

girl—he'd never murder anyone, but they will torture him, they'll make him confess—then they will hang him. Old fables you said can't happen, you said—well, it has happened. Again I ask you, what are you going to do, Josef? It's only you can save him.

Suss: Not so easy, Landauer. You are thinking of the fate of one man, but I have to think of all Jewry. And when such responsibility rests on my shoulders, I must make sure I don't sacrifice everything to gain a small point.

Landauer: A small point—a Jew in danger of his life—a small point, and you could prevent it with one word to your Duke. Do you want it to be said that Josef Suss is a traitor?

Suss: That's not true! Haven't I already done enough for Jewry?

Landauer: I know, I know you've built a synagogue, a hospital, a school or two—good! You've given money—good! But I also give money. Who doesn't?

Suss: I've done much more. If I had deserted Jewry and turned Christian, how easy it would have been for me to have become the first man in the Empire. But I remained a Jew—I never deny I am a Jew.

Landauer: Then show yourself to be one! But now, now, now—listen to them!

Suss: I can't settle anything to-day. I must think it over carefully. It might not be opportune.

Landauer: Opportune? To save a Jew who is guilty of nothing but being a Jew? Very well, let Seligman die. He'll not be the only one. Once they are let loose they'll kill and torture all of us except Josef Suss—who sacrificed his race for his house, his lackeys and his golden braid. (Sound of door opening.)

Suss: You—uncle!

Rabbi: Is it true that you are willing to let an innocent man die, rather than risk your own personal advancement?

Suss: No, no! It isn't true—surely you understand that?

Rabbi: The child does not understand. She has heard that one word from you to the Duke will save this man's life. You—her beloved father—so great, so good, a pillar of Jewry.

Suss: A pillar of Jewry, she says—I will show her my power has not been striven for in vain. I will do it now and then I will go to the child.

Rabbi: Before you see the child, come back here. I have something to tell you—something you will be interested to know—something you should know.

Suss: Await my return, uncle.

(Suss departs and knocks on Karl's door.)

Karl: Enter.

Karl: Welcome, Jew! Did you see the Demoiselle Weissensee?

Suss: Yes, Highness.

Karl: And was she grateful for my present?

Suss: She wished me to convey to your Highness her deepest appreciation of your generosity. And now, Highness, I have come for my reward.

Karl: But, Suss—

Suss: Your Highness has told me so many times that any favour I might like to ask would be granted. May I remind your Highness I have never availed myself of your gracious offer?

Karl: Yes, yes! I know.

Suss: Then, to-day I have a request, Highness.

Karl: Now, now, Suss, you'll ruin everything! I want to reward you in my own way and in my own time. I was going to have it a surprise, but you've spoilt everything—look, a letter to the Emperor asking him to make you a nobleman—in my own handwriting—

Suss: I am overwhelmed. But this wasn't the favour I wished to ask your Highness.

Karl: What! Not enough! What do you want?

Suss: I want Seligman.

Karl: Seligman? Who is Seligman?

Suss: Seligman is innocent, as your Highness very well knows. In the name of justice, I ask your Highness to grant him his freedom.

Karl: How dare you, Jew? How dare you come to me to plead for that crawling child murderer?

Suss: He is no murderer. There is no evidence. I must therefore repeat my request for this freedom.

Karl: You fool! What do you want to mix yourself up in this for? It is not Seligman they're after, but all the Jews—and you in particular.

Suss: I realise to the full, Highness, the truth of what you say. But I still want Seligman.

Karl: Haven't you any gratitude for all I've done for you? How can you have the effrontery to stand there and calmly ask me for this? Once and for all, Jew, keep out of this. Don't be a fool. I'll get you your patent of nobility from the Emperor, and then your future is assured.

Suss (tearing the paper): I want no patent of nobility. I want Seligman.

Karl (pushing back his chair furiously): You—you Jew, do you think you are so indispensable that you can insult me to my face? Do you presume that because I made you my financial counsellor—

Suss: That appointment no longer stands, your Highness.

Karl: What?

Suss: I ask you to accept my resignation. I shall leave to-day.

Karl: Oh, very well! Take your blasted Jew. But mark my words—one day you'll have to answer for it.

(The door opens and Marie approaches.)

Marie: Gentlemen, you look angry. Has the Demoiselle Weissensee caused a rift between two such staunch friends?

Suss: Your Highness will excuse me. (He retires.)

Marie: Our Jew is lovesick. Imagine Suss the subject of tender emotions. (Suss returns to Rabbi Gabriel.)

Suss: Your Seligman is free. Now what's the "something" I should know, uncle?

Rabbi: You said "your Seligman"—it is true.

Suss: What do you mean?

Rabbi: Your mother will explain.

Suss: My mother will explain—I don't understand.

Rabbi: She will tell you everything. Come, she is expecting you at Frankfurt.

Suss: But I promised Naomi—

Rabbi: The child will wait. It is better for you to know before you see her.

Suss: You spin me a riddle, uncle. It is better for me to know before I see her—know what?

Rabbi: That you will learn at Frankfurt.

(Music.)

End of Act III.

ONE OF RADIO'S PIONEERS

Mr. Alan McElwain,
Auckland Player, Visits
Wellington

ONE of the men who blazed the broadcasting trail in New Zealand is Mr. Alan McElwain, of Auckland, who dropped into the Wellington offices of the "Radio Record" the other day. Mr. McElwain started broadcasting in the days when 1YA's studio was in Scot's Hall in Symonds Street—and he has seen Auckland broadcasting expand to the present day of the palatial studios in Shortland Street.

Mr. McElwain has been spending a holiday in the Capital, and doing a little broadcasting from 2YA into the bargain ("The fee takes the sting out of the expenses sheet, you know!") This Aucklander says that one of the most difficult things in the world is putting humour over the air. "You stand in an empty studio, talking to a cold piece of steel, and, as you go on, the jokes you thought were top-notchers sound flatter and flatter. The only consolation is when some telephone rings come in, telling you that your number really was enjoyed in at least a few homes," said Mr. McElwain. "I had a letter from a man in the Far North. His mother had been bed-ridden for many years, and he bought her a wireless set to pass the time for her. He said that one of my sketches had made her laugh more heartily than anything had done for years. Another man in Central Otago, who had (by his own admission) a 'flax and barbed-wire' type of set, said that he always got a great deal of pleasure out of my broadcasts. So, even if you are going through something of an ordeal putting humour over in an empty room, it's worth-while when you know that it's being appreciated."

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