

Noted Career Of Rabbi Scheinfeld

Lengthy obituary notices in the American press testify to the esteem in which the late Rabbi Solomon Scheinfeld, spiritual leader of Milwaukee Orthodox Jewry, and father of Mrs. Leo Frank, Rosebank, E. I., was held. The following is a general interest: Born Dec. 15, 1880, in Scadville, Romania, in a family that has had many scholars, Rabbi Scheinfeld was one of the rabbis included in the Kovno Yeshiva, under the famous rabbi, Isaac Eichenman, who came to the United States in 1901, almost directly to Milwaukee, and remained there less than a year before he returned to Milwaukee, where he served as an Orthodox rabbi, the Jewish population had been considerably in his absence. He was rabbi of Congregation Beth Shalom, he also headed the city's Orthodox community. Soon after arrival in the United States Rabbi Scheinfeld became a leader in the Zionist movement for the establishment of a Jewish homeland in Palestine. He was vice-president of the first Zionist organization in the United States and continued his work in the movement many years. Nationally, too, he was known for his widely distributed books written on ethical and cultural subjects. Among the most noted are the books, "Way Marks in the Path of Life," "The Superman," "The Lying World" and "Words of the Wise." In addition, he contributed to Hebrew periodicals and a Hebrew encyclopedia.

Humanitarian Work
A director of charitable societies and hospitals in Milwaukee served others than members of his own faith. At the time of the world war he established the local committee to collect funds for war sufferers. Many years ago established a Passover fund to provide Passover necessities for needy Jews and those in institutions. For all the fame that came to him in his religious and charitable work, he remained a man of exceptional modesty. In keeping with his attitude he expressed a wish, a few days last month, before his death, that his funeral be free from ostentation or elaborate ceremony. His oldest surviving son, Mr. Abram Scheinfeld, is well known in the Province, having visited Dr. and Mrs. Frank here on several occasions. He is an author and artist, and has achieved a wide reputation in recent years as a writer on scientific subjects.

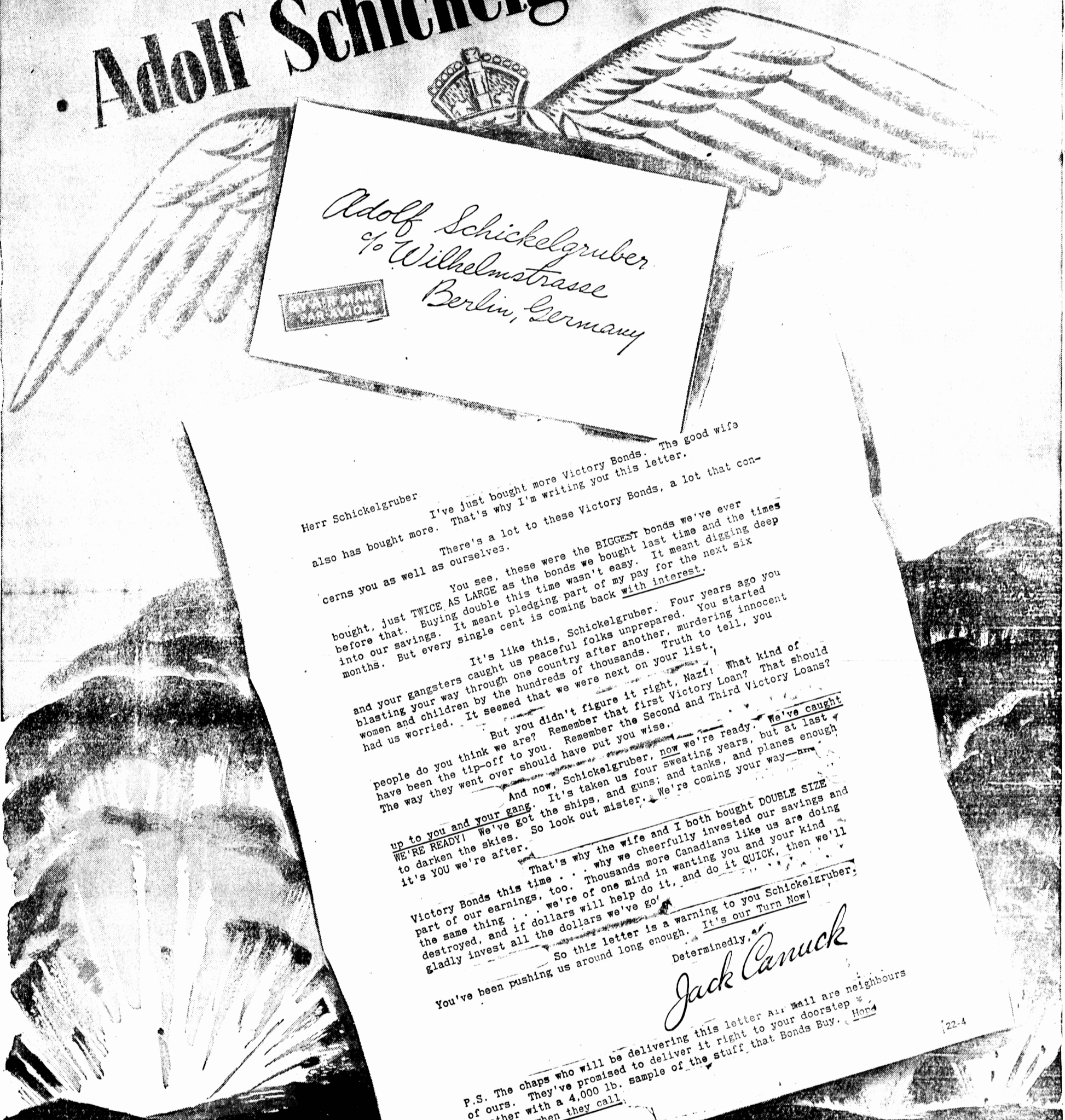
Mother

"John of The Lilacs" P. E. I.
The loveliness within thy heart,
That shows, from day to day,
The written glory in the sacred,
That heavenly way.
The thoughtfulness that always
Bloomed
In thy dear lips caressed,
When thy dear lips caressed,
All the roses here on earth
Fragrance wrote a name,
"Mother," would surely be their
choice
And every flower the same.
All the silver in her hair,
That spun from starfilled skies,
That then, perhaps would but ex-
plain,
The lovelight in her eyes.
Melodious, that one word "Mother"—
Who loved you—yes—from birth;
Who pain her pain—your joy, her
joy—
The dearest one on earth."

ODE TO A COTTAGE

How silent is the night,
When all the stars are bright,
And the trees are all aglow,
The wind howls to and fro.
I can hear no marching feet,
In by-gone days I'd meet,
The tinklings in the snow;
But dreams of long ago.
I surrounded mid the quiet life,
The darkened shadows, its worldly
plight,
The joys and tears through all the
years,
And fate, it lies in constant fears
Under lies the cottage state,
Behold its solemn lonely gate,
The meadows far and wide,
The path of memory seems to guide.
I'm dreaming in serene sleep,
I look upon it and sometimes weep;
And now I wonder in despair:
Though the cottage were not
there
Their fading faces bring nought but
tears,
I mingle with my lonesome years;
Their tender eyes and lips so sweet;
I want my dreams and haunting
feet
I parted from this worldly care,
I must slumber sometime there,
The cottages lie in eternal rest;
They leave behind their charming
rest.
Their kindness shall ever impart,
To the rich or poor, if mattered not,
They gave to all an equal lot.
I'm keeping thoughts to me so
dear,
I recall the days of cheer and fear;
Perhaps some simple little joke,
Of long ago will now provoke.
I view the cottage by the night;
I see nought but a dismal sight,
My memories will linger on,
Like the comb of the dawn.
—LEO WALSH,
Charlottetown, P. E. I.

A Letter to Adolf Schickelgruber



Adolf Schickelgruber
% Wilhelmstrasse
Berlin, Germany

Herr Schickelgruber
I've just bought more Victory Bonds. The good wife also has bought more. That's why I'm writing you this letter.
There's a lot to these Victory Bonds, a lot that concerns you as well as ourselves.
You see, these were the BIGGEST bonds we've ever bought, just TWICE AS LARGE as the bonds we bought last time and the times before that. Buying double this time wasn't easy. It meant digging deep into our savings. It meant pledging part of my pay for the next six months. But every single cent is coming back with interest.
It's like this, Schickelgruber. Four years ago you and your gangsters caught us peaceful folks unprepared. You started blasting your way through one country after another, murdering innocent women and children by the hundreds of thousands. Truth to tell, you had us worried. It seemed that we were next on your list.
But you didn't figure it right, Nazi! What kind of people do you think we are? Remember that first Victory Loan? That kind of have been the tip-off to you. Remember that Second and Third Victory Loans? The way they went over should have put you wise.
And now, Schickelgruber, now we're ready. We've caught up to you and your gang. It's taken us four sweating years, but at last WE'RE READY! We've got the ships, and guns, and tanks, and planes enough to darken the skies. So look out mister. We're coming your way—
That's why the wife and I both bought DOUBLE SIZE Victory Bonds this time. . . why we cheerfully invested our savings and part of our earnings, too. Thousands more Canadians like us are doing the same thing. . . we're of one mind in wanting you and your kind destroyed, and if dollars will help do it, and do it QUICK, then we'll gladly invest all the dollars we've got.
So this letter is a warning to you Schickelgruber: You've been pushing us around long enough. It's our Turn Now!
Determinedly,
Jack Canuck

P.S. The chaps who will be delivering this letter Air Mail are neighbours of ours. They've promised to deliver it right to your doorstep together with a 4,000 lb. sample of the stuff that Bonds Buy. Hope you're in when they call.

"Back the Attack!"

... Buy MORE



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"KING OF PAIN"
LINIMENT