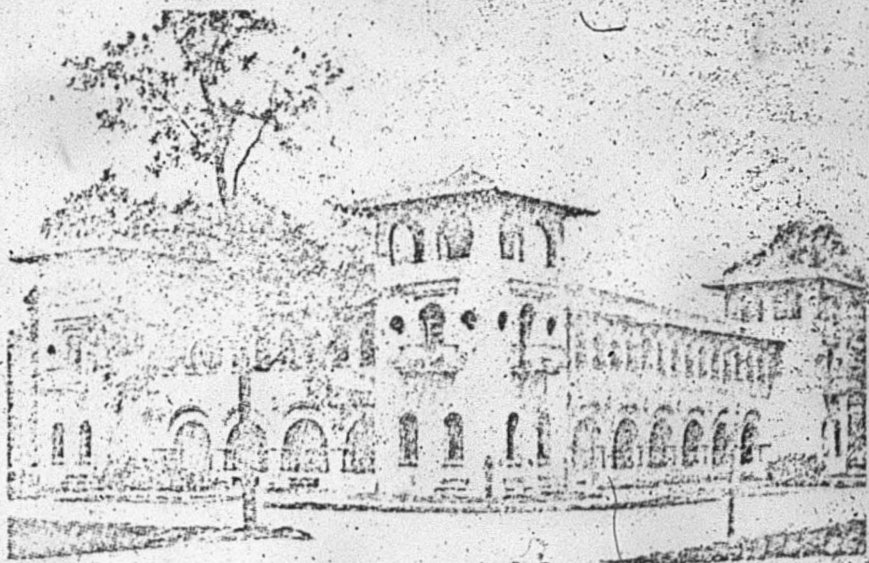


THE  
**COMMON GOOD**  
 OF CIVIC AND SOCIAL  
**ROCHESTER**

*KNOW YOUR CITY*



THE KIND OF SHELTER HOUSE WHICH INCREASES THE USE OF  
 PUBLIC PARKS AS SOCIAL CENTERS.

(Shelter House in Riverside Park, Indianapolis)  
 —Courtesy of The American City.

**NOVEMBER**

# The COMMON GOOD

AN INDEPENDENT MAGAZINE OF CIVIC AND SOCIAL ROCHESTER  
**PUBLICITY IS EDUCATION. EDUCATION IS PREVENTION.**

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Vol. VII. No. 2

NOVEMBER, 1913.

New Series, Vol. IV. No. 2

## COMMON GOOD PLANKS IN THE PLATFORMS OF THIS MUNICIPAL CAMPAIGN: 1913

In this number we print a selection of planks from the platforms of three political parties of this city. We have been guided in our selection by those matters which directly concerned municipal reform. They are a very interesting illustration of the fact that the day is already here when parties must at least recognize the common good. We asked Mr. Hochkiss of the Republican Committee for their platform, and learned that it was not to be printed, and that Mayor Edgerton's letter to the voters would take its place. As we go to press this has not been received. We regret that this omission must be made.

### THE FIRST POLICE-WOMAN OF ROCHESTER

Our city is fortunate in having for its first Police woman a person who is no stranger to social service. At first, her hours are to be from 8 a. m. till 6 p. m., later we hope that either she will have another officer added for night work, or find her hours changed from 1 p. m. till 11 p. m. Of course, there is plenty of work in the day time for her to do, but there is much more in these later hours. It will not be long before we shall see that in order to make the work of one such officer what it ought to be, we must have one in every precinct.

### WATER-BOYS AT A LOCAL FACTORY

We have all seen the water-boys working on the state roads and at street repair work, refreshing the laborers at their work. The German-American Button Company has recently introduced the custom into its large factory. Four or five times a day, each operator is interrupted to find an inviting, cool, fresh drink of water in a clean glass held out to him by a water-boy at his elbow.

A special water drawing and sterilizing equipment has been installed on each floor of the building. The glasses are carried in wire baskets and before being filled are first dipped into boiling water in which has been dissolved a measured amount of powerful disinfectant, and then rinsed. The water is not ice cold, but ice cooled to a temperature that will be beneficial in mid-winter as on the hottest day in summer. The water is kept in constant circulation through the water system, thus making it impossible for sediment to collect and get into the glasses, as happens when using a still-water cooler.



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to receive deposits only.

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# Common Good Planks in the Political Platforms of this Fall Campaign

## COMMON GOOD PLEDGES IN THE FUSION PARTY— DEMOCRATIC and PROGRESSIVE

1. Immediate investigation of every City Department by the Bureau of Municipal Research and the permanent establishment of such an office in the city.
2. Elimination of abuse and waste in present system of letting, modification and enforcement of contracts for public improvements.
3. Reform of the City's bookkeeping so that with frequent and intelligent reports, the citizens may be kept informed of the city's finances.
4. The impartial enforcement of the law and ordinances of the city.
5. Reduction and elimination of the smoke nuisance.
6. More strict and modern ordinance for city milk supply. Adequate provision for food inspection and control of water supply.
7. More sanitary method of disposal of garbage, ashes, and refuse.
8. Establishment of playgrounds in congested quarters of the city. More competent supervision of the playgrounds.
9. Adoption of a City Plan.
10. More frequent fire inspection by the firemen.
11. Complete freedom of schools from politics.
12. Tax revision whereby assessment shall be more equitably made.
13. Abolition of unnecessary city positions and the adoption of efficiency methods in all city departments.
14. Complete freedom from the control of Public Service Corporations.

## COMMON GOOD PLEDGES IN THE SOCIALIST PARTY

1. The calling of a Charter Convention, with proportional representation from all parties.
2. Equal suffrage to both sexes who have been in the United States for one year.
3. The vesting of authority and responsibility in a single council with proportional representation of parties and control by the voters through the Initiative, Referendum and Recall.
4. Extension of the municipal functions so that Fuel, Ice, Milk, Bread and other prime necessities may be sold without profit.
5. The abolition of the Contract system in public works and the direct employment by the city of all workers for the city, under civil service rules.
6. Scientific Efficiency methods to be introduced into all City Departments. City wages to be higher than elsewhere in private enterprise, so as to elevate the general condition of labor.
7. The Police power to be used to protect the people in their right to legally strike.
8. More effective inspection of factories by Sanitary and Child-Labor officials.
9. Women Police Officers in every precinct.
10. The shortening of the work-day in keeping with increased production; not less than one and a half days rest each week.
11. The immediate erection of sufficient School buildings for the children of the city. The increase of the Teaching force so that each teacher shall not have more than twenty pupils.

12. Free text-books and supplies, to protect children from the stigma of charity now placed upon them.
13. The legal school age raised to 18.
14. More adequate medical and dental inspection and School nurses at all schools.
15. English to be taught immigrants in Evening schools open all the year round by specially trained teachers, who will hold classes for the mothers during the afternoon.
16. To counteract the tendency to exorbitant rents, the municipality to build on a large scale wholesome and comfortable dwellings.
17. The establishment of Playgrounds and Free Parks in the congested sections of the city.
18. Municipal concert and dance halls in every School district.
19. Extended use of School buildings for Social gatherings, discussions of public questions without charge.
20. Immediate erection of a Central Library building.
21. The establishment of municipally owned maternity hospitals, dispensaries and hospitals for the vast number of patients who are now denied proper care at the private institutions.
22. The establishment of municipal Day Nurseries, and Laundries.
23. The appointment of Trained Civic Visitors whose duty it shall be to visit the homes of the workers in all cases of need or on request, who can give instruction in child welfare and domestic science, at present denied or only inadequately supplied by charities.
24. A Tax on Land value so as to appropriate to the Public all increment arising from the growth of population and public improvements. Taxes also to be collected from all who hold property exempt under the guise of religious or other such private uses.

### COMMON GOOD PLEDGES IN THE PROBITION PARTY

1. Suffrage for women on same terms as men.
2. Uniform marriage and divorce law.
3. Abolition of Child Labor and better law enforcement.
4. The Initiative, Referendum and Recall.
5. Efficiency methods of government.
6. At least one day a week for rest.
7. The prohibition of the manufacture, importation, exportation, transportation and sale of Alcoholic beverages.

### PLANKS NOT YET PLACED IN ANY PLATFORM

1. Investigation of Vice and plans for public education against its spread.
2. Use of the Schools as Dolling Booths as in Los Angeles, Cal.
3. Demand that all Milk be Certified clean and free from Tubercular infection.
4. A Revised Housing Code, retroactive in its effect. A Lodger law.
5. Action looking towards the Reduction of street car fares to 3 cents.
6. A Citizen Censor Committee of Moving Picture Film and Billboards.
7. Scientific treatment of Inebriates committed by our Police Court.
8. A Psychopathic ward in the Municipal Hospital as a mental Clinic for all girls committed for vagrancy and feeble-minded men and boys.

## One Woman's Story

The envelope was unsealed, and the closely written sheets came to an abrupt end. On the envelope was written, "For my mother to read, if ever the time comes when she needs an explanation of her daughter."

\* \* \* \* \*

I wonder, mother dear, under what conditions you will read this. Shall I be dead or insane or—no, that's absurd. You probably won't read it at all, as one of my brave days will come and I will tear it up. Days like to-day I feel the end is near—that end when everyone I love on earth, you and the two children will be struck. Oh! mother dear, can I ever make you know so that you can tell Mary and William when they are old enough to understand how much I have borne? It's queer to think that some day I may be parted from my own babies, whom I love more than my soul and more than my body. When that day comes, everyone will sympathize with Will, and everyone will be sure that I never really loved the children.

Oh God, isn't the world a funny place! How few people ever understand, and how rare is a person who doesn't think that whatever the law permits is moral. You worry, dearie, and say you can't see what I live to make me nervous. A good husband, lovely children and all that money buys. I am getting bitter, you say, and so different. I am. You see I am a prostitute now.

Don't be shocked. It's all very proper; the law backs me up and so does society. The church, too, hasn't a word to say against my job. It even tells me it's a sacrament. God forgive them, they know not what they say; they are only men. I only sell myself to my husband, and instead of getting money or jewels I get the privilege of living with my children.

It came about this way: Will and I fell in love with each other. We were a splendid match, I so good looking, he a rich man of exemplary habits. You were so happy and so was I. You felt as all mothers must, thankful that, when the time came to give your daughter away, you could give her to a "good" man. Then came our trip around the world. The excitement of having so much money spent on me, living so—well, so the way you and I always used to wish we could live, and all the things I saw filled my life full. Then the happiness of knowing my baby was coming; building our beautiful house; watching Mary grow; then my son coming. There is a different feeling when a son comes; you never knew that feeling, dear. My mind is too warped to know if during those first years Will meant much to me or not. Perhaps he did; anyhow, I was happy enough. When you say you are happy enough, of course you mean you are beginning to realize that you are not happy.

Then all of a sudden I began to grow, to grow in all the ways I hadn't grown before. I read and read and began to do things with people who thought and had high ideals. I tried to interest Will in all the new ideas I had, and he only laughed at me. Then began the falling of the scales from my eyes. I saw him as he was—coarse, insincere and with ideals strangely out of keeping with his boasted churchmanship. Well, it happened slowly, but it ended in my hating him.

All this time we quarreled some, and made up and tried to do better, at least I tried.

Finally we had it out. I told him I couldn't go on living with him as his wife; but that I was quite willing to go on living in the house and would do my best to make him comfortable. He smiled when I had finished, and said he refused to consent to any such arrangement, and that

the sooner I realized what marriage meant, the better for me. Then I grew furious and said I had been considering his feelings in the matter; but as he wouldn't have that way, I would take the children and go and live with you. Then he laughed and slowly sealed my doom.

He began by saying I was quite welcome to go; he had no more feeling for me than I had for him. I thought I would scream for joy. In a flash I saw the happy times you and the babies and I were going to have. He added, "Of course you can't take the children; they are my children, and I don't propose to be parted from them." In my ignorance I said I had as much right to them as he had; at least, I could have them half of the time. He kept on smiling, and we talked far into the night. It got, for me, so tragic that I felt detached. I felt like a woman fighting for another woman's children. What the talk made clear was—I could go away any hour I wished, alone. Then, in due course, Will would divorce me for desertion; and of course the courts would give him the children. Rightly, for a mother who deserts her children is no fit mother to care for them.

The alternative—Will by no chance ever did anything any State gives divorce for—was for me to stay and fulfil my marriage vows. Why, in God's name, are girls allowed to take vows, and be kept to them by the law, the nature of which they can't possibly know, when they take them?

Three years have gone since then, and no matter what I have done or may do, I will never need to be sent to Hell. I am having mine now!

It seems so simple to ask, "Why doesn't she lock her door?" The answer is, if I do (I have tried) the father of my children can call the servants to witness, and the court would order me to restore to my husband his "conjugal rights," or he can turn me out of the house.

My brain seethes all my waking hours trying to see what is the matter with it all. When I have brought two children into the world (all he wanted to have), haven't I earned the right to the one thing I ask—myself?

Visions come to me that when the children grow old enough, they can choose for themselves whom they want to live with, and then they and I can go to you. But will they choose me? I am not at all sure of it. Their father loves them and is a good father to them. He has wealth, and can and does give them everything their hearts desire. He is a charming man, everyone says so, and they love him. What have I to offer them? I am a nervous wreck, and, try as I do, my outlook on life is growing warped and bitter; I am not very good company, I fear.

So far I have been able to keep up before people the bluff that Will and I are like most other married people. I have even gotten so that when he kisses me—which he always does when he comes home and visitors are here—I don't shiver, though I turn sick.

I devour Ibsen and Bernard Shaw or anyone else who seems to be trying to understand women. The trouble with them all is, they leave the children out. Am I the only woman on earth who turns faint when she hears the handle of her door turn? Am I the only woman whose husband is willing to let his children's mother pay him the price of a street woman in order to take care of those children? I hope I am.

Some days I feel unfit to hold my babies to my heart. I almost feel going on the street would be easier, more impersonal. One would be spared seeing the author of one's degradation at other times.

Do you remember the time we went to the Night Court, and all you people gasped with horror when we saw that nice looking woman locked in her cell? When I heard that bolt click my thought was, how much like Heaven it would be to be there and know he couldn't open the door.

Oh, my dear little mother, please understand. Don't think I'm queer, don't think—well, don't think anything but that I have a lone my best. No doubt some other woman could have done better. I would do anything he asks, if only it would earn me the right to myself.

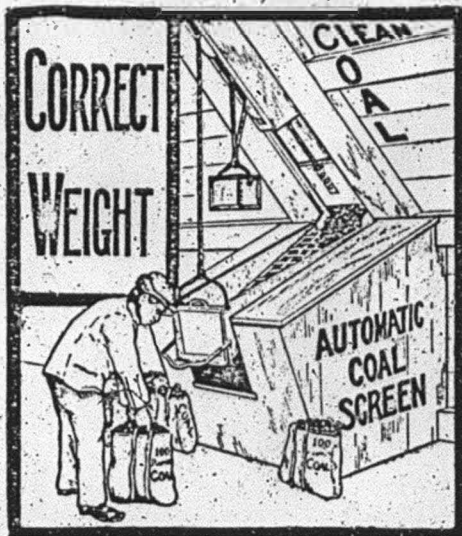
The most wonderful thing in the world is that two people who love each other can have a child who is flesh of their flesh. If they don't love each other, it is Hell, and yet that life they brought into existence still binds them and perhaps must.

I bought a paper-cutter today, and when I got home I noticed it had a sharp edge. I felt like the heroine of a melodrama! They always so obviously flourish it in the first act. My trouble is, I lack courage to go further and make an act four that is called tragedy by church and State.

Excuse me for writing such nonsense. This is one of my days when I feel that the children aren't worth the price I pay. Tomorrow, I will know they are worth it, all and more.—*The Woman's Journal*:

## Deep Valley Coal

20 Bags to the Ton.



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C. S. KELLOGG, Manager

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INSIDE.

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Don't Wait Till You Pass,  
Make a Special Journey

To

**Ellery A. Handy**

JEWELER

88 State Street

Teacher had sent little Tom home because his clothes were an offense to the class, for being winter time his Saturday night baths had been postponed till spring. The next morning the child came back with the following note:

"Miss Walsh, Maam,

Johnny ain't no rose, don't smell him, learn him."

# How Rochester is Wasting Nearly Half a Million Dollars by Inefficient Refrigeration

By Dr. John R. Williams

Extracts from his recent address before the International Congress of Refrigerators, in which may be found full investigation tables supporting the conclusions drawn here.—Editor

The problem of preserving fresh food from decomposition is one which every household is called upon to solve. The cheapest, most efficient and most available agency for this purpose is refrigeration or storage at low temperature. In the home the pantry, cellar or an icebox is depended upon to furnish the low temperature required for proper food preservation.

There is scientific as well as practical basis for this use of cold. It has been demonstrated by laboratory experts that bacteria, which are the cause of food decomposition, are markedly retarded in their growth by temperatures below 45 degrees Fahrenheit, and that temperatures between 45 and 50 degrees inhibit to a slightly less extent the propagation of these organisms. Above 50 degrees Fahrenheit bacteria multiply prolifically. This means that foods favorable for the growth of bacteria, as milk, meat, etc., undergo very slight decomposition when kept at temperatures ranging below 50 degrees Fahrenheit, but above that temperature they spoil very rapidly. It follows, therefore, that a box or room for the storage of perishable foods, to be at all efficient, must have a temperature not in excess of 50 degrees Fahrenheit, preferably below 45 degrees Fahrenheit.

Even the most favored cities in the United States, in the matter of climate, have periods of from 5 to 7 months when the temperature averages above 50 degrees Fahrenheit. Thus the northern city of Rochester for more than 6 months of the year has a mean monthly temperature above 50 degrees.

During these warm months artificial means must, or should be employed to protect fresh foods from decomposition. House temperatures, even in the cellar, are rarely much lower than those of the outside air. The mean temperature for the month of August, 1912, was 68.9 degrees Fahrenheit, while the average temperature of 266 cellar bottoms was 63.4 degrees Fahrenheit. The importance of these facts will be better appreciated when it is understood that nearly half of the homes in Rochester rely upon the cellar for the protection of their perishable foods. In an investigation of more than 5,450 homes it was discovered that 2,450 families do without ice the year around and depend upon the cellar or pantry to afford the proper temperature conditions for food preservation. Yet in the study of cellar temperatures in several hundred homes not one was found having a temperature below 55 degrees Fahrenheit. Pantries and kitchens were observed to be even warmer, for not one of either was found having a temperature below 60 degrees Fahrenheit. The obvious conclusion from this investigation is that every home should have artificial means of refrigeration.

In this study of ice boxes a large number were examined and the data from 300 accepted as trustworthy. Of these only 123 had temperatures below 50 degrees Fahrenheit, the other 177 registered above that temperature and were therefore worthless for preserving food.

The average workingman who uses a refrigerator spends between \$5.00 and \$10.00 for the ice he uses during the four or five warm months of the year. It is interesting to note that Italian working people use very little ice. It was observed that they avoid very largely the use of perish-

able foods requiring refrigeration in the home. Thus condensed milk is used largely in place of fresh milk and preserved meat in place of fresh meat. Jewish people use much milk and therefore much ice. Unfortunately these people get the benefit of not much more than 20 to 30 per cent of the ice they buy because of the defective ice boxes. There are about 55,000 families in Rochester. They use approximately 100,000 tons of ice yearly in their homes. Beyond all question more than 60,000 tons of this ice is wasted, entailing a loss to these consumers of at least \$350,00. Well-to-do families spend between \$15.00 and \$40.00 a year for ice. The cost to families in moderate circumstances varies between these extremes.

SHOWING THE OVERLAPPING OF ROUTES OF DEALERS IN THE DISTRIBUTION OF ICE.

Street.	Number of consumers.	Number of dealers supplying consumers.
Dartmouth .....	39	5
Baden .....	48	8
Frank .....	17	7
Kenwood .....	47	6
Adams .....	21	7
Oxford .....	25	3

There is a different dealer for each 5 to 15 consumers on every street in Rochester, a tremendously wasteful and uneconomical method of distribution. If an economical system of distribution were to replace the present method, a saving could be made to the consumer of at least \$1.00 per ton or \$100,000 yearly for the whole city.

*Conclusions:* Neither the cellar nor pantry in the home are sufficiently cold to keep perishable foods from spoiling during the warm months of the year, therefore every home should have a good refrigerator.

Only about half the homes in the city have refrigerators, the other half are compelled to depend upon the inadequate protection afforded by the cellar.

The majority of domestic refrigerators are inefficient because they consume too much ice and do not maintain a temperature low enough to prevent food from spoiling.

The chief explanation of their inefficiency is to be found in the lack of sufficient and proper insulation.

There are a large number of shoddy refrigerators on the market which contain no other insulation than a sheet or two of paper. They are sold chiefly to working people who can ill afford to use them, because they are both insanitary and grossly uneconomical in the consumption of ice.

The waste from ice meltage because of improper insulation of refrigerators in Rochester homes (population of city, 230,000) amounts to 60,000 tons yearly, or about \$350,000.

At least \$100,000 more is wasted yearly in the present competitive system of delivery.

Unnecessary waste is now making refrigeration cost consumers from three to five times as much as it should.

There are certain simple directions which will be of assistance in selecting a refrigerator. If they are observed, the purchaser can at least avoid being defrauded.

One should insist upon seeing a section of the wall of the refrigerator which he contemplates buying. Honest manufacturers are always willing to let customers know the character of their wares.

Do not buy a box which does not bear the name and address of the maker, nor one sold only under the name of a retail dealer. If the manufacturer is ashamed to acknowledge his handiwork, you are justified in suspecting fraud.

Do not buy a box which contains less than three inches of good insulation, not including the wooden case or the metal or tile lining.

Beware of impossible "vacuum," doubtful "dead air space," and no-good paper insulation.

Money invested in insulation will be returned many times in the saving in ice bills. Added insulation means not only economy in ice consumption, but also lower temperature in the refrigerator and the less spoiling of food.

A refrigerator is of little value which will not operate with reasonable care and ice consumption at 45 degrees Fahrenheit during the summer.

There is a big field for the manufacturer who will put on the market an efficient ice box which can be sold at a price within the means of people in moderate circumstances.

## The Jackson Health Resort

Dansville, N. Y.

Everything  
ALL RIGHT.  
Table, Service,  
Baths,  
Physicians.  
Good Company.



One hour and  
thirty-five minutes  
by 4:40 p. m.  
Through train on  
the Erie Railroad.

### SHOULD BE CONSIDERED

A most beautiful SUBURB of ROCHESTER, for recreating and HEALTH PURPOSES.

So easy to get there.

So delightful while there.

Just what you need for a WEEK END ANYWAY.

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**WOMEN ARE PEOPLE** — *Votes for Women* — **WOMEN ARE CITIZENS**

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— Literature at —

THE POLITICAL EQUALITY CLUB, Beckley Building, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

# The Common Good Library Shelf

All books reviewed on this page can be obtained through the  
Common Good Publishing Co., Rochester, N. Y.

**THE MIXING; WHAT THE NEIGHBORS OF HILLSPORT DID.** By Bouck White. Doubleday, Page & Co. New York. 1913.

Hillport is "The Rip van Winkle of the Plain," the "place where nothing never happens"; at least it used to be till a new kind of minister made some new neighbors, and filled the whole village with a community pride, a community conscience and a community will. If you know a country town, where the competition of the churches, the competition of the press and the competition of the farmers is killing the place, put this book in the hands of a few of the inhabitants. It is good winter reading for the village where we have our summer cottage. It will make the place more desirable by next summer.

**THE SOCIAL CENTER:** By Edward J. Ward. D. Appleton & Co. New York. 1913. 4th volume of the National Municipal League Series. \$1.50.

"There is no sovereignty of the people if the several sections of the people are at loggerheads with each other. Sovereignty comes with co-operation." These words of President Wilson might be the text of this good book. Mr. Ward is well known in Rochester, and his many friends,—and he always had more friends than enemies,—will do well to see how much Rochester has contributed to such a man. Every man and woman wanting inspiration to keep our Recreation Centers up to the highest democratic mark, will not only want to read this book but will want to keep it and spread its gospel of the common ground.

**HOW TO HELP: A MANUAL OF PRACTICAL CHARITY.** By Mary Conyngton, M.A. The Macmillan Company. New York. 1913. 50 cents.

It is a long time since we have seen so useful a volume. It is a School of Philanthropy between two covers, and there ought not to be a social worker, minister or teacher in the city who has not read it. The publishers have issued the finely bound 370 pages very cheaply in order that it may be widely read. The book is divided into four parts: 1. General Principles; 2. Application of Principles to Definite Cases; 3. Social and Preventive Work; 4. General. Its treatment of the Homeless man and woman, Beggars and Impostors, Care of the Needy, Families in their Honies, Finding work, Intemperance, Desertion, Standards of Living, Widows and children, the Aged, and the care of the Feeble-minded and Tubercular, is simply splendid. If we had our way we should make the study of this book compulsory in any university course, as it points out the way towards helpful citizenship as few books that we have seen.

**HUMAN CONFESSIONS:** By Frank Crane. Forbes and Co. Chicago. 1912. \$1.

**LAME AND LOVELY:** By Frank Crane. Forbes and Co. Chicago. 1912. \$1.

Did you read the last page of the last Common Good? It is said that this man has more readers than any other living writer. He says nothing new, but says everything in a new way, and leaves his readers feeling glad the old goods are so good. In these busy days when short novels are the demand, this man finds a way of giving us short chapters on the largest thoughts of life. We intend keeping this review page for books only that treat with constructive social effort. Their titles may not suggest it, but if Frank Crane had more readers among city employees and social workers, our city would be the happiest place in America for every man, woman and child, native and foreign.

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The sketches for the Fifth Annual Picturesque Rochester Competition are to be delivered before noon January 5th, 1914, to Mr. F. von der Lancken at the Bevier Building, Mechanics Institute. Each sketch should bear a mark or device but *no name*. They should be accompanied by a sealed envelope bearing the same mark or device and containing the name and address of the competitor.

Sketches should be suitable for reproduction they are not to be in color. Etchings, block prints and engravings will also be admitted providing they are first proofs, made since January 1st, 1913, and have not yet been offered for sale.

Competitors are advised not to send one elaborate picture but a number of free suggestive sketches.

First Prize \$30.00. Second Prize \$20.00.

An artistic illuminated certificate signed by the judges will be given this year to the prize winners and those receiving honorable mention.

## THE OTHER SIDE

There's another side to the story of the blue-eyed young woman who, in New York the other day, after a fruitless quest for honest work, hungry, penniless, discouraged and thinking that only in death lay the alternative to earning ease by shame, swallowed poison but was discovered in time.

A side that helps mightily to take the bad taste of the incident out of the mouth; which shows that even in our busy, cruel cities human hearts are warm and good surpasses evil.

All day long the hospital where she lay was besieged by well-dressed women who called to offer help. The mails, too, bore many messages of good cheer. The cop who picked the poor girl up and the hospital doctors and nurses chipped in to a general relief fund and the big city, previously so callous, seemed as if by a miracle to become all at once merciful and kind.

What wrought the change was that magic of democracy, publicity. Folks hadn't been cold or heartless at all. They didn't know. They hadn't understood.

How to know is the problem of the city. It is the tragedy of the big town that kind souls who would gladly help, whose hearts are as hungry to show the human impulses as other hearts are hungry to receive them, are unable because they don't know.

HASTEN THE SOCIAL CENTER!—*La Follette's Magazine.*

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## WAGES FOR PRISONER'S FAMILIES

An interesting precedent has been set in New York by the action of Judge Mulqueen in turning over a fine to the prisoner's child. The case was that of a baker who was recently extradited from Chicago for abandoning a minor child. Under the New York law this is a serious offense, and he was sentenced to two years in prison and a fine of \$1000. If he pays it, the money will go to a fund for the education of the child. From the humanitarian side this disposition of the case has much to commend it, and the result might be even better if the prison sentence, which does the child no good, could be compounded by a fine of say \$5000; payable in instalments for his proper bringing up. In several states, Ohio most recently, the wrong of robbing a family of its wage earner is being amended by assigning the wages of prisoners upon them. This is but just, for the criminal's dependents are not to blame for his misdeeds, and society should not make them suffer unnecessarily. But it may be suggested that if this principle gains ground it may demonstrate the expedience of substituting fines for imprisonment as a punishment for many kinds of delinquency. If a father is the kind of father who neglects his children, sending him to jail for running away from them does no good; they are better off away from him, and the best use he can be put to is in earning enough money to pay for taking care of them really well. And to a mean man the punishment may perhaps be as painful as imprisonment.—*The Springfield Republican.*

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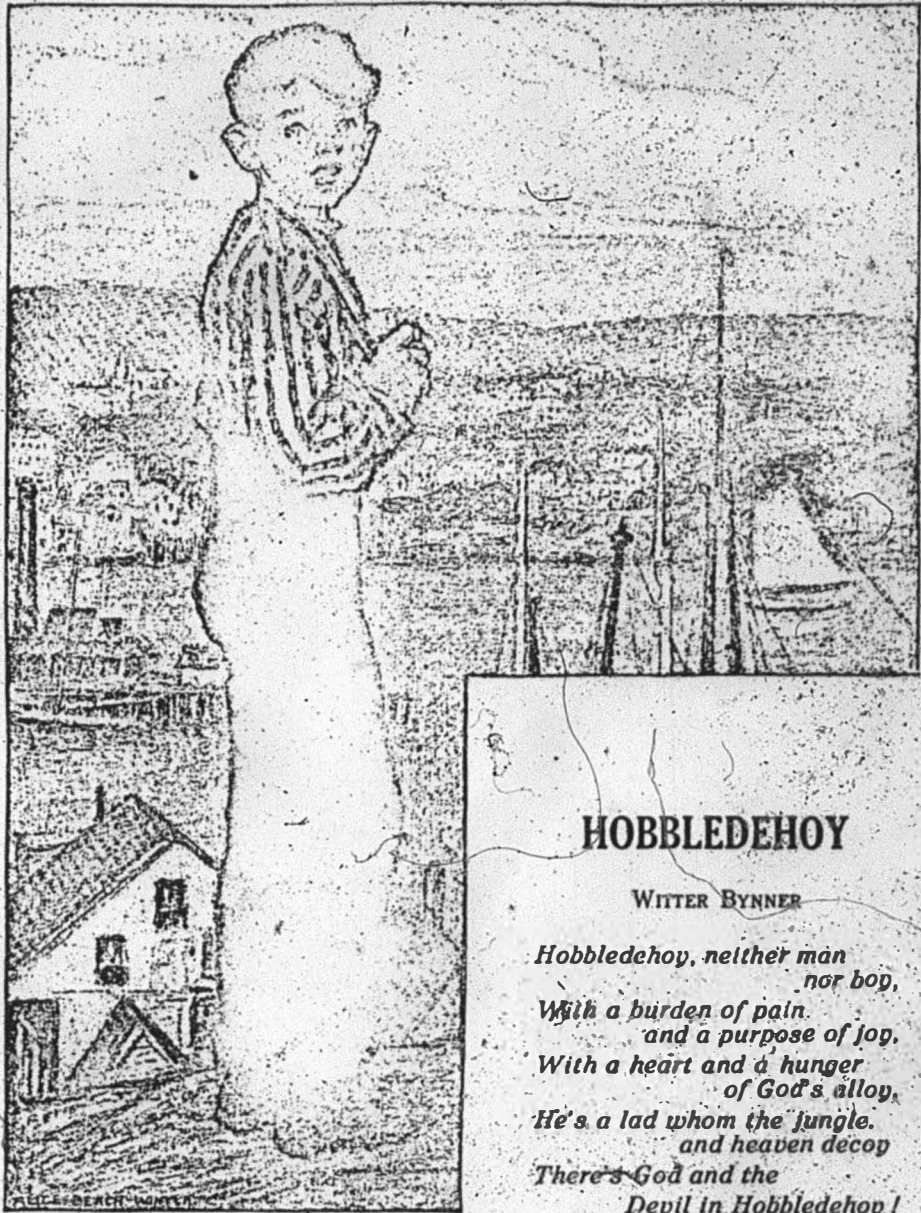
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## HOBBLEDEHOY

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*Hobbledehoy, neither man  
nor boy,  
With a burden of pain  
and a purpose of joy,  
With a heart and a hunger  
of God's alloy,  
He's a lad whom the jungle  
and heaven decoy  
There's God and the  
Devil in Hobbledehoy!*

*What shall we do when  
Hobbledehoy,  
With zest of a beast to  
possess or destroy,  
Is tripped in his track for  
the hunting of joy?  
What shall we do when  
the beast in the boy  
Calls out to the devil  
in Hobbledehoy?*

*Shall we punish the nature  
of Hobbledehoy,  
Cage and encourage it  
forth to destroy?—  
Or quicken the pain in him,  
quicken the joy,—  
The pang of the birth of  
the man from the boy!—  
Shall we give him the Devil?  
Hobbledehoy?*