

The Quiet Hour.

What Some People are Doing.

Though I am still laid on the shelf with a lame knee, and have been forced to drop any active participation in settlement work, of course I am still deeply interested in the progress of the college settlements among the poor of the great cities. It was therefore a great pleasure to me to read an article on "Settlement Work in a Great Metropolis," by Anna Seaton Schmidt, and I think it will be of interest to our readers, so I will quote from her article which deals with some of the settlements in Old London. She gives us a peep into one House where the weekly party given by the Young People's Club is in progress. These parties are encouraged because the work of the young men and women during the day is very confining, and they need the social relaxation in a bright and happy atmosphere which is provided for them. Their homes are stuffy and forlorn and they are sure to find amusement on the streets, or in low dancing halls, unless a better place is open to them.

"The evening that we selected to go over happened to be Bank Holiday. Mr. Gladstone, the enthusiastic young warden, conducted us to the large hall, where about fifty girls in simple white shirt-waists and dark skirts were wheeling gaily around with their attendant cavaliers. They always have a dance on holidays. There is nothing that the young folks enjoy more, so they are willing to return early from their excursions in the country. Otherwise they would be late in the streets and perhaps get into bad company.

"Just then a handsome young man approached and was introduced as Professor M., of Cambridge, who was visiting the warden. 'Will you dance with the girls?' I asked. 'Oh, yes, I enjoy it immensely. I've promised Mr. Gladstone to look after all the wallflowers!' As the next waltz began, he crossed the hall and spoke to some girls who were sitting on a bench, quietly watching the dancers. Their beaming faces told of their pleasure, as he led, first one, then another into the magic circle. The dance over, he took them to the refreshment counter for a cup of coffee and a sandwich."

Probably some of our readers will think that dancing-parties are a strange way of elevating the degraded. But it is safer to refrain from judging, until one has had personal experience of settlement problems.

The Passmore Edwards Settlement is not exactly in the "Slums" of London, but it provides for the social needs of the people around, whose "small salaries permit of no luxuries, and after their hard day's toil they would find little pleasure in their overcrowded homes, or dingy boarding-houses. . . . Under the noble moral influence of its inmates they are encouraged and helped to lead good lives."

But the work of the Duchess of Newcastle, in her little settlement of St. Anthony, in Whitechapel, is reaching a much lower and more degraded class, "who must be taught, through the beautiful lessons of Christian charity, that the rich are not the enemies of the poor, and that it is possible, even for those born in the dens and lairs of the East End, to conquer environment and become self-respecting, self-supporting members of society."

Though only a small fraction of the "submerged tenth" has as yet been reached and helped to throw off the crushing weight of despairing misery, yet even that is worth while. "Statistics in England prove that crime and drunkenness have greatly decreased since the settlements began their work," says Miss Schmidt, "the jails, recently torn down in London, are not to be replaced because of the decrease in the number of criminals. Social workers agree that the streets are the nurseries of crime, from which the jails have been recruited—they direct their combined efforts toward rescuing children from such pernicious influences." What can be expected of children growing up in the degraded atmosphere of the worst slums? They are accustomed to indecent overcrowding and dirt, their clothes are mostly dragged rags, and the language they hear and use is utterly indescribable in polite society. "But after two or three years spent in the evening classes at St. Anthony's, a

wonderful change takes place in the children, who are thus brought under the personal influence of the Duchess. Watching the pretty, bright girls as they deftly cut and planned their winter dresses in her sewing school, and remembering their homes, where 'a father or mother live with three or four children in one room, and seldom have enough to eat,' it seemed one of God's greatest miracles that anything so pure and sweet could come out of such foulness. 'We are great believers in the inheritance which each child has received from her Heavenly Father, if only we can provide the environment.'"

"The Duchess always takes the most depraved cases. If a man has stabbed his wife, if a drunken woman is beating the children, Her Grace is sent for—day or night she fearlessly enters the worst tenements in Whitechapel." One of her helpers—Miss Violet—says that when she first came to St. Anthony's, she was terribly frightened in the tenement houses, with their dark, crooked stairways and drunken men and women. "When I heard them quarrelling I would often turn back—then the thought of our beautiful Duchess, who goes into much worse places, would make me ashamed of my cowardice. She is never afraid. Often she returns late at night from her home in the West End, and walks here from the underground station. She won't spend a cent on cabs if she can walk. She saves every penny for her poor, sick people."

After visiting some of the neighbors in their homes, where too often the beds were unmade, dirt piled in every corner, potato peelings, cabbage leaves and bits of bread strewn on the floor and drunken men and women in a heavy stupor, they returned to the settlement.

"After all, we must not blame them too much," said Miss Violet. "The longer I live among them, the more I wonder that any are sober. You cannot imagine what our winter means without fire or light—especially when the fogs settle over London. The men return from their work wet and tired. What comfort is there in a room damp from fog and rain, filled with crying children, no fire and an ill-smelling lamp? Is it not natural they seek the saloons for comfort?"

"Many of these poor creatures lead beautiful lives," said Her Grace. "I often feel that we receive here more than we give, from the noble example of those who are so patient, so cheerful, in spite of their terrible poverty."

The settlements certainly are doing a great deal to bring rich and poor together, and the spiritual gain is perhaps greater to the former than to the latter. They are learning that it is the joy and privilege, as well as the duty, of the strong to bear the infirmities of the weak and not to please themselves. HOPE.

My Pillowmobile.

'Tis my delight,
In the depths of night,
To speed in my Pillow Car;
To dance perchance,
Thru sunny France,
Perhaps to the Polar Star.
I linger long
In the Hills of Song,
I travel to Mandelay;
I board my ship
And take a trip
To glorious Yesterday.
My Pillow train
Will jump from Spain
To Saturn, perhaps the Moon;
Then take the track
That leads me back
To the home of Eternal June.
Thru old Japan,
Beloochistan,
And Thibet and gay Pekin;
And thence we creep
Thru the vasty deep
To the haunts of the Tribes of Fin.
My Pillow Car's
Been up to Mars,
It travels both earth and air;
And, like the wind,
It leaves behind
The City of Woe and Care.
So come with me
On a pillowy spree,
For the Land of Dreams awheel;
Thru sky and earth,
To joy and mirth.
In my wonderful Pillowmobile.
—John Kendrick Bangs, in Harper's Magazine.

The Roundabout Club

A Country Boy in a Big City.

Editor "The Roundabout Club":

Having seen several articles in "The Farmer's Advocate" discussing the subject, "How to Keep the Boys on the Farm," I thought it might be a good thing if the young men could see things in their right light. A young man comes to the city at Exhibition time, Thanksgiving, Christmas, or Easter; he sees all the lights and festivities and is greatly attracted by it all, but fails to realize that "all is not gold that glitters," and that after the excitement there comes a calm, and everything goes back to its normal state. Now, let us take a look at boarding-house life in a large city.

A young man arrives in the city and seeks a room for himself, and after a while finds one to his liking at from one dollar and a half to two dollars and a half a week. The lady of the house at once informs him that if he has any callers he must take them up to his room; he must be out at a certain time in the morning or his bed will not be made; and he must supply his own towels and soap. He next hunts up a boarding-house, and finds one that he thinks he likes and pays three dollars a week. Meal hours are 6.15 a. m. to 8 a. m., dinner 12 m. to 1.30 p. m., and supper from 5.30 p. m. to 7 p. m. If he is there, all well and good; if not, he has to go without, or go out and buy for himself. He is not at home where mother will give him a bite, and where the pantry is handy.

This young man next finds employment, and his working hours are 7 a. m. to 6 p. m., with one hour for dinner. He rises at 6 a. m., prepares for work, and then proceeds to his boarding-house, and after breaking his fast, sets out for work. At noon he returns to his room, washes, makes himself presentable, goes over for dinner, and then back to another five hours' work. He hurries home when his work is done, hungry as a hunter, and feels as if he could eat anything that was placed before him, but he cannot go and sit right down to his meal as he could at home; no, he must go to his room, wash, dress for the evening, and then off to his boarding-house. At his old home, with dear old father and mother, Betty, Maggie, Jack and Tom around the table, the conversation used to be on topics which were interesting to him; but at this table, what is the talk? Nonsense and chatter, which is intended for "every-one in general, but no one in particular," and which is of no interest to him. At home he would say, "Betty, that pudding is tip top," and Betty answers, "Pass over your plate," and he would get a second supply; here no second helpings he gets, or if he does, the black looks of the boarding mistress drive away his appetite.

After supper he has the choice of two things—spend the evening in his room, or go out. The city being new to him, there there are many things to be seen and heard. If he is moral and religious, the churches, Y. M. C. A.'s, Public Libraries, and night schools, open their doors to receive him; and if the opposite way, the theaters, bowling alleys, billiard parlors and music halls all invite him to an evening of enjoyment, while the saloons, with lights all glittering, invite all young men, rich and poor, good and bad, to their doom. It has been well named, "The Bar."

A bar to progress, a bar to health,
A door to poverty, a bar to wealth,
A bar to heaven, a gate to hell,
Who named it that, named it well.

Sunday comes around, and he gets up at an early hour and gets his best duds on, and off he goes for a walk, and then to breakfast. After that is over he may go for another walk, or go back to his room. At home in his leisure hours, Maggie would sit at the piano, and he could exercise his vocal powers, and no one interfered, or if he felt frisky he could give mother a kiss and a hug, or have a wrestle with Jack, or a good old-fashioned argument with Tom; but here he dare not sing, he might disturb the other roomers. There is no one around who cares a straw whether he is happy or sad, good or bad, or whether he feels "at home" and has a pleasant time or not. All they think of is, give us your

money at the end of the week and keep out of our way. So he reads for a while, and then goes to church. In the afternoon he can go to Sunday school or not as he pleases, but there is not much of love or comfort for him. He goes to church at night, and after church to his lonely room, there to go to bed, and get refreshing sleep to prepare him for another week of work and thankless toil. At home, after church, they would sit around the big, old-fashioned stove, while the fire crackled and blazed, and discuss the sermon, and bring to memory old scenes and faces; mother would then bring out a pan of good "Snows," or Northern Spies, and oh! what a munching-match would follow, and then off to rest. ALL THIS HAS NOW PASSED OUT OF HIS LIFE.

This is but a faint picture of boarding-house life, with no sympathy, love or care, with only strangers, and no one in whom to confide a care or sorrow. True, when a young man comes to the city everything is new to him, but it soon becomes monotonous. The lights do not burn as brightly, the wheels do not turn as fast, the hurry and bustle become weary ploddings, and the young man wakes up to find that life in a large city is not all that he anticipated, and he sings:

"Mid pleasures and places though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
Home! home! sweet home!
There's no place like home!"

"An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain;
Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again!
The birds singing gaily, that came at my call,—
Give me them, and the peace of mind dearer than all.
Home! home! sweet home!
There's no place like home!"

Toronto.

"RAOUL."

We have been much interested in the above letter. The condition which it describes is one which has been experienced, perhaps, by every young man or woman who, going into a big city, has been obliged to face the barrenness of the ordinary boarding-house. . . . We should be much pleased to hear from others who have had experience in city life—the kind of city life, we mean, in which the way has not been made smooth by the presence of city friends or relatives—the kind of city life which must be looked forward to, for a time, at least, by everyone who goes into a metropolis alone, unheralded, and unknown. . . . To one point of Raoul's letter, however, we feel like taking exception. Surely the music-hall cannot be put indiscriminately in the same category with the vaudeville and saloon. There are, ostensibly, some "advantages" in the city of which those with a little money to spend, may avail themselves, and the high-class music-hall is assuredly one of them. There are, however, music-halls and music-halls, in some of which even music is prostituted. Possibly it may be to such as these that Raoul refers.

"Keep the South Winds Blowing."

Editor "Roundabout Club":

I am very interested in the subjects touched upon. I agree with John M. C. that the girls spoil the boys. On one occasion very recently a fine, sensible boy dropped a lady (?) friend because she was "too spoony."

I was delighted to read the rules on "Etiquette." It is my firm belief that we should be our best all the time, not merely when in society.

Having been happily married for six years, I eagerly read Nero's causes for unhappy marriages. "Keep the South Winds Blowing All the Time."

My little daughter of five has far too great a distance to walk to school. As I was a school teacher, we decided that she take little lessons at home for two or three years. How I enjoy teaching her! It has given me new ambition. As "Teacher, Nova Scotia," emphasizes thoroughness, I practice it, although one