

# The Plain Dealer Post Box

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## Rabbi Moses J. Gries: A Tribute.

Editor Plain Dealer—Sir: Having regard to all the circumstances, no heavier affliction has fallen upon Cleveland Jewry than the death of Rabbi Moses J. Gries. The suddenness with which the blow has fallen, the unexpectedness with which the community has been robbed by death of one of its foremost men must render the grief with which the news will everywhere be received the more poignant.

Seldom has it been so true that no man could have been so ill spared as the one who has been called to his eternal rest. The mind refuses to grasp the immense effect, not alone upon Cleveland Jewry, but upon Judaism at large, which the removal of Rabbi Gries must entail. His wise counsel, his sagacious advice, his enormous experience, his unfailing comprehension and his abundant common sense were never so needed. The man to whom all Cleveland looked for help and leading is no more. The loss we have sustained is irreparable. We of the present generation are the common sufferers of this bereavement. The world does indeed seem poorer by his loss.

No one who came at all into close contact with him could fail henceforth to have that exuberant mentality and genial presence among the invisible audience—the "choir invisible," as George Eliot called it—in which our best selves pass their existence. It is even more difficult to consider his spiritual career as closed and attempt to sum up its chief characteristics, and if I assail this impossible task with faltering hand at the moment of the overwhelming shock, it is in response to a call which a friendship of six years imposes on me.

Rabbi Gries made his theology human because he was so human himself. His was a great and noble soul which embraced all humanity, to which nothing was alien in time and place. Adorned as he was with accomplishments, he was as simple as a child in his answering faith in the great mystery of the universe. His generous spirit embraced all mankind in affectionate regard.

Gries was a man of action. He saw the needs of his people and forthwith he set out to supply them. By his indomitable will, his lofty purpose, his untiring diligence he overcame the most formidable difficulties to which others would have succumbed, and succeeded where others failed.

Rabbi Gries has created an "open temple," has stamped his personality, his genius upon the lives of the children who attended his school; they have caught the fervor and fire of their teacher and master; the enthusiasm for the sacred work and the spirit of co-ordination and co-operation without which no effective work for the common good can be accomplished.

He has not lived in vain; he has not toiled for naught. His life's work will remain. His name and his memory will be a blessing for Israel. A loyal Jew, a patriotic citizen, he has by his achievements written his name on the roster of those whom future generations will gratefully remember as the founders and forerunners.

We weep with the many that mourn his departure and ask that consolation be granted to his wife and children. To them a dear husband and father, he was to hundreds a friend, to thousands a beacon. His memory will be a source of blessing. On his fresh grave we reverently lay our tribute of respect and admiration. RABBI JACOB KLEIN.

Cleveland.

## The Map of Europe.

Editor Plain Dealer—Sir: "Your son," she said, "is just as bright as any boy can be" (I heard Miss Smith tell father so) "but won't learn joggafy." And then he called me in to him, gave me a page to learn, and said, "Now put the ball away and to your room adjourn." That page was full of questions on Europe's crowded map, and it was fully midnight before I dared to nap. For when my dad looks stern and cross, just as he did last night, I know he's got a lid on me all clamped down good and tight.

I got up bright and early with Europe on the brain. I wanted dad to be surprised at all it could contain. I didn't

miss a single word (and dad put extras in). I hoped he'd go and tell Miss Smith how hasty she had been. And then I saw he had a map right there before him spread, "It's Europe as it is today, now peace is near," he said. I had to get out my own map, and hold it close to see, if, when he said 'twas Europe there, he wasn't fooling me.

I'd squandered hours the night before to get those bound'ries right, and there they were all changed around in just a single night. The countries round the edges seemed just about the same; in middle Europe—why, gee whiz, they even changed in name! Now what's the use, just tell me that, for me to rack my brain to learn all that old joggafy, that's bound to change again? If there are so many changes when peace is only "near," what will it be for us poor kids when peace is really here? I'll swear right off on joggafy till Foch gets it all fixed, so those fierce German war lords can never get it mixed.

Cleveland.

L. C. A.

## Armenian Freedom.

Editor Plain Dealer—Sir: The terms of armistice concluded with the fallen Turk brought to many Armenians a feeling of grave apprehension and fear. Though the final peace terms will be widely different from armistice terms, the Armenians are anxious why the allies demanded the evacuation by the Turks of northern Persia, and at the same time failed to demand the evacuation of Armenia. What is the meaning of the clause that says, "Allies to occupy Armenia in case of disorder there"? Does this mean that Armenia will be left to Turkey on condition that no disorders will occur there?

Every living Armenian expects rightfully and deservedly to see independent and free Armenia. If the allies fail to satisfy the Armenian nation and make a bargain with the Turks at the expense of Armenia, then this world is not worthy of living, and whoever will be responsible for cheating and mistreating the Armenian natives, they will bear the punishment, if not now, then in some future time. Armenians must get their complete independence with their historical country for which they shed blood for the last five centuries. GREGORY TOROSSIAN.

Cleveland.

## Was a Hungarian.

Editor Plain Dealer—Sir: Your interesting Sunday story, "Austro-Hungarian Fired the First American Shot in the World War," requires a little correction. Alex. L. Acs (this is the genuine spelling of the name) was not an "Austro-Hungarian," but simply a "Hungarian," of the Magyar race. And he was not born in "Austria-Hungary" but in Hungary. There never was an Austro-Hungarian nation, and so there could not have been any Austro-Hungarians. There was an Austrian nation and a Hungarian nation, and, accordingly, there used to be Austrians and Hungarians. There never was an Austro-Hungarian citizenship, but there used to be a citizenship of Austria and a citizenship of Hungary. While these distinctions may appear rather flimsy to the uninitiated, they are, in reality, of vital importance "to all concerned," and the widespread lack of knowledge of these distinctions is responsible for the wrong conceptions that exist in our country today concerning the Hungarian nation and the Magyar race.

Cleveland.

HENRY BARACS.

## "Marshal" Pershing.

Editor Plain Dealer—Sir: The American people feel that their army is worthy to have an officer with rank equal to that of their allies. The people at home should demand that Pershing be made a marshal. No higher compliment than this could be made to our soldiers. It would make them feel that our people appreciate the noble sacrifices that they have made. H. C.

Cleveland.