

## THE PASSING OF THE HOME.

THE FAULTS OF THE APARTMENT HOUSE IN OUR GREAT CITIES.

Twentieth Century Builders do not Provide for the Children.—Happiness as accessible in the "Flat" as in the cottage, under proper conditions.

We should be patient with the faults of youth. A young people, like a young person, has "the defects of its qualities"; and though our nation is built of all nations, yet its individual life is young.

One of the faults of youth is a dogged conservatism. The child, having a knowledge of things other than he has always seen them, condemns unhesitatingly any divergence from his accustomed standard. He is rigid in his young virtue, cruel in his young severity; but, thank God, he will grow; and, as he grows, learn wisdom, breadth of vision, a slower judgment, a more defined hope.

We in America, springing to life as a nation in our pioneer period, with our first proud ideals all based on the facts of that period, and dominated by a literature deeply colored by those same facts and ideals, are slow to recognize our own growth.

When we say "the American Home," we think instinctively of the home of a hundred years ago; and a hundred years in this age of cumulative progress means more than a thousand in the far past. Our national life is changing in every feature, changing more swiftly than any people's life ever changed before; and in most of its phenomena we are proud of it. The distinctive spirit of American progress is its sure and instant recognition of new values, new methods, new lines of advance, and its steady courage in taking advantage of them.

The superiority of our mechanical processes is largely due to the fact that they are not afraid of "the scrap-heap"—we wear out a locomotive, discard it and build a better, over and over, while the European is nursing and repairing.

A far-sighted rational course—a willfulness always to throw aside good for better, and better for best—this is the American policy.

And yet, in the very face of this rushing current of progressiveness, we find at times the strangest pools and eddies, dull backwaters where the driftwood of past seasons floats and molders like wrecks in the Sargasso Sea.

It is from a stagnant stretch like this that we hear the cry of complaint and warning about the passing of the American home. Everything else has passed, and without wailing; passed, as must all rising life, "from the less to the greater, from the simple to the complex."

Social evolution follows natural law as surely as physical: why should we fear it? Or rather, why should we accept so much of it gladly and then balk, straining rebelliously at this great after swallowing caravans of camels?

It is because we think, in our honest hearts, that our national integrity and health and virtue are bound up in "the Home," and that if it is taken from us we are lost. We are right here, in a way. Unless the cell-structure of the human atom is healthy, the whole great organism will break down.

We are wrong in supposing that change is necessarily injury, in seeking to maintain the home in some past form and forbid it sharing in the benefits of progress. But while we are musing, the fire burns, the changes go on; and those who observe them cry out as the old Danish king cried out against the rising tide.

In the country there has been less change than in the city, naturally; the isolated farmhouse is still recognizably like its predecessors of the earlier centuries; yet there is some difference even here.

In the cities, notably in our largest ones, the alteration is so great and so swift as to force itself upon us with something of a shock, the more so as in a growing city one may find every stage of home-building practically side by side.

A ride on the Amsterdam Avenue street-car in New York city will show the shanty and hovel of the ancient poor, and the crowded tenement of the modern poor; the large, comfortable, detached house of the ancient rich, with lawn and garden and outbuildings, and the long fronts of the side-street blocks where the "homes" stand like books on a shelf, squeezed out of all semblance of a house. This is due to the terrible constriction of financial pressure.

This pressure, relentlessly increasing, has forced upward from these level ranks of crowded dwellings the vertical outburst of the apartment-home—the "flat," and at this point begins most of the outcry.

So long as our homes had twenty feet square of ground in the back yard, and ten feet of stone steps at the front door, we submitted to the lateral pressure uncomplainingly. We took our air and light at the two ends of the house; we ignored the neighbor whose bed was within a foot of ours, because the party-wall was solid and well deadened. We called our vertical slice of a solid building a block long "a house," and while lamenting at times its lack of physical comfort, we did not feel that its life was attacked. It was still "the home."

But the apartment-houses increased so rapidly that the levels of domestic life in New York became as varied as its rocky substrata; and then, under the same pressure, the kitchens were squeezed out of the flats, and the apartment-hotel appeared.

It not only appeared, but increased. The real-estate records show an astonishing ratio of change—private houses being no longer built in numbers worth mentioning compared with apartment-houses, and these sinking into insignificance compared with the apartment hotel. Now, indeed, a cry of horror goes up. We have all along had in our curtailed minds an ideal of the home of our grandmothers; the slow compression of that ideal as the city block congealed around it we had not noticed; but now that we see our homes lifted clean off the ground—yardless, cellarless, stairless, even kitchenless—we protest that this is not a home!

Doctor Parkhurst and other earnest men have raised their voices in passionate protest, but neither those who build nor those who buy have listened to them.

Think and feel as we may, it remains a fact that the dwellers in our great cities are being forced into sets of horizontally arranged chambers; and deprived of the cellar and the kitchen as they were long since the garden and the stable.

The change is here. Is it good or bad?—had—or bad in part—can it be checked and altered?

The tendency in terms of brick and mortar is clearly visible. It is from a relatively small, plain, isolated house, holding one family, toward a vast glittering palace of a thousand occupants.

The tendency industrially is as clear: it is from the weary housewife making soap and candles, carding, spinning, weaving, dyeing, cutting, sewing, cooking, nursing, sweeping, washing and all the rest, to the handsome, healthy, golf-playing woman who does none of these things (and, to her shame be it spoken, does little else), for her former trades are done each and all by expert professionals.

The tendency in the character of home and family life is not so patently visible, and may yet be traced.

It is from a self-centered family life, mainly content with its own members and its immediate neighbors, to a family that is by no means content with its own members, that knows not neighbors though they may be as near and as numerous as the cells of a honeycomb, and that insists on finding its interests and pleasures in the great outside world.

That this change, psychic and industrial, is going on with the change in architecture, cannot be denied. It may even be wondered if it did not precede it—spirit rightly coming before matter; at any rate, it is here.

Now let us examine the real nature of this transformation, without prejudice or terror, and see if it is, after all, as bad as some would have us believe.

If a city is so thick that a separate home with four sides of windowed ventilation is absolutely impossible—which, like it or not, is the case at present—then why is it better for the honeycomb to be flat than for it to stand up? Is this book-shelf of a front inherently noisier, more lovely or more healthful—even more convenient—than the same row standing on end, as it were—with one's set of rooms arranged on a level instead of five floors over one another?

For health and comfort, so long as air and light are assured, rooms on one floor are better than on five—better mechanics, better economy of space and time.

But as soon as this change was made, as soon as the physical space of the home was thus simplified, then the ancient industries of the home became unpleasantly prominent to its members.

Of what do dwellers in flats most complain? The smell of their neighbors' kitchens, the noise of their neighbors' children.

So long as that smell and that noise were disseminated freely from the exposed farmhouse, we none of us minded them.

So long as, by common consent, the dwellers in the book-shelf tucked their kitchens in behind and under, mingling the odors of suet and soup in the halldoor of back yards which every resident ignored; sent their children to the top floor—or the park—and politely overlooked the ash-barrel and the garbage-can immodestly obstructing themselves beside the elegant front steps, so long we bore with these things. But when

the strata rose under lateral pressure and carried the home upward, by the dozen, its constituent chambers thrown together past ignoring, and with no back yard to dilute its odors for a while, then we found that we did not like our own way of doing business.

A little more squeezing—the kitchen dwindles and cramps to a kitchenette—pop! it is gone!

The dining-room, lost without its feeder, suffers a gradual transformation to a sort of second parlor, and often it, too, disappears.

The children? The apartment-house and the hotel evade that question—avoid it—dodge it. They make no provision for children—they don't want any. The children are but few in these sky-palaces, and they look out of place. We have not faced the problem of providing for them at all. We shirk it.

And then what happens? What does the family do?

The man goes right on with his business as he always did. His bills are heavy, but there is less worry. He works and pays the freight. The woman, relieved of almost all the work she used to do, and too ignorant, too timid, too self-indulgent, to do other work, simply plays most of the time, or labors at amusement, saving her conscience with charity. (A nice world we should have if men stopped work and took to charity!) The children, when there were any, are seen dully toddling beside unresponsive servants; strapped helpless in wagons; aimlessly playing in the only decent place they have, the public parks; or, in their only semblance of free life, taking the license and education of the streets.

The streets may be cleaner or dirtier, quieter or noisier, and the children more or less numerous, according to the wealth of the region, but, rich or poor, they have only the street—the houses are not built for them.

The private houses are not much better in this respect than the apartment-houses; but in the latter, the children, like the kitchens, are more prominent. The rate of living in these great buildings is very high. Yet we must remember that it is not so high as in the private houses of the same people. It is economic pressure that puts up these monster edifices.

The family life—the association of the members—seems visibly lessened. Yet we must remember again that they are only living as they wanted to before and had not the conveniences. The apartment-hotel meets a demand. The position of the children is the most prominent evil; yet it is not so much worse than it was before, as it is merely more conspicuous.

The apartment-hotel only carries out in the arrogant and opulent fulfillment the tendencies already at work when the city began to force the homes together and crush them to a lean and breathless strip.

Is this movement wholly bad? Can nothing be done to check it? It is by no means wholly bad; it is mostly good. What is bad about it is our misapprehension, and pig-headed insistence on what we falsely suppose to be the valuable things. How then can we modify this process, keeping the grandeur and beauty, the smooth, delicate mechanical adjustment, the care and convenience, and yet keeping love and peace and happy childhood too? Our present objectors have no help to give—they merely howl. They stand screaming in the road and say: "Go back! Go back! This is not the way, stop! Go back!" Social processes do not stop much less go back, for anybody's protest. They cannot be arrested or reversed, but they can be steered. We can study them, learn their lines of direction, and take advantage of them, to our great gain. Now let us see what is needed to make "the American city home," in its best and fullest sense, possible to us still, albeit two hundred feet from the ground.

There is no real reason that a man and wife should not be as happy under electric lights as they were underneath the naked stars, on Oriental rugs as on the windy hills or damp leaves of the forest. There is no real reason why children should not be as healthy and happy in a modern palace as in an ancient hut.

No real reason, no inherent reason. The difficulty in these things is secondary and removable. We have overlooked the children in building the apartment-home—that is all.

We are meeting all adult desires in these huge palaces to-day. We make for them billiard-parlors, smoking-rooms, dancing-halls, swimming-tanks, reception-parlors—but we do not build for the children. This is not the special fault of the apartment-house. We did not build private houses suited to them, either.

What we want is a conscientious recognition of child needs when we build homes; and this should be insisted on by their mothers. Now heretofore the mothers were too overwhelmed with house-service to demand anything for their children or themselves. As soon as a husband was rich enough to harness either women to his chariot-wheels the mother emerged from her lowly labors, and, like any other released servant, luxuriated in idleness. Low-grade labor does not teach noble ambition.

But this very apartment-house, with its inevitable dismissal of the kitchen,

with its facility for all skilled specialist labor, has freed the woman from her ancient service, so that she may now see the splendid possibilities of motherhood.

She does not do so yet, it is true. The kitchen-mindedness of a thousand centuries cannot rise at once to the grade of twentieth-century life. But see what we might have if we would in this most crowded city of the world to-day; see how the American home may pass from its present transition stage to a noble new development.

On the ground-space of a New York block, with our present architecture and mechanical knowledge, we can build homes of such exquisite refinement and simple beauty as should be a constant rest and joy to their inmates. Once eliminating that source of so much dirt, the kitchen, the system of exhaust sweeping now coming into use with modern plumbing, could keep our homes cleaner than they ever were before. Wise building laws should insure ventilation and sunlight for rich as well as poor.

Long corridors, gliding elevators, soft music at one's meals—these things do not destroy love and happiness; nor does a private cook insure them. Our mistake is in attaching the essential good of home life to non-essential mechanical conditions.

This uneasy expansion from the home life into "society life" is in its nature good—had as are the present results. It is part of the general kindling of the human soul to-day, the wakening of the social consciousness. It is right, quite right, that man, woman and child should all demand something more than "home life."

The domestic period, so to speak, is long outgrown. The wrong is that the social life they find outside is so pitifully unsatisfying. The soul to-day needs far wider acquaintance, more general interest, more collective action, than the soul of remote centuries. We are different—we are more complex—and we must continue to become so.

But that complexity should be as clean and natural and wholesome as our early simplicity. An organ is more complex than a shepherd's pipe, but no less musical. If these apartment-houses and hotels were filled with people who appreciated the opportunities of the time they live in, the gathered homes therein would know a larger, higher happiness than any cozy cottages under a woodbine. The wives and mothers of these families would remember that there are children—must be children—and that no hired servant can successfully conceal them. Children are here and must be provided for. The apartment-house has not done so yet—but it can, and better than the private house. These great structures could, if they chose, turn their palm-fringed roofs into happy child-gardens, furnish great play-rooms, gymnasias and nurseries; and they will choose when women patrons bring their material sentiments up to date. A busy woman, happy and proud in her work, could return to her exquisite nest in one of these glorious palaces, with her husband and children returning from their work and play, to as contented a home life as the world has ever known—and a nobler one as well.

But you say: "It is not the same thing. The home is gone. The children are at the nursery or kindergarten, the father away, of course—he always was; but the mother—a woman should give her whole life to the home." No, she should not. No human being should. She should serve society as does her human mate, and they, together, should go home to rest.

It is this change in the heart of the world which is changing the home of the world; and its ultimate meaning is good. Let us then study, understand, and help to hasten this passing onward to better things of our beloved American Home. Let us not be afraid, but lead the world in larger living.—Charlotte Perkins Gilman in McClure's magazine for December.

EVERY ETH WATH THTOLEN. And The Thith Paper Wath in Great Ditttreth for Thome Time.

Years ago when Ward Morton was gay and frisky and struggling to make the Franklinian Journal a success, he had an unpleasant but unique experience. His office was broken open one night and all of his cash was stolen. This was not, however, the greatest part of the hardship, for the miscreant, hoping to forestall the next day's issue of his paper, stole every letter "s" in the office. Young Morton, however, was equal to the emergency, and came out the next morning with the following story in the Journal: "We are sorry to say that our computing room wath entered lath night by thome unknown thendrel, who thtote every eth in the ethtblithment and thtuceeded in making hith ethcape undetected.

It hath been impthible of courthe to procure a new thupply of etheth in time for thith thithth, and we are thuth compelled to go to preth in a thithnation motht embarrasing and dithtrethth; but we thith no other courthe to purthine than to make the bethth thttagger we can to get along without the miththng letter, s; we thithfore print the Journal on time regathleth of the lath thththained.

"The native of the mitherable miththenth ith unknown to ith, but doubtleth wath a revenge for thome thupthotted ithth.

"It thall never be thaid that the petty ththpith of the thomall-ththouled villain hath dithabled the Journal. If thith meethth the eye of the detethtable ratheth, we beg to athure him that he undereththmatteth the reththomreth of a firth-clath newthpaper when he thithkth he can cripple it hopelethly by breaking into the alphabet.

"We take ceathion to thay to him thithmore, that before next Thuthday we thith have three thitheth many etheth ath he thithth.

## OPEN SEASON FOR ELK.

HUNTERS MUST WEAR RED.

Brown May Lead to Being Mistaken for the Prey—Harder to Get a Shot with a Kodak Than One with a Rifle—The Extraordinary Luck of a Man from Chicago—Deer Prey of Wolves.

The open season for big game in the north woods of Minnesota is at hand. In all the railway stations one finds printed signs containing directions for hunting, which must not be disregarded on pain of the law. Elk does not figure in the instructions for hunting in Minnesota, but the moose does. There is generally a snowstorm in November, but that has not dampened the ardor of the hunters, who, with red caps and jackets, are coming from Duluth, St. Paul, and Chicago. Red is the color for hunting here, as it is the color for golf in less strenuous climates. In fact, so many have been the accidents through the tendency of the eye to be deceived that it looks as if every man who ventures among the pine and the spruce in November will soon be required to wear the color in which devils in the opera always disport. A brown spot stirs fifty yards from you; you fire; you may have hit a deer or a man; and, as the tendency of the human eye is to see what the human mind has been thinking about, you may have taken a man for a deer.

You may kill two deer during the open season in Minnesota. You may not take them out of the State—and the railway men are warned to see that you do not. Still, venison has been known to make its way mysteriously even as far as Buffalo, and in the close season you know what Rocky Mountain goat on certain hotel menus means. Besides, cannot the forbidden venison, unconcealed in this way, have been kept in cold storage? It was on this hypothesis that the lunch of moose meat given by the Hon. Halford Stearnson, of Minnesota, to some of his friends in the Senate restaurant last year was explained, but some of the opponents of this gentleman declined to believe that he had not shot the magnificent animal out of season.

Frozen in Attitude of Life.

Deer swarms in the north woods this year. The sight of six or seven dead animals on the railway station platform at Bemidji, the most thriving of all the northwestern towns, is not unusual. Some of the hunters are frozen so stiff that the jocos hunter finds no difficulty in making them stand erect for the moment, in the attitude of life. The air in the Northwest is remarkably pure in summer because it is preserved in very cold storage for nine months in the year, but when it is in cold storage its better qualities are unmistakable. The drawback of this beautiful region of a thousand lakes, is the length of the winters. It is true that November iceicles may be dissipated by a flash of Indian summer, but while they are iceicles they are very real iceicles.

It is harder to get a kodak shot at an elk than to sight him with a rifle. A long drive from the Great Divide, where the two great streams to the north and south—the furthest north and south—separate, may bring many adventures, or there may be none. To the red lake reservation, it may mean long hours through the monotonous pine and spruce and balsam; in the early fall past great railway caissons, which, for them, is one of the roads to hell. At other times you may have many adventures. A flash of white may strike your eyes and off goes, with their flags showing, a herd of deer.

What a Chicago Man Saw.

Or it may happen, as it happened to the man from Chicago who had never seen a moose. And he longed to see a clump of the high-brush cranberry and far-stretching clumps of purple aster, and the golden rod; in the late fall through the dark green of the soft wood, with a sprinkle of snow here and there; but you may see no animal except a partridge or two. To be sure, at Nobish you will be sure to observe drunken "beavers" and squaws in a state of indecent frenzy, trying to herd the little moose in the native wild; but there were no "crusiers"—lumber jacks who know the woods—within reach, to guide him; and the Indians were away eating the wild rice. He had driven with a friend for days over concurry roads, and he had seen not even a deer. And yet, at a farm which suddenly shone out of the forest, he had been shown the tender leaves of a miniature apple orchard nipped by buck and doe, and traces of their sharp hoofs on the soft earth everywhere; but, going out of his tent one Sunday morning for his very cold plunge in the lake, he stood for a moment, weary at last of the monotony of nature. There was a slight sound behind him; he turned, and one of the most magnificent of brutes—the bull elk—moved slowly toward the water. The man stood still, amazed, and, he confesses somewhat frightened; the elk showed no emotion, tramped among the wild rice for a moment or two, and then slowly went back toward the woods.

There will be many deer killed during the month of December; but the slaughter is never so great out in the north woods as it is in the woods of Maine. In the lumber camps—which are beginning to take on signs of life—are many Maine men, and though deer is not less plentiful in Minnesota, the Maine woods are more accessible to the hunters, and are training grounds for the Minnesota lumber jacks.

Deer Prey of Wolves.

In a few weeks the real slaughter of the deer will begin. Their worst enemies are the timber wolves, beautiful, swift, gray and white animals, who force the deer on the ice or snow to his own destruction. On an island near the Leech Lake reservation, not far from where the chief Bugah-na-goisg defied the United States government, are nine-

teen wolves. They have been counted. During this coming winter they may kill 200 deer. They are waiting for their prey. A buck or doe is helpless on the ice or snow, but the wolf glides easily, gracefully, unerringly after the deer, who in the summer can make his way, almost unheard, among the tangled underbrush. On the ice—when the ice is covered with snow, the sharp hoofs of the deer lead to his destruction. He sinks; he struggles; he is trapped, while the pack of slyer gray wolves close around him leisurely and with sinister confidence in the issue. Go any summer into the Minnesota forest, and you will find innumerable skeletons of the deer thus destroyed. Wolves are to the deer what prairie fires are to the woods.

Winter's Fight with Death.

The woods, as the winter comes, seem to grow greener and darker. A lonely log cabin in a clearing, with its flaxen-haired mistress and group of flaxen-haired children at the door, appears desolate enough; but when one thinks of this Scandinavian family surrounded by walls of snow for almost nine months in the year, one wonders that even these hardy Swedes and Norwegians do not seek the South. Here and there is a pathetic little schoolhouse in a clearing. Back in the forest the snow does not come, and the winds are still; and as the autumn progresses the horrible mosquitoes and deer flies go away; but when the snow falls then is the struggle of life with the cold clutch of death.

The timber Indians desert their tents; now the dried fish is carefully packed away and the venison are cured. Nothing remains but the poles of the tepees; the other Indians are unfolding in their knowledge of the haunts of big game, as well as the whereabouts of the marten and the otter. The hunter from the East putting himself in the hands of a cruiser or a well-tried Indian hunter, will be sure of getting good chances at both deer and elk. The hunt for turrel animals does not begin until late in December or in January, the fur before that time being in immature condition. Otter and marten skins may be bought at what seems to be a low price from the Indians; but when the skins are made up in the fashionable manner their total cost does not fall below the market price. The hunter from the East will find that, if he has not practiced at deer shooting in the woods, the buck's flag—the under and white part of the tail—will go up instead of down at his shot many times until he gets the art of shooting under new conditions. The open season for deer will soon be over; but there are still great opportunities for the lover of open-air sports in Northern Minnesota. The hunter, however, must be prepared for hardships of all kinds, as he must come face to face with elemental nature.—Maurice Francis Egan.

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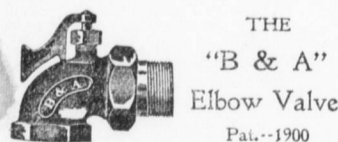
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