

Human Interest Story.

O.H.Moses

May 3, 1921.

Should women become citizen? One Russian woman was very anxious to be able to have the same privilege as her husband when it came to city ~~state~~ and national politics. She attended the class in citizenship at N.H with her husband. They were preparing to take out their second papers. Upon being question what did George Washington do for a living before he became president she replied "Washington, he made his money by chopping cherries trees."

The visitor was telling the mother that he r daughter should drink plenty of milk, upon hearing that the girl was growing thin. The visitor explained what excellent nutrition value that wilk had and that it contained vittamines . O, please tell me where I can buy that kind of milk and I ~~want~~ buy some for Sara."

The Filson Historical Society

Should Women become citizens? A Russian woman attending the  
Citizenship  
~~AMERICANIZATION~~ Class at Neighborhood House, was very anxious to be  
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husband, to take out their second papers. Upon being questioned  
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President, she replied "George Washington, he made his money by  
chopping cherry trees."

The Filson Historical Society

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For Courier Journal.

The following was overheard in the Americanization Class at  
Neighborhood House:

This is how the man behaves at her husband when it comes to  
city, state, and national politics. She was questioning, along with her  
husband, to take out their second papers. Upon being questioned  
as to what George Washington did for a living before he became  
President, she replied, "George Washington, he made his money by  
shopping cheaply."

The Filson Historical Society

Dec. 17, 1928  
sent to Mr. Floran

### NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSE STORIES

(1) Written by Miss Ellis using Mr. Osborne's material

Neighborhood House needs a new door-step. The one it has is wearing out. There is a hollow an inch deep in it now, worn by the hundreds of feet which come hurrying into the house every day in search of good times, or advice, or music, or dramatics, or gym, or wood-work, or baby clinics, or parties. When 8,000 people enter the house during the course of the year, it is rather hard on door-steps.

But nobody cares how many door-steps are sacrificed so long as the usefulness of Neighborhood House shows no signs of wearing out. And it doesn't. In a changing neighborhood, it continues to offer the same kind of service it has always stood for to old friends and new, and the number of those who profit by it increases yearly.

Among the new friends who appear each fall, are those who enter the Citizenship Class, which is conducted at Neighborhood House yearly, under the auspices of the City Board of Education. Three evenings a week, during a period of three months, men and women of foreign birth gather in one of the class rooms to study the history and government of the land of their adoption, preparatory to becoming citizens. This year seventeen different nationalities are represented in the group.

"It is very interesting," remarked Mr. Cecil Osborne, the teacher of the class, "to see the change which takes place in attitude and viewpoint of the individual pupils, even during the very short time they are in attendance."

45-24



"Often, to begin with, they consider the class a burden, unnecessarily imposed by the Government, and resent having to attend, but by the end of the course, their spontaneous expressions of appreciation for what they have gained, convinces us that the class has succeeded in giving them new conceptions and a new outlook, and has increased the love of the aliens for the land of their adoption".

A young woman from Russia expressed her opinion of the class in these words: "I joined the class because I was expected to. I attend now because I like to. It has meant a great deal to me, and has taught me things I thought I already knew, --but didn't."

A Scotchman said: "Every alien should know about the laws and government of this country. The Citizenship Class is to my knowledge, the finest source for this information."

A Syrian from a tiny, practically unknown village near Mount Lebanon, recently said that in America he was "happy and prosperous. I owe it to the country of my choice to know its history and government. The Neighborhood House and the Citizenship Class have taught me this in a surprisingly short time."

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(2) *Written by Miss Wilson*

It was Saturday afternoon-- the quietest time of a busy week. The residents of the settlement had just drawn a sigh-- not of relief nor contentment, but one of exhaustion. All week long they had been on call for various types of service,

from tying up mashed fingers to making tarlatan costumes for various sized fairies. At last a minute to catch up the ends of a much scattered week, when out of the quietness came, "B-r-r-r"-- the door-bell! and again "B-r-r-r, and such an authoritative b-r-r-r at that. Surely to goodness, there could not be a policeman outside! No, not one-- there were two policemen-- what could have happened? An accident?-- a runaway boy? -- or --

"Does Mamie Jones live here?", came the query from the two defenders of the law. The policemen were told that she did not actually live at Neighborhood House, but spent much of her waking hours at the settlement, coming often to the House three or four hours before the opening time.

The policemen explained that Mamie had been picked up on Fourth Street as lost, and sent to the Central Station. When questioned, the only address she could give thru her tears, was "Neighborhood-- with a barber shop across the street".

The files were referred to, and Mamie's correct address obtained, and once more the Jones family was re-united. Mamie has promised that never again will she let Santa Claus and Christmas toys lure her from her home.

And the Worker went back to picking up the scattered ends of a muchly raveled week.

.....

55x20

If you don't know about Neighborhood House - you ought to. If you don't know where it is, and what it is, and why it is, you'd best find out. If you've never been there you'd better come - you won't be disappointed, I'll guarantee that.

You won't be disappointed because no one ever is when he finds himself right in the center of so much. And such a different lot of things - in fact every kind of thing - quiet things and noisy things (mostly noisy things) - bad things and nice things (mostly nice things) - big things and little things (mostly little things) - sad things and funny things (mostly funny things).- Who could ever be disappointed with all these things - mostly noisy, nice, little, funny things?

You will see and hear them all if you come. Any time - it makes no difference. If its hot or cold, rain or snow, daytime or nighttime, early or late, they will be there in all their thrilling flow of activity.

The place is on First Street between Walnut and Liberty Streets. It's not just one place, it's a lot of places. The place where you want to come first, though, is number 428. That's the best starting place. You might end there later on, but I'm not quite sure. You'll hear noises, very noisy noises, upstairs and downstairs, outside and inside. You'll walk straight ahead and open the door, to the very noisiest room first. Well, how all those children can get in that room! They really don't look jammed though, do they? They're in little groups playing very peacefully, though they have got the loudest voices! Look at that baby climbing on top the

shelf! She's trying to put back her book and get a doll. Heavens! She's going to fall! She has the right idea just the same and she didn't fall after all! And these little boys playing parchese, and how many puzzle pictures are there - 1, 2, 9, 10, 11, 16, 18? Look at that tiny doll furniture! Ten little girls playing house with it! And they're all "mamas", and they all live in one house, even though they do belong to four different nationalities! It makes one believe that the League of Nations is the best idea after all. We must go, there is so much else to see, so we close the door softly on the Childrens' Department.

We peep thru doors at every corner. Thru some we see little dark eyed girls sitting erectly at pianos; thru others we catch a glimpse of the Busy Bee Club in session or the Rainbow Girls sewing earnestly on the new curtains for their club room. We see a library, shelves lined with books, and in here the foreigners come three nights a week to study to become citizens of the United States.

But where are the boys, we ask. Whereupon the gymnasium door opens and the basketball team rushes out. It is four o'clock and the cast for the Mother Goose Play must stage its dress rehearsal.

What cunning costumes! Look at Miss Muffet's spider!! And they helped make most of their clothes themselves!

What a nice gym! They have movies here every Friday nite - free movies! And a dance every Thursday nite, and plays and basket ball games!

We've only seen half! There is another building. Its the best! Always save the best till last! Well, we couldn't

be disappointed. It is beautiful with its cool atmosphere, soft orange curtains, big leather chairs, open fireplace, cozy club rooms for the boys and adults. And upstairs, a large game room for the boys, a pool table, checker tables, and even ping pong! A wood work shop, too! Little boys and big boys - sawing, sandpapering, painting-toys, Barney Googles, Spark Plugs, the-tables, stools, chairs, baskets, everything!

You think to yourself that these children are very lucky to have such fun every day. You "Don't know the half". Wait until summer time and the playground! See the steady flow of bare feet pour the iron gates! Hear the songs, and shouts and screams of delight, the sound of rope swings and see-saws balancing back and forth, the thud of a ball hitting a bat, the splash of water, the patter of little feet on wet cement, and the excited squeals under a cold shower bath. This is fun! See tired worn mothers, holding cool shade of the trees, sleeping babies in their arms. This is rest and a short freedom from a dark overcrowded room.

It makes us think and feel so many things - big things and clean things and sad things. It makes us realize what a heaven such a place can be. The little ones, where would they play, where would they learn to adjust themselves, where learn good sportsmanship, citizenship and all those things which enter into fair play? Where would they go to satisfy their desires and impulses? There is no place at home to play with so many in a room. There is no back yard! Perhaps an alley or a vacant house! The worn mother, at nite, who's husband has been so cross, perhaps he will go to "Neighborhood". They have a card asking them to come. Yes, he goes and plays "snatch the handle" with his wife and wants to come again next Monday.



We see a little ten year old girl walking down the street as we leave. Beside her are five others younger than herself. We stop and ask her if she likes Neighborhood House. She looks up eagerly into our eyes, her face is full of childish happiness. "Aw, gee," she cries, "Its swell!" But her face tells us more than that.

The Filson Historical Society

## BOYS' WORK IN THE SMALLER SETTLEMENT HOUSE.

At five in the morning a piping voice floats up, "Is the Neighborhood ope?". At twelve at night - Home Sweet Home, and the big boy says, "Just one dance more".

The boy has been ever present in the settlement - he and his problems. And the settlement has ever striven to meet his needs by providing playground and club-room for the legitimate expression of his interest and energy, and by allying itself for his protection with every project in the field of social endeavor.

In Louisville the boy has played a vital part in the progress of the settlement. The movement began in a boys' club in the fall of 1896 in a room or two formerly used as quarters of a corner saloon. The work was financed by Miss Lucy Belknap and supervised by Mr. Archibald A. Hill who started several boy's clubs, notably one for the study of American history. Soon there were added classes in sewing and singing, story-telling for small children, and a literary club for young women. The numbers grew rapidly; the two rooms were overtaxed, and in 1897 a house was secured in the same locality and named Neighborhood House. This too became overtaxed and the settlement moved into a larger building with playground space. As time went on a gymnasium was added. Then the playground space was increased through the generosity of Mr. Walter Belknap, and still later a building was added for adult activities. This included a game-room for boys. And so the work has grown from the one or two rooms shared with the neighborhood to the larger quarters where the boys have club rooms of their own and a general sweep of the house. Throughout the years the vision of the president of the Neighborhood House Board, Mr. E.S. Tachau, has led the way. His deep interest in the settlement has drawn him into many fields of social endeavor that have been statewide in their value.

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In a recent ~~letter~~, <sup>telling</sup> ~~writing~~ of the <sup>the work at</sup> beginning of N.H., ~~1900~~

~~Of Neighborhood House, Mrs Hill has said in a recent letter~~

\* As I look back to those early days of work in Louisville, I am especially glad to remember the very unassuming proportions of the little house on Jefferson Street, and of what went on within its walls. Often the neighbors and the residents in charge, went to market together; ~~often while the dishes were being washed, a mother dropped in to talk over her own household duties and cares; we were in and out of our neighbors' homes as they were in and out of ours. Once we helped clean a hall over a great market place that a wedding might take place in it, and we were very proud when the bride sent for one of us to pin her veil on.~~ We were often sent for when illness came and even when birth and death were the austere occasions of need. Such homely contacts meant genuine sympathy, enduring insight, faith in the future of a city where such fundamental understanding could be built up between people of such diverse origins and environments. ~~But because these values are of the invisible sort they are appreciable rather than demonstrable.~~"

\* ~~But, I believe, if any one were to ask me what was the greatest value the settlement had, I should say it was its ability, through a wider social vision than is granted to most, to waken civic consciousness in all sorts and conditions of men.~~ One summer, for instance, we gave a thousand baths to young people of the neighborhood. Out of this personal labor grew the first community bath house established in Louisville. In somewhat the same fashion the playgrounds began, first in

omit in toto



the school yards nearest us and then on better fields. It ~~seemed to me when I visited the new Neighborhood House, so much enlarged and improved, that I saw this civic consciousness bearing fine fruit in the work at the House of some of the young men who had been the boys of our first clubs on Jefferson Street.~~"

The home nature of the smaller settlement lends itself to neighborliness. ~~(In its small intimate compass is the whole of life - its activities, its problems, its joys, its sorrows.)~~ <sup>Because</sup> On account of the <sup>limited</sup> exigencies of space the program must be flexible to meet the needs of the various groups. Those who come for light, warmth, cheer, council or intercourse with like-minded people must give and take. The group programs must be adapted to the general plan of the settlement. All of this is good for the boys. They must share the settlement with the members of their own families and with the members of all the families in the neighborhood.

Q In its work of teaching <sup>and guiding</sup> young people, ~~to think and act for themselves, of arousing a civic consciousness and of promoting a democratic spirit,~~ the settlement has come to feel the need of skilled leadership for its groups. In its young men leaders for boys, it wants, in addition to a cultural background, a knowledge of the special technique of handling groups. The workers must have some degree of skill in the activities in which groups of boys participate - such as ~~dramatics~~, <sup>dancing and dramatics</sup>, athletics, games and handicrafts. They must know the characteristics and interests of the various age groups so as to be able to respond intelligently to these interests. Above all, they must have native leadership, a sympathetic understanding of young people, high ideals and faith. Many progressive colleges are offering training for such group leadership on a professional basis. Even with this training it is only the worker with vision who will be able

to conserve spiritual values in the life of the boy. It is only those who can see the boy in all his relationships of life who can take a vital part in the settlement's function of interpreter - a function best performed by the natural growth of mutual confidence - and who can serve the social, economic and educational needs of the neighborhood. <sup>As Mrs. Barnett says,</sup> "The driving force is with the young". It is through them that future good will come. It will be those with vision who will exalt life.

Frances Ingram

Head Resident, Neighborhood House  
Louisville, Kentucky

may 28  
April 1, 1931

The Filson Historical Society

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Writing recently of the beginning of Neighborhood House, Mrs. Hill has said, "The values are of the invisible sort; they are appreciable rather than demonstrable. I believe, if any one were to ask me what was the greatest value the settlement had, I should say it was the ability, through a under social vision than is granted to most, to awaken civic consciousness in all sorts and conditions of men"

In the smaller settlement, its home nature lends itself to neighborliness. Its limited space necessitates adjustment of time and place amongst the various groups. The group program must be adapted to the general plan of the settlement. All this is good for the boys. They must share the settlement with the members of their own families, and with the members of all the families of the neighborhood.

## BOYS' WORK IN THE SMALLER SETTLEMENT HOUSE

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Head Resident, Neighborhood House  
Louisville, Kentucky

May 28, 1931.

The Filson Historical Society

Youth

Orgera Youth Studies

1930

Orgera  
Mr. Orgera

"YOUTH STUDIES"

Youth in Hard Times  
Nat. Fed. of Settlements

9 stories

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# youth in Hard Times

1. Otis Howe -
2. Mary Roberlacia
3. Rhoda Sacker - last P.
4. Harry. Dancy *make use of*
5. Charles - Stuart - *good for internal use*
6. Sarah Karen - *look at*
7. Morris Perelmutter - *and Rebecca*  
*sent -*
8. Dan - by Mrs. Fell
9. Gordon Clyde



Edward Hope

His Howe  
case

Edward Hope, 15 year old, left school in the 6th grade due to pressure at home. His father, John, his mother, Mary, American born, 45 and 32 respectively, struggled on salary of \$3.00 a day which Mr. Hope earned prior to 1929. In 1930 this was cut to \$2.50 a day. Edward never had luxuries or sometimes the necessities of life even under normal conditions. As he says, "Sometimes we had to go hungry because the rent came due that week, and so mother had to save money for it. In 1930 when the pinch of necessity struck the Hope family and even the \$3.00 a day was cut down to two days a week, Edward, who always wanted to be a mechanic says he decided that he would go out to help support himself.

His first job was in a bicycle shop where he thought he would learn to be a mechanic. This lasted for three months. In October, 1930, he was laid off because the "bicycle business" was no good any more. After a few weeks of making personal calls from establishment to establishment, he secured work as a delivery helper on a truck at which he earned approximately \$3 a week. This lasted up to the present. However, there were periods of "lay offs." In order to supplement his income, Edward sold newspapers at nights which "was tough" because he couldn't go

around with the gang nor could he have any of the fun of the other fellows who were free at night. For the past two years Edward has clothed himself, and had become more or less self-dependent in his views and actions. Now that he has an abundance of leisure time because he is not doing anything at all, he comes to Neighborhood House in the afternoons and evenings when the boys are around. He admits that "he has a bad temper." This temper reflects itself in the fact that he will not tolerate correction, nor will he tolerate seeming injustice to himself. He appears to be imbued with the spirit of "there's nothing I can do, nobody wants to give me a chance." His aims seem to be against the world. Edward is not an especially bright boy. In his time at home he reads war stories and stories about aviation. When asked about his opinions on present day conditions, he said, "there is no use worrying about it, can't do anything about it anyway." His outlook on life has become cold and calculating. He says, "before I'll go hungry, I'll get my food even if I have to steal it."

Mary Roberto  
(Mary Robertson)

(20 years of age)

Mary Roberto faced life with the realization that her ambition would never be fulfilled. The oldest daughter in a family of five, her father and mother Italian. She was able to attend High School and graduated from it. She could not continue because of financial difficulties in attending college. Her ambition was to be a teacher in domestic science, preferably sewing. The work she liked best was to teach sewing. "But," she says, "when I began High School I took a Commercial Course because I knew it would be impossible for me to attend some college. After I graduated I was greatly disappointed when I put my application at different agencies and received no reply from any of them. I worked temporarily at typing and sewing for different people. Finally in October 1931, I attained a position in a restaurant as bookkeeper and cashier. "Although it is not exactly what I wanted to do, I think I should be satisfied when one stops to think of the number of people out of employment." Mary left school in order to supplement the family income. With her income at present, she supports herself and contributes

to the family. At present she has adjusted herself in the position and is happy in her work, yet the difficulties she encountered in searching for this work have been such as to create a dissatisfied feeling at the time. The influences at work in this case was the Settlement House which provided an opportunity for recreation in the club activity.

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Rose Sacker (Rhoda Sacker)

Rose Sacker

Rose Sacker is a Syrian girl, 18 years old. She is a pretty girl with a pleasing type of personality and very anxious to attain recognition. She left school in the 9th grade to go to work for she desired to help at home.

Her father had died and the mother was struggling to bring up Rose and her brother. Rose held jobs as sales lady, cashier, clerk, etc., in the period of a year.

At present she has been unemployed for about six months. The effect of this unemployment on Rose in her own words are, "to be without a job has meant harder work for my mother, it means less to me for I do nothing but loaf." Rose has attempted to secure work through public and private agencies. She has canvassed various stores to secure work. During the last Christmas season she was able to work a few days part-time because of the Christmas rush. With this money Rose was able to assist in the family somewhat.

During her leisure time while unemployed Rose occasionally comes to the Settlement House. She reads a little and loafs. She still looks for work in stores, fruit stands and markets. However, search for work

has lost its zest. It seems as if this looking for work were more a mechanical habit applied through long practice. Her attitude toward the work is one of indifference now.

Prior to this period of unemployment Rose was a very active member of a club in the Settlement House. In this club she would stand up for issues and would feel keenly any adverse decision. Today it doesn't make any difference to her what the group thinks. She is satisfied to take a back seat and not worry about any of the problems.

Where she was a self-confident, aggressive girl who had ambition, and felt that she was ready to receive from the world a fair return for a fair work day, now she sits back and watches the world go by, still complacent and not caring very much what is going to happen.

went to Christ Church Cathedral

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Charles Stuart (Schaffer)

Because of the family inadequacy Charles left high school five years ago. He came from an American home, parents educated in common school. Yet due to pressure of unemployment, even in a prosperous period, Charles was forced to assume part of the family responsibility when he was 15 years of age. He worked for four years as an office helper, then as grocery clerk.

Last January he was laid off and since then has not worked. He is not an aggressive boy, nor has the unemployment seemed to change his outlook on life. He is more or less hopeful of securing work, but as far as being ambitious is concerned, there is none. His only desire now is to get a job in order that he might work. He has lost his purpose in life and solely plans to get a job at which he might earn some money. He spends his time at the Settlement engaged in various activities which tend to keep him physically fit.

Charles Stuart (Schaffer)

I had been going to High School for over a year when conditions at home became so I had to quit, and go to work. After working steadily for four years I found myself out of work, which now has been almost a year. I have been to numerous places, had many promises, but as yet no work, and this continual idleness has become monotonous.

Although spending lots of time at the Settlement House playing Basketball with other boys, helps a lot in passing the time and keeping fit. Still I have hopes that some day conditions will change for the better and I will be employed instead of being idle day after day.

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Sarah Kamer (Sarah Kareem)

Sarah Kamer, 22 years old, high school graduate. She typifies the first generation of a group of Syrians who settled in the neighborhood adjoining the Settlement House. Her folks, both born in Syria, and imbued with the Syrian "ideals" of the woman's place in society according to a Syrian viewpoint, discouraged Sarah in her attempts to become educated. The struggle was difficult for Sarah, because she defied racial tradition and group opinions in going on with her education. She finally graduated from High School.

Due to unemployment since graduating from High School, her self-confidence has been shattered. Her chief argument to her folks and friends and neighborhood has been that she would become something some day. This was not realized. She is the oldest daughter among six. The effect of this losing cast in the eyes of her family and in the eyes of her friends has created an unusual situation.

The effect on the group of Syrians has been "my girl doesn't need to go to school to learn to run a fruit stand." Sarah, in order to help support herself and sisters, opened a fruit stand after fruitless

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trials to secure work, in which she was interested. Her ambition was to be a seamstress and dress designer. She liked sewing "because it interests me more than anything else," as she says, "when I went looking for a job and didn't get any, I was very disappointed, and when I continued to look and couldn't find anything, I grew very discouraged and disgusted too."

At present, Sarah is taking care of a fruit stand in the market district of Louisville. She continually faces the taunts of her people who say, "after your high school education, you open a fruit stand." The effect has not only injured the girl in the loss of self-confidence but it has affected the Syrian group in that the mothers and fathers point to Sarah as an example of what happens to Syrian girls with ambition for furthering education. Sarah now belongs to a club in the local settlement house, and is interested in club work.

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Samuel Morris  
(Morris Perelmutter)

Samuel Morris is 22 years of age. He was born in Russia and came to this country with his parents and a sister three years his senior in 1914. In 1919 his father died. His parents were Jewish and with the Jewish ideals of giving their children the opportunities they lacked in Russia, his mother conducted a grocery business to support the family. All helped with the various duties in the store. They had a five-room flat which was furnished fairly comfortably.

Samuel attended the high school and showing an attitude for music attended the Conservatory of Music. Some people said that Samuel was a genius with a violin. He won State Tournament for Orchestra in Frankfort. He was official representative of the National High School Orchestra in Detroit from the local high school. He won the City, State, and Dixie district violin contest conducted by the National Federation Clubs for violinists under 32 years of age. He was sent to Boston by interested friends in a national contest where he secured Honorable Mention. He has conducted radio station orchestras and organized such bands. From 1921

MS

to 1930 he was enrolled as a student of music. He is a high school graduate and has shown unusual initiative in meeting the economic condition caused by mechanization of music. He gave himself a benefit performance through which he was able to purchase a very fine violin.

For the past two years he has worked approximately 40 weeks, earning a salary of \$60 per week. In between these short assignments he has played at parties, conducted a music school, and has made a definite attempt to stabilize his income, for he is supporting his sisters and brothers and is attempting to give them the finest of education. His occupations for the past two years were four weeks with a five-piece ensemble giving dinner-hour music at a hotel, a ten-piece master violinist, for six weeks with a theater, ten weeks as a violinist with a hotel symphonic orchestra, and so on. Each week he gives his earnings to his mother who is a very good manager.

At home he is always pleasant, he takes a cheerful interest in his younger brothers and sisters, helping and encouraging them in various ways. He is an active member of a music study club. While unemployed he practices six hours a day on the violin and helps at home. He keeps in close contact with his brothers and sisters in their outside activities, and at the settlement house cooperates with the music instructor and at times gives performances at the house. He encourages musical education in the family and in the settlement house. He is optimistic, cheerful and affable. He is a healthy young man with normal outlooks on life, yet due to the instability of his profession and due to the need for help to support his family he has had to worry and has been harassed by the fear of economic dependence. He was quite happy the past week for he has just secured an engagement with a local theater. He says this means

that he will be able to keep his brothers and sisters in school and support his family with a feeling of security for another period which may be for six weeks, ten weeks, he doesn't know for sure.

The Filson Historical Society

Dan

## TURNING DISAPPOINTMENT INTO DISCOVERY

Dan is in the navy now. It was his way of solving his problem of unemployment. The skeleton of his story is as familiar as any that hangs in the social worker's closet. These are the bony facts:

Mother died when he was twelve. Family of father and a younger brother. For four years, while in high school, Dan did all the housework, including washing and ironing. During the summers of these years, Dan worked in factories.

In May, 1926, Dan started to work as a yard clerk for the railroad. He asked for night work because he meant for this job to take him through college and professional school. His night work had to do with making up trains, figuring tonnage, weighing cars, checking cars, looking up records, speeding up movements, etc. His day work consisted of six hours of sleep and three classes in the university. With factory-like precision the schedule worked for four years.

In September 1930, Dan entered professional school. He got along on one hour less sleep, but stayed well. In January, 1931, his turn came to be "rolled," as they say in railroad speech. For two weeks, Dan tried to find a job, but discovered that there were none. By this time, his problem had become more mental than economic.

I saw Dan twice during these two weeks of job-hunting. He was very solemn. When he did talk it was in a figurative way. He seemed to regard the depression as an opponent in a boxing match. He had been knocked down by the bank's closing, by losing his job, by being forced to quit professional school. He seemed to be trying to decide

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whether to lie on the mat and be counted out or to get up just to be knocked down again. He went on thinking aloud, "a person can stand only just so many knocks, then the lights go out on him, and he doesn't know anything about the rest." Perhaps it was the youth in him which turned his own thoughts, for he got up to go saying that perhaps the worst time was when his bad luck was ready to drop out, too. "I think I can hold on a little longer", he said, in closing the door.

Two days later I had a phone call from the mother of Dan's room-mate. She was excited. Dan had gone to an uncle in New Mexico. His railroad employer had given him a mileage <sup>book</sup> pass, and he had lost no time starting. I got his address and wrote him, asking that he tell me about his enforced vacation travel. It would give me a lift which I needed. That is how I kept the continuity.

Idleness was not for Dan. After a few days with relatives, he decided to pass the time in sight-seeing. He wanted to see California. How he saw it reads best from his own account:

"It was about four o'clock in the morning, and as I lay in bed, I heard the whistle of a train. I could see the beams from the head-light of a freight train as it came across the prairie. It was about ten miles away. My uncle lived in a little town that sits right out in the prairie. I knew the train would slow down and take siding at this town, for there was a coal-chute and a water tower. That train was going west, toward California. I sat up on the edge of the bed and began dressing. I never did make up my mind; I just let the sight of that west-bound freight train lure me on. I grabbed my rain coat and left by the back door, in almost a run. The engine

was just going into the switch, about a hundred yards behind my uncle's house. The night was clear and cool. The moon and stars lighted everything. Nothing stirred except the dog that awoke as I ran through the back yard. As I got closer to the train I could see that it was a long string of empty refrigerators. I "tied" into the car that passed me right then, and got down into the ice bunker at one end of the car. The train continued to move, and I lay there collecting myself. It was about eight hundred miles to the Pacific Coast, and I was on my way. I had managed to get away without waking any one at my uncle's house. Well, I would drop them a card. The moon and stars were shining and not a cloud was in the sky, It would surely be a pretty day."

" When daybreak came I crawled up to steal a look at the country I was passing through. Up toward the front of the train there was another fellow with his head out of the hatch. When the sun came out and warmed the air we crawled out and enjoyed the scenery. By that time there were three of us, and we were all trying to go to California. We got into Tucson, Arizona at eight o'clock. There we either ate too much or tried to see too much of the town, for our train got away from us.

" That night we saw a lot of hobos who didn't seem to care where they were going. They "bummed" their meals from back doors wherever trains stopped long enough for them to get off. They slept anywhere they could. The Salvation Army or the town jail were always at their disposal. They didn't want to work; they just wanted to move around without worries. The fellows I was with were different. We had states we claimed and bragged about. We didn't have much money, but



we went to a hotel.

"There were no trains until six o'clock the next evening. When one came along all three of us got down into a bunker and went to sleep. The next morning we were in Yuma, Arizona. As we crossed the street a big truck drove up to the curb. The driver asked us to help him unload the truck, and for our help he took us out to El Centro, California. This lift was about seventy-five miles. The truck was loaded with fruit and vegetables. Our breakfast was spread before us!

"When we got into El Centro we cleaned up, and decided to take the highway out of there. All three of us walked to the edge of town where <sup>we</sup> were to separate along the road. We tossed up a coin to see who would walk out first, for the one who walks out first is generally the last one to get a ride. Well, the fellow from Iowa lost, and walked out first. I followed about a hundred yards behind him, and the fellow from Oklahoma followed me. As luck had it, Iowa got a ride right away, and I haven't seen him since.

"Oklahoma and I stuck together all that day. We got short rides and passed each other all afternoon until we got into the Sierra Nevada Mountains. Machines were scarce out there, so we walked together until it began to get dark. Our talk was about finding a place to sleep. I was thirsty, and as we passed a gasoline station I stopped to get a drink. Oklahoma wasn't thirsty, so he waited in the road. While I was in the filling station I heard wheels slide as the brakes were applied on a machine. I looked out just in time to see Oklahoma get in and wave at me.

"Night was falling and I was alone, but I wasn't lonesome. I had

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<sup>for</sup>  
wonder company. Up in the mountains I found a place to sleep. The stars were all out to keep me company. I wished I knew their names. Then, it occurred to me that we three fellows who had enjoyed each other's company had not thought or cared to ask each other's name. We had traveled nearly eight hundred miles together in three days and <sup>two</sup> ~~two~~ <sup>night</sup> had been the best of friends. Now we had only the memories of chance acquaintance on the open road.

That was a very long quotation, so I'll not dwell on Dan's two weeks sojourn in San Deigo. Deep sea fishing at night was the most vivid experience there.

Back home in Kentucky, summer was receiving jobless men on park benches. It wasn't a hopeful sight. Dan had sampled travel and liked it. A big sign stood in the Custom House side walk: "The Navy goes everywhere. For Broad, Experience, Join the Navy. I want you for the Navy." Dan applied. A few weeks later he was called.

One incident in preparation for the new life was both fine and ridiculous. Dan sold his civilian clothes to pay a debt of thirty dollars. He had to wear the borrowed clothes of a middle-aged man for a week, and the transformation lost him the interest he had enjoyed in a very pretty girl.

Eight months of the four year contract with the navy have now passed. Life at the Naval Training Station seems to satisfy the demands of youth that there be order, and still marvelous excitement, — such as sea planes and the formations of air forces on Navy Day. But whether Dan is scrubbing and painting walls for Uncle Sam or pushing a little further in his classes at the Hospital School, he

believes his definite purpose is not lost but leased to a big experience. The next move will provide night hospital duty and day classes in professional school. No worry about bills and baggage. This sailor has no reason to be blue. He is big and healthy, and has learned to judge the "lick" of his opponent before it hits him and to avoid some of them.

The Filson Historical Society

For Miss Ingham  
from  
W.P.H.

Jordan Clyde 

When I was fourteen years old I had to quit school and go to work to help take care of my mother and family. I worked at the Western Union and at the Mackine body plant and a couple other places. I am twenty-two years old now and of all the work that I have ever done I have never had the job that I really wanted. I am not doing anything now but going to the Settlement House and going to the library. I help my mother at home. I help her wash clothes and wash dishes and do all I can, while I am out of work. But my real honest to goodness favorite job I have never had, but I hope I will get it in the future. My real ambition is to be an actor on the stage. I am somewhat a pretty good comedian and can buck dance to some extent and I am fond of dramatics and am full of fun and music. And to my opinion a boy is not happy working unless he is doing what he really wants to do. So I wish with all my heart that I will get to do what I want to do. And all other boys are made happy by getting the same thing.

The Filson Historical Society

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Jack Bryan (Harry Haney)

Harry Haney

Jack Bryan, 17 years old, was born in Memphis, Tenn. He has been in Louisville with his parents for the past three years. They are living at present in a squalid two-room flat off the river front. His father and mother both are Americans of American stock. They have been unable to provide a happy home for Jack. Neither of the parents have had much education. They attended public school for three years. Jack left school in the 7th grade in order to help out at home.

For the past year he has worked at odd jobs. He has never secured work through an agency. It was always through his own efforts that he was able to secure odd jobs to supplement the family income.

When he left school he went to work with a Pie Company, earning ~~Said off after 3 mo.~~ \$6 a week. This was in June 1930. Jack worked for three months earning \$6 a week, then he was laid off due to lack of work. His duties there were to wash and wipe plates. He says that he expected to advance in this factory. All boys who went to work there started with this job and then advanced until they possibly might get a "good job" earning

\$18 a week, "maybe." When he lost this job, Jack started "hunting around" from store to store and the various factories attempting to secure some type of work. For awhile he delivered orders receiving no pay but food in exchange. Then he went to work on a farm. He received lodging and food in exchange for work. He always has turned to his mother his wages, for during this time his father had been unable to secure work. His attitude toward work is not of interest but of self-preservation.

At present he is loafing during the day. He admits going to the pool room, going out with girls, and in general is sliding into the type who takes things as they come. He stays away from home as much as possible to escape the unpleasantness there. Recently he has come to the settlement house, and while his personality does not make him mix very easily with the other boys of his group, he is having a good time. His tendency is to observe play rather than to participate.

His attitude toward work is one of self-complacency. He doesn't care particularly, nor does he worry about anything. If he had any spending money now, he would probably engage in drinking or in sex. His health is fair, yet due to poor nourishment he is sort of pale and not as efficient as he might be. There is no self-confidence for he realizes that he doesn't fit.

*ambitions to go back to school*

53776

Aug. 13, 1930

Josephine Beck

Mrs. Amin, 217 South Brook stood by her stand at the corner of First and Jefferson and in her quaint way told of the trials she was having: "Business no good, I sold nothing to-day, and Emil out of work; Mike only part time and Funnie too little to work. I worry and worry 'till I lost fifteen pounds this summer."

Mrs. Amin has seven children, her husband died several years ago.

When I inquired about Syria, she said "No, I'd want to stay in America even if we haven't enough to eat. Syria... I was born at Beirut, one day walk by land and two days by sea to Jerusalem." When I questioned her about the tattooed rings on her hand, "yes, they use to do that to all little children in Syria, but no more they do it - I just cry and cry it hurt me so. Oh! I like America best."

Aug. 14, 1930

Jefferson Peak

Mrs. Deep Gorge, 237 E. Jefferson (2nd floor)

Came from Mount Lebanon, Syria twenty-one years ago, but she seemed to vividly remember the fresh air, delicious fruit and perfumed flowers of Syria. She said "In Syria gather fruit off of trees and not out of boxes like in Louisville. Oh! over there the flowers smell so sweet, the fruit taste so good, the air seem so fresh but no money in Syria, and my husband, he like America where good schools and good friends.

She told tales of how the snakes crawled on the ground in Syria and into the houses. She said "Each night my father would look all around the rooms to see if a snake in the house before we could sleep."



Aug. 14, 1930

Jefferson Park

Ms. Karen S. George, 237 East Jefferson (1st floor)

clings to Syrian ways and makes delicious Syrian dishes for her family.

A potatoe, sweet marjoram and mint leaves, onion, and cracked wheat mixed in a wooden bowl, with a wooden mallet, <sup>and mashed</sup>.

After much mashing and mixing she molded the mixture into round balls and served them with black, unsweetened coffee and flat unleavened bread.

A different potatoe mixture in another wooden bowl was made with onion, olive oil, vinegar, and mashed potatoes.

Ms. George came from Mount Lebanon, Syria. She is a good cook and quite an authority on Syrian food.

The potatoe and mint leaves mixture was called potatoe Cubie. The same combination

can be made by using <sup>ground</sup> veal instead of potatoe and is called meat cubie.

It was Saturday! Such excitement!  
The big man with the movie machine had  
come at last! Your picture and my picture  
and maybe everybody's picture would be  
"took". Gee! and we could go to the show  
and see ourselves — just like Charles  
Chaplin and Tom Mix or any of the other  
great ones!

Of course we wouldn't be throwing a  
lasso, chasing Indians, or jumping cliffs;  
— we'd be just natural, wearing our own  
clothes and doing what we do every day  
at the "neighborhood"; because, you see,  
our pictures were to show every body  
what we do at "neighborhood" so they  
could see how fine it is there and  
would "give 'till it hurts" to the  
Community Chest Drive.

It was Saturday! and the big man  
had come!

Where is Sarah, the Syrian baby? We must have Sarah because she's the cutest! And with a doll in her arms! That would be just perfect! Maybe she would smile! Of course she would - she always does! But goodness! her mouth is dirty, and her hair - wash her face, quick! - here's a ribbon! - tie it on that little pigtail sticking up in the air!

Now Sarah! Sit right here in this little chair with the elephant painted on the back! and here's your dollie - no! she won't sit! She wants the "bitty chair" - Hurry somebody! Quick! - Take back the elephant chair and get the "bitty chair" - now! - Rock the dollie - that's it -

"Burr - ur - r", the mow machine sings.

Oh! Sarah! you are so cunning!

Smile! — kiss the baby! — there!

That's all ————— Now you will  
be in the movies just like Jackie  
Coogan!

It was Monday! Such excitement!  
— Sarah's mamma had come to "highborough"  
She was angry! We should have asked  
her first! She wasn't poor folks! She  
didn't need "no money"! She work,  
her husband work! She was ashamed!  
Her baby begging the city for money!!

"Why, how facet! We chose her from  
all the rest because she was the very  
cutest of all! You don't understand!  
She isn't begging! The money is not for  
her — but for you — for all of us  
and your little baby with the doll in  
her arms can get it for us! Think  
how fine that is that your baby  
was chosen!"

The large brown eyes lost that  
distressed expression.

"But her dress! She ain't have

ou her prettiest - the one with the red  
 poppers down the front - nor her  
 new shoes - "

"Oh Mrs Jacob! can you come  
 with me this afternoon to the theatre?  
 you must! We shall see Sarah! and  
 how the people clap for her and how  
 they will give their money so that all  
 the little babies can have a nice place  
 to play like Sarah has!!"

It was dark in the theatre. The  
 large, foreign, eager brown eyes shone  
 through the darkness.

"That aint Sarah! She's too big -  
 where Sarah? There she is! - Oh  
 no! - that aint Sarah! Sarah aint  
 crippled - Sarah bow legged, but Sarah  
 aint crippled! Poor little girl! I  
 wish I could help her! I wish I  
 could give some money to that nice  
 hospital where them crippled children  
 are! where Sarah! - Oh! there  
 the neighborhood - Oh! - there

my baby! Aint her sweet? - and  
that doller most as big as her!! "

A large rough hand squeezed my  
arm in the darkness, trembling with  
excitement and pride.

" See her smile! Aint her cute? -  
And kiss the doller too! No one in here  
know I'm her mother - do they? Wouldn't  
they be surprized? Them people in  
front! - They dont know I'm her mother,  
do they? Listen to them clappen'!"

The brown eyes had tears in  
them as we journeyed homeward -  
tears of radiant joy.

" Sarah done a lot! She make  
the people claps! They give their money!"

Then in a wondering voice;

" my Julie, she prettier! Why  
not they take my Julie? Her curls  
- they prettier! Sarah have straight!  
She cute though! And my Simon!  
next year maybe they take my Simon!"

# Stories

(1)

During Italian week, which was held August 3rd, the Home was filled to its capacity. One little Italian girl was especially anxious to go, but a very serious accident has befallen her, which threatened not only to prevent her from going, but would also keep the family at home nursing her. She had broken her leg and the suffering had been great. The child's cheeks were pale and sunken and if ever she needed the country air, now was the time. But where there is really a will, someone will find a way. Miss Moses, the Fresh Air Home manager at Neighborhood House, thought of a way. She procured a pair of crutches, were borrowed from some kind friend, and presto chango! Mary was able to go to the Fresh Air Home with all the rest of her family--and during that week of weeks, Mary's cheeks became rosy and her eyes shone, and she was the happiest little girl at the Home.

(2)

\* Can you imagine anyone never having seen a stretch of green field, or a hedge of wild growing vines such as are common along any country road? Well, there are some folks who haven't. Such were the Domecks, Mother and five children, before they visited the FRESH AIR HOME. Now, however, you should hear them talk about the cows, chickens, wild flowers and farm life in general! You would think they had been brought up there, that is, all except <sup>for</sup> the enthusiasm with which they tell their experiences. Besides, the real thing was so much better than the pictures had been!

(3)

Her husband had died of T.B. and she was now the breadwinner of a family of four. For two years she had slaved over the wash tub, striving with all her might to keep the wolf from the door. Occasionally, she did wish she could throw the wash tub to the four winds and take the children and herself out for a breath of fresh air and a glimpse of nature. Then miraculously almost, the chance came. And did she seize it? Yes, with her whole heart! And as they scrambled on the car, she and three children, bound for the Fresh Air Home, what did she exclaim but "At last, what a joy to be rid of that old wash tub for a whole week!"

(4)

In the Lott family a new baby had arrived. Which meant double duty for Mr. Lott, who had to take care of his wife and ~~babxxx~~ baby, two little girls of 2 and 6, a boy of seven and one of ten. He had to stop work, of course, But even then he seemed to be having a difficult time keeping the smaller children away from the sick wife, for the quarters were so cramped that they seemed underfoot all the time. Then came the happy solution. The two little girls were invited to the Fresh Air Home until such a time as the mother could take care of them. And poor Mr. Lott, he was so relieved; while the mother recuperated twice as quickly with less disturbance.

(5)

Among the many just grateful people without any special story are Mrs. Harper and Mrs. Bowersox. The latter said she had better food at the Fresh Air Home than she had had at the hospital were she had paid. Both were delighted and aided by the beauty of the country.



Tommy, aged twelve, came rushing into the office the day before he and his mother were to go to the Fresh Air Home. With him he had his best friend, Johnny, who had heard from Tommy of the wonderful times one has at the Home, and was eager to go there with his friend. When they found that it really could be arranged, and that Johnny could accompany Tommy, the latter said, with eyes full of faith: "It sure is good to pray. We've been prayin' all night that you would let him go. The Lord must have heard us."

(7)

A mother with a sickly looking baby came into the office to inquire how her two boys were getting along at the Home. They had been there for ten days and were expected in town the following afternoon. The baby had a very serious looking rash on its face which the mother said was caused by mosquito bites. "Why don't you take the baby to the Clinic" asked the worker. The mother did not know there was such a thing or what it meant. However, the worker told her where to go and the mosquito bites turned out to be chicken pox, and the baby was suffering badly. This meant that the two boys could not be returned to their home because of a contagious disease. Which of course, did not cause the boys any sorrow, as they can well testify. They stayed at the Fresh Air Home until the baby had entirely recovered.

(8)

The Motleys were suing for a divorce. The case was pending and the two children were ordered to the Detention Home until the case was settled. Thus two innocent youngsters are made to suffer for the wrongs of their parents. But this time, the Fresh Air Home came to the rescue, and the children were not allowed to stay at the Detention Home, in confinement all day long, but were sent instead to play in the green fields. For three weeks they romped under the trees, enjoying the outdoor freedom to the utmost. Poor kiddies, it would have been a different story had they been left at the Detention Home and deprived of this much loved freedom, just because they happen to be the ~~unfortunate~~ children of unfortunate parents, or as they crudely put it "because pa and maw don't speak!"



## Carol Singing.

At Christmas time a group of boys from the Neighborhood House went to an old ladies' home to sing carols. Jimmie, a member of this group provided a special attraction by playing on his two large spoons. After the carol singing it was Jimmie's rhythmic music made with his two ordinary spoons that captured the delight of these old ladies. White heads kept time while dim eyes smiled to his gay tunes. Then like ~~little children~~ they wanted to try the spoons themselves and asked "how he ever learned to make such music with them." His reply was that all of his life he wanted to play- they had no piano- so the spoons took the place of a piano.

Mrs. Grander came to this country from Germany attending the Citizenship class at Neighborhood House. There she sang her German songs. At Christmas time when an invitation came to sing carols with a Neighborhood House group at a German home for old ladies, Mrs. Grander went not only to help give pleasure to these women, but also for her own happiness to sing her German carols in her native tongue.

### Mary's Family Moved Away

Mary belonged to the singing class and had learned many old English songs and children's songs. She took the leading part in an operetta. After Christmas when the class met Mary's eyes were filled with tears while she stammered "Oh! tomorrow we will move far away and I'll never get to come to Neighborhood House to sing or be in another operetta."

Bright-eyed Sarah said, "when my Papa gets work, he said he would get a piano for me and then I can take lessons."

Jan. 6, 1935

J. Replins Peak

Pauline aged eight was noted for two things -- her basso profundo voice and her impressionability. Anytime during the waking hours of the settlement workers, Pauline could be heard above all others. Each new fad whether it be an ankle bracelet or near-jade earrings were immediately taken up by this little eight year old. Any question as to the advisability of such a fad was immediately swept aside by Pauline by her avowal that it must be all right "causethe ladies at the Savoy" wore 'em". One day during a lull in the 'days occupation' the worker was impressing upon the children the necessity for clean teeth. Pauline thinking this was some new fad hither to fore unknown to her, stopped in her song recital of "~~My~~ I am a little orphin- my father he is dead, my mother takes in washing to buy me some bread. I sit at the window and hear the organ play, it reminds me of my father who is far, far away." Teeth.. here certainly was something new she could adorn... She listened;.. "To have clean teeth we must always remember to brush them three times aday." On and on the teacher went. A light gleamed in Pauline's eye.

The next week Pauline descended upon the playground. Around her neck was a string. A string which once might have been white, but now resembled the gray of a dove.... It dipped down beneath the surface of Pauline's scanty garment. When questioned by the worker Pauline's reply was. "O that? That's my tooth brush. I didn't want to let anybody else use it, cause you said three times a day an I thought this would be the safest place to keep it. " An out came a ~~xxx~~ an article identified only as a tooth brush by the few scanty ~~xxx~~ bristles clinging to a broken stub of a handle.

Pauline got another one. And the basso profundo praises still

A group of youngsters ran merrily down the street in the direction of Neighborhood House but was suddenly stopped at the entrance by an imposing sign reading: "Due to the infantile paralysis in the city, all children under 15 are forbidden to gather on this playground." The gayety of the group became a deep felt lonesomeness. The one bright spot of their lives was taken from them without mercy. Life now became a drag and each day the crowd came nervously to the gate wondering, hoping against hope that the sign would be down. Relentlessly the summer heat continued and the children, lonesome for the shady nooks of the playground, lived in memories of the place they loved and of the things they had enjoyed there. Such was the month of August and early September that our neighborhood children lived.

Caterpillars were savagely feasting on one of the trees in our yard one day as a worker was burning their nests with a coal-oil torch. A youngster wondering at the procedure asked what he was doing. The worker answered that he was burning the caterpillars.-- "But why?" queried the youngster. "Because they are eating all the leaves off of these shade trees," he was told. Just then, another youngster came up and asked what was going on. The first youngster told him proudly, "Aw, he's burning those darn caterpillars because they're eating our shade."

## A Trip to Big Rock

"  
A trip to Big Rock, Cherokee Park, proved to be a dream-come-true" to twenty small children of Neighborhood House. The trees were glowing in their autumn reds and gold, presenting a picture of beauty and color not to be found in a crowded tenement district. Even the water in the creek was too enticing to resist, for wet feet did not dampen the ardor of the children. They ran up and down hill gathering bits of moss and rocks which later were made into an aquarium for snails and gold fish for the center of attraction in the childrens play room. And they toasted marshmallows on long sticks over a camp fire. But the climax of the day came when a brazen little squirrel scampered inquisitively into the path of several small boys who had never seen a "real live squirrel" before. They were spellbound and could only whisper "Is it real?"

The Filson Historical Society

## STEPS

Steps.....

Steps lead up.....

and other

Steps lead down.....

But in the case of the little Italian girl and the Neighborhood House steps, they lead only upward to better things.

All her childhood had been spent in filth and squalor of an overcrowded rooming house. The brightly scrubbed surface of the back steps at the settlement had stood as a symbol of all that she had missed - all that she desired in her life-- order-- cleanliness.

Of course some people had clean front steps-- but back steps so clean that they shone-- well that really stood for order and all that she had been denied.

"You know", she said, "I always said that when I got married, I wanted my home to be just as spic and span as those back steps at Neighborhood House. I have my home now. A beautiful little American colonial one, and I'm trying hard to keep it as white as those shining stairs."

Steps lead down but in this case upwards to better and happier things!

NEED FOR LARGER AND STRONGER POKERS---One small boy upon being asked if he had had a nice Christmas and if Santa Claus had been good to him immediately replied that he had a wonderful Christmas and then went into detail explaining about all the toys that he had received. After talking for quite some time he stopped abruptly and asked the question ---

What day was Christmas?

After being told that Christmas was on the preceding Wednesday he immediately replied---

That's right, I don't see how I could forget that day because that was the day that mamma hit papa over the head with the poker and almost ruined the poker.

The Filson Historical Society

## FELIX THE CAT

Big-eyed, diminutive, solemn- Naisom comes to Neighborhood House - to the Children's Game Room. "Aren't you four, Naisom?" He has just answered that he is three years old. He admits it. It is a recent fact, not yet well assimilated. The great eyes, the tight little mouth, the short broad overcoat, the spindling legs, the air of assurance give him a gnome-like appearance.

Every Friday night at Neighborhood House in the big gymnasium there is a special "show" with two reels of pictures. The first is more or less educational, and then comes Felix the Cat! Please don't be critical that the first picture is regarded as merely the prelude to the second. They have come, big and little, old and young, for this little while, to see Felix; tense silence and shouts of delight accompany the showing of the comedy.

Not far from Neighborhood House are the bright lights of the big moving picture theatres where luxurious - not to say voluptuous - entertainment may be enjoyed for a full three hours. Naisom's pretty mother is very young and she works hard; last Friday she planned to see the "show" at the Rialto Theatre - three hours of relaxation and enjoyment - and Naisom was elected as chaperon. The special cleaning and dressing to which Naisom was subjected seemed to him, no doubt, preparation for the Neighborhood House "show". It was Friday.

From their near-by home Naisom's pretty mother and Naisom came to the big gate-way of Neighborhood House - Mrs. Jeha never faltered; she was on her way to the Rialto Theatre. Then Naisom understood - she was not taking him to see Felix the Cat! Such yells, such shrieks, such wails! The noise thereof penetrated into the gymnasium. At the cry of an emergency Miss Ingram came out. Naisom managed through sobs to explain his trouble - also his stand in the matter; he was not going to see the "no-good show" at the Rialto; he was going to see Felix the Cat! And he did - aided and abetted by arguments that long hours at the theatre were really not good for little children.

Naisom's pretty mother left with another young woman, and with all the seats in the gymnasium taken, Naisom arrived at the very front - emblem of definite objective and determinations - to stand and gaze, with eyes still wet, on Felix the Cat.

In the Children's Room - March 24, 1934.

Naisom : "We're going to move".  
" "We're going to have a yard."  
" "Are you going to close up the neighborhood when we  
move far away?"

Juanita: "You're not the King."

Naisom darts out the door.

Miss Vreeland: "Where are you going Naisom?"

Naisom: "I'm going home because I'm afraid my mama will move  
without me.

And he goes home.

\_\_\_\_\_ per EA  
\_\_\_\_\_

The Filson Historical Society



## A Modern Knight.

The clientele of a lodging house is almost always made up of all sorts and conditions of men from all grades and shades of society. Among those electing to live in this tenement hotel or forced by circumstances to make a home in its furnished rooms, a certain distinctive type is always found. This type is essentially American, bearing generally a high sounding name, loquacious, often profane, generous, very independent, versatile, gallant, proud of his family, and preeminently satisfied with himself. In fact, in his own estimation, he is all that a man should be.

Mr. Joseph Pennington Slaughter was a long time resident of the lodging house world, and he rang true to this type. He himself, was an American as were his parents before him. In lieu of worldly possessions to bestow on him at his birth, his mother gave him the distinguished and aristocratic name of Joseph Pennington. What could better fortify him for life's difficulties than such a name as that? Joseph must have been voluble in his infancy to have attained such a high degree of garrulity in his manhood. Nothing could equal his loquaciousness. He conversed equally well on all subjects from the weather to government. He especially enjoyed discussing the local political situation, interspersing his

observations with profanity - not with the ordinary variety but with a brand that was in keeping with the magnitude of his name. He always swore in five-storied oaths. Generous? Yes. Not with worldly goods as he had none, but with conversation and with oaths.

Mr. Slaughter was a person of most imposing proportions, thick through the girth, and weighing more than three hundred pounds. On occasions when he failed to see his little dog playing about his feet, he was the source of laughing comment among his friends. He was very independent. At the "drop of a hat", he would "throw up" a job. What could he do? Anything. He was a plasterer by trade. As he seldom worked, he had much leisure time. This he occupied by pleasant discourse with the other lodgers or with his wife to whom he was always kind, and who was always appreciative of his charms. His self-satisfaction was supreme. He was not rich, it is true, but many fine men are not rich, and why should he not be proud of his standing in the community - he, Mr. Joseph Pennington Slaughter?

Gallantry was one of the outstanding attributes of Mr. Slaughter. On one occasion he was afforded an unusual opportunity of exercising this virtue for the protection of one of his neighbors. The Slaughter home was on the first floor of the lodging house. They occupied one room with two

windows in it overlooking the yard. Mr. and Mrs. McCloud, to their friends as Bill and Mag, lived in the room just above that occupied by the Slaughters. The McClouds afforded much excitement in the lodging house because Bill was always getting drunk and "beating up" poor Mag. A day rarely passed that a fight did not disturb the happiness of the McCloud home.

One summer afternoon Mr. Slaughter was standing in the yard of the lodging house leaning against his window sill when Mag McCloud, wild eyed and distraught came rushing down the steps and out into the yard. "He's goin' to kill me," she cried. Her husband could be heard thundering down the steps in hot pursuit. Mr. Slaughter, quickly taking in the situation, motioned to Mag to let him boost her thru his window, suggesting that she hide under the bed. In a flash Mag was hoisted thru the window where she found refuge under the bed. Mr. Slaughter resuming his former position and becoming much interested in the sky, ignored Mr. McCloud as he emerged from the house. The latter, the wobbly from drink, was amazed at the disappearance of his wife. "Where is she?" he demanded. Mr. Slaughter ignored the question whereupon McCloud doubled up his fist and aimed it in an uncertain, indefinite fashion at him. Mr. Slaughter who was standing arm skimbo, removed his hand from his hip, struck

McCloud a blow in the chest felling him to the ground, and without a comment replaced his hand on his hip. McCloud got up and in an uncertain manner again aimed at Mr. Slaughter.

The latter again felled McCloud to the ground. Even a third time he felled him. McCloud then got up and betook himself

down the street. When he had passed out of sight, Mr. Slaughter called softly to Mag that the coast was clear. She

emerged from her stuffy hiding place and returned home to await the coming of her lord and master.

Mr. Slaughter was much pleased over this episode.

He plumed himself on the rare presence of mind he had shown in hiding Mag from her husband and in dealing so cleverly afterwards with McCloud. He had always known he was a great man and this was just one more proof of his greatness.

## Out of the Past.

Minnie Thompson, an old colored woman, who has served as maid at Neighborhood House for many years has attained a position of unusual distinction among her friends and acquaintances, both colored and white. The colored rather regard her with awe on account of her independent brusqueness. The white consider her a highly refreshing personality because of her interesting and individualistic responses to their <sup>and</sup> sallies. Minnie revels in the past, <sup>often</sup> introduces most unusual bits of philosophy into her stories of bygone days.

"Is it true, Auntie," I asked her once, "that you saw Abraham Lincoln laid out at Indianapolis?"

With gentle dignity and a little hauteur in her tone, she said, "Scuse me honey, but just

I mus' tell you not to call me 'Auntie'. I aint no kin to you, and I dont 'low no white pesson to call me 'Auntie'."

"Oh, I beg your pardon. I meant no discourtesy, but I reiterated, "did you see Abraham Lincoln laid out at Indianapolis?"

"Yes, I saw him laid out in the State House there. Mother took me and my brother to see our President who made us free. But three years before," <sup>that</sup> mother got her freedom. She ran away with me and my brother. She aimed to go to Chicago, but she only got to Indianapolis. After freedom was declared we come back to Louisville again."

"Why did your mother run away?" I asked.

"Cause they whipped us chilens so, and 'cause she was 'fraid they'd sell her at Arterburn's



Pen."

"At Arturum's Pen. What was that?"

"It was a place down here on First Street where they used to sell slaves jes' like cattle. Mother had eleven children and they sold 'em all 'cept Henry and me. They put 'em on a block to sell 'em an' they punched 'em and poked 'em, 'specially 'bout the chest to see if they had consumption. 'This is a strong one' they'd say. 'He aint got consumption. I'll take him.'" Here she lapsed into silence for a time. I waited expectantly, hesitating to speak. She continued.

"They sent my mother to the pen once 'cause she passed Miss Mary. They called the police and told 'em to take her there. But they didn't really want to sell mother. When they put her on the block the 'ole miss

ast' moe' an' any one could  
 give fo her and then afta  
 the sale took her home agasa.  
 Miss Mary and Miss 'Siza sho  
 liked Mother. Bof of 'em wanted  
 her, but old Mr. John settled who'd  
 get her. He let 'em draw straws  
 and Miss 'Siza got her."

Again she became silent. Then  
 continued reminiscently, "Mother, saw  
 awful whippin's in her time.  
 She saw 'em gag the slaves,  
 tie 'em hand and foot and  
 whip 'em till they bled. Then  
 they'd throw a bucket of  
 salt water on their raw backs  
 jes' like they was hogs."

She became more vehement as  
 her story progressed. "Oh, I  
 wish I had 'em! I wish I had  
 'em! I'd whip 'em like they  
 whipped my forefathers."

With this she threw up her arms,  
 and with a tragic wail <sup>she</sup> strode  
 away. The part suddenly



sweeping over her had stirred her to the very depths of her being. With her eyes upturned to her God, her arms aloft, this white headed figure was a dramatic symbol of her people. I was stunned. Unwittingly I had open the floodgates of ages. Her cry of vengeance voiced the tragedy of her race.

An hour later I heard her crooning, "Old Time Religion", alternating a low bass with a high tenor, as was her wont in singing.

X

April 2, 1927. Frances Ingram

Out of the Past.  
an Interview.

English I-F. Mr. Holyknecht

The Filson Historical Society

## Mothers I Know.

The mothers I know come from various walks of life, but from whatever walk they come they are as a group the most marvelous of people. The enshrinement in their hearts of their little ones is their sacred heritage to their children. Mothers almost universally possess this quality of love. Those I know may be classified as wise and otherwise. The outstanding attributes of the wise mothers are intelligence and high ideals. The wise mothers fall into two groups. In the first group are found women whose training has equipped them for the duties of motherhood. They have some conception of the problems involved in the rearing of their children. They face the issues squarely and meet their problems intelligently. They use tact and patience in working out difficult situations. The second

group comprises those who have good sense and right intuitions and who, tho untrained, make excellent mothers. They have imagination and are able to distinguish between the frills and the fundamentals of life.

The mothers in the otherwise class are most numerous and may be grouped into many subdivisions, as there is such an infinite variety of them. They usually have a limited horizon and are often ignorant. There are spineless mothers who are unable to cope with their children. There are those who slap, drive, and threaten to enforce obedience. On the one hand there are mothers who send their boys of tender years on to the streets to sell papers permitting them to remain out all hours of the night, and who later on wonder why their sons are delinquent. On the other hand there are those happy-go-lucky mothers who have little sense of responsibility and who, tho

devoted to their children, fail in their obligation to them. Their daughters are flapperish like themselves, and their sons are oftentimes ne'er-do-wells. A distinctive type is the mother whose chief ambition is to make a good appearance in life. She dresses her children well and keeps her house in order. She is financially able to give her children many advantages, but she spends little on the essentials. She is caught by the frills of life. Her girls must dance well. They must marry early. Her boys must work. They must be sacrificed for <sup>the</sup> job, especially if it pays "big money".

A common type is the adoring mother of one child. If this child is a girl, the mother ties her to her apron string and makes of her an old woman before her time - the little girl serving as a pitcher into which mamma pours a continuous stream of conversation. The mothers of afflicted children are always unflinching in

their devotion to these helpless ones, although they are often unwise in their care. One fond mother delights in telling how smart her Jennie was before she had the "spinal meningitis." In the otherwise class there are many dramatic mothers who know well how to use their ability. Such a mother presents a pathetic picture in court when with streaming eyes, she tears her hair and throws herself at the feet of the judge, begging him to return to her a feeble-minded son. This boy should be sent to the institution for the feeble-minded, but he is not, because the judge is prevailed on by his mother's tears.

Some foreign mothers who are loyal to their native ideals often sacrifice their children on the altar of tradition. This is especially true in the field of matrimony. It is a disgrace to a family to have a daughter remain unmarried, and no enterprising mother will permit such a misfortune to happen.



in her family. A husband must be procured by all means. Recently such a mother came to announce the engagement of her fifteen year old daughter to the "dainty man" who sells ice cream from his push-cart in the street. Her prospective son-in-law was, she said, "a gooda man." "He worba evora day. He make much de mon in the summer time by the dainty-wagon." "What's his name?" I inquired. "Tony," she said. "Tony what?" I asked. She looked at the ceiling. She looked at the floor. She then turned to her ten-year-old daughter who had accompanied her. "Grassie, what es his name?" Grassie could not remember either. But what's in a name? Had not Mrs. Tenans a right to be proud of marrying a young daughter to a man of means? After a few years in America many foreign mothers cast aside this tradition of the old world. They encourage their daughters to wait longer and to



marry for love. Many mothers of  
the otherwise class grow through their  
experience of motherhood and attain  
a degree of understanding which  
raises them to the plane of the  
wise mothers.

The Filson Historical Society

March 12, 1927 Frances Ingram

Mothers I Know

English 1-7 Mr. Holzkecht.

The Filson Historical Society

Corrected.

### A Bit of Local Color.

The Saturday night market in Louisville is confined to the north side of Jefferson Street, extending from Second Street to Floyd, where it straggles out. Jefferson Street forms the northern boundary of the market district, but on Saturday night it is the market itself. The market stretches along the outer edge of the pavement, the awnings of the stores opposite forming a canopy above. The rear of the stands is protected by a canvas that falls from the edge of the awning to the curbing. Here and there where no such protection is offered wagons back up to the pavement from which merchants make their sales. The market, blazing with light, rampant with color, teeming with people of many nationalities, presents an air of real cosmopolitanism.

Come with me some Saturday night to view this interesting section of my neighborhood. As we go forth from Neighborhood House into the night, the street is comparatively quiet and dark. Groups of people are chatting on the steps of the various lodging houses. The restaurants conducted by Syrians and Greeks for a mixed clientele of negro and white, and the negro eating houses conducted by negroes for negroes - all are well patronized. The barber shops are preparing many for the morrow's festivities. The pool parlors resound with laughter and with the click of balls. The "chili parlors" are catering to many young couples with their highly spiced Mexican dishes. The gasoline stations are rapidly waiting on customers and sending them on their way. The various cheap clothing stores are all brightly lighted - and all are "raking in the shekels".

From wagons stationed along the pavement the merchants hawk their wares. The range is wide, from the "grandest suspenders there is" to the "Rose of Dawn Corn Cure", calculated to remove corns

of even forty to fifty years duration." As we thread our way thru the motley crowd, our progress is blocked by a group spilling over into the street. Every one is listening attentively. We hear the strumming of a banjo accompanying the words of a negro spirituelle. We crane our necks to get a glimpse of the player. On the outskirts of the crowd a little Italian girl is improvising a dance to the music, while her young brother is cutting a pigeon wing for the edification of his small friends. The player is a thin, lank, nervous type of negro who, in a beautiful tenor, sings in a weird minor key,

"By and by, by and by,  
When we git to heav'n  
We'll understand, by and by".

He is possessed by an intense emotionalism. A nervous pallor over spreads his face and every fiber of his being is called into play as he sings verse after verse of his spirituelle. His rhythmical wailing tune takes possession of one. A large comfortable looking negro woman accompanies him by clapping her hands and shouting "Amen"! "Yes, Lord"! "Amen"! She is in such a state of ecstasy and in such harmony with the music that she is, even now, in another world. Further on we come upon another group. This is a street "preachin'", in which five women and one man are taking part in the service. Three of the women are sitting on soap boxes out in the street a few feet from the pavement. Two have cymbals while the third has a tambourine. While they clang these instruments, interspersing their music with "Aye, Lord"! "Yes, Lord"! "Amen"! "Amen, I says"! a fourth woman paces up and down in the foreground chanting as she goes, "I'se got religion. Glory to God! I was a sinner. Yes, Lord, but I got religion. And the Lord, he washed my sins away. Amen!" Excited, her eyes wild, every muscle tense, great

beads of perspiration on her brow, again and again she reiterates in a high monotonous key her story of salvation. Presently, when she retires from the center of the stage to a soap box on the side line, her place is taken by a large, burly negro who "takes up the preachin'" where she leaves off. A little mulatto woman, laden with bundles, standing near me, remarks to the friend who accompanies her, "I sure likes her 'ligion."

We are now on the corner of First and Jefferson, fairly dazed by the multiplicity of activities presented there. The street preacher must compete with many rival attractions. There are the soft drink stands, "dainty" pop corn, and "hot dog" wagons, and gaudy "hamburger" wagons. Youngsters are shouting the sale of baskets and bags in which to carry purchases home. On one corner a boy of twelve is selling soft drinks. Many children throng about his minature stand much interested in the pop bottles of various colors that bump into the pieces of ice as they float about in the water. The young merchant's exasperated countenance gives evidence of his difficulties with his would-be customers.

And at last we are in the market itself, among all sorts and conditions of men, threading our way thru the crowd. We marvel at the display of fruit, flowers, and vegetables! Along Jefferson Street the restaurants, stores, meat and fish markets are blazing with light and swarming with customers. In one pretentious market a jazz band performs in a gallery.

Such a riot of colors - splashes of orange, yellow, and red intersperse exquisite greens and more sober browns! There are oranges, lemons, apples, strawberries, cranberries, bananas, and prickly greenish-orange pineapples. And such an array of vegetables - tomatoes, kale and spinache, lettuce, spring onions, string beans,

peas, cauliflower, and cabbage! Knobby little <sup>red</sup> radishes are peeping out of their leaves, while the white icicle variety invites us to test their cool, refreshing crispness. There is a glory of lovely delicate spring flowers - hyacinths, jonquils, narcissi, tulips, and the more sturdy geraniums, begonias, coleas, adjuratum, and ferns.

The stands are presided over by dark-eyed Syrians, rosy-cheeked Italians, fair-haired Germans, and various types of Americans. One of the latter, a stolid, boxom, rosy-cheeked country woman, sells flowers from a wagon while her husband looks on with his hands in his pockets.

There are everywhere so many children that it is difficult to keep from stepping on them. A father, carrying one infant and leading another, trails along after his wife who is making judicious purchases with the week's wages he has just received. Many of the children who bob in and out of the crowd are the sons and daughters of the merchants. As the evening wears on one is much impressed with the self-control of these little ones who become sleepy and heavy-eyed. Ever so often the "least" ones grab the mother around the knees with a hug that says, "How much longer must I wait to go to bed?" One plump little Syrian girl sits on a box with her head against the brick wall, sound asleep.

Good nature prevails everywhere. The merchants meet the sallies of their customers pleasantly. As the hour grows late the opportunity for securing better bargains increases. "Come," shouts one man at a fish counter, "look 'em over, we are not sellin' 'em now. We're giwin' 'em away."

And, now, my friend, it is time for us to go home. It is midnight and the market will soon break up. We must leave this group of neighbors to their eating and drinking, their buying and selling, and their merry making and religion,

The Filson Historical Society



## A Modern Knight.

The clientele of a lodging house is almost always made up of all sorts and conditions of men from all grades and shades of society. Among those electing to live in this tenement hotel or forced by circumstances to make a home in its furnished rooms, a certain distinctive type is always found. This type, essentially American and bearing generally a high sounding name, is loquacious, often profane, generous, very independent, versatile, gallant, proud of his family, and preeminently satisfied with himself. In fact, in his own estimation, he is all that a man should be.

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Mr. Slaughter was a person of most imposing proportions, of generous girth, and weighing more than three hundred pounds. On occasions when he failed to detect his little dog playing about his feet, he was the source of laughing comment among his friends. He was very independent. At the "drop of a hat", he would "throw up" a job. What could he do? Anything. He was a plasterer by trade. As he seldom worked, he had much leisure time. This he occupied by pleasant discourse with the other lodgers or with his wife to whom he was always kind, and who was always appreciative of his charms. His self-satisfaction was supreme. He was not rich, it is true, but many fine men are not rich, and why should he not be proud of his standing in the community - he, Mr. Joseph Pennington Slaughter?

Gallantry was one of the outstanding attributes of Mr. Slaughter. On one occasion he was afforded an unusual opportunity of exercising this virtue for the protection of one of his neighbors. The Slaughter home was on the first floor of the lodging house, where Mr. and Mrs. Slaughter occupied one room with two windows in it overlooking the yard. Mr. and Mrs. McCloud, known to their friends as Bill and Mag, lived in the room just above that occupied by the Slaughters. The McClouds afforded much excitement in the lodging house because Bill was always getting drunk and "beating up" poor Mag. A day rarely passed that a fight did not disturb the happiness of the McCloud home.

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Mr. Slaughter was much pleased over this episode. He plumed himself on the rare presence of mind he had shown in hiding Mag from her husband and in dealing so cleverly afterwards with McCloud. He had always known he was a great man, and this was just one more proof of his greatness.

## Does the City Street Offer Salutary Training for Life to the Newsboy?

That the city street offers salutary training for life to the newsboy is one of the popular misconceptions of the day. In support of this erroneous idea one often hears a business man say, "Our small 'newsies' are potential merchants. Thru their experience in salesmanship they are learning to deal with people and to make their way in the world. Just look at me." He adds chestily, "I once sold papers."

Now the National Child Labor Committee which was organized to bring about better conditions for the industrial child, has made studies of the social aspect of the newsboy. This Committee condemns the methods these youngsters early learn to practice and the psychology they apply. These children soon learn that dirty, raggedy clothes make an appeal, that a last paper accompanied by a woe-be-gone expression always finds a sale. Children are clever little actors and they play up to the sympathy of their customers. Any educator will grant that the attainment of an object thru working on the sympathies of people is a poor principle to inculcate in a child and that the implanting of such a principle is encouraging a wrong attitude toward life.

Again the business man argues, "It is a financial question. The poverty in the home impels the youngster to augment the family income by his earnings." Again we have recourse to statistics. These show that it is necessary only in few cases. There are families who live on the earnings of their children, but is this fair to the children? I was present one night when a nine year old boy came home and turned his pockets inside out to shake out all the pennies. Now, he had a perfectly ablebodied father who could support his family. Incidentally this family was acquiring property, but I believe, at the sacrifice of the boy. One family, I know, lived off the earnings of two little boys. The father probably would have worked if the living of the family hadn't been so easily procured by the children. The rights of childhood should not be violated because of the poverty of the family, for if a family really needs the assistance that can be rendered by a little child, the problem can always be handled some other way. Enlisting the aid of well-to-do relatives, fraternal societies, and church charities; increasing the natural bread winner's efficiency by the use of employment bureaus, and vocational guidance, or by stimulating his feeling of family responsibility; - these are the daily tasks of organized charity. In many instances the children never get home with their small earnings. They play craps



or pitch pennies at a line: newsboys are notorious little gamblers.

It is the lure of the street and not necessity that holds the 'newsies'. On the street these children are surrounded by many kinds of dangers which demand an alertness beyond their years. They are in the midst of constant excitement and soon become nervously overstimulated. They come in contact with the evils of adult city life. The street becomes the source of many thrills. The thrill becomes the incentive to action. Once a youngster has succumbed to the lure of the street, he becomes a problem for his parents and his teachers. They are unable to cope with him. He may find his way to the reform school, but wherever he may find himself motivation thru thrills is a poor substitute for motivation thru a sense of duty. The former makes for a volatile, unstable type of workman.

To sum up the business man's contention that newsboys receive efficient training for business life is <sup>un</sup>supported by the facts, as the youngsters who sell papers develop a tendency to play on the sympathies of the public, and overstimulated by the thrills of street life they consequently become delinquent and make bad employees later because they lack stability. The further contention that the newsboy's earnings are a necessary part of the family income is not supported by social statistics.

The few instances of actual dire poverty can be dealt with in more efficient and less anti-social ways. And further more the money after instead of being turned into the family treasury is gambled away by the young crap shooters.

Miriam Teichner, in her poem "Newsie-Boy", graphically portrays the dangers and the tragedy of street life:

The street is home for you. You eat and  
 sleep  
 With bigger boys and hark to what they say,  
 And think them mighty men and, shamafaced,  
 keep  
 Your baby fears and thoughts all hid away.  
 You're starved for food and sleep and love,  
 though you  
 Would scoff at this and call it all untrue.

And oh, you're just a little lad, a little lad,  
 a little lad,  
 Who ought to think the world's a place for  
 having fun and being glad,  
 Who ought to be good friends with trees and  
 chummy with the sky and breeze,  
 And who's to blame, I wonder, if you grow  
 up queer and gross and bad?





"I don't care how awful he is," I said, "I am not going to  
listen to such language another instant." The husband, embold-  
ened by my presence, vociferated in a low, hoarse voice, "You  
to know that this is my lawful husband,"

May 7, 1927.

Frances Ingram

A Pen Portrait.

Such was my introduction to Mr. and Mrs. Haines at  
three in the morning in the hallway of a First Street lodging  
house, where they had recently come to make their home in a  
furnished room.

English 1-F.

Dr. Holzknicht

Later I learned that these poor souls had sunk their  
drunk to the lowest state of degradation, and that in consequence  
the Juvenile Court had demanded them of their children. Often  
they attended the Mission club at hand in hopes of reforming  
themselves. On such occasions they read their Bible diligently,  
but they couldn't resist temptation long. Soon they slipped  
out to get a drink and then the vicious circle of a drunkard's  
life began all over again. Mrs. Haines, the savior at times,  
was much more kindly of heart than was her husband, for whose  
welfare she was always most solicitous.

The Filson Historical Society

### Her Vested Right.

One hot night in August several years ago I was suddenly aroused from a sound sleep. I sat bolt upright to listen and soon realized that in the immediate vicinity an angry woman was pouring forth a perfect volley of abuse on the head of some poor culprit. Evidently trouble was brewing in the lodging house next door. I sprang out of bed, grabbed my kimona, and ran across the hall to see if I could locate the disturbance.

There on the upper gallery of the house next door sat a man and a woman. The bright light of the moon brought out clearly every detail of the sordid picture. The woman rocked to and fro as she gave utterance to a scathing denunciation of the man. She was a person of goodly proportions with a red, fat, puffy face. Even in the soft light of the moon, it was evident that she was much given to drink. The man was thin and so pale that his finely cut features might have been chiseled out of alabaster. He sat perfectly still. Now and then he made a feeble effort to defend himself, or, at least, to interrupt the torrent of profanity that was being hurled at him. I soon learned that he was guilty of having just returned to his domicile at the unseemly hour of three in the morning, and that he was refusing to tell where he had been, and what he had been doing.

After taking in the situation, I leaned out of the window and said in no uncertain tone, "This ~~has got to~~ <sup>must</sup> cease instantly."

The woman turned toward me and answered, "I want you

to know that this is my lawful husband."

"I don't care how lawful he is," I said, "I am not going to listen to such language another instant." ¶ The husband, emboldened by my presence, vouchsafed in a low, pleased voice, "You are right, lady."

Such was my introduction to Mr. and Mrs. Haines at three in the morning on the gallery of a First Street lodging house, where they had recently come to make their home in a furnished room.

Later I learned that these poor souls had sunk thru drink to the lowest state of degradation, and that in consequence the Juvenile Court had deprived them of their children. Often they attended the Mission close at hand in <sup>the</sup> hope of reforming themselves. On such occasions they read their Bible diligently, but they couldn't resist temptation long. Soon they slipped out to get a drink, and then the vicious circle of a drunkard's life began all over again. Mrs. Haines, tho abusive at times, was much more kindly at heart than was her husband, for whose welfare she was always most solicitous.

*not a strong ending, it gives the impression of incompleteness.*

SOME TYPICAL CHILDREN'S BUREAU STORIES  
(Confidential)

*Confidential*

Admission for temporary care in an institution

A Syrian, the father of four children, applied to place the boys in an orphanage because he was staying home from work to care for them. Investigation showed that the so-called wife had deserted with a boarder with whom she had been living for the past year. The man was at first unwilling to prosecute and temporary arrangements for the children's care were made thru the Nursery. Finally at the court hearing it appeared that the man and woman were not married at all and after much deliberation the man was given custody of the four children, the woman taking the two by the boarder and as they were both willing, the woman's marriage to the boarder was consummated. The four children were finally placed temporarily for training in an institution, the father to pay as much as he was financially able and to be firmly held to his responsibility.

Outgo from an institution

The father of six children, although earning two hundred dollars a month, had only been paying twenty dollars per month for all of the children in orphanages a number of years. After considerable pressure the home was re-established with the oldest girl of eighteen years, her hasty marriage being postponed, and another girl of sixteen as housekeepers. After several months' trial a couple of the children being returned at the time, the home has been entirely re-established with all of the children in it. Under supervision, the girls are making splendid home makers and a good home has been provided. The father, who had a large bank account, has recently been sent a bill for the back unpaid board because it was felt the community had done more than its share.

Supervision in an institution

The three children of a so-called widow were reported as being in an institution. Investigation showed the mother had been known to eighteen social agencies since 1912, having had a number of Juvenile Court hearings on charges of neglect and immorality. The evidence showed that a fourteen year old girl remaining at home was also being endangered. The woman was physically and mentally examined, as well as all of the children. The woman was found morally delinquent but not mentally defective. With all the facts available the court decided the four normal children should be permanently removed for placement, the one subnormal girl should be sent to the Bureau of Juvenile Research for study and the woman given a suspended sentence to Marysville, the step-father being ordered to pay towards the support of the children until placement. The children for training are staying in the institution, but will be placed in good homes as soon as they are ready and the home has been found.

A request for admission refused

A woman, the mother of two children, applied to place her children in an institution. The father had deserted and the mother had been unable to manage financially, and the relatives could not assist. Arrangements were made for the admission of the children to the Nursery in order that the mother might work certain days. The Associated Charities agreed to supplement whatever was needed in the family income and to attempt to locate the deserting father.

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Thus, thru the Nursery and the relief agency it was possible for this good mother to keep her children with her, rather than to separate them by institutional placement.

#### Admission for discipline

The father of an eight year old boy applied for admission because the child was proving unmanageable in the Nursery, playing truant and being hard to control. The child was not naturally bad, but merely in need of training. The mother had died and the older children had left home due to family trouble with the father. After investigation the child was admitted with the father paying full cost of care. Plans were made for the family to be re-established in a new neighborhood with the oldest girl as housekeeper. After a few months' training the boy will be returned on trial under supervision to the new home.

#### A problem child

The adopted child of wealthy parents was reported as a difficult child and one hard to manage in the institution. The child had been adopted from its parents, who had now disappeared, and could not be located, and the foster-parents were desirous of being relieved of their responsibility. A thoro examination, mental and physical, showed the child was super-normal, rather than subnormal, and that the real difficulty was lack of a mother's love and care. The foster-mother was unwilling the child should come home and so special arrangements were made at the institution to fill the child's needs. Thru a careful regime and a careful understanding of the situation, this child has made remarkable progress and will probably be early placed in a private boarding school. It is felt the parents should not be allowed to shirk their responsibility, but as far as possible provision is being made to provide the care and training this child needs.

#### A transient problem

The father of an eight year old boy applied to place the child in an institution. Investigation showed that the father was out of work, living in a boarding home and caring for the child. Correspondence proved that the man's legal residence was in Chicago where he had lived all his life and where the mother was a resident. After verification, the man was persuaded to return to Chicago where he really belonged, being furnished with transportation thru a relief agency. Thus, the local community was relieved of the responsibility of caring for this child which was the responsibility of another community.

#### A subnormal problem

A boy, six years old, probably an idiot testing under two years mentally, was reported as unable to talk. He had been injured at birth and had sickness when very young. He was unable to walk, merely hitching himself along. There are, however, remarkable possibilities in training and development, if the proper institutional facilities were available. The parents are estranged and the mother should be relieved of her burden in order to get a much needed rest. A maternal aunt will take the child as a last resort, but this is unwise due to the presence of other young children. To date all Cleveland institutions have refused to consider taking this type of child for even as brief a period as a month. The State institutions are so crowded

that they have refused to accept him and to date all attempts to find a boarding home temporarily have also failed.

The Filson Historical Society



June - 1931 - Miss Peate.

The little Synanon singing class had been taken 'on a hike' to "the big hill" the week before by Miss Peate, so she proposed this week's excursion should be to see Maday Longlegs in the moving pictures. In the midst of Miss Peate's glowing description of the pleasure of seeing Maday Longlegs, Sarah, aged seven, interrupted, "Aw, let's not go to a picture show; let's all bring fourteen cents and go to the big hill!"

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June - 1931 - Miss Peate.

Miss Peate took a group of small Jewish children "to the big hill" - the old reservoir - and after attaining the top, one little girl looked about her, at the grass and the trees, and announced, "Miss Peate didn't tell a lie; it is beautiful."

"Where is Miss Morris?"

"She is up in the wood work room, making eleven little boys very happy."

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"How are you, Jimmie?"

"I feel all right - but I ain't 'Oaym' much about it."

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For your notes

Apr 18 - '31

"The bambino she always cry!" I ~~know no~~ know no  
whatsa the matter." ~~The~~

No wonder the baby always cried. The visitor took one look  
at the conveyance in which the child lay, and she knew the reason for  
the irritated cry. It was a discarded doll buggy into which the child  
had been squeezed, its poor little limbs cramped and uncomfortable.  
To the foriegn mother, any sort of a buggy was a godsend, ~~and~~ She  
was struggling with <sup>the old problem</sup> ~~the~~ of trying to get along in a  
country whose language and customs were ~~in~~ ~~new~~ to her ~~and~~  
~~Feed-and-clothing-occupied-her-mind-~~

With her husband's meagre salary, she was trying to keep body and  
soul together for her family and adjust herself to the life of the  
new world.

After pointing out the inadquacy of the buggy, the visitor made  
the mother promise to keep the child out of it until she could secure  
a larger one for her.

In another part of the city was a prosperous family with a  
beautiful baby. This fortunate child had been bought ~~and~~  
a new baby carriage because the other was showing some signs of  
wear. The appeal was made and now, the bambino has a buggy which  
makes him smile instead of cry.