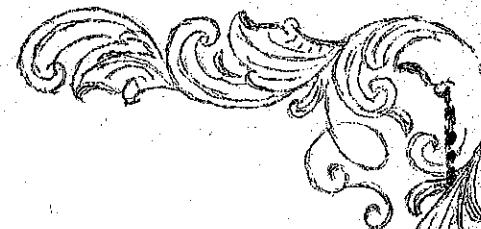
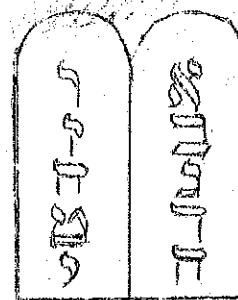


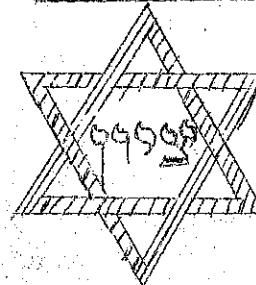
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MAY

1915



Zionist Bulletin

Shabuoth Number

FLOWER DAY.

Sunday, May 16th, will this year be observed as "Flower Day" for the National Fund. The importance of "Flower Day" as a means of helping the National Fund cannot be overestimated. Last year, when "Flower Day" was merely an experiment, the National Fund was increased by close to \$4000. The sequel to "Flower Day", "Flag Day", which was also but an experiment, netted the National Fund over \$7000. These figures merely go to show what a big monetary result can be obtained thru a little effort on the part of a few of the Jewish people. It is reasonable to expect that, having profited by last year's experience, the workers can easily treble last year's amount.

Pittsburgh contributed its share to "Flower Day" last year, by collecting over \$500, which was about equal to what Cleveland contributed. When "Flag Day" was held last February all over the country, Pittsburgh, for a good reason perhaps, did not participate in the work at all, while Cleveland had a "Flag Day", and collected over \$1500--three times the amount collected on "Flower Day", and without doubt, Cleveland will be among the leaders in this coming "Flower Day".

The question is, what will Pittsburgh, which has the reputation of being the "stronghold of the National Fund", what will Pittsburgh do on "Flower Day" this year? Will it live up to its reputation by collecting more than any other city in proportion to population? That can easily be done! The Jews of Pittsburgh are willing to give, if only someone will come and ask them. ALL we need is volunteers--as many girls as possible to volunteer to sell flowers on May 16th. The work is honorable; it is not begging for charity; it is asking the Jewish people to help the National Fund, which means to help themselves.

Jewish girls of Pittsburgh, do your duty to your people! Let everyone of you who can possibly spare the time, send her name to the Zionist Institute as a volunteer to be a "Flower Day" worker!

----C.

LITERARY

RUTH.

Persons (Naomi) (Ruth) (Orpa) Daughters-in-law of Naomi.

Scene: A road. Large fields stretch far and wide in the distance.
Nightfall. Naomi, Ruth and Orpa are coming towards Judea.

Naomi

My daughters, here from me your leave do take,
And to your homes return. May God Almighty
Deal with you kindly, as you dealt with me.
(Kisses Ruth and Orpa. They weep.)

Orpaz

May, mother, nay, from you we cannot part;
With you we'll go, one common fate for all.
Our loss is one; the sons for whom you mourn
Were dear as life to us. Our pain is one;
We're sisters in distress. So let us hence
Not part.

Ruth

Well spake my sister Orpa dear.
With thee unto thy people shall we go
And dwell with thee.

Naomi

O daughters, your woe is great,
Yet Time your wounds can heal. There's yet in store
All joy that life can give. Among your kinsmen
There yet are gallants stout, who fain would be
Your husbands 'stead of those you lost. With me
Unlike your fate will be. Ye cannot hope
For sons of mine your wounded hearts to heal,
Nor can ye find content in Israel's camp,
For Israel's path is not with roses strewn.
Not so, return unto your land and gods,
And I alone my weary way will tread...

(Long pause.)

Orpa

There's wisdom in thy words. I have bethought
Myself and as thou sayest will I do.

(Kisses Naomi and Ruth. Departs.)

Naomi

Seest thou how wise thy sister is? Do thou
Her footsteps follow!

Naomi

I pray thee, mother, bear
With me, if I so stubborn seem. Request
Me not to leave. Thy people and thy God

Shall also mine be. Wither thou wilt go
I, too, will go! But Death can sep'rate us.

Naomi

Thy spirit well becomes a child in Israel.
Yet ere thou break'st thy nation's ties,
Bethink thyself, lest thou some day regret
This deed which being done cannot be undone.
Would'st thou to go with me to Israel's camp?
Knowest thou to whither that path leads?
The path of Israel's filled with thorns, and those
That tread it, suffer endless pain and woe.
Desirest thou their lot to share? Wilt thou
Who art accustomed from thy childhood years
To live a care-free life, bear the yoke
Of Israel's law, and serve the Holy God?
'Tis hard to be a Jew, but once a Jew
'Tis harder still its binding ties to break.
Reflect, and let thy wisdom counsel thee
To do as I request.

Ruth

My mind is firm,
My purpose clear! To Israel will I go,
And Israel's God and Israel's laws obey,
I pray thee, urge me not again to leave,

Naomi

I urge no more. Where rashness rules the mind
There wisdom must give way. Unto Judea
Shall we now go!

---SAMUEL CAPLAN,

ISRAEL AND THE LAW.

One of the most essential things in the formation of a nation is LAW. It is indeed, second only to LIBERTY. Without Law, Liberty deteriorates into license, which soon results in anarchy. Therefore, very shortly after the children of Israel were liberated from Egyptian bondage, Moses assembled them before Mount Sinai, where they received the Divine Law--the Torah. For forty years Moses himself taught and explained the Law and its practical application, to a generation that was growing up in freedom and that knew not Egypt and slavery. It was principally due to the efforts of this great Teacher in imbuing the minds of the people with the eternal Truth and the fundamental principles of the Torah, that it had become an essential part of their very lives,--until it could truthfully be said that "Israel and the Torah are one."

Century followed century. Israel lost its political independence, regained it, and lost it again. He was finally exiled from his native land entirely. He took nothing with him, save the Law of Moses. All through the long Night that followed he clung to it as a man clings to life. Indeed, it WAS and IS his life. Without it, he would have disappeared long ago, with it, he never can.

In the course of time, Israel's enemies, also, discovered what the Law was to him. They observed that in spite of all the persecution, oppression, and humiliation they heaped upon him, Israel still lived and, to a certain degree, thrived and prospered; that without any executive government of his own, he still managed to so regulate his mode of living that it often surpassed their own. They wondered why he has not merged his identity with theirs. They soon surmised that it was the Mosaic Law that was responsible for all this, and they determined to suppress it. They began by prohibiting the study of the Law and the practice of its precepts, making it a capital offence. But the Law continued to be studied and its precepts obeyed, for Israel would sooner part with life than with the Torah. Enraged by this failure, the enemies determined to actually destroy the Jewish Law. Time and again

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the Books of Moses and the Talmud were burned and otherwise destroyed. In 1242, twenty-four waggonloads of manuscripts of the Talmud were burn at Paris. In 1553, at Rome, and in 1559, at Cremona, Italy, thousands volumes were burned at Kamenetz-Podolsk, Poland. To this very day, one of the first things that the mobs do, when breaking into the Jewish quarters in Russia, is to go to the synagogue and desecrate and tear to pieces the Scrolls of the Law. They knew not that "Gvillim nisrofim v'othiach porcheth", ... That the parchments only were burned, but the letters scared upwards unharmed, for they are indestructible.

Many of Israel's enemies have long ago disappeared, and with them their religion and culture, while Israel with splendor and joy, annually celebrates the giving of the LAW, that made him immortal.

HARRY LEVITE.

REMEMBER "FLOWER DAY", MAY 16TH.

LEW PITTSBURGH LEAD

Dont fail to get the next issue!

New features!

Better than ever!

BONZIE THE SILENT.

(Translated from the Yiddish of I. L. Peretz.)

Here, in this world, the death of Bonzie the Silent caused no sensation whatever. Who cared who Bonzie had been, how he had lived, and what had caused his death whether his heart suddenly burst within him, whether his strength gave way, or whether it was hunger that had brought about his death?

Had a horse fallen in the street, people would have been more interested. Newspapers would have written about it, hundreds of people would have come to look at the carcass and inspect even the spot where the accident had occurred. But Bonzie's death did not alarm anybody. He had lived silently and died silently; like a shadow he passed thru our world.

At Bonzie's circumcision no wine was drunk, and no speeches were held. He lived like a grain of sand on the bank of the sea among many others of its kind, and when the wind came and blew it across to the other side of the sea, no one took any notice of it.

During his life, the mud never bore the imprints of his foot; after his death, the wind carried away the little board, which was to have served as his tombstone, and no one knows now even where Bonzie's burial place is.

Born silently, lived silently, died silently, and buried still more silently...

Not so, however, was the case in the other world; there Bonzie's death made a very big impression. The bugle which is to announce the arrival of the Messiah, resounded thru the celestial spaces. "Bonzie the Silent has died!" The most prominent angels with the largest wings soared about and reported to each other, "Bonzie has been ordered before the Celestial Council." And what excitement and commotion among the inhabitants of Paradise! "Bonzie the Silent! He is not to be trifled with!"

Young angels with sparkling eyes, golden wings, and small silver slippers flew with a light towards Bonzie, and the flapping of their wings, the knocking of their slippers and the ringing laughter coming out of their fresh and rosy little mouths, filled the heavenly spaces and reached to the Throne of the Almighty, who already knew that Bonzie had arrived.

Father Abraham stationed himself at the entrance to Paradise, his countenance illuminated with a happy smile ready to welcome the approaching guest.

What was that rolling of wheels?

That was a golden throne which two angels had wheeled into Paradise for Bonzie.
What was that dazzling light?

That was a golden crown set with most precious stones, and also for Bonzie.

"Prior to the decree of the Celestial Council?" surprisedly asked the inhabitants of Paradise, and not altogether without jealousy.

"That will be only a mere formality," answered the angels, "the accusing angel has nothing to say against Bonzie the Silent, and the trial will be over in a few minutes."

When the chanting angels seized him and raised him high into the air, when Abraham shook his hand warmly, when he heard that a throne was ready for him in Paradise, that upon his head will glitter a crown, and that no one will accuse him before the Celestial Council, Bonzie, like at all other times, was silent. He was quite certain that he was dreaming, and he was afraid to lift his eyes, lest the dream disappear. He was positive that he had been mistaken for some great Rabbi or other, and he didn't move a limb, fearing lest he be recognized and be thrown into Purgatory.

In his trembling condition he did not hear the angels' compliments; he did not acknowledge Father Abraham's hearty welcome, and being led before the Celestial Council, he did not bid him "Good-day". His fright increased when he, unwillingly, glanced at the floor of the Celestial Court-Room. Pure alabaster and diamonds! In his fright he did not even hear how the judge announced plainly, "The Case of "Bonzie the

Silent," and giving the protocol to the defending angel, he said, "Read it, but briefly!"

As thru a dream, Bonzie heard the defending angel's sweet voice saying, "His name fitted him like a glove."

"What is he saying?" inquired Bonzie, and an impatient voice interrupted him, saying, "Whitcut parables!"

"He never complained against anybody," continued the defending angel, "and never did his eye blaze up with hatred."

The impatient voice again interrupted, "Without rhetoric!"

"When he was eight days old, he was circumcised ---"

"Without realism!"

"The circumciser, a brute, did not attempt to stop the flow of blood ---"

"Proceed!"

"He was silent" continued the defending angel, even when his mother died, and he received a step-mother who was a real savage towards him."

"Perhaps they do mean me," thought Bonzie.

"She didn't spare him any blows, and his brown-and-blue body always peeped out thru his torn clothes. In the coldest weather, he used to stand in the yard barefooted and chop wood for her. More than once his hands and his foot werefrozen, but he was silent, even to his father ---"

"To the drunkard," laughed the accusing angel.

"--- He didn't complain. He was silent even when upon one snowy winter night, his father, while drunk, threw him out of doors. He got up quietly and went away."

"I suppose they really mean me," said Bonzie to himself.

"Once," continued the defending angel, there flew past him a pair of runaway horses hitched to a carriage.. The driver was already lying on the street with a cleaved skull. The horses were covered with foam; sparks were flying from beneath their hoofs, and their eyes glared like torches in a dark night --- and within the carriage sat a man. Bonzie stopped the horses in their mad flight, and the rescued man did not forget him in his kindness. He gave him the dead driver's job; moreover he gave him his daughter in marriage; and still more --- he provided him even with a

child. And Bonzie was still silent."

"They really do mean me," assured himself Bonzie, but yet he did not dare lift his eyes.

The defender continued. "He was silent even when his wife ran away and left a baby in his care. He was silent, fifteen years later, when the child became big and strong enough to throw him out of doors. He was silent, when the man whom he had once rescued, ~~had~~ again rode in a carriage pulled by runaway horses, ran him over. He was silent even in the hospital, where one is permitted to scream. He was silent when he was on the point of death, and he was silent when he died."

Bonzie began to shiver again. He well knew that it was the accusing angel's turn to speak, and who knew what he might have to say?

"Gentlemen ---" began a harsh and hearse voice, but it stopped.

"Gentlemen ---" the voice began more softly, but again stopped.

At last there came from the same throat almost a mellow voice, ---

"Gentlemen, he was silent, I shall also be silent."

For a while it was still; then a soft trembling voice was heard, ---

"Bonzie, my child Bonzie ---"

Bonzie's heart melted within him. He wanted to open his eyes, but they were shrouded with tears. Never since his mother died had he heard such a voice and such words.

"My child," said the presiding judge, "you have suffered and yet were silent. There was not a spot in your body without a wound; there was not a concealed place in your soul which did not bleed, and still you were silent. You yourself had been ignorant of your power. You did not know that your cries would have shattered down the walls of Jericho. There, in the world of falsehood, your silence was not appreciated but here you will receive your reward. The Celestial Council decrees that everything is yours!"

Bonzie lifted his eyes for the first time, but the dazzling glitter forced him to lower them again.

"Is it true?" he asked doubtfully.

"Of course," answered the judge. "Everything that you see here in Heaven belongs to you, for everything that glitters and glistens is only a reflection of your own soul; you are taking only your own!"

"Is it really true?"

"Certainly, certainly."

"If such is really the case, then," smiled Bonzie, "I want every morning a warm roll with fresh butter."

Judges and angels lowered their heads abashed, and the accusing angel burst out in laughter.

ISRAEL AT MOUNT SINAI.

"And it came to pass on the third day, in the morning, that there were thunders and lightnings, and a thick cloud upon the mount, and the voice of the trumpet exceeding loud: so that all the people that was in the camp trembled... And the mount Sinai was altogether on a smoke, because the Lord descended upon it in fire, and the smoke thereof ascended as the smoke of a furnace and the whole mount quaked greatly."

How vividly does the Bible describe the union established between Israel and Immortality! None other witnessed it except God and Moses, heaven and earth.

Indeed it would be interesting to know what occupied the minds of the recently freed slaves. Did they know how sacred was the ground on which they stood? Were they aware that God Himself was soon to descend from the heavens and make them a gift of the most valuable teaching? Did they perceive that the previous horde of slaves was soon to be transformed into an immortal nation, which no power in the world could overcome? Did they comprehend how great was their victory over the darkness which then prevailed, and their overwhelming triumph over the world, carrying in one hand the torch of enlightenment and in the other the bright sun of faith? Did they gaze

into the future and see themselves an established nation, with kings, priests, and prophets, the latter declaring the fates of nations; and prophesying the future of humanity to the last generation? Did they then, rejoicing with their recently received freedom, and singing the song of liberty, dream of their later wanderings among the nations, forsaken by God and by man, without a leader and without a friend?

No! Israel was ignorant of all this. Their wish to return to Egypt and their impatience which resulted in the making of the golden calf, is ample proof thereof. The only one whose eye penetrated the thick veil behind which the future lay hidden, was the great liberator Moses, the father of the prophets. He knew Israel as an artist knows the work which he himself had produced. He was familiar with their merits and their defects and he was therefore able to direct their steps.

The Architect of the world did not appear to instill fear into His people, nor did He intend to perform any miracles. He came only to proffer them a valuable gift in such a manner that would make an everlasting impression upon them. He uttered his words thru fire, for they are an eternal flame, which all the seas could not extinguish. He gave them the Law thru thunder and lightning so that no force should wrest it from them. He offered it to them thru smoke, a symbol that their destruction will be sought thru fire and smoke, and only by the great Law will they survive in spite of their persecutors.

Therefore, we are celebrating the holiday of Shabouth with pride and joy, with splendor and enthusiasm. Altho we are in exile among blood-thirsty enemies, yet we are fortunate with our lot, for we are the teachers of humanity, to whom all must reluctantly bow their heads, for we have ~~thoroughly~~ taught them to believe, to love, and to live. It is true that we are greatly oppressed, yet we are certain that the great teaching which is the "Tree of Life" will encourage us and we shall yet enjoy the reward for our sufferings.

--ISADORE SWISS.

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REMEMBER FLOWER DAY MAY 14TH

LET PITTSBURGH LEAD!

VOL. I.
Published monthly by the

THE ZIONIST BULLETIN

No. 2.
Zion Literary Society.

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- E D I T O R I A L S -
* * * * * * * * * * *

The Polish "To My Beloved Jews."

Following the example of their kinsman, the Czar of Russia, who startled the world by his now famous declaration "To my beloved Jews", the Poles, who stand on a level with the Russian despot as far as cruelties and outrages towards the Jews are concerned, have recently also declared their love for the Jews. Thru their messenger a certain Herr Hausner, they sent us word that they are our best friends and that they would appreciate it (by a new boycott?) if we should give them our support in their struggle for national independence.

Needless to say, Herr Hausner failed in his mission. There were enough Jews with sufficient red blood in their veins to tell the representative of the Polish people that the time for reconciliation was over, and that altho the Jewish people

had no objection to the Poles regaining their independence, yet they would never join hands with the same Poles, who had murdered, pillaged, robbed, and boycotted them at a time when their sympathy and good-will was not needed.

More than likely, Herr Housner will not report this to his people at home, but that is unimportant to us. What is important to us, is the true significance of the event. This action of the Poles, and previously of the Russians, has revealed to us our tragic state. It has shown to us in what contempt we, as a people, are held by other peoples. Nations that have in time of peace maltreated us in the worst manner, dare come to us at a time, when they need us, and with nothing but lip homage, hope to gain our confidence. That nations are so brazen-faced, so shameless, is not surprising. In the realm of Hypocrisy, such action is termed diplomacy. But neither Russia nor Poland have approached other peoples, less important than we are, with such "diplomacy." Why is it that we only, receive such treatment? The answer is obvious. Other peoples have a land, a government of their own, but we have not. The fact that we are not a national entity, encourages the nations to believe that we would accept anything that is offered to us, and they act accordingly. Such is the lot of the almsman, and such is our lot among the nations!

IS THERE ANOTHER SIDE?

In commenting upon the sale of the Jewish Technical Schools at Haifa, the Pittsburgh "Jewish Criterion" concluded after presenting an extremely prejudiced side of the case, that the German Jews "did the best thing under the circumstances". It goes on to say that if there is another side to the question, it would be glad to present it to the public.

It is reasonable to suppose that every story has two sides, and it is more than reasonable to suppose that the "Criterion" knew that this particular story did have a second side. Why the "Criterion" should place more credence in the statement of a

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certain Carle Adler than in the statements published by Dr. Schmaryah Lewin, who is personally acquainted with the situation, is puzzling to us. However, the public, to whom the "Criterion" promises to present the other side of the question if there is one, is already aware of that side and, from the opinions expressed in the Yiddish press, we gather that the public agrees with it.

SPARKS AND FLASHES

Bad conditions in Palestine? Bah! Look at our Achoozas!

* * *

If the Achoozas keep on buying land in Palestine at the rate of \$75,000 worth each time, we fear that by the time we succeed in scraping our pennies together, there won't be any land left to buy.

The Union of Orthodox Rabbis met recently in New York and decided to meet again next year.

* * *

When we saw the hundreds of Jews that wore flowers in their lapels on the Flower Day for Polish Relief, we wondered how many of these Jews will buy flowers on the Flower Day for the National Fund, -- for Jewish Relief...

* * *

Speaking of Flower Day, how about a hundred more Jewish girls as volunteers?

* * *

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"Far from Zion goeth forth the Law." We have a strictly Orthodox Synagogue at our Zionist Institute.

We do not envy Israel Zangwill a bit. If he is for Russia, his Jewish brethren are against him, and if he is against Russia, then his English countrymen oppose him.

We have recently discovered that the "famous" comparison between the streets of Tel-Aviv and Center and Wyllie Avenues, was rather complimentary to the former. There are already modern street cars running on Center Avenue...

The POALEI ZION are beginning to live up to their name. They have recently become quite active...

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- A C T I V I T I E S . -
* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

An extraordinary Conference of four of the largest ACHOOZOS in the United States took place the past month. It actually kept the representatives "going", for the sessions were held in three different cities, namely:- ST. Louis, April 11, 12, 13, Chicago, April 14, 15, Cleveland, April 16. A consolidation of the ACHOOZA A. of Pittsburgh, which was represented by Messrs. Morris Neaman and Max Andursky, ACHOOZA A. of Cleveland, ACHOOZA B. of Chicago, and ACHOOZA B. of St. Louis was brought about for the purpose of buying one large tract of land.

This land lies in the Valley of Jesreal, between the river Kishon and the Sea of Galilee. It comprises 7,000 Dunams of fertile soil. The Aphula station of the Jaffa Damascus-Mecca Railroad is close by it. The first payment of \$15,000 was already made, the rest to be paid in 5 years.

All of these ACHOOZOS are already closed, no new members being admitted.

A very enthusiastic meeting was held Tuesday evening, April 13th by the KADIMAH SOCIETY. Every one of the young ladies present volunteered to sell flowers on "Flower Day".

A literary program, which was very interesting and instructive, followed. Rabbi Brav of McKeesport gave a brief but comprehensive discussion about the Jewish characters in "Daniel Deronda". Mr. L. Haefner gave an optimistic talk about "The Possibilities of the Jew at the Present."

ON April 4th, the ZION LITERARY SOCIETY elected its officers for the next three months. The following are the new officers:- Julius G. Levenson, President; Samuel Alpern, Vice-President; Harry Levite, Secretary; Harry Rosenberg, Treasurer.

As a result of last year's Holiday Services conducted at the Zionist Institute, there grew out a Zionist Congregation, SHAREI ZION. IN the 8 months of its existence it has gained a membership of over 40, and it is steadily increasing. Mr. Wolf recently presented the Congregation with a wall-clock. The practice of having all donations go for the National Fund is very commendable. A considerable amount has already been gained thru this practice.

More than 500 people came Sunday evening, April 35th, to pay their respect to the memory of Isaac Loeb Peretz, the famous Yiddish writer, who died recently in Warsaw.

Sholem Asch, the eminent Yiddish prose author and dramatist, now residing in New York, was the principal speaker of the evening. Sholem Asch, who was a personal friend of Peretz, told of the latter's achievements in the field of Yiddish literature, and pointed out the fact that Peretz has thru his writings which emphasized the "human" part in Jewish life, returned many wavering young Jews to the fold.

The speaker held the audience spell-bound when he painted the plight of the Jewish refugees streaming into Warsaw from the province cities. F. Peretz, said the speaker, unlike all other writers, took no sides concerning the war, wrote no articles for one side or the other, but gave all his time and energy to help the unfortunate victims of the war bear their lot.

Arrangements have been completed for the second annual "Flower Day" for the National Fund, to be held next Sunday, May 16th. Miss Evelyn Averkach, who is chairman of the work has succeeded in engagigfalmest local woman's organizations to participate in the work. A meeting of all the "Flower Day" workers will be held at the Institute, May 11th.

Pittsburgh has proposed a contest among the cities working for "Flower Day," whereby the city getting the largest amount, shall be entered in the Golden Book by the losing cities, Chicago and New York being excluded. Pittsburgh will do its best to win. Our motto is "Let Pittsburgh Lead."

Pittsburgh Zionists had a distinguished guest in their midst for a few days. Mr. Abe Goldberg, the editor of "Dos Yiddish Folk" visited the city on his tour over the country in the interests of that paper. He addressed a large audience on Sunday, May 2nd, and on the following Wednesday, he talked to a group of Zionists on the duty resting upon them to help to maintain the only Zionist weekly in America, "Dos Yiddish Folk." The public responded thru individual donations which together amounted about \$75.00.

The Goffey Club will be the guests of honor at a luncheon tendered by the Zionist Council in appreciation of the work the club has been doing for the Council. The luncheon will be held Wednesday, May 12, at the Fort Pitt Hotel, and many prominent men will be present. A number of well-known entertainers have promised to take part in the program.

TYPES AROUND THE BUILDING,
2. A Model Worker.

'Tis often said, that precious goods
In little packs are wrapped.
With right I may this adage true,
To this my type adapt.

He's small in size—a little pack—
And not of strong physique,
His spirit—modest, unpretentious,
His manner—mild and meek.

His "pearly" name suggests in part,
His nature sweet and kind;
A friendly word, a kindly smile,
For everyone he'll find.

Yet underneath this gentle mien,
A fiery soul lies hid;
And filled with boundless energy,
He does what duties bid.

He never shirks, he always works,
The cause to him is dear;
A model worker is this man,
Unselfish and sincere.

—A. Wits.