

Settlement Bulletin



VOL. III.

MARCH, 1909.

NO. 1.

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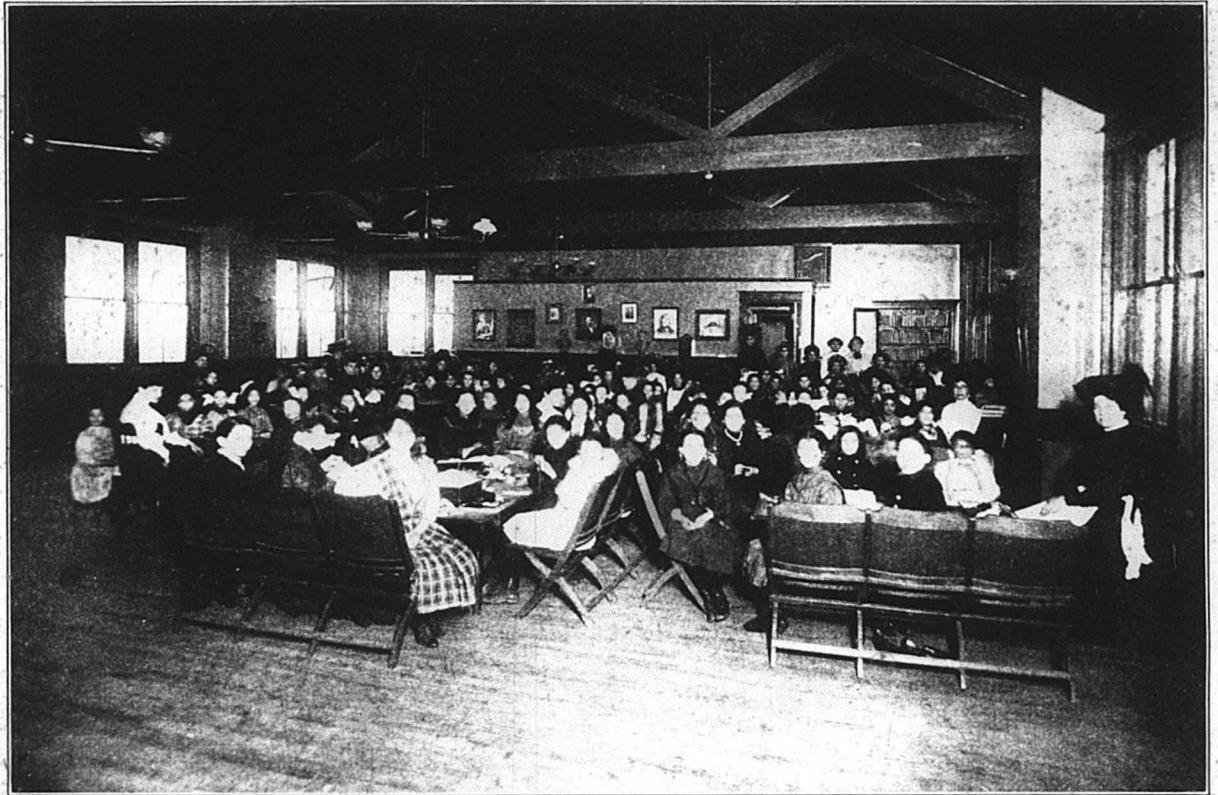
Settlement Bulletin

ISSUED NINE TIMES A YEAR IN THE INTEREST OF THE SOCIAL SETTLEMENT

Vol. III.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., MARCH, 1909.

No. 1.



THE SETTLEMENT HEARTH

By EDWIN A. RUMBALL.

We have built too many temples, we have built so few homes. The churchless man is by no means so unfortunate as the hearthless man. It is not merely a sentiment, but a dogma from the core of humanity, that

"Mid pleasures and palaces, wher'er we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."

It may not be as true to-day, as in earlier days, that the whole of a nation's progress is dependent on the home life of its people, but it can hardly ever cease to be true that, one of the most potent factors in the evolution of a high-souled civilization, must be the hearth, and, the hearth for more than the cloister.

To evolve and to preserve an altar for the hearth, where parents and their chil-

dren's children may worship, has been the work of individuals, societies and nations for many a long day. In Rome and Greece the fire of the hearth symbolized an ideal for which men willingly gave their lives. In China, from the lowest servant to the monarch of those four hundred millions, the sanctity of the home and the parents who have lived therein, can hardly be imagined by the peoples of the setting sun. The temples where men and women have worshipped, the fraternities which the instinct of mutual aid have developed in every community, the love wherewith one man loves one woman, and one woman one man, all have heralded amid their evangels, that there's no place like home. If the message which is brought to us tells of some other place, enjoyable, everlasting and heavenly, unless it is like home, the heart beats no quicker and our aspirations are unstirred. From the days of Edward

Denison and Arnold Toynbee, the social settlements have laid many bricks in building the homes of the nations. Not amid the palaces, badly as they are sometimes needing instruction in home life, but amid the tenements, and slacks, near the dwellings of the poor, the settlement has given a sanctity to thousands of hearths. In all our cities, there are men and women who have homes—four walls and a roof, a stove, a bed and a family—but who are nevertheless homeless. The spirit hovers not in their chimneys, no visions appear in their fires; there is no joy in any heart, because there is no love at home. But who charms the spirit of the chimney corner, who relights the joy in every heart and changes the house into a home? Perhaps a preacher through a sermon, perhaps a reformer through the law, but again and again a sane, warm-hearted woman; again and again a good hearted

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Settlement Bulletin

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of the Social Settlement of*

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Editorial

This is the first number of our new volume. Is it possible that your subscription is not paid for the new year?

It is not the business of any magazine or paper to pat the organization which it represents on the back. And yet self-patting-on-the-back has its advantages at times: it keeps the light from getting too far under the bushel, and we have some things to congratulate ourselves about, though we say it, "as shouldn't." The thing we wish to refer to is the faithfulness of what are generally known as the workers: the teachers of classes and the friends from other parts of the city who take an interest in this particular section.

If a teacher fails to appear or to send a substitute when her class should meet, then it soon becomes very hard to get the class together when the teacher is there. If this sort of thing becomes the rule, volunteer teachers have to be superseded by professional ones who give their entire time to it and who cannot possibly bring in as much freshness, enthusiasm and newness of view-point as those who come from an atmosphere of other and bigger affairs. The children miss much when they lose their volunteer teachers.

And what possible use is the strong helpful friend who somehow can never be found when her strength is most needed, or who never happens to know when hard times are befalling those she claims to feel an interest for. Ties of any kind, once formed, make their claim any day, every day and cease to exist when they cease to interfere.

Those who show the greatest interest here, even to taking the burden of re-

sponsibility and management on their shoulders, have to be faithful in the bigger things; but it is all one. Without this quality we could accomplish little; with it the possibilities are unbounded.

The Bulletin extends its appreciation to the friends of "The Home" for their loyalty, interest and faithfulness.

This month we break the back-bone of Old Winter (we hope) and through his last gasps we feel the approach of young Spring.

In the Spring our friends' kind heart-throbs beat "Day Nursery loud and long; And "The Home" in thankful gladness echoes "Nursery" in its song.

Do you want to help us play the game "pretend?" You be the good-fairy and ask us what we want. We'll tell you; but so that we may know better how to act in the presence of good-fairies won't you please bring us more books, some Red, Blue, Yellow and Green Fairy tales—my, we just love them!

It is a pleasure to invite one's friends to visit the Settlement. Have you given such an invitation, and enjoyed the intense interest that expands and expands as the many sided views of its usefulness are seen?

When one voice attempts to speak for the many, there is much to express, much in both quality and quantity. It is of the helpers at the Settlement that one of them would speak.

It is hard to estimate truly whether more help is given or received. The way we try to be helpful is to add something of the joy and usefulness of our country's interests to the foreign-born child,—just to give of that which comes to our own children as a natural heritage.

We endeavor to plant, as it were, tiny seeds in the heart soil, seeds of love of nature, of art, of literature and of industry. This is done in simple ways and through the tender care of friendship there is a growth whose blossoming is beautiful.

Worth while to come and help an hour a week, there need be no question—if you have known the fragrance of something which is received in the budding.

LIBRARY.

"Please, can I take Liberry?"—such an appealing voice, such a winning smile! Who can resist? She knows just what she doesn't want, too, though it's very hard to discover just what kind of a book she does want; for when you ask her she answers with an indulgent smile at your stupidity: "I want a Liberry!" It's usually the call of the Fairy Tale, the demand of recognition from the world of imagination. One must get acquainted with witches and elves in order to be able to "pretend"; and after one knows how to pretend, one's earthly lot is of very minor consequence. After one knows how to rub the lamp of imagination one can have a thousand more interesting adventures than even Aladdin had and—well, really if you haven't read Arabian Nights you'd better come and get a "Liberry."

GOOD TIMES.

We paid our little tribute to Lincoln on his birthday, rallying round the flag to the tune of "Abraham Lincoln Forever." Owing to the nearness of St. Valentine's Day we exchanged, quite impersonally, tokens of love in the shape of valentines and each of the children went away with an extra sweet heart—of candy.

On Monday evening, February 15th, the College Woman's Club met in the Sunshine Assembly Hall and with their friends enjoyed a talk by Mr. Briggs on the work at the State Farm and the merits of the Cottage System.

Tuesday afternoon after the regular work was over the children had a real surprise party—ice cream and cake presented by the College Woman's Club.

The Pansy Club had a Valentine Party. Its members are rejoicing at the prospect of dressing a beautiful doll for some hospital.

THE SETTLEMENT HEARTH

Continued from page 3

hard working girl with an idea her mother never heard of. Whence came the woman? Where learnt the girl? Two words reply, the Social Settlement. In the minds of many, a Social Settlement is often thought of as a Social Institution. It is true that in some instances institutionalism has entered where the original plan did not invite. There are settlements and settlements. There is a growing tendency on the part of those who have seen longest service in this kind of life to go back to the original spirit underlying their beginnings, and to deplore the tendency to institutionalism. The happy mean seems to have been struck by Barnett in his "Fifteenth Annual Report of Toynbee Hall." He writes that this settlement "exists that it may tell on individuals when two or three meet together and in the presence of the higher ideal which appears in their midst, see the ignorance or the suffering of the sin which is around, they cannot help sorting the machinery by which that goodwill may become effective." A certain amount of machinery is inevitable, our home must contain machinery, but woe unto it, if it becomes a machine. Mrs. Simkovitch of Greenwich House, New York, says most truly the word we want. "The home must not be made the noisy club house filled with various hybrid educational and social activities that will gradually drive out the simple home life, without which a settlement is devoid of that spirit that alone can render it permanently useful in the neighborhood as a stimulus towards generally improved conditions: for a settlement is primarily a stimulus, and only secondarily an institution.

Doubtless the best judges of the character of a Social Settlement are the people who live around it and in it. The official investigator, the outside district-visitor can obtain information, but seldom obtain its spirit. Wisdom is justified of her children, not visitors, so also are settlements justified. Go to Baden Street and ask the people who live there, where the Social Settlement can be found, and though that name is in letters of gold on the door, no one will be able to give you the information. The children who play on this street never hear of such a place in their homes, and an enquiry of them

will be received with the same bewilderment. If you are one of those very few and very tame people who doubt the influence of Social Settlement, you may return home, and tell it out among your heathen that the settlement work is so puny and insignificant, that its very neighbors do not know of its existence. But the wisdom of the wise can become foolishness. The Social Settlement on Baden street, though official title and door title are to the contrary, is known among its neighbors and friends as "The Home." The name which a place earns is always better and truer than the name with which it is christened. The word "Settlement" is but a word, the word "home" is a language and more. The "Home" on Baden Street has a hearth, towards which many turn for warmth. In the blaze upon this hearth, many have seen strange visions, and by its chimney corner they have felt a new spirit which has cheered, enlightened, inspired. The demand for fuel is great but Rochester is a forest. Let the fire burn.

△

WORK.

What is work? Who asks? Of whom do you ask? What a variety of answers there will be! Work is life—but "Life is one demd horrid grind" therefore—no that's surely an unpleasant point of view. Work is our tribute to the past, our contribution to the future. It is our privilege to be able to pay for our share in the wonders of this world and by doing our small part to help perfect the mighty scheme around us.

No matter what our appointed task may be, whether digging ditches or washing dishes, the doing of it with all our might, giving one's best to it makes it noble. Let the heart and mind be hitched to the mechanical fingers and the journey will be a pleasant one. Most work is like taking out Hastings, ripping out the toil of yesterday; but in the mean time the Hastings have served their purpose and the garment is the more perfect for their having been there. The potato-digger and the problem-digger are both working for that which will invigorate man. Both are necessary.

"Joy to the Toiler!

Him that tills the field with plenty crowned;

Him with the woodman's axe that thrills the wilderness profound;

Him that all day doth sweating bend in the fierce furnace heat;

And her whose cunning fingers tend on loom and spindle fleet!

A prayer more than the prayer of Saint,

A faith no fate can foil

Lives in the heart that shall not faint In time-long task of Toil."

"Let us then be up and doing"—but alas! some are up and undoing and some are up and done; some are up and would be doing. What are we going to do about it? What can we do when a man day after day looks for work, his family hungry and himself desperate? It's easy enough to say there's plenty of work for all and if a man really is willing to work he can find something to do. How can he find it? Will someone kindly suggest a way? This problem is much worse now that it will be with the next generation for the reason that industrial training of school boys will make more resourceful men. If a tailor is out of work he can perhaps get a position in a carpenter's shop; a carpenter out of work can do skilled work in a factory because his hands and eyes are trained and he will readily learn something new. At present a tailor is greatly handicapped in dull season because he modestly refuses to accept any position except in the line of his own trade. It seems to me that they should be reasoned with either in the shops or at Social Centers or any place where they can be reached.

A man out of work is a danger to the community and the community should feel the responsibility by giving employment to all. In this "topsy-turvy world, where all the heaviest wrongs get uppermost" there is great need of reaching down to draw up the best and, once up, the best will stay on top. Skim off the wrongs and the rights will show their strength and beauty. Let us all work to show up the right, then it will help us rest in peace and comfort. Each of us can do something, attempt something to "earn a night's repose," whether we are directing our efforts toward finding work for someone else or whether we are actually chopping wood is all the same in the long run. Let us "wear out" rather than "rust out."

It may be true and indeed should be that

"Labor with what zeal we will,
Something still remains undone."

For we must leave something for those to come; but with something done here we will be ready for new experiences, to learn new crafts in the world beyond the curtain:—

When earth's last picture is painted; and the tubes are twisted and dried,
When the oldest colors have faded, and the youngest critic has died,
We shall rest, and faith, we shall need it—lie down for an aeon or two,
Till the Master of All-Good Workmen shall set us to work anew!

And only the Master shall praise us, and only the Master shall blame;
And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for fame;
But each for the joy of the working and each in his separate star
Shall draw the thing as he sees it for the God of things as they are!

THE INFLUENCE OF PICTURES

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL

A Picture at Fano

"Dear and great Angel, wouldst thou
only leave
That child, when thou hast done with
him, for me!
Let me sit all the day here, that when
we
Shall find performed thy special
ministry,
And time come for departure, thou
suspending
Thy flight, may'st see another child
for tending,
Another still to quiet and retrieve."

—Robert Browning

In this beautiful poem of The Guardian Angel, Browning describes to us his feelings in looking at a picture painted by Guercino, an old but almost unknown Italian painter. More than this, Browning expresses his gratitude to the artist for the help and comfort the painting has given him.

It is for the inspiration and help that great works of art thus give, that the thousands of Americans are yearly crossing the Atlantic and spending millions of money to attain. It is for this too that the countless copies have flooded our country, bringing back to the stay-at-homes, no matter how inadequately, a little of the glory that minds of genius have left behind them.

What is there then in these pictures that makes them great and wonderful, and why is not a photographer as influential a man as Raphael or Michael Angelo, for instance?

It seems to me that one reason is, that every great artist believes in the soul of things, not only in his own soul or the soul of every man, but the soul of trees and grasses, and of brooks and stones. Did you ever hear any one say in looking at a fine landscape, "Ah! he has caught the 'spirit' of the place"? Catching the spirit first, then interpreting it and giving it to the world is the work of every true artist and poet. When this is done the soul within us rises to meet that other and outer soul thus interpreted and thus expanded, and we in our turn are "inspired", breathed upon by the everlasting spirit thus manifested.

Color, form, good drawing, composition, atmosphere; technique, "wet ways" of handling, impressionist school, Japanese prints, what have all these terms to do with the comprehension or expression of the spirit? Tools and materials merely, servants of the master who knows how to break all rules if need be.

Above my desk I have a little copy of "The Winged Victory", and I am just superstitious enough to feel that it has brought me good luck. Such perfect power, such grace, who could think failure

looking at her! The wings of the goddess of victory, light, joyous and powerful, lift my drooping spirits and before I know it, I am soaring with her, making golden plans for the future.

I once had a beautiful water color given me. It was a picture of some rocks and a very quiet sunny sea. I hung it in my little bedroom and enjoyed looking at it when I first awoke. Strange wasn't it that that picture had an influence on my top bureau drawer? But it did. I think the room was swept and dusted, too, twice as often after the picture was placed there. All sorts of cobwebs and disagreeable things were cleared away—from my heart first, however, and then from the room.

You remember how many people changed their course of action as they caught Pippa's lovely song as it rang through the streets? And the old, old verse comes back to me and haunts me still.

"Whatsoever things are true,
whatsoever things are lovely . . .
Think, I say on these things."

—KATE E. OTIS

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MARCH

I Martius am! Once first,
and now the third!
To lead the year was my
appointed place;
A mortal dispossessed me
by a word,
And set there Janus with
the double face.
Hence I make war on all
the human race.
I shake the cities with my
hurricanes;
I flood the rivers and their
banks efface,
And drown the farms and
hamlets with my rains.

—Longfellow