

**FOR THE GOOD OF  
THE RACE AND  
OTHER STORIES**

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For the Good of the Race and Other Stories by Bert Levy

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**BERT LEVY**

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AND OTHER STORIES*

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*WITH A FRONTISPIECE BY THE AUTHOR*

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Nov. 30/41.



*DEDICATION*

*To My Dear Dad who always  
believed in me.*

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## Preface

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OUT of the exclamation: "Gee! You ought to write a book," uttered by many friends? who had been reading my stuff in American and English newspapers, this volume has grown. Heaven forgive me for it. My stories have all been written on the wing, as it were,—in railroad depots, Pullman smokers, way-side lunch rooms and theatre-dressing-rooms, at unearthly hours while touring the vaudeville circuits when I had neither the time or inclination to cultivate literary style or to compel my grammar and punctuation to behave. The result is—literary vaudeville, that's all. It is customary for the perpetrator of a book, so I have been told, to let the reader know in a preface something about himself. The best I can do is to quote an interview with myself, by myself, published in "The Lone Hand" (Australia), Feb. 1st, 1912. The editor of "The Lone Hand" wired to ask me if I would receive an interviewer and tell him something about my career. Here is my reply—I repeat it here because it is not *all* about myself.

DEAR EDITOR,—Don't send an interviewer. Don't shoot, I'll tell you everything.

I was born in Ballarat, and there is no

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## Preface

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marble drinking-fountain erected by grateful citizens to mark the spot.

I was not born and reared in luxury, nor did awed neighbors—on that eventful morning—look into my baby face and whisper: “Oh, the beautiful darling! He’ll be a great artist some day.” The nurse did not discover me drawing a wonderful picture of her on my satin-covered pillow, and it is not a fact that at the age of six months I neglected my gruel to copy Corot and the great Turner.

I was just one of those ordinary Hebrew babies, hundreds of which were making their appearance in our neighborhood every month. I was never—in my childhood—much of a pride and joy to my parents—being more or less sickly and in trouble. Instead of saturating myself with Milton and Shakespeare (as all great artists did at the age of six years) I was around pulling neighbors’ doorbells, and otherwise making myself a general curse.

At the age of seven I had a dangerous illness, which left me (conductor, please play very *piano*) so shattered that I was henceforth known to the family as “poor Abe.”

Abe—which is a sort of affectionate abbreviation of Abraham—is my real name. Oh!