption in the fellow's room, one of his special

little micros...As soon as you can fix the time Pat, I'll have the fellow taken down for a long, long X ray session...If any of his sweet pals come with messages or orders, we shall be put wise".

"Gosh! what a joke! they all exclaimed. "Two Rabbis in the Tombs and Billman Leo's prisoner in hospital...Who'll say we aren't a jolly little crowd and having high fun! Hurrah for the F.W.F!!!".

## CHAPTER XXII

### THE HEREM

Getting ready for Leo Medina's excommunication was one of the jobs on which the Rabbis had not fallen. They had sent the prescribed three admonishments to Leo and he had left them unnoticed. His silence had enraged his father still more. The banker was in an uncomfortable position; he saw Harry all the time at the office but very seldom in their home. As though by a kind of tacit understanding, Leo's name was never mentioned by either father or son. However, on the morning of the eventful Friday on which the public anathema against Leo was to be pronounced, David Medina asked his younger son whether he intended attending the evening service.

"I hardly think I can", Harry answered indifferently. "There is so much to do just before closing day that I shall be in the office until late. Why? Is there anything special today?"

"Yes. I may as well tell you that tonight your brother will be publicly cut off from the Community".

"Is that so?" again queried Harry with cold indifference. "By the way, Father, was it you who gave the order yesterday to throw the Pennsylvania mine shares on the market, without telling me?"

"Yes, I did".

"I can't see the point. It was a colossal mistake...they were

snapped up and rallied almost immediately. What ever made you do it?"

"Just a gamble...a gamble..I had meant to buy back almost at once but somebody else had been quicker than I was, and I was too late".

"The smart somebody was the O'Neill firm".

"What!" almost shrieked the banker, "the O'Neills bought up...Are you sure?"

"Quite sure", affirmed Harry, "Uncle Patrick must have netted a considerable profit".

The banker was livid with suppressed rage. "I can't understand it", he said, "I took the trouble to inform the O'Neills firm of my move, I expected them to do the same".

Lucky for them they did not...Uncle Patrick must have followed one of those queer hunches Aunt Kate often has... Anyway, there it is and I can only ask you never to do anything like that again without letting me know. I should have been consulted.. Gambles of that kind won't do our bank much credit, and they must not be repeated. Remember, Father, I am as much the firm as you are now, and I cannot shoulder any responsibility for things which are not brought to my notice. Either we work in perfect harmony or we part".

"I see, I see" said David Medina, taking his son's rebuke mildly, "it won't happen again...But, my boy, could you not really accompany me to the synagogue tonight?" his tone was pleading.

"Tonight, no Father, I am sorry, but it is quite impossible, another time perhaps". And he left.

"So even Harry had not heard anything about this evening", David Medina soliloquized. "The Rabbis must have kept their traps shut for once....Still, I wish I had not to attend alone during the ceremony this evening....It would have been easier if Harry had stood with me, after all, he will occupy my place in the Community later on.....".

Once again, the great Fifth Avenue synagogue was filling fast; it had been announced that the chief rabbi of Egypt would

officiate, and that of course was an event of such tremendous importance that not a single person entitled to admission would have missed the chance. The service in the synagogue had hardly begun, when the Militant Christian Nationalists led by young O'Neill and Taylor came into the Avenue. Their procession was such a formidable one that in no time the Police Commissioner was obliged to organize a special service to secure the maintenance of order, and when it was seen that the numbers kept on increasing, all traffic had to be detoured from Fifth into Madison for an area of over ten blocks. Another strong contingent of Jews headed by Minsky himself also emerged into the Avenue; the crowd was orderly but strangely silent; the police was friendly. The steps leading to the synagogue were covered with people; the crowd dense. Patrick O'Neill from the top of the steps called for silence. The loud speakers had been so disposed that for blocks, his word and that of other speakers would be carried. He began:

"My fellow compatriots,

You have been asked to gather in this particular spot, because at this very moment a serious event is taking place within this synagogue. You may believe that the people who have gone in the Jewish Temple are gathered there to pray....Nothing of the kind....Religion is but the cloak used to hide the most hideous rites. Listen well, my friends, I will tell you what is going on just now in this synagogue...A death sentence is being pronounced against an American....Yes, my friends, it is so, and I will give you the background for such an abomination. Fifteen years ago, I was brought here with my mother to witness the confirmation (for they called it confirmation) of a young Jewish boy who was my play and schoolmate. We naturally believed it would be a religious ceremony differing somewhat from our own, but religious nevertheless. Imagine then our horror when we heard Magnin, who is now Chief Rabbi, in this country say to the child: 'You must hate the Gentiles, you must beat the Gentiles, you must kill the

Gentiles'.

(Loud boos from the crowd). When the noise had subsided, Pat went on:

"The horror of that ceremony was such that the young boy vowed on that same day never to enter a synagogue again, because, listen well, because, as he told his father and mother that same night, he could not be both an American and a Jew. That a Jew born in America cannot be a good American because he is a Jew is the fact upon which our organization and our patriotic movement have been built. And if you ask why a Jew cannot be a good American, the answer is because he is taught to hate all his fellow-citizens who are non-Jews. He is taught to dupe them, defraud them, harm them, rob them, all in the name of the Jewish law. He is taught a law different from the law of the United States; he is taught principles opposed to our American principles; our Constitution he is living under separate laws, has separate law courts, separate judges, and he is even obliged to pay separate taxes to a Jewish State which is not recognized by the Government of the United States. In fact the Jew even though born here, cannot be a real American; he remains for ever an alien among us. My playmate made his choice at the age of thirteen; he has since striven to be a good American, and nothing but an American. I will leave to another the chance of telling you about his work, but what I wish to impress upon you this evening is that because this boy, now a young man, lived until this day as a true son of America, he is at this very moment, inside this synagogue, being cursed, anathemized, and declared an enemy of the Jewish people. (Boos from the crowd). The lesson we must learn from this occurrence is that there are among us in America, millions of men, women and children who cannot, mark my words, cannot be good Americans just because they are Jews and are taught to hate the Christians.

We are here to protest as Americans against the fate which is being meted out to one of us, to a man who has shown himself an outstanding citizen. His name, my friends, is Dr. Leo Medina".

A tremendous ovation followed those words. Cries of "Hurrah for Leo Medina!" were heard all up and down the Avenue. When once again silence had been resumed, O'Neill went on:

"I will now let a man who is himself a Jew tell you in detail the text of the anathema and the extent of its consequences. Then you will understand whether, here in our civilized America, it is our bounden duty to decide whether such things are to be allowed to take place or whether we must put an end to them for ever.

Please, all of you, listen attentively to the text of the curse being uttered against Dr. Medina. Mr. Minsky, editor of the Jewish Day, will now speak".

Minsky took O'Neill's place at the top of the steps and spoke:

"Fellow Americans,

This is the text of the curse which is called the Herem, or Charem which, this evening, is being pronounced against our young friend Dr. Leo Medina:

"Through the Power of the Universe and through the HOLY WORD, we reject, uproot, destroy, lower, humiliate, shame and curse in God's name, in the name of the Kahal and of the sacred Temple: LEO MEDINA.

Against him, we pronounce the Herem, the curse uttered against the town of Jericho by the Prophet Narvin, by the curses of Eliezer against the children who maltreated him and his servant and by all the anathemas, curses, and deeds which have been used from the time of Moses until our own days...

In the name of God AKATRIEL, God SABAOTH, of Michael the Great Archangel, of SANDALFON who makes wreaths for his Rabbi; in the name of God written in 42 letters; in the name of HIM who appeared to Moses in the Bush; in the name of the Power which allowed Moses to part the waters of the sea, may LEO MEDINA be cursed...

Through the mysterious Power of God's name, through the power of the letters which helped to write the TABLES OF THE LAW, may he be cursed.

In the name of God Sabaoth, the God of Israel, seated above

the Cherubim; in the name of the sacred chariot and of all those seated upon that chariot in heaven; in the name of all those who serve the Lord, and of all the Holy Archangels living in heaven, let him be cursed...

Cursed be LEO MEDINA by the God of Israel seated above the Cherubim

Cursed be he through the holy and terrible name of God which will be proclaimed by the High Priest on Judgment Day

Cursed be he in heaven and on earth.

Cursed be he by the Superior Power; by Metatron, by the God Akatriel, the God Sabaoth, by the Seraphim, the Archangels and Angels living in heaven....

Cursed be he by all the dogmas of the Law, in the name of the Crown and the Seal

Cursed be he by the Mouth of the Lord, great..powerful and terrible...

May all God's woes be poured upon LEO MEDINA.

May the Creator destroy and annihilate him.

May the Creator exterminate him

May the Creator humiliate him

May God's ire, like thunder burst upon his head and may the devils advance upon him.

Let him be cursed everywhere, wherever he may go.

May he suddenly breathe his last.

May an ignominious death strike him, that he may not live to the end of the month.

May God chastise him inflicting upon him tuberculosis, gangrene, madness, leprosy and jaundice; may his breast be transpierced by his own sword and may he be struck down by his own arrows. May his way be encompassed with obstacles and in utter darkness and may the Angels of God persecute him on his way.

May despair seize him and let him fall in the nets prepared by God. Let him be thrown out of the realm of light and be precipitated in the realm of darkness and may LEO MEDINA be rejected

by the whole world.

May unhappiness, sadness and sorrow gnaw at his soul. With his own eyes, let LEO MEDINA see all the blows that will fell him down; let him be filled with the hatred of the Almighty; let the curse enfold him as a vestment; let him destroy himself and God will exterminate him for all eternity.

God will never grant him forgiveness and the hatred and revenge of the Lord will immerse him and submerge all his being.

Under heaven the name of LEO MEDINA must for ever be stricken off and he must be for ever banished from the tribes of Israel, according to the anathema prescribed by the Law!"

"You therefore now clearly understand that what I have just read to you constitutes incitement to murder, that the man against whom such a curse is pronounced may be deprived of his life at any moment by any fanatic. In short, such a man is a doomed man. Right here, in the United States, this monstrous thing is taking place, and it is taking place in what you have all believed was a temple for prayer and the worship of the Almighty.

"The sentence pronounced by the Rabbis is identical with the gangster boss's sentence against anyone of its members he wants taken for a ride. The method is identical also, whether it comes from Al Capone, Jack Diamond or the Rabbis, there is nothing to choose, only those rabbis in the synagogue are hiding their own gangsterism under the cloak of religion, and so neither the State nor Federal Police will go for them as they sometimes do where gangs are concerned.

"And, who do you think is pronouncing the death sentence on Dr. Medina?

Let me tell you, it is a foreign Rabbi come over here all the way from Egypt to do this meritorious deed! (Cries from the crowd, "Fetch him! Lynch him!". Boos).

"Let us now see what is the guilt of the sentenced man", Minsky went on, "Leo Medina has taken the defense of the poor Jews against his oppressors who are the leaders of the Jewish

communities, that means the Rabbis and the financiers. Very few among you, my friends, have any idea of what that oppression means. It means that out of his earnings, regardless of how meagre they are, every Jew has to give out every week from four to six or seven dollars to the Rabbis and the various collectors appointed by the head of the community to which he belongs. That money is taken from him without any consideration of his own or his family's needs. You can believe me for I went through it to the bitter end. When, through no fault of mine, I was out of work, those sharks took out our very last chair. It mattered little to them that my wife was dangerously ill and that my two little children were crying for food...they took all, our last sheet, our clothes, leaving us only what little we had on. I had not a cent to get my sick wife a remedy, but they looked in and asked me how soon I could leave the premises....I was on the verge of ending it for us all, when Dr. Medina found us and came to our help...He saved us from misery, from death, from despair as he has saved a great many others. Go to his hospital and see what he does there for the deserving poor, from morning till night; go to see the infant creches he has established for the kids whose mothers must go out to the factories to work; go and see the convalescent homes he has built and keeps up, the rest homes for the workers, the clubs where tired men and women can find relaxation and rest; see the numerous kitchens he has organized for those in need...Those are the evidence of his crimes, crimes punishable by death.

"He is accused of inciting the people to rebellion because he has explained to them, as many of us also have done that they are under no obligation to pay any but the taxes legally imposed by the American Government. Just think for a moment, is it not a shame that here, in this free country, a part of the population has been able to set up a State within the American State and to impose taxes upon millions of citizens? Is it not a shame that such illegal activities are pursued without the least interference from the Administration?

"Try and calculate the tremendous sums the rabbis would

collect, even at the rate of one dollar a week; in New York City alone it would net them over two million dollars....two million dollars a week....a week, my friends....think of it for just one moment. Then ask yourselves where does all that money go? Do you for a single minute imagine that the heads of the Jewish community in New York are spending two and a half million dollars a week on helping the poor and needy Jew? Not on your life! And then add to that the millions collected by the different Jewish organizations and brotherhoods and again ask: Where does all that money go? Does the Government ever even begin to inquire into those enormous sums which are thus collected under the guise of voluntary contributions? It is indeed to laugh to see how the Government can be bamboozled....Voluntary contributions indeed! When the poor Jew's last cent is wrung from him by those vultures....And when there is among them a man who wants to relieve the misery of that poor suffering humanity, they damn him, sentence him to death and stand ready to reward the first crook that will murder him.....Do you hear, they want him murdered..... Are we going to stand by and let that happen?". (Cries of NO! Never!).

"Let us protest and protest loudly! Let the oppressors and inciters to murder who are here in this synagogue know that they had better keep their hands off Dr. Medina or off any of us who challenge their power or else they will be given cause to repent. Let us protest loudly, my friends!....".

The crowd was duly worked up. Those nearer to the synagogue were slowly surging up, but the Police still maintained order. Nevertheless, cries of "Let's go in and show them". "Rush the synagogue!". "Bring out the Rabbis!" were heard from different sections of the crowd.

Pat O'Neill then acted swiftly and addressing the crowd: "Friends," he said, "I want you to listen to the text of our protest and give it your approval, it is our intention to serve notice upon every Jew in America, high or low, rich or poor, that in the

United States there is room for only one law, one Government, one State, one nation, one Constitution! (Prolonged cheers from the crowd). "Hear then the text of our protest:

"The MILITANT CHRISTIAN NATIONALISTS, the GENTILE-JEWISH LEAGUE FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE OPPRESSED JEW, all assembled, protest energetically against the public incitement to murder Dr. Leo Medina which took place today Friday, in the Jewish Synagogue of Temple Emanuel Fifth Avenue, New York City, and hereby serve notice upon all Jews in the United States of whatever station or Community that said Dr. Medina is under the protection of the above named societies whose members not only protest against the lawlessness of the Rabbis but wish it well understood that any harm befalling Dr. Medina, whether by accident or otherwise, will be met with immediate and merciless punishment".

"All of you who agree, say Aye", shouted Pat.

"Aye!"...came as a mighty and deafening roar far and wide, up and down the Avenue.

Pat and various of his men proceeded to nail the large poster on which was printed the protest on the doors of the Synagogue, with a great and quite unnecessary deal of hammering blows... Then in the shape of a leaflet, the protest was distributed to all the bystanders. Then, still in perfect order, the crowd marched out of the Avenue.

Late that evening, there were but few houses on the East Side, the Bronx, Brooklyn which did not have a leaflet pasted on its doors and windows. The houses of rich Jews, including that of the Medinas were adequately decorated, and so were the windows of the subway trains.

Meanwhile, what had taken place in the Synagogue during the demonstration beggars description. Sheer terror was registered upon the face of every man and woman in the place; they had all heard the shouts of the angry mob and with every minute expected the doors of the Temple to be rushed. Women were hysterical, men

swore, and all shook with an uncontrollable fear. The crowd had long since dispersed before any Jew in the Synagogue dared leave it, and it was very late indeed when, little by little, they began to creep out.

David Medina himself left by a side door, hailed a taxi and went home. He was furious; he felt betrayed and alone, but worse yet, he knew that Leo had triumphed over him. He hated him... hated him with a violent hatred for having dared shake the power of his house and of his race.

When Pat O'Neill reached home, just before dinner, his sister was waiting for him and asked him into her sitting room:

"Patsy", she said, "you told me to be Leo's bodyguard, so I have kept my eyes wide open. Our house is being watched all day long by some kind of nasty gangster, and for the last two days, whenever Leo drives out with Mother and I, our car is followed. I wanted to make quite sure before I told you anything, but if you come up to the drawing room, we shall probably see the watcher; he was there still a few minutes before you came in".

Sure enough, they had hardly taken their post behind the curtain when a lone figure slouched up and stood in front of their house.

"Where is Leo now?" asked Pat.

"He is with Mother; they went an hour ago to see a poor woman, a cancer case Mother was told about yesterday; as I was a bit under the weather, Mumsy left me home. Gosh! Patsy, I wish I was a boy!".

"Whatever for? What would you do if you were?".

"Give that fellow a punch between the eyes and send him to.....".

"Not a bad idea, Ugly" said her brother laughing, "but even if the fellow did go to hell and stayed there, for eternity, there would be another taking his place".

"But what do they want to do to Leo? What harm has he ever done anyone?".

"He never has done any harm, that is just the irony of the thing. It is a cruel story, and to my mind Leo is just a plain hero?"

"It is good to hear you say so; I do not know what you four boys are doing, but the very idea of any harm befalling Leo just drives me crazy".

Her brother looked at her searchingly for a long moment and asked:

"Are you so very fond of Leo, Ugly?"

"I am", she answered firmly. "I never loved anyone so much in my life and never will".

"Do you mean you are in love with Leo?"

"I do", she replied with just a tinge of color overspreading her beautiful face.

"And Leo?"

"Leo loves me also".

"Does Mother know?"

"I guess she does, though I have never mentioned it to her".

"But?" began Pat.

"I know what you mean Patsy", Mary interrupted. "You want to say that Leo is a Jew...There is nothing anyone can tell me about that. Leo has never asked me to marry him...I hope he never will, for I would refuse..because he is a Jew....I am no baby Patsy, I know what racial differences mean; for me it is one of the laws one must never transgress. Still, such law governs only the physical union which is the material outcome of love and it cannot interfere with the union of souls, the mingling of sentiment, the union of mind....My heart and soul I have given to Leo.... and so you understand Patsy why I am so anxious at the idea of any harm befalling him".

Pat O'Neill was speechless; he only took his sister's hand and reverently kissed it; then he put his arm around her shoulders and held her very close for a long moment.

"Leo has always been my best friend, ever since we were tots together, but your love for him makes him even dearer, and

my vigilance and devotion will, if possible, be greater yet.... Cheer up, Mary, dear, all will come all right in the end....Now, I must go down and attend to that ugly customer across the street. I don't think that either he or anyone will give us much trouble after tonight, but at any rate, I'll be downstairs watching for Mother and Leo in case they return before the Police have picked up that gangster".

Pat went down with a heavy heart; he resented the suffering which had come to the sister he had cherished so tenderly from the very day she was born, but her simple confidence had strengthened the bond of affection which had always united them.

## CHAPTER XXIII

### PRE-ELECTION TIME

Election time was drawing near. The Militant Christian Nationalist had duly registered themselves as an independent Party, and Bill Taylor was its announced presidential candidate. He had demurred at first, being of the opinion that Pat should stand, but O'Neill had objected that his being chosen he a Roman Catholic would only complicate matters and provoke uncalled for difficulties. "Besides", Harry had said when they were urging him to accept", "you are the predestined beast of burden, old man, and after your lean years in the State Department, you deserve a few prosperous ones in the White House. If we do get you elected, and of that there is not the slightest doubt, you will just have to get you a nice wife to grace the place, so you had better not forget that either.

How about sweet Mary for the First Lady?"

"Don't be a fool!" Bill had answered hastily, a little too hastily perhaps, but both Leo and Pat noticed that a shade of colour had mounted to Taylor's face at the mention of Mary's name. Pat had groaned inwardly at the waywardness of fate which made a perfectly splendid Aryan be in love with his sister while

she was in love with a Jew.

A wave of activity was sweeping the country from side to side; the Militant Christian Nationalist had grown to enormous proportions, with the consequent falling off in numbers of both the Republican and Democratic Parties. Annoyance was the daily fare of each of their National Committees. Defection in numbers was one thing, but the tremendous decrease of funds was another which worried the respective leaders still more.

David Medina ill concealed his discontent at the way things were going; frequently his orders met with anything but obedience and the reports he was getting concerning what he called the insurrection of those low down Goy curs kept him in a constant state of anger. On one or two occasions he had tried to reprove Harry for his indifference in political matters and had met with the reply that he could not be bothered and the bank was all he cared about. But above all, the defeat he had encountered at the hands of his elder son was what wrangled constantly in his mind; it gave him no peace; he wanted a revenge, yet could hardly decide on the shape it ought to take. It was impossible to ruin Leo who had a considerable fortune of his own left him by his mother and grandfather; of course he could disinherit him but that was a subject which presupposed his own death, a subject most distasteful to him....Yet revenge he must and would have. The two Rabbis who were still under heavy bail furnished by him were the bitterest enemies Leo had after his own father and they lost no chance of fanning the flame of his father's hatred.

All of them knew that they had to be very cautious as nothing ever seemed to escape the vigilance of the Nationalists who were watching over Leo's safety. Even an "accident" seemed a hopeless undertaking. Yet it did not seem possible that with Billman and the Communist workers who were still on the side of the Rabbis and with Rosenwald's agents working among the negroes, a way could not be found to get a revenge and destroy for ever the banker's elder son. In their opinion, election time should have

provided at least a chance of getting even with the renegade, and it was just such an opportunity that they were watching for. It came when it was publicly announced that the Militant Christian Nationalist intended to have a monster meeting at Madison Square Garden on Washington's birthday.

Just ten days before the meeting, old Rebecca Bernstein sent Mike Brady a message one morning saying she was not well and wanted to see him that day without fail. Mike replied she could expect him in the early part of the afternoon. When he arrived at his foster mother's, he found there his "brother" Jaky.

"Well, Mother, you sly old creature, giving me the turn of my life, making me believe you were ill. What's the great idea?"

"You see, boy, I had to make sure you'd come and I knew that was a sure way, that you'd never forsake your ol' Ma Becky if she needed you badly". And leaving the two men alone, she went into the kitchen closing the door behind her.

"I had to see you, Mike" said Jaky, "an' I didn't want to go roun to yer place".

"What is it, Jake, are you in trouble?"

"Well, I am and I ain't, if you can figger it out. It ain't any trouble with the coppers this time".

"With the gang, then?"

"In a way, yes....But listen, it's about your young gent, the doctor chap that Ma here loves better'n she loves us, I blive".

"Master Leo?"

"Yes....Well, las' night Billman, the strike boss, that is as much the boss of our gang as ol' Dimon hisself, he sent for me and told me the boss wanted to see me sum time after midnight, an' I'd better not lose myself too long at the gamblin' table. Well, orders is orders, an' I had to leave jus' as I was getting on nice an' had won a pile. When I got there, them two was alone, an' the boss he said "Well Abie" (in the gang they think my name is Abie Epstein) "how'd ye like to make a grand?" "As well as any of you two here" I said. So Dimond, he said "It is here for you if you do as your're told" - I knewed straight off they were gointo

bump off someone, an' I wasn't very keen, but ten grand is a heap of dough, so I said nuttin.

Then Billman, he said: "You know them blasted, four Christian nationalists, they're goin to have a big show at the Garden end of next week". "Oh, yes", I answered, "then what?"; and he said: "Well, we want you to be there an' when the crowd is plenty excited, we want you to get on to the platform, see, in your nimbly way, and get both young Doctor Medina and that young upstart O'Neill. You know them by sight, don't you?". "Sure", I answered, "but why do it in the Garden that'll be full of coppers, an' as sure as lil' fishes, they'll get yours truly?". And Billman he says: "'Cause it can't be done otherwise, they watch him so darn close it is impossible to get near...besides it'll all be fixed up, so there won't be any gettin' you see?". "Sure, I see...but how about givin' me a lil' advance, so I can have a few sweet moments suppose your rangements went groggy an' I was sent down the river?". "Right, you are", Dimon he says, "how will a couple of grands do?". "Make it three", I says. He never turned an eye, an' blive it or not, but he just fished in his pocket and pulled three grand out, just like that and handed me the dough. I said "thank ye" an' I left, an' did not even go back to the mates.

I came right home to Ma, and gave her the dough to hide an' then I sent for you. You see I may be a wrong'un, and you an' Ma know it as well as me, but I can't forget the woman as was so good to Ma when she was so ill and I was servin' time. No Siree, I haven't forgot an' I'm durn if I'm goin to kill her son, an' Mikem, tha's that".

"Bless you", said Brady, "but what'll they do to you if you play them false?".

"I done a lot of thinkin' las' night and today, an' three grand is a heap of dough...I'm goin' to ship meself to the other side of the pond. You'll have to get me a passport in a hurry, if you can; they dunno my real name in the gang, it'll take time to find out... they'll think I had an accident or a brush with another gang and jumped in the river or was bumped off, cause the others won't

have seen me since I was with the boss...they'll look in the morgue an' so on, an' I'll stay here with Ma until you get me off, see?".

"Sure, I see...I won't lose a minute trying to get you off, you old sinner...let's see, this is Tuesday, several boats leave on Saturday, you'll have to be on one of 'em...but where will you go Jaky?".

"I'll get lost in Polan' for a while, in that burg Ma an' Pa came from to this land of liberty. Let's ask her what it's called, Ma!".

Old Rebecca came in again and gave the name of the small place in Poland where a brother and a sister were still living, and where she said her Jaky would be welcome.

"Want to go along too, Ma?" Brady asked, "because if you do, I'll send you right along of Jaky".

A glimmer of such joy lightened the old woman's face that her son said: "Ma, I surely have' been a bad'un, but if you'd care to see the ol' folks, ye come right along".

"And", added Brady, "the day you want to come back, I'll be there to meet you".

By that time, Rebecca Bernstein was silently wiping her eyes on the corner of her apron.

"Don't call me or go out of here", said Brady as a parting warning, "just imagine you're down the river for a few days and stay put. I'll do all I can, don't phone me. I'll be here tomorrow night and....God bless you Jaky".

A phone call to Pat at his office, begging to see him urgently and the reply to come right on, sent Brady with all speed down town. Even the rush of the subway express seemed too slow for him so anxious was he to deliver himself of his mental burden. He spent his time cursing old Medina under his breath, and when Brady swore and cursed, it betook no good.

"Come right in", said Pat when Brady was announced, "Anything happened?".

"I'll say so, Sir, but are you quite sure there ain't any of those damn machines in this here office?"

"Quite sure, Brady, I have a look myself every day, and that you know is something I am slightly acquainted with".

"Well, Sir, it's this; the old'un, he has made up his mind he wants you and Mr. Leo bumped off on the day of the big rally" And Brady proceeded to tell what he had just heard.

"That is just fine", said Pat O'Neill when Brady finished his tale. "Now, Brady, can you get out tonight, no matter how late and come to Mr. Taylor's apartment?"

"Yes, Sir, quite easy, no one is dining at home tonight".

"Fine! then be there at 10, if you can. Your brother's affair must be taken care of at once. And, thank you Brady".

"Don't mention it, Sir. I hope the old man don't make a murderer of me, one of these days. I feel pretty mad, and I'm Irish, Sir".

"You're not the only one, remember; look at me..."

"Sure, Sir, and I ain't by way of forgetting it".

Pat lost no time in gathering in the clan at Bill Taylor's where they had dinner together. When all had been cleared and they were alone, O'Neill broached the subject:

"Now, you fellows, we can't afford to be tragic, but we have to do some fast thinking and acting. Next Saturday week is our great Garden meeting, well...on that very day, Leo here and I... if all goes well, according to schedule, are to be...gently assassinated on the platform..."

"For mercy's sake, Pat, are you joking?" asked Harry Medina.

"Never was more serious in my life".

"Communist plot?" queried Taylor.

"No, simply rabbinical. As I said, don't let us get excited or carried away by shock or horror or anything else. A murder plot is never a very nice thing to face, but no matter how hard the details, I repeat, don't let us be carried away by horror. We must act, and thank God on our knees for the protection He gives us all the time. And now this is the plot. The Rabbis have decided to use

the services of the worst gang of gangsters, namely that of Jack Diamond, Factor, Bilmann and Co. For our great good luck, the man picked upon to do the nice deed happens to be Brady's brother. The man is a gangster all right, has been in the Pen and so forth, but he could not forget the kindness dear Aunt Rachel had shown to his mother, and so we shall escape the fate planned out for us. Presently, Brady will be here and will give you any details you want. Bill, you must do all the necessary to get the man and his mother their passports so they can be on one of the liners leaving on Saturday. Tit for Tat, that rogue is saving our unworthy lives, we must save his also, for if the gang knew he gave us the warning, it would be curtains for him".

"Yes, sure", said Taylor, "it'll be quite easy. I'll hop to Washington tomorrow, but I must have the chap's and his mother's pictures and I hope his don't resemble too much his Sing Sing photos".

"I'll attend to the picture job, first thing in the morning", volunteered Pat.

Throughout the whole long session, the name of David Medina had not once been pronounced, although everyone knew that the order for the assassination of two of them had emanated from him. As though out of the blue, after the four had been smoking furiously in silence, Harry Medina said:

"Didn't I always tell you, Leo ever since we were kids, that old Abraham had surely insured Isaac's life and stood to collect the insurance after he had burnt him to death. Holy sacrifice! my eye! Just plain murder for the sake of gaining a personal advantage....It seems the easiest thing in the world for a Jew to even murder his own children if he stands to gain anything by it". Harry's comment broke the strain under which they were all laboring; he had wanted them all to understand that he held his father responsible for the plot hatched against his brother's and Pat O'Neill's lives.

Silence had once again settled upon the four when Brady

rang; he told his story all over again in detail also tactfully leaving out the banker's name. This attitude on the part of a simple servant escaped no one but struck the brothers most forcibly. He was dispatched again to the Bernsteins to effect whatever alteration he could in Jaky's appearance and prepare him and his mother for O'Neill's visit in the morning.

On the following Saturday, Rebecca Bernstein and her son sailed as first class passengers on the fast French steamer, under strict instructions that during the whole journey, in order to avoid all risks of recognition, neither was to leave the private little suite which had been reserved for them.

## CHAPTER XXIV

### MADISON SQUARE GARDEN

TWENTY THOUSAND MILITANT CHRISTIAN NATIONALISTS had gathered into Madison Square Garden to celebrate Washington's birthday. Outside, other thousands having been unable to get admission, despite the cold weather, were waiting to hear the speeches broadcast by loud speakers; the radio nets owned by Jews having refused to disseminate them.

Precisely at eight o'clock, the squad of MILITANT CHRISTIAN NATIONALISTS assigned to the protection of the speakers ascended the platform. Barely had they taken their position when a note was handed to Patrick O'Neill. He opened it and read: "Sir, there are none of our men among the police in front, only a few have been posted at the rear, but the bulk of them is outside - Brady". Tearing out the name, Pat gave the note to the captain of the squad on the platform.

The national anthem was sung and the salute to the flag given, then photographers took pictures. To the right of the stage, near one of the exits was the Press table. It was a very long one and, on that particular night, it was filled to capacity. The meeting was opened by the Rev. Goodfellow, friend of Bill Taylor's

who pronounced the invocation; he was followed by the Rev. Father Wallace who had long sided with the Christian Nationalists. Then came young O'Neill's turn to address the audience; he was greeted with thunderous applause.

"Fellow Compatriots!

We are all assembled here tonight to once again celebrate the birthday of the great Founder of our Republic. But with his picture for our background, we also want to salute our young Presidential candidate, William B. Taylor". Taylor came to the front while the whole audience rose as one man and gave him a long and hearty ovation. When all had resumed their seats, O'Neill proceeded:

"For the very first time in our American History, we shall have a very young President. (Cheers). Why stick to old presidents? I ask you. When in a monarchy, a king dies and his heir is of age, no one objects to his ascending the throne on the ground of his youth, just the reverse...oftentimes a young king is less of a reprobate than an old one...which is perhaps only a question of time ...so let us send our young presidential elect to the White House next year". (More cheers).

"Our great celebration today gives me the opportunity of reviewing the work we have accomplished in the course of the last few years when we started our organization for the defence of America and of our Constitution. The mighty oak from a little acorn grows, and looking round this hall, tonight, I realise that the mighty oak of our American Christian and patriotic spirit has indeed sprung from a tiny seed. Five years ago just four young graduates before leaving Harvard swore to do their duty as Americans first and last, regardless of faith or opinion; hear the words, 'as Americans first and last'. What that would mean, we then little knew. We also undertook to stand by each other regardless of weaknesses or frailities, of difficulties or prosperity, and there also we little knew what such a promise would entail, for at that time we were all carefree and felt on top of the world. (A voice was heard: 'Tell us who those four were'). If you wish it, I can tell

you even that, the four rash fools were Bill Taylor, Leo and Harry Medina and my humble self. But a few weeks had elapsed when our so called happiness was troubled; one of us had come into possession of the famous document which everyone of you in this assembly has read in either complete or abbreviated popular form. It was the PROTOCOLS OF THE ELDERS OF ZION. (Loud applause from the crowd, hissing from one point up in the gallery and audible jeers from the Press table).

We understood that if the diabolical plans elaborated in the document were indeed likely to be fulfilled, not only was our country seriously menaced but also the whole of civilization was threatened with collapse. Russia was then in the throes of Bolshevism, and we read of the horrors perpetrated against the Russians whose crimes were that they stood as Christians and Patriots. We examined the document and decided to prove it either true or false; if true, we would fight the promoters of the devilish plans; if false, get to the bottom of the forgery. Such was the beginning of our self-imposed mission. We researched, investigated and did discover that there was indeed a conspiracy which endangered the whole world. Angels might indeed have feared to tread the ground upon which we resolutely set foot, but we went on the thorny path and never once turned back. Later Dr. Medina will tell you what we unearthed as one of the causes of the terrible Marxist communism bent on ruining one country after another just as Russia had been.

In the course of our investigations we could not escape the conclusion that the hatred and contempt of the Gentile or non-Jew expressed in the Protocols were inspired by the Talmud taught to all Jews. We found that the organization of the Jewish communities formed the erection of a State within a State....If there is room in the United States for two nations and for two states, then it must be proclaimed and the delimitations of each clearly exposed. It stands to reason that there is no room for two peoples with entirely opposite mentalities in let us say, the White House, or the

Halls of Congress or the Supreme Court of the United States or in any of the American institutions.

That is the main point which I wanted to set before you tonight, my fellow compatriots. Is there to be but one State and one Nation in our United States? Or is the Jewish population united under a different law to be allowed to continue its existence among us, not only as a separate people with a separate government, but as the ruling power in the American Administration and as the destroyer of our Constitution?.

All of you, present here, know by bitter experience that our conception of patriotism is now regarded as a crime, that to dare oppose the system of corruption spread to all ends of the country exposes any American to persecution, ruin and even death...Those are no empty words; we have had so many examples. Many among us remember the courageous figure of the late Mrs. McAllister Smith. Because she had made known the PROTOCOLS and the horrors perpetrated by Jews in Russia, she was publicly accused in the newspapers of the Jewish controlled press of being a French adventuress, an embezzler, a jail-bird.....Who was her accuser and the ringleader of that conspiracy against a noble American woman? ...A Jewish lawyer, Maurice Leon, step-son of the outstanding Zionist Rabbi Richard Gottheil who can be reckoned as the real head of Columbia University. We must never forget Mrs. McAllister Smith's case, never forget the way a courageous, fearless, American woman was ruined by Jews, just as we must also remember that lawyers who took up her defence were threatened by Jews, and three of them gave up the case....remember also that when at last her case came to trial and won, a New York jury awarded her one cent damages....Never forget my friends, for those are important episodes in the future American history.

We do not have to go back very far to remember the valiant Congressman Louis T. McFadden and the way he was hounded by Jewry because he denounced the PROTOCOLS in Congress..... And nearer still to us, is there not the figure of one of our out-

standing American generals who because he told the people at meetings that the seed of corruption from New York to Hollywood was Jewish, was threatened with court-martial?.

How many of our young men are today in jail because in some of our American states, our United States, Jews have been powerful enough to have racial laws enacted and applied to anyone opposing Jewish domination? Such true sons of America are now considered felons.....Well, here we are, in this very hall, twenty thousand such felons with as many more outside, bent on opposing Jewish Rabbinical-plutocratic bolshevism in the United States. (Loud cheers).

We know that the Jewish leaders of the American Jewish Committee, of the Zionist organization and of the B'nai Brith are our accusers, are false witnesses, inciters to murder and all kinds of crime, but we shall relentlessly expose and oppose them until their power is for ever brought low and our Constitution, the Constitution of Washington and Lincoln, restored in spirit and in application.

Let us fight on, my friends, we shall reach the winning-post the post above which flies the flag of the United States!

I will now introduce our leader of the League against the oppression of the Jewish people, my friend, Dr. Leo Medina".

As Leo came forward to the speaker's stand, the whole audience rose and gave him a rousing ovation. When it had subsided, Leo began:

"Fellow compatriots,

I also, like our Chairman and President delve a little into past history. I am a Jew as you all here present know, and was only thirteen years old when, according to the Jewish custom, I was received into the Israelitish Covenant. On that day the Chief Rabbi, who was officiating, admonished me in these terms: 'And remember, you must hate the Gentiles, you must beat the Gentiles, you must kill the Gentiles'. I will spare you the details of the horror that seized me, but from that fateful moment, I understood

that I could not be both a good American and a good Jew. I then told my father that I had made my choice and would be only an American. (Cheers).

Years went by, and like my friend, I became acquainted with the PROTOCOLS and did my share in the field of research to trace the infamous document to its source. It is in the course of that investigation that I discovered the tragedy of the Jewish masses, who all over the world live under the law of the Talmud and are heavily oppressed by the leaders of the Jewish communities both local and international. You all, Gentiles and Jews have been told of this oppression at meetings and in the independent press which we founded. I am also thoroughly convinced of the fact that Communism and Bolshevism find their inspiration in the Talmud which is the catechism of oppression and hatred. In other words, the law of the Talmud rests upon two main pillars, one of hatred toward the non-Jew, the other on the supreme contempt for the poor Jew. This double headed monster enables the Jewish leaders, that is the Rabbinical plutocratic class to drive and hold into slavery both Gentiles and Jews, exploit their work, their thrift, their capacities and rob them of their independence. Exploitation and control have been developed by the leaders of Jewry into a regular science, they exploit every Jew that draws breath, every Gentile that thinks, works, invents, produces. Very few among you, for instance know that your very property, your real estate which you consider your own, is in fact the eventual property of a Jew, who in virtue of the Jewish right of "Hasakah and Meropie" has actually secured it for himself, having secretly bought it from the central local Kahal. I cannot go into detail now, but the knowledge of such a thing will enable you to understand the prevalence of the Jew in the real estate business.

In the course of my work, I soon came to realize that if I had been able to make my choice between being an American or a Jew, there were in the country millions of Jews incapable of freeing themselves from such a false situation, millions of Jew underdogs

lashed, whipped, crushed by a set of tyrannical masters. I resolved to help the underdog, enlighten him, make him conscious of the fact that under the American Constitution he was a free man, that he could live as a free human being, pray to his God, but obey none save the laws of the United States and recognise none but the American government and pay none but the legally imposed American taxes. Strange as this may sound to you, it is the money which the Jewish communities levy as taxes upon the unfortunate Jewish masses which spells the ruin of America, and I will explain why. It is because the main part of those tremendous sums are used for the purpose of corruption, and by this I mean the purchase of Gentile men and women, traitors, who are placed in key positions so as to forward none but the interests of their masters. Those huge funds are used for the wholesale corruption of the police, both State and Federal, for the corruption of magistrates, lawyers, for the purchase of false witnesses.....It is a grand market, believe me, my friends, for I know whereof I speak. I have heard my own father and some of his friends, men high up in the councils of the Jewish Elders saying that Gentile men and women for sale were the cheapest goods on the market. (Boos from the audience). But never forget that the greater part of such despicable goods and the sum total of the money used for corruption and the system of bribery is paid for by the poor Jewish toiler.....

It is against such corruption of the Gentile and such exploitation of the Jews that we have all been working during the past few years. It is for that purpose that we formed an independent Party in which every American, whether Jew or Gentile, knows full well what he is working for and for whom he is voting. The colossal return which our candidate, Mr. Taylor has obtained, leads us to hope that he will indeed be elected as the next President of the United States....". (Tremendous cheers from the audience. ).

Leo Medina had not yet finished speaking when a kind of disturbance had been created by some people around the Press table. A woman journalist known as "Dotty" had jeered aloud and burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter together with another woman

companion, an unmistakable Jewess; both gave the impression of being either drunk or doped. The noise they made attracted the attention of a good many people, as it was meant to do, and when at almost the same time, the crowd cheered Medina's last words, an individual was definitely hoisted on to the platform by some men at the Press table. He slid sooner than walked the distance between himself and the speaker. But before he could discharge his weapon which glittered in the light, several men on the platform overpowered him, wrenched the revolver from his hand and had him lying on the floor. Only then did the police interfere, intending to take charge. The Chief Commissioner of Police gave the order to his men to carry the would be assassin out at once. Pat O'Neill then intervened:

"Not so fast, not so fast, Commissioner, why so much hurry now? The creature is quite safe in our hands, and there he remains until we release him to you".

He made a sign and four of his stalwarts came forward, in a jiffy, then had the man sat and bound on a chair which was carried to the front of the platform.

"Take a good look at him, everybody, as we shall all be witnesses against the cur!". The whole audience jeered at the prisoner.

The Chief Commissioner once again came forward and demanded that he be released to him. Pat then addressed the audience.

"Friends, the Chief Commissioner of Police of New York City, Mr. Ballantyne is asking that we deliver this criminal to him. My answer is that only after the man has answered our questions and told us why he wanted to murder some of us tonight shall we let him out of our keeping. What do you all say? This is still a republic where the voice of the people can make itself heard. The Police signally failed in vigilance tonight and the Police Commissioner would do well to find out how this attempt at murder was engineered, by whom and so forth. By the way, all of you glance

toward the Press table and see how suddenly empty it has become. Even the riotous Dotty has left in what looks like a great hurry, and strange also, among the very few journalists that remain, there is not a single Jew". Then addressing the Chief Commissioner, he added: "Would it not be wise and of interest to the Police to find out why all those pressmen have so suddenly left in body? Before the last speech is made by our Presidential candidate, let us have an impromptu examination of the fellow in our midst".

"I protest!" cried the Chief Commissioner.

"Sorry Chief! but it is quite useless," replied Pat coldly.

"We are here twenty thousand Americans against one...the majority carries, so we shall proceed. (Loud cheers from the audience).

"What is your name? Pat asked the man.

"Abie Epstein" he answered sullenly.

"Is that so? Well now, what is your other name, your own name; you see we happen to know that you are not Abie Epstein. Come out with it".

"Nicky Rosenberg", he said. He was then made to give his address and many details, then was asked:

"Who armed you?"

No reply.

"You do not know, do you Well, we shall tell you. You? were given the job to murder Dr. Medina and myself tonight by the gangsters Jack Diamond and Billmann. They engaged you a few nights ago...Own up, it may help you save your skin".

The man's eyes were dilated, he looked afraid; after a few moments he murmured: "Yes, it's true".

"They gave you two thousand dollars and promised to make the sum ten thousand if you got your men".

"They gave me only one thousand and promised me six more".

"They were gypping you then, because they were supposed to pay you ten....And if you were caught what did they say would happen to you?"

"They said the Head Rabbi was powerful enough with Krauss to get me free, and even if I had to beat the rap it wouldn't be for

long".

"And why did you take on the job?"

"Because if I had refused they'd have had me bumped off after telling me their plot".

All of the interrogatory had been taken down verbatim by Taylor. Upon a sign from Pat, he came forward and read the notes he had made. Pat then asked the prisoner:

"Are you ready to sign this?"

The man assented.

"Unloose him", said Pat to two of the squad. After he had duly signed the paper handed him by Taylor, he was then turned over to the Chief Commissioner:

"You may take this man now, Commissioner, and do with him whatever you wish; we are keeping his weapon for evidence at his trial, for after all, we are here 20,000 witnesses".

"Lynch him! lynch him!" came from the crowd, but O'Neill coming forward again said:

"We shall not take the law in our own hands...besides the fellow may be useful yet. They must bring him up for trial on an attempted murder charge, and through him it will be possible for the police to get somewhat nearer to the famous Diamond gang whose track they evidently lost, and who can organize murders as they please. It will also help uncover the unholy activities of the Jewish Rabbis in this city, and the complicity of certain members of the Press, for do not forget it, my friends, this fellow was hoisted on to the platform by men at the Press table, and at a signal given from the top row of the gallery by a man who used a flashlight. We happen to know who it is. It will be well for you, Commissioner, to find out who it was who did give that flashlight signal, a man who was as anxious to escape as were Dotty and her Press companions. In fact this is quite a little job for the Commissioner of Police. Thank God, our own people were neither asleep nor slow and they were ready. Take your man away, Commissioner, we now want to go on with our meeting"

"And now, my friends, three cheers for our vigilance unit who did their work so efficiently.....Three cheers for our future incorruptible American police!"

The cheering was taken up by over twenty thousand people who had all been given an object lesson in the criminal methods of the leaders of Jewry.

Next morning Harry Medina had barely reached his office when Brady called him up:

"Sir", said the butler, "when I went in this morning to call the master as usual, I found him out of bed, huddled up in an arm-chair. I spoke to him but although he looked at me, he did not answer. I fear he has had a stroke and have called up Dr. Borodin who has promised to come at once".

"All right, Brady, I'll be up as fast as I can".

When Harry reached home he found his father in bed, the doctor was there and could only confirm Brady's verdict. The banker had suffered a stroke and one whole side of his body was paralysed. He was muttering to himself and Harry caught the words: "Finished this time...he's dead...dead.....dead.....".

"What does he say?" asked the doctor.

"I hardly know" replied Harry, "he must be dreaming of his grandfather.....". The doctor looked in amazement at Harry whose reply sounded so nonsensical.

From that hour, the stricken banker lay an impotent, helpless corpse in the splendor of his home. The Lord of the World had been brought low, his empire was tottering, the sceptre had fallen from his hand. The news that the attempt at Madison Square Garden had failed, had crushed his body and unhinged his mind.

## CHAPTER XXV

### THE HOUR OF SACRIFICE

The blow which had struck David Medina caused no sorrow to his two sons, they had long since lost all feeling of affection, esteem and respect for him. Henceforth, removed beyond the power of medicine, he would lie helpless until such a time as Death claimed his earthly shell. He had never recovered any lucidity of mind, but time and time again, he would mutter always the same word...."kill him...kill him....". His two sons and Brady knew that exulting in the death of his son had been his last clear thought.

The banker's illness made it possible for Leo to resume his place in his own home, much to the gratification of Harry for whom the separation had been cruel. Before leaving the O'Neill's hospitable house, Leo Medina sought an interview with Mary. He opened up the conversation with light banter.

"Well, little bodyguard, I am almost sorry that what we called danger has been removed and that I am now going to leave what has been such a home to me during the last few months".

"Why! Leo, you wretch! I firmly believe you are glad to leave us".

"Hush, Mary" he said, becoming suddenly serious, "do not say that even as a joke. You little know what living near you has meant to me...just a glimpse of what must be heavenly joy...I have thanked God for it every day".

"It was joy to me also, Leo", she interrupted, "even in spite of the state of constant apprehension in which we lived all the time fearing the plans of those fiends might succeed and harm might befall you. I also have thanked God for the companionship you gave me. And now that it is over, I must be glad for dear Harry's sake, it was so hard for him to live alone with your father".

"Just now, Mary, we must speak about ourselves, you and

me, quite clearly, with the simplicity of children. No disguise, no sham...You know that I love you, dear, with a depth of feeling overpowering my heart and soul...You know it, don't you Mary?"

Her beautiful blue eyes fixed on his, she assented with a nod.

"But I am not going to ask you to marry me, Mary".

She kept silent.

"We neither of us have the right to break through the material barriers which separate us. You understand me, don't you? I am a Jew. There is nothing we can do against the question of race, you understand that also, darling, don't you? It is a law which must be respected. I will never marry. My life which I cannot offer you, I will dedicate it solely to doing as much good as lies in my power. I will consecrate it to the liberation of the Jews that by degrees they may become good Americans. Would you have me do otherwise, answer me darling?"

Looking at the garden through the French window, Mary saw it bare, flowerless, the trees and shrubs leafless, with the desolation of cold February, and she suddenly felt as though its bleakness was reflected in her soul. She shivered as she said: "Oh, why must life be so cruel?"

"Who knows?". "To test perhaps the steadfastness of our higher feeling; the sacredness of true love, the height to which it may soar..Don't cry Mary....Look at me....Our love which has been so pure and is so great will never be marred for either of us...It will endure....We must understand the depth of the sacrifice we make, Mary, for sacrifice is demanded of us both".

"I wish I could make the whole of the sacrifice for us both, Leo, even my own life would I give for the sake of having you spared every suffering or heartache...If you knew how I prayed for your safety, how I trembled day after day...I knew then how deeply I cared for you....I think I will do like you and dedicate my life also to the poor and the sick....in a convent, away from all....perhaps....".

"No darling, the sacrifice demanded of you is of an entirely

different nature".

Looking up at him with eyes blinded by tears, she asked:

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, Mary, that you may have a special task to fulfill, the task of a true patriot."

She looked bewildered.

"Gather up your courage dear, for you will think me cruel. You know how much of our life we four, Pat, Harry, Bill and I have given to our country. We gave years of our young life, our work, our energy. We renounced all the pleasures of our age, we faced danger time and time again. We have succeeded beyond expectation as you know. We can confidently expect Bill's election to the Presidency. Poor Bill! he fought so hard against the burden we laid on his shoulders, but in the end he made the sacrifice demanded of him. When he finally consented, we all three realised that he had laid his very life upon the altar of service to his country. But he needs help, all the help he can be given...he needs your help, Mary...for....Bill loves you".

"Don't Leo!....For pity's sake, don't!"

"I must dear....this is our hour...our hour of sacrifice, and we must face it together, you and I....The immortal flower of your love is mine of which no one can ever deprive me, and my love for you will endure beyond the grave...where there is no marriage .... That is why, darling, I am asking you to be strong....that is why I am pleading for Bill...begging you not to reject him if he asks you to be his wife....".

"I couldn't....I never could, Leo,.....I can't....".

"Mary, darling, would you undertake to help suffering humanity, as you were planning to do a few minutes ago, and yet refuse your help to one man who needs it more than you can ever suppose? Can you picture Bill heartbroken because you rejected him, all alone in the coldness of the White House, with the burden of the Presidency on his shoulders, with no companionship, no loving help being given him in the hours during which the worry of

guiding the nation will bow him down, almost crush him? Or will you be the woman, the guardian angel whose sympathy will give him strength he shall need so frequently in his hours of difficulties?"

"He has Harry, Patsy, you....." she retorted feebly.

"True, dear, he has us and we shall ever be ready to help him, but Mary, he loves you, and we cannot replace you if you reject his love and send him heartbroken and alone on what will be his way to Calvary".

Then, gently kissing the hand he held, Leo Medina added:

"It was necessary that no shadow should lie across the path of our mutual love, dearest, and that we should see our two souls in the light of 'Truth and Life'. I am no baptized Christian, but I have understood those words pronounced by Christ and Apostle John, the "Light of Life".....If the friendship of our two mothers had no other result than the true love which grew up between us and which we can place above all earthly considerations, it was indeed blessed".

Just then the clock chimed the midday hour and Leo rose from his seat.....Mary rose slowly, then looking at Leo and laying both her hands in his, she said:

"Our hour of sacrifice, you said Leo....listen to it striking... four...five...six...each beat a hammer blow nailing down the coffin of our love...Our hour of sacrifice....you have made yours nobly, my love....God alone knows whether I shall ever be able to make mine.....".

## CHAPTER XXVI

### PROCLAMATION

The results of the presidential elections had not disappointed Bill Taylor's three associates and he had been elected with an unheard of majority. Just after the New Year he had married beautiful Mary O'Neill and their wedding had given rise to what might

have been described as national rejoicing. Never had such a young couple entered the White House, and the country as a whole approved the innovation of having a youthful president and First Lady.

President Taylor was to pronounce his speech on inauguration day from the steps of the White House; the weather itself seemed to share the national feeling and contributed March sunshine to human serenity. Pennsylvania Avenue, La Fayette Square were black with people; every window was crowded, roofs and trees peopled with daring youths bent on catching a glimpse of the President.

Every appointment slated to be made both in the Cabinet and the Departments, as well as in the Foreign Service had been subjected to careful scrutiny; the past of each man and woman employed inquired into, to ascertain whether at any time they had accepted bribery or any kind or had ever belonged to any secret society or occult circle of any description. From the humblest stenographer and colored usher to the highest posts of responsibility in the various departments the cleaning up was to be thorough.

A special Department was to be created to inquire minutely into the standing, status and activities of every Jewish Community. Leo Medina had promised his help but refused the appointment to the post of Secretary, being unwilling to give up the pursuit of his welfare work.

Patrick O'Neill had been appointed Secretary of the Treasury and could rely on Harry Medina's help and full co-operation.

As President, Taylor and his young wife drove from the Hall of Congress where he had been sworn into office to the White House, the acclamations of the people surpassed anything ever heard. The guard of honor was of members belonging to the Vigilance Committee of the MILITANT CHRISTIAN NATIONALISTS who felt that the new President was indeed their very own.

When the deafening roar which greeted his appearance on the

steps of the White House had subsided, President Taylor, with dignity of voice and manner, thus addressed the people of the United States.

“My fellow citizens, all of you sons and daughters of America!

Elected by your overwhelming vote, I have just been sworn into the office of President of the United States. I have sworn to safeguard the Constitution, to be loyal to the Republic, defend the Flag, and insure to the nation indivisibility, justice and liberty

In order to fulfill this great task, day by day, year by year, it will be my duty to provide for the application of those three main points, indivisibility, liberty and justice.

The indivisibility of the American nation cannot tolerate the setting up of alien units on its national territory. That must be clearly understood by all who want to enjoy the privilege of American citizenship; it is a great privilege which also imposes duties upon whomsoever it is conferred, and the first of such duties is undivided allegiance.

The American Constitution alone, I REPEAT, ALONE must regulate the life of every American citizen. No other law except the American law can be followed by any man or woman citizen of the United States. Anyone not conforming strictly to this law will be deprived of citizenship and treated as a foreigner.

No tax of any kind whatsoever save the Government's may be levied upon any man or woman citizen of the United States or immigrant. With all the material now available, Congress will be asked to pass emergency measures, regularising so called drives for charitable, welfare or voluntary charitable contributions which in every case will be submitted to and audited by the Government. No religious body has the right to levy taxes. The use made of charitable contributions will have to be controlled to check abuses which heretofore have been on a large scale. The indivisibility of the nation also precludes the teaching of hatred by one part of the population. America opened her doors to millions and millions

of immigrants. There was room for all. But indeed, it is necessary to specify the people and things for whom there is no room in the United States.

There is room in our country for various religious denominations and for the exercise of the cult of each, but there is no room for the setting up of communities which under the guise of religion erect a state within our American State. The immediate dissolution of such communities will be among the first duties of this new Administration. There is also no room for secret societies which have proved themselves to be the stepping stones for organized disorder and lawlessness. No room either for occultism, Rosicrucianism, Illuminism, for occult practices based on the hideous use of drugs which have unhinged minds and corrupted the morals of the people. Few if any of these sects are unknown to us Americans, who for years have inquired into the causes of world unrest, have investigated the corruption of youth and studied the evil practices which have plunged the country into an abyss of immorality, putting the whole nation at the mercy of various marxist 'internationales'. All such sects, associations and lodges will be dissolved. The indivisibility of the nation cannot allow for secret undercurrents of organized evil.

American Justice will not allow the corruption of the courts of law, nor for a Department in the Administration, called Department of Justice, being run by corrupt individuals and a collection of 'stool pigeons' actually planning and committing crimes, protecting law-breakers. Neither can American Justice allow that the Federal Bureau of Investigation be the absolute property of an international Jewish Order known under the name of the B'nai Brith. There is ample material in our hands to prove everyone of these statements. Justice will not allow the scandalous corruption of American law courts, the buying up of judges, the trumping up of false witnesses or false charges to throw into jail men who have committed no felony. Justice for all will not allow such criminal activities as lynching, for every American citizen has a right to a

fair trial.

The law courts are on the eve of being very thoroughly cleaned up. All members of the bar will be carefully scrutinised, and if at any time in their life they have been guilty of abuse, they will be immediately disbarred.

Coming to the third point, namely Liberty, Liberty for all means liberty as understood by the Founders of the Republic; it means liberty for every law abiding citizen to enjoy all the privileges granted under our Constitution. It does not entail freedom for the organization of alien entities in the body politic and social of our nation. It will never mean liberty for anyone in this Republic of ours to teach, let alone practice hatred against another part of the population. Here, it is my bounden duty to be very specific in order that all may clearly understand. Mere insinuations lead to misleading interpretations; I will therefore be very explicit. The teaching of hatred in our country has been the prerogative of all those who follow the teachings of the Jewish Talmud. Such teaching, under the cover of religion, can no longer be tolerated in the United States, for it is the cause of a great many woes which have befallen the country. Without the delay and as an emergency measure it shall be made an offence punishable by law for anyone to teach the children of any religious denomination or race the hatred of any other part of the American population.

Parallel with the elimination of the causes of evils, we must strive to become thoroughly constructive. Our economic and financial systems, our system of taxation will have to be revised to insure not the prosperity of an international minority at the expense of the majority, but national welfare.

Agriculture, the backbone of prosperity, will be our first care, tariff protection has already claimed our attention and that of our experts, but above all a special reform will be that of mortgages of agricultural property and the elimination of the evil perpetrated against our farmers and fruit growers by rapacious banks and insurance companies.

The grievous wrong done to our country by my predecessors who in virtue of an ever mounting national debt mortgaged the whole of our territory and national wealth, making the INTERNATIONAL AGRICULTURAL MORTGAGE CREDIT COMPANY the owner of America, will have to be remedied as soon as possible. We must redeem America from the hands of foreign international bankers, redeem her from the grasp of usurers.

In the political field, the numerous elections of members of our independent Party created by the MILITANT CHRISTIAN NATIONALISTS has already altered the fabric of our body politic since it injected a fair number of incorruptible men and women in both Houses of Congress. Deprived of large funds for purposes of bribery, the two old Parties, Republican and Democratic have become lamentably weak. Every Congressman will now have to think in terms of national and not only local welfare. A Congressman must become conscious of the fact that it is his duty to understand the science of statesmanship, a science which is not acquired in a backyard. America is too great to be led by a group of ignorant men. Demagogy is not statesmanship which presupposes heavy responsibility toward the people and the State. We shall therefore look forward to a new Congress of intelligent and incorruptible citizens opposed to what has been planned ignorance.

We must strive by all means at our disposal, each one individually and all collectively, to do our utmost for the redemption of our nation and its ideals.

To redeem America is the mission which I have today undertaken and will try to bring to its full development with your help. Your votes have laid that duty upon me and with my young wife at my side and all of you I will endeavour to be worthy of your trust.

My fellow citizens, friends and well wishers, let us all once again with patriotic sentiment overflowing our hearts repeat together our oath of allegiance to the American flag".

All over Washington and through the radios of every American

home the loud speakers slowly and loudly echoed:

“ONE NATION INDIVISIBLE, WITH LIBERTY AND JUSTICE  
FOR ALL.....”

L. FRY. 1942

As presented to the public, the LAW OF LIBERTY is in itself a tribute paid to Christian patriotic dedication. From cover to cover, the publishing technique of the modest booklet is the result of the earnestness and determination of a few volunteers, none of whom were trained printers, expert varitypers or proofreaders. It is indeed a home-made product of earnest dedication to FAITH and PATRIOTISM truly a labor of love.

Some technical errors of one kind or another may be found; if an apology is due to the reader for the rudimentary presentation of the work, it is sincerely proffered.

May its value be similar to that of a slight beacon of light dispelling darkness and ignorance and leading all Americans to the knowledge and understanding of TRUTH, indicating also the educational remedy that should be applied for the survival of our glorious American CONSTITUTION.