

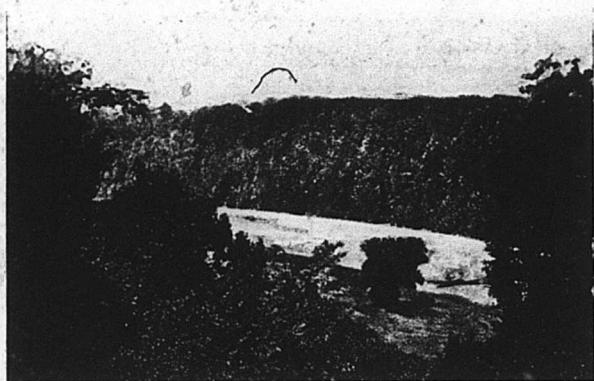
Settlement Bulletin

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

Vol. I. No. 6.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., SEPTEMBER, 1906.

ONE CENT.



GOOD-BYE, SUMMER!

Vacation is over! What does that mean to most of us? Does it mean that having slept all summer we must now wake up and take notice that Father Time is getting the start of us? Or, does it mean that like all the rest of God's creatures in the animal and vegetable kingdoms we have stored up energy from sunshine, food for thought in the variety of simple pleasures that the "good old summer time" offers us; and new strength to meet the drifts that winter sometimes piles for us?

Memory is the power that moves the wheel of winter's mill, and as we grind or sew, a picture of a little picnic at one of the parks or at the Lake lubricates the wheel and acts as emery to the needle. If we are gifted with imagination we are twice blessed; for then, for every happy moment we had this summer we construct another in the future and before we know it we are building hard our Spanish castles and are soon inviting our friends to enjoy our hospitality. And so time flies!

What have we done during the summer that its memory should serve as such great inspiration? Well, for one thing we have had our eyes opened! Instead of going to the parks to visit the Merry-go-rounds we listen to the breeze in the trees or the birds telling mortals how to be happy. Blades of grass, no matter how sharp, even as fortresses of our foes, the ants, have no terror for us—we are listening to crickets and perhaps studying their never-ending games. We love the parks now because we know them and feel

as though we belonged to their mystic circle of beauty and happiness.

Perhaps we have been lucky enough to "seek pastures new" and find out that the same beauties that surround us are distributed over all the earth, glorifying the Maker and gladdening man. "The groves were God's first temples" and what could be more uplifting than a forest of fine old golden birches, beeches and maples forming a solemn community, with the birds singing praises and the lights and shadows dancing sacred measures as the priests did of old!

Maybe we have "sailed the ocean blue" and marvelled at its largeness and restlessness. The invigorating air fanning our tired minds whispered of mighty kingdoms beneath, where Neptune's ukases make sharks tremble and lobsters are proud of their name!

Or have we been in the mountains? There we are assured that God is good and His works are mighty. We feel that if only we could live in such surroundings we would stir the world; but, sad to relate, it is only a genius who can feel the force of his environment and use it.

There is a song which says that Rip Van Winkle was a lucky man, and which proves to its own satisfaction that the said sleepy gentleman was indeed lucky; but, the chief argument in favor of his having been fortunate has been lost sight of, viz., that he lived in the most beautiful part of God's beautiful world. And, poor man he never even dreamed that he was lucky in that way, though in his calm sleep of twenty years he had plenty of time to dream everything! And what a waste of

time! The clear brooks wouldn't be guilty of it as they run merrily on, smiling and gurgling as if at some funny secret Mother Nature had just told them. Would we? Perhaps it's just as well we can't be tested.

Staying at home and varying our occupations from those of winter, sprinkling flowers instead of shoveling snow is enough to change the current of our thoughts and so is an excellent vacation. If we have made the most of our time and opportunities we know what vacation means and are ready for the blasts of winter.

△

THE GIFTIE

A man was complaining of his neighbors.

"I never saw such a wretched set of people," he said, "as are in this village. They are mean, selfish, greedy of gain, and careless of the needs of others. Worst of all, they are forever speaking evil of one another."

"Is it really so?" asked an Angel who happened to be walking with him.

"It is indeed!" said the man. "Why, only look at this fellow coming towards us! I know his face, though I cannot tell you his name. See his little sharp, cruel eyes, darting here and there like a ferret's, and the lines of covetousness about his mouth! The very droop of his shoulders is mean and cringing, and he slinks along instead of walking."

"It is very clever of you to see all this," said the Angel; "but there is one thing that you do not perceive."

"What is that?" asked the man.

"Why, that it is a looking-glass we are approaching!" said the Angel.

△

FUNETIC SPELING

Yes, little boy, the time we all have longed for when we were your age has come and you can throw your old spelling book into the fire and write your English lesson in your sweet individual way. Fun in funetic spelling!

Go fishing all you like
Catch some bass or yellow pike
There's no need to be in school
For in spelling there's no rule.
Mighty glad, I know you are!
Send your thanks to Teddy R.
If you have some fish to spare
Perhaps Carnegie 'd like a pair!

Settlement Bulletin

Issued nine times a year in the interest
of the Social Settlement of
ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Single Copy (without postage) . . . \$.01
Annually (Postage Paid)25

TELEPHONES.

Printer, 36, Social Settlement, 3316
152 Baden Street.

Vol. I. September, 1906. No. 6.

Editorial.



We cannot impress the fact too strongly upon the readers that any contribution they may see fit to offer us will be very, very gratefully received. And we take this opportunity to thank those who have assisted us in the past, those who are helping us now, and those who will aid us in the future.

A new year of work begins at the social settlement on October 1st. May it be a busy and prosperous one. May the workers old and new, be always active. And all who come, be their hearts light or heavy, may they go away rich in happiness.

How carefully you consider the interest each investment will bring. Our suggestion requires no capital. No capital—nothing but interest and the returns are immeasurable in the treasures of the earth.

Help us in the work! That's our appeal! So many little acts which appear valueless bring priceless results. The helping hand may be bedecked with jewels, or it may have just laid down the hoe.

Far be it from us to convince you of

anything. We desire simply to arouse your curiosity—to make interest. This interest returns compound.

We warn you! If you attempt it, you can never drop it. Once acquired, the thirst is insatiable. Every drop of happiness you give, returns a thousand-fold and creates desires anew—to give, and to do, and to give again.

Do come and join us! Drop us a line. We will start a new department and shall call it, "First aid to the interested." We will agree to furnish you with the requisites for this work, and allow you to keep them for all time; they are a light and happy heart and a satisfied feeling. That's what interest in our work brings.

Will you try a little of it?

THE GOLDEN WINDOWS

All day long the little boy worked hard, in field and barn and shed, for his people were poor farmers, and could not pay a workman; but at sunset there came an hour that was all his own, for his father had given it to him. Then the boy would go up to the top of a hill and look across at another hill that rose some miles away. On this far hill stood a house with windows of clear gold and diamonds. They shone and blazed so that it made the boy wink to look at them: but after a while the people in the house put up shutters, as it seemed, and then it looked like any common farmhouse. The boy supposed they did this because it was supper-time; and then he would go into the house and have his supper of bread and milk, and so to bed.

One day the boy's father called him and said: "You have been a good boy, and have earned a holiday. Take this day for your own; but remember that God gave it, and try to learn some good thing."

The boy thanked his father and kissed his mother; then he put a piece of bread in his pocket, and started off to find the house with the golden windows.

It was pleasant walking. His bare feet made marks in the white dust, and when he looked back, the footprints seemed to be following him, and making company for him. His shadow, too, kept beside him, and would dance or run with him as he pleased; so it was very cheerful.

By and by he felt hungry; and he sat down by a brown brook that ran through the alder hedge by the roadside, and ate his bread, and drank the clear water. Then he scattered the crumbs for the birds, as his mother had taught him to do, and went on his way.

After a long time he came to a high green hill, and when he had climbed the hill, there was the house on the top; but it seemed that the shutters were up, for he could not see the golden windows. He came up to the house,

and then he could well have wept, for the windows were of clear glass, like any others, and there was no gold anywhere about them.

A woman came to the door, and looked kindly at the boy, and asked him what he wanted.

"I saw the golden windows from our hilltop," he said, "and I came to see them, but now they are only glass."

The woman shook her head and laughed.

"We are poor farming people," she said, "and are not likely to have gold about our windows; but glass is better to see through."

She bade the boy sit down on the broad stone step at the door, and brought him a cup of milk and a cake, and bade him rest; then she called her daughter, a child of his own age, and nodded kindly at the two, and went back to her work.

The little girl was barefooted like himself, and wore a brown cotton gown, but her hair was golden like the windows he had seen, and her eyes were blue like the sky at noon. She led the boy about the farm, and showed him her black calf with the white star on its forehead, and he told her about his own at home, which was red like a chestnut, with four white feet. Then when they had eaten an apple together, and so had become friends, the boy asked her about the golden windows. The little girl nodded, and said she knew all about them, only he had mistaken the house.

"You have come quite the wrong way!" she said. "Come with me, and I will show you the house with the golden windows, and then you will see for yourself."

They went to a knoll that rose behind the farmhouse, and as they went the little girl told him that the golden windows could only be seen at a certain hour, about sunset.

"Yes, I know that!" said the boy. When they reached the top of the knoll, the girl turned and pointed; and there on a hill far away stood a house with windows of clear gold and diamond, just as he had seen them. And when they looked again, the boy saw that it was his own home.

Then he told the little girl that he must go; and he gave her his best pebble, the white one with the red band, that he had carried for a year in his pocket; and she gave him three horse-chestnuts, one red like satin, one spotted, and one white like milk. He kissed her, and promised to come again, but he did not tell her what he had learned; and so he went back down the hill, and the little girl stood in the sunset light and watched him.

The way home was long, and it was dark before the boy reached his father's house; but the lamplight and firelight shone through the windows, making them almost as bright as he had seen them from the hilltop; and when he opened the door, his mother came to kiss him, and his little sister ran to throw her arms about his neck, and his father looked up and smiled from his seat by the fire.



"Have you had a good day?" asked his mother.

Yes, the boy had had a very good day.

"And have you learned anything?" asked his father.

"Yes!" said the boy. "I have learned our house has windows of gold and diamond."

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HAUNTS ABOUT ROCHESTER

This year I decided to spend my vacation at home in Rochester. My vacation money was not enough to permit of a comfortable visit at a summer resort. Besides on my many excursions about Rochester, I had always decided to revisit leisurely the pretty places that I had seen on crowded Sundays, and learn to really know and enjoy them.

The first day of vacation was warm. I lacked energy for anything strenuous. The long car ride into Seneca Park, an interesting book read under the trees, some lunch, and home again in the cool of the day seemed a good plan to me. I found a shady, quiet spot overlooking the river and its wild banks. My book was good, but it was even pleasanter to pretend that the mass of red brown buildings about the river in the distance was an old monastery, and to people it and make up stories, sad and funny, about the monks who lived there long ago. The air was fresh and pure. It filled me with new life. I needs must see that monastery from closer range and learn what it is like. A row boat was not hard to find. A strong pull down the river, a tramp in the woods where I must go carefully lest lurking Indians surprise me, and it was late enough and I was tired enough to go home, and sleep well at night in spite of the noise and heat of the city.

The love of the river had taken possession of me. I wanted to see it south of the City where the waters are unpolluted. I know people shake their heads disapprovingly over canoeing, but if one has sense enough to sit still, and has an air-cushion along in case of an upset, I see no danger. It was splendid paddling upstream with a strong wind in my face. Black Creek offered shelter from the wind and rest to my weary arms. Besides its curving ways, leading I knew not whither, were quite alluring. So I turned in. Now I was an explorer. Each turning of the river might bring to view some unheard of wonder, I might discover gold, new lands, or strange peoples. All I did find were wild roses and a good place to build my fire and cook my dinner. It was fortunate that the wind did not shift but helped send weary me home, where I was satisfied to sit my sunburnt self upon the porch and sew, like the other respectable girls of the neighborhood.

I am getting tired of writing, very likely you also of reading. Perhaps some other day I'll tell about my happy wanderings over the hills which surround the Bay, of gathering armfuls of golden hearted water-lilies, of tramps across the fields for daisies. At any rate, I'll tell you this—you can go far without finding a more beautiful country than that which surrounds Rochester.

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