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Vol. VI. No. 4.

JANUARY 1913.

NEW SERIES
Vol. III. No. 3.

THE NEXT INVESTIGATION TO MAKE

Since the Chamber of Commerce at the request of the Clothiers' Association has investigated the testimony of the Health Officer, it remains to overhaul the just as terrible testimony of late Fire Marshall H. W. Pierce. From his testimony which we printed last month, it appears that there is no ordinance in this city requiring in old factories, that the doors should open outward; that the employees in a fire would be "caught like rats in a trap;" that *locked* doors have occasionally been found in Rochester factories while the employees were at work; that these factories are only inspected once in six months; that there has never been occasion for prosecution; that seventy per cent of Rochester factories have wooden stairs and no fire walls; that employees passing down these stairs in fire are "liable to be suffocated;" that there are "thousands" of employees working in these buildings.

The Chamber of Commerce is a private interest and challenges the charges made against our industrial conditions and seeks to improve them. Is there no one in all this wide city who will challenge this statement of conditions which involve the lives of thousands of workers? Because it is a public interest is it to be nobody's business that these things should be remedied?

WHY IT IS COLDER THIS COLD WEATHER

Prepared sizes of anthracite coal should not cost the consumers in New York or Philadelphia more than \$4.70 a ton; delivered in the cellar of their homes. This is the conclusion of the Coal Experts: Prof. Ward W. Person and Mr. Harry E. Bellis, who is also a Freight Expert. The investigators were in the employ of the City of Philadelphia. These experts charge excessive transportation prices as the cause of the higher cost of coal.

The only place in New York state which seems to think it right to take a little of the cold out of this cold weather and make it a little easier for the children of the poor is Schenectady. The Mayor's trucks are delivering it a dollar cheaper than the dealers to the citizens of that city. Is it such a new thing that while dealers work for a private good, the City should work for the common good!

WE WOULD LIKE TO READ MORE LIKE THIS

It is significant of the growing force of the best kind of public opinion, that the Duffy-Powers Store of this city found it worth while to insert the following in its Christmas Advertising with the local press:

"This arrangement for evening service to accommodate holiday shoppers, is the direct result of a vote taken by ALL of the employees of the store. For this extra service they will receive two days additional compensation in salary, and also their dinners in the store restaurant each evening."

We believe that it will not be many years before the conditions under which men and women work will be largely the result of their own vote and the vote of the public. One large store in Boston has gone a step farther in such democracy and has permitted the employees to elect their own foremen and superintendents.

OUR VIEW OF THE CLOTHIER'S INVESTIGATION

We give to our readers this month an analysis of the investigation made by the Chamber of Commerce of the conditions in our local clothing factories. Because of the charges made by the Health Officer on these conditions, the report must of necessity have a defensive character. That such good conditions can be found in the clothing industry of this city we rejoice to tell, but we protest against the impression that Dr. Goler has thereby been contradicted. His characteristic social idealism which refuses to be satisfied with comparative excellence and the fact that his rough estimate of conditions referred to all factories and not to those alone of one industry, should make all citizens very careful not to allow this report to color their judgment of Rochester conditions, however it may influence their opinion of the clothing industry.

Copies of two editions of the Chamber of Commerce report are beside us as we write, and we note one very important difference, which we feel must have appeared as a result of some recognition on the part of the Chamber of the value of Dr. Goler's position. On page 22 the first conclusion contains the words, "The testimony of Health Officer, Dr. George W. Goler, is not substantiated by any records in the office of the Health Officer." In the 2nd edition this sentence is changed as follows: "is not substantiated by any records that we have been able to secure from the Health Officer or his office, after a determined effort has been made, etc." Can it be that the Chamber suspects he may have been telling the truth, and that such records do exist, which, if demanded by his superiors instead of by a private organization, might do much to substantiate his statements on oath before the State committee?

In any case, we deem it unfortunate that the corrected conclusion only appears in a privately circulated report, while the wrong conclusion is spread over the country by the press. We cannot close this comment better than by asking that our local Chamber of Commerce boldly declare to the public its function. Many citizens have thought this body a *public* organization, vitally interested in the common welfare of this city. Its last President declares however this function to be "to promote the commercial interests of the City." We believe he tells the truth. It is purely a *business* organization with the interests of business at its heart. Many of its individual members belong to our best and most unselfish citizenship,

but as an organization it does not exist for anything short of business. We hope that the day will come again when the business men of this city will organize for the common welfare of the people as well as for their own private welfare. We want a Chamber of Commerce that will investigate the factory conditions and department store wages that need investigation, not one that will choose one of our best developed industries, that most of us are willing to say a good word for. There are Rochester wage-earners with such poor working conditions and poor pay, that to investigate and publically print the report thereof would call for considerable moral courage from the Chamber. If investigation is to be part of the future policy of the Chamber, there is plenty to be done. Can we yet expect this body to rise to the defence of human beings with the same ardor with which it defends property? We would commend the reading of Prof. Rauschenbusch's new book to all of its members for a fair and uncompromising statement of the admitted tendencies in the wrong direction of too much modern business. "Abraham was a true gentleman, whose acquaintance would be a benediction to any civilization; Jacob would surely be a millionaire and a church-elder if he lived today; David is one of the most brilliant and spiritual figures in history. Yet the family relations of these men were such that no self-respecting church could retain them as members if they did the same today. An unregenerate institution put these good men into positions where they did wrong. We see them now as posterity will see our christian business men."—Page 131.

86% of the workers in our breweries are Germans, 60% of our male musicians, 50% of our bakers, 33% of our printers and 30% of our machinists are of the same race.

BREAD AND ROSES

As we come marching, marching, in the beauty of the day,
 A million darkened kitchens, a thousand mill-lofts gray
 Are touched with all the radiance that a sudden sun discloses,
 For the people hear us singing, "Bread and Roses, Bread and Roses."

As we come marching, marching, we battle, too, for men—
 For they are women's children, and we mother them again,
 Our lives shall not be sweated from birth until life closes—
 Hearts starve as well as bodies: Give us Bread, but give us Roses!

As we come marching, marching, unnumbered women dead
 Go crying through our singing their ancient song of Bread;
 Small art and love and beauty their drudging spirits knew—
 Yes, it is Bread we fight for—but we fight for Roses too.

As we come marching, marching, we bring the Greater Days—
 The rising of the women means the rising of the race—
 No more the drudge and idler—ten that toil where one reposes—
 But a sharing of life's glories: Bread and Roses, Bread and Roses!

James Oppenheim in the American Magazine.

My Experiences As An Immigrant

By A. S. of Rochester, New York.



I was not quite 16 when I came to this country. In the old country I lived in a village, a very populated center; you can see seven or eight villages from our place and a city near. I loved the place, people were interested in progress, in education, and we were in touch with every thing lately discovered or invented on the continent. I had been through public school, and as it was my ambition to become a religious man, I kept on going to a private school taught by a priest. It was when I was thirteen years old that one of my uncles emigrated to this country. I kept corresponding with him, and so I began to have an idea of what this country was. As my uncle was not a very industrious man at home, and as he seemed to make such a financial success in America, it puzzled us as to the chances here. I knew that I was further advanced in education and ambition than he was, so I thought I would try the chance myself. As I was young, and our customary life is to depend on parents, when I stated my ideal to my father, he was surprised and angry. So for about three years I kept on propounding to my father, I want to come to America. My father tried to convince me that America was not as good as I thought. My imagination was fantastic. It was after my uncle came back that I was able to convince my father to let me go. We were surprised at the changing he had made. Instead of being a man you could not discuss anything with, he was more sensible, with more ideas, and his hair had changed gray, he had money, and got married when he came back. Being with him every day he was telling me exaggerated stories about America, that life was easy, work little, and earn so much, that even if you didn't want to work, someone would give you something to eat. He had not had a very good education, and he wanted to make a big show to the people at home. He told me, educated as I was, I could come to this country and make a big fortune, that I could get a government job, post-office or something. I went to my father with more determination, and told him my uncle could take me with him so there was no risk. So in two months I came with him, leaving his wife at home.

I had in my mind I would stay in this country about five years, and then go back at 21 for the service in the army, and start in life after this service. I gave up my clerical ambition and devoted myself to figuring how much money I would earn, as any boy would do. I knew nothing about this country, except it was a place to earn money. My journey, it seemed to last a year, though it lasted only 13 days, so great was my anxiety to get here and fill my pockets. On board ship we were well treated in the steerage. After I had been seasick three days I thought it not so nice to leave home. Other immigrants, who did not realize what the law is in New York, made me scared that they could send anybody

back just by a mis-said word. At the Battery my uncle knew what to do, but others from my village were put in a wagon by a runner of one of those hotels that make it their business to cheat immigrants, and my uncle had a fight with him to get my friends away. The police were friends of these runners so that we could not apply to them for protection.

I landed in New York the 21st of May, 1902. Being the season for constructive work, there was a great demand in the labor agency for men. My uncle forgot his promises to me, I was not yet 16 years old, and he took me with him in a laborers' gang to Vermont, where they were building a trolley road near Fairhaven. With great surprise I got there and realized I had to sleep in a barn. The labor agent-supplier has a contract signed that he furnishes men, and he should be entitled to have a store at the camp, and he makes the living place for the workmen, and he can draw his pay out of the men's pay-roll by sending his bill to the contractor's office. Besides this the agent-supplier is protected in forcing his men to buy nothing outside the store. Being only a scheme to make much money, he rented a big barn and an old farm house. In the barn he built bunks and there each man had a place like the steerage and paid in return one dollar a month. We were not less than 150 men in this barn. The ventilation was not altered from the way it was when a barn. In the farm house was the store, and living place for the foremen and clerks. It was now that I began to realize that my dreams were fantastical, that I was in a place I would even be ashamed to mention. Every day my surprise was increasing, at the end of the week I began to be horrified, thinking how far I was from home, and how my parents would feel if they heard of such conditions. Realizing at home I had a table, and set up at table, if my napkin was short I would put up a complaint for it, and if the food wasn't agreeable to me I would go angry at my mother, and now my mother wasn't here to set up my table, and there was no food cooked to eat and worse than that there was no place to cook it.

For a week I had to get along on dry food and canned goods. Finally I begin to be kind of experienced, and took as example my companions, and so I took two large stones and two iron bars to settle the kettle on. I did my cooking in this manner, and after a while I became so accustomed to it that I didn't suffer any more. It was two weeks that I had been living in this manner and a new trouble arose. I didn't change my clothes since I left the ship and it was 21 days, so I began to think how could I get my underwears washed. I appealed to my uncle for information. He said to get up early Sunday morning and go along with him. It surprised me to see I had to wash it with my own hands. I did it as the others did, soon became accustomed to this too. We washed in a creek.

But this wasn't all the trouble yet. When I started for the job I knew that the wages were a \$1.40 for the men. Soon, in about 20 days, pay-day come, but was no pay for me. (They paid on the 10th of each month for the previous month.) Inquiring of others that came with me, they told me we draw no pay until the following month. The reason for this was that the car fare from New York was paid by the labor-supplier who took for it our wages for about 4 or 5 days' work, (all the days in May).

On the 20th of June I got my first correspondence from home. It took me more than an hour before I could read my letter through. Tears were rolling from my eyes continuously, and I felt as if I was waking up



"I WAS IN A PLACE I WAS ASHAMED TO MENTION"

THE ITALIAN IN THIS PICTURE WAS ASHAMED OF HIS SURROUNDINGS AND SAID:
"THIS AMERICA? I SHOW YOU ROME."

from a dream. Very surprised I was that my mother told me in my letter everything that happened to me. She tells me she dreams of me at night, that I was in a poor condition, suffering and crying. That night I didn't care to eat my supper, for as I forsook I had to do my own cooking, and having spent one hour in reading the letter, it was too late. I decide to answer the letter right away. First I had made up my mind to tell my mother all the truth, understanding that that would bring pain to my mother. I changed my mind. I told her that everything was pleasant and comfortable here, that my uncle takes care of me more than my father did, and that I was having a lot of good times. I promise her I would send her some money the next pay-day, the tenth of next month. When the tenth of next month came, the greatest of all the trouble that I had happened.

As the pay-master came on the job, he handed me an envelope in which it stated that my expense was \$18, and a fraction, and I only had done enough work for \$9. That left me \$9 in debts. Inquiring how this was, I found out my wage as water-boy was 60 cents a day. I worked almost 12 hours each day, I carried water to the men for 10 hours. Before they went to work I carried tools to them, sometimes it was a long ways. After they went through with their work I had to gather up the tools and bring them back. It had been a rainy month, and I was paid only 6 cents an hour.

I was confused how I could pay my debts. I decide to see the working-boss and explain to him my trouble. As the working boss was American speaking and I was here only a month and a half, it is easy to understand how much I could explain! I spoke to him in my own language, so he called an interpreter. This interpreter didn't care to have so much bother, and only thing he told the working-boss was that I wasn't satisfied with my wage. Having no money to go away, I kept worry-

ing how to increase my earnings. I was pretty well hand-writer. In the camp were a whole lot of "analfabeti", that means illiterates. I advertised that I would write letters for them at 5 cents each. The result was that I got about \$4.50 a week from this source. I would do this work at night. Realizing that this wouldn't increase my income very much, so I tried another scheme. My brother was a shoemaker, I knew a little of his trade, and how to repair shoes. With the first money from writing those letters I bought some tools at a village store. I didn't have to advertise this new occupation, because my shoes were pretty well worn out, and after I repaired them, the people came to me and asked if I was a shoe-maker. They begin to pour in a whole lot of work to me. From this source I would earn about \$4.00 a week. In addition to this I began to be more economical about my board. I lived for a whole month with the following diet:

Each day a two pound loaf of bread I divided in three portions.

I use one portion sponged in milk, a pint of milk for 2 cents, every morning, which I buy from a nearby farm.

At noon I used another part of the bread with 6 particles of sausage, as big round as a half a dollar.

My supper would consume the third portion of bread, accompanied with a half pound of beans one night, and the next night a half pound of macaroni.

The price of the loaf of bread was 10 cents, and milk, beans and sausage came to 7 cents, so I make my food cost me 17 cents each day, so my food for a month cost me \$5.10.

My letter-writing income was about \$5.50 for the whole month. I made about \$11 repairing shoes, and my daily wage was raised to 75 cents, so my income was \$18, for the weather was good and I worked 24 days. That would amount to \$34.50. I paid the \$9 that I was in debt the month previous, and \$5.10 for my board, and \$1 for the bunk in the barn. That left me with \$18 clear. At this point, July 10th, being the happiest day I ever had since I came to this country. I thought of my own folks; I decided to fulfill my promise to send money home next pay-day. So I mailed \$10. to my father. I felt relieved after this action, and in a certain manner I felt proud. During all this period I acquired knowledge that I could make better by going to a city. I had picked up quite a little of the American language.

I decided to see the working boss again personally when he came along in his buggy. I went to him and told him that I was able to handle a shovel and a pick. He laughed for I was pretty small, and I suppose he did not believe me. He whipped his horse and went away.

After 4 months about middle of September, there was a strike on the job. The reason was that the working boss was too mean. The men would not work any longer if he was not discharged. He would come on the job and complain to our foreman that we hadn't done enough work. He would not listen to us, if we had any complaints against our labor-supplier. It was miserable enough without his tyrannical manners, and so the men decided they would not work for him any longer. He was a spiteful man, he would go so far as to take away a tool with force and holler "you get out of my job." I did not like the job anyway, so I draw my full pay and start for Saratoga Springs, with my uncle and others, about 12 in number.

To be Continued.



THEY WHO PLAY WITH DOLLS AND THEY WHO HELP MAKE THEM.

Analysis of the Chamber of Commerce Investigation of Clothing Factories

NOTES. The figures given were obtained by members of the Factory Investigating Committee during a period of four months. There are necessarily, fluctuations in the trade so that the figures taken in July might not tally exactly with those obtained in October.

PROCESS IN OBTAINING AVERAGES.

All the averages presented in this analysis are "weighed" or "balanced"—that is to say, a clothing factory which employs 800 persons is of more importance in an average than a factory employing 10 persons. If a "simple" average were taken, the factory employing 10 persons would count as one, and the factory employing 800 would count as one, and the average between these two would be false and inaccurate. It has therefore been found necessary to weigh each average on the basis of the number of persons employed in that factory. We then arrived at a comparison of units which is more nearly equitable and certainly cannot be open to the criticism that would inevitably arise if a simple average was presented.

In this investigation, the Committee was not empowered by law to ask the questions necessary to arrive at the information here shown. The information was given freely. The data collected is, we believe, more indicative and perhaps more exhaustive than any figures previously compiled on this subject.

In the matter of wages the Committee did not seek access to the books of the different concerns and was dependent upon the estimates given by the proprietors:

NUMBER OF EMPLOYEES.

Child Labor.

There are 4,318 men employed in the manufacture of wholesale clothing; there are 4,541 women so employed; a total of 8,859 persons engaged in the wholesale clothing industry. The laws of the State of

New York require that any child between the ages of 14 and 16 years, in order to work, must have a certificate from the Health Department. No child under the age of 14 is allowed to be employed so that the term "Child Labor" means labor of children between the ages of 14 and 16. There are between 14 and 16 years of age, 44 males and 136 females employed in the clothing industry of Rochester—a total of 180, a little over 2 per cent of the entire number of persons employed.

EARNINGS OF EMPLOYEES.

There are 2,501 piece workers and 5,432 week workers in the clothing industry. The piece workers have a balanced high average of \$20.71 per week and a balanced low average of \$9.64 per week. The week workers' high average is \$16.75 and the low average is \$5.73. This low average is explained by a common statement made to the Committee that as a rule there are several apprentices in the shop learning the business, receiving about \$3.50 or \$4.50 per week. This wage, we are told, is continued for a few months, and if at the end of that time the apprentice is not worth an increase, she or he is advised to try her or his talents at something else.

WORKING CONDITIONS.

Ventilation.

VENTILATION. Of all the persons employed in the Wholesale Clothing Industry, 34 per cent enjoy ventilation of the finest kind, namely: mechanical ventilation. The air is drawn from outdoors, is filtered, properly moistened and heated, ventilation than which nothing can be better. Fifty-two per cent more of the workers enjoy good ventilation. Good, being used, in the sense of ventilation equal if not superior to the ventilation enjoyed by the people in their homes, or offices.

We find therefore that a total of 86 per cent of the persons employed in the manufacture of clothing in Rochester are working with good, or excellent ventilation. Seven per cent of the persons have fair ventilation and 7 per cent work with poor ventilation.

Heating.

HEATING. The most modern development of heating is that heat which is delivered with the ventilation. In other words the blower type of ventilation when adapted for heating is the highest type we know. In Rochester 20 per cent of the clothing workers have such heating methods. Forty-eight per cent work in steam heated buildings; 18 per cent in buildings heated with hot water; 6 7-10 per cent in buildings heated by hot air—a total of 92 7-10 per cent of the workers enjoying good, or excellent heating conditions. Six and three-tenths per cent work in buildings heated by coal stoves. This method is to be condemned, because the stove does not equally heat all parts of the room. It is usually too hot near the stove and too cold at the extreme distance from it, and second, because the burning of the fire in the room removes the oxygen needed by the workers.

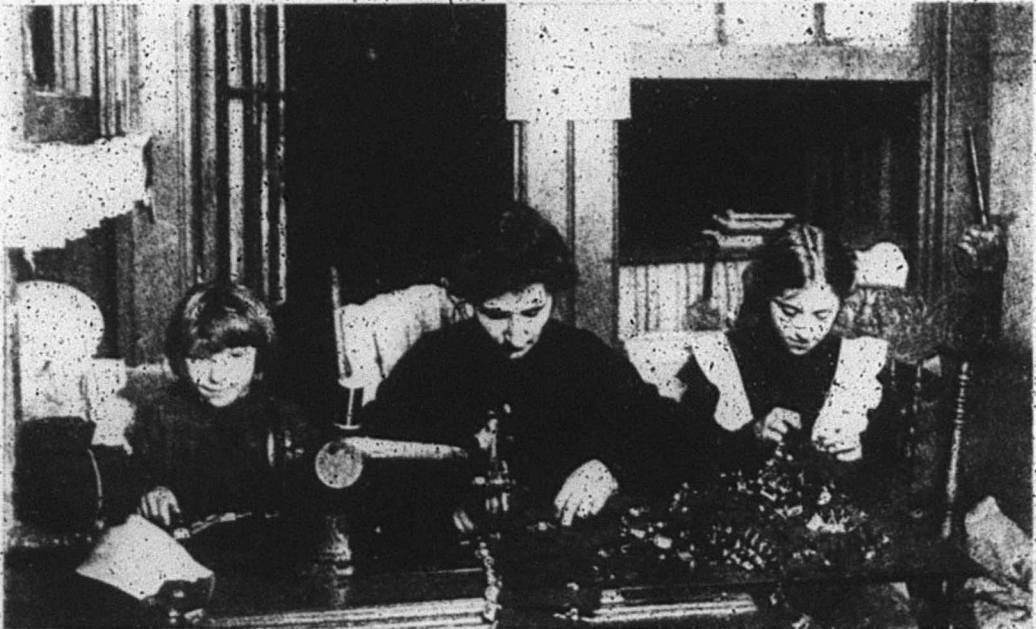
LIGHTING.

Natural Light.

NATURAL LIGHT. It is very hard to apply scientific standards to natural light in factories. One's judgment is the only guide, although it will be understood that sawtoothed roofs with north lights, that buildings are practically all windows, or buildings where the light is diffused through prisms, are all well lighted.



THESE CHILDREN WORK AFTER SCHOOL TILL 9:00 p. m. AND GET FIVE CENTS A COAT.
FATHER HAS NO WORK AND MOTHER HELPS



WORKING AT GARTERS. MOTHER, A WIDOW, EARNS SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS A DAY BY
WORKING TILL MIDNIGHT. BESSIE WORKS TILL 10:00 p. m. SOPHIE TILL 9:00 p. m.

Both of the above photographs taken from the Report of the State Factory Investigation Commission. They do not represent Rochester, but Commissioner Elkus says conditions here are as bad as other cities, and last month admission was made by a Rochester manufacturer that home work was being done, which ought to be prohibited.

The Committee finds that 23 per cent of the persons employed work with excellent natural light. Seventy-two per cent more with good natural light—a total of 95 per cent. A little less than 5 per cent have fair natural light, and the percentage expressed by the fraction .009 or less than 1 per cent are working with poor natural light.

Artificial Light.

ARTIFICIAL LIGHT. There are three kinds of light which are generally used in the clothing factories; namely, electric, incandescent gas, and the ordinary gas with the fish-tail burner. The electric light may be considered excellent; incandescent gas good, and the fish-tail gas jet should be condemned as bad.

Eighty-seven per cent of the clothing workers have electric lights and therefore are working under excellent artificial light. Five per cent are working with good artificial light. Eight per cent are working with poor artificial light. We therefore find that 92 per cent of all persons employed in the clothing industry in Rochester have good light.

CLEANING.

The clothing shops are, as a rule, built with hardwood floors, the machines being arranged around the outside of the room. The clothing is brought in and placed on the floor at one side of the worker, put through the machine and dumped on the floor on the other side. There is much which the Committee does not term dirt; namely, cloth clippings, thread and lint which gathers on the floor each day. Of dirt, in the sense of mud or filth, we found very little; practically none. The use of the floors for dumping the clothing makes it impossible that dirty conditions should be allowed, as it would injure the clothing in the process of manufacture.

The shafting under the sewing machines needs oiling. This oil drips from the bearings to the floor and directly under the machines in some places will be found oil stains. Upon these oil stains, lint naturally gathers and sticks. The Committee believes that more care should be taken with the condition of the floor under the machines. There is an unavoidable tendency to be less thorough in the cleaning of floor at this point, and while very few bad conditions were found, the Committee feels that with the expenditure of very little extra effort the floors under the machines should be kept as clean as the rest of the floor, and this is strongly recommended.

The floors are swept daily. In rare instances they were swept two or three times a week only. We believe there is no excuse for not sweeping the floor daily. In fact, the State Law prescribes that floors shall be swept twice daily. That the floors are swept is certain because the clippings have a marketable value and are collected for sale. In addition to sweeping, floors are either scrubbed, mopped or waxed.

The Committee believes that the vacuum cleaning method is the only really ideal method of cleaning and recommends its adoption either with hand or power machines, wherever it is found practicable. Conditions at present are as follows:

20,000 of the child-workers in textile mills are under twelve years of age. 100 baby hands are annually cut off by the machinery of these mills—Truly, "Man is the only animal that lives upon its young."

Excellent. That is Vacuum Cleaning method—19.7-10 per cent.

Good. Meaning daily sweeping and frequent scrubbing, 60.9-10 per cent.

Fair. Meaning sweeping and not much evidence of scrubbing, 17.9-10 per cent.

Bad. Indicating that very little care is taken, 1.5-10 per cent.

It will be seen, therefore, that 80.6-10 per cent of the persons work in factories that are either well or exceptionally kept as regards cleanliness.

TOILETS.

The standard of the Department of Labor of the State of New York in the matter of Toilets is as follows:

Females.

100 employed	1 for each 25 persons
100 to 200 employed	1 for each 30 persons
200 to 1,000 employed	1 for each 40 persons
Over 1,000 employed	1 for each 50 persons

Males.

100 employed	1 for each 25 persons
100 to 500 employed	1 for each 40 persons
500 and over	1 for each 50 persons

Accepting this standard as the basis of our action, we find that 99.8-10 per cent of the men employed in the clothing industry have adequate toilet facilities. Thirty-three and eighth-tenths per cent have toilet facilities which are excellent from the standpoint of cleanliness and sanitation; 37.8-10 per cent more of the men have conditions which are good; 17 per cent have conditions which are fair, and 11.4-10 per cent meet conditions which we term bad; which is to say, that the closets are dark, dirty and unventilated; or are outdoor vaults.

In the case of the women, 99.1-10 per cent have adequate toilet facilities. Of the women, 36.3-10 per cent have toilet facilities of the highest grade—excellent ventilation, cleanliness, etc.; 40 per cent have good conditions; 19.6-10 per cent have fair toilet conditions, and 6.8-10 per cent have conditions which are bad.

The recommendation in the last right hand column of the chart (*) indicate how many closets are needed to bring a factory up to the State standard.

RECOMMENDATIONS.

Faults.

Particular attention is called to the recommendations in the right hand column of the Chart. These show specifically things that ought to be done. The Committee condemns absolutely the use of the outside vault or privy and recommends both to the State Department of Labor and the Health Department of the City of Rochester that these be abolished at once.

Stoves.

The Committee condemns the use of stoves as heating apparatus and feels that it will be working no hardship upon any manufacturer to require that some other heating method be installed at the earliest possible moment.

Gas Jets.

Even less excuse can be made for use of the fish-tail gas jet. It is a very simple matter to equip gas burners with Welsbach lights, and this should be done immediately. We commend this particular matter to the Inspectors from the State Department of Labor.

Closets.

The Committee regrets the close proximity of the men's and women's closets observed in many shops. We feel that action should be taken at once to put the closets for men in different parts of the room from the closets for women so that there will be no suggestion of proximity; also to provide outdoor ventilation for each closet. We found nothing that would indicate viciousness, but present this recommendation believing that all will subscribe to its wisdom.

Drinking Cups and Towels.

The common drinking cup should be done away with in every factory and in its place substituted either a bubble-fountain tap, which is very inexpensive, or an automatic dispenser of paper cups. The common towel, either roller or square, should be thrown out for good and all. It is unsanitary and dangerous in the extreme and substitution of paper towels would do very little to increase the expense of running a shop.

*The Chart can be seen in the 40-page Report obtainable at the Chamber of Commerce.



Our Show windows can only give you a small idea of the large selection and quality of Jewelry which we carry in stock. If you pay our store only a short visit you will be convinced that we carry only goods of the best quality and a large variety of the same.

Prices Consistent
with Quality.

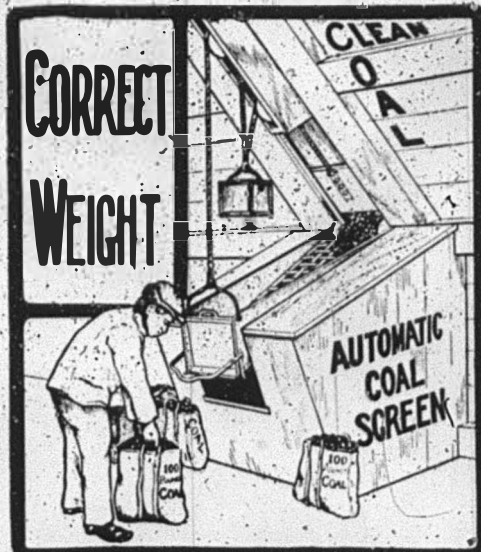
Ellery A. Handy

JEWELER

88 State Street

Deep Valley Coal

20 Bags to the Ton



**CORRECT
WEIGHT**

MILLSPAUGH & GREEN CO.

C. S. KELLOGG, Manager

OFFICE, 9 STATE STREET

"The Chamber of Commerce ought to do something about it" —

By Ralph Barstow

Assistant Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce

A New York newspaper, in a short paragraph stated that in Greater New York a child was born every three minutes. The Boston Transcript, ever on the alert, said that it must be awfully monotonous for the child.

Let us agree that, in this city of Rochester a new baby comes into the world every two hours. Over five thousand babies were born in Rochester last year. Those babies grow up to be boys and girls. We send them off to school, we love them, we see that they are well and warmly clothed.

Please notice this. We send them off to school. That is, we delegate their education to a Board that is said to be (and I believe it) one of the best in the country. The fact remains that we turn the children over to some one to have the cavities in their minds filled. On Sunday, we send them off to Sunday School in the hope that they will receive a religious training. If we are sufficiently wealthy, we have nurse maids to wash and dress them.

From the day that the children are born until the time we sadly call upon the undertaker to take them away, every child, every man and woman is ACTED UPON more often and more powerfully than he or she is ACTING. In other words, we have delegated so many of our duties and privileges to others that we are becoming a nation of microscopic specialists. This applies to every single activity of life you can think of.

No person is a real citizen who delegates his interest in his city to the clergyman, the policeman, the alderman, the Mayor or the different kinds of civic clubs. Every advance in living is a mass movement, not because the mass takes hold and moves you but because there are enough people of one mind to form a mass and without the individual the mass ceases to exist.

If we keep on as we are going, there will come a time soon, when there will not be enough people who know sufficient about one broad subject to entitle them to an opinion. Which means that they will form no opinion. I maintain this is the face of the old joke that the one who knows least about a subject has the most to say upon it. To know the least about something is to know something about it.

When the power of self-direction is lost or obliterated there will be an opportunity for the powerful and unscrupulous individual to take advantage of this disorganized condition and so operate things that they will all pay tribute to him.

The Dark Ages exist at two stages of our evolution. The first Dark Age was made possible because the individual literally knew nothing because nothing had been discovered. The second Dark Age will come

In a study of 2,000 cases of assistance rendered by the Commissioner of Charities of this city, approximately 1,000 were what may be termed "sick-bread winners"; 225 unemployed persons; 225 deserted wives with children; 118 widows; 303 aged couples; and 138 classified as "lazy and drunken."

when we know nothing because there is so much to know that we give the struggle up.

You will think that I am a sort of faded copy of John the Baptist, crying in the Wilderness, "Repent ye for the Judgment is at hand," and I will plead guilty to the message. I am an optimist by profession but on the subject of citizenship, I am an alarmist in the hope that my feeble voice will be added to the words of those far-seeing ones who are proclaiming the vital necessity of our thinking for ourselves.

I submit to you that the municipal corruption that has been exposed to our shocked but self-righteous gaze in the past few years has been possible, not because immoral and selfish people exist but because we, WE ourselves did not know our own business, did not know the things about municipal government that we should. We have suffered because of our ignorance and have no cause for self pity. The only way we will ever cure such evils will be to make ourselves fit to govern ourselves.

You cry out, once in a while, against some evil or condition that has personally injured you, saying that "the City ought to put a stop to it" or that "the Chamber of Commerce ought to do something about it." What right have you to say "the City this" or "the Chamber that." What have you done to inform yourself about what is going on? I am using the word YOU. If the coat fits, I beg you to put it on—if it doesn't: I beg you to join me in this plea for more individual responsibility. We all fall short but if we are trying we have done what we could.

There is actually no such thing as the City. There is a collection of 225,000 yous. If you do not express yourself, you have no voice in the government. Why do you allow your pastor to get up in his pulpit and preach to you on civic or industrial subjects with all the complaisance of the man who has bought a phonograph and proceeds to listen to the sounds that issue from it. You haven't bought yourselves a man to do your thinking but to set you thinking. Do not ask him to do it all. Help him, investigate, tell him when he is right and when he is wrong. He must collect material for his sermons and talks—do you expect him to get this material out of the thin air? He will be a stronger man if you aid him.

Real citizenship means self education, self expression and self action. That is all. The prescription is a simple one but to fill it will take all you have of courage and persistency.

There is a great unrest, we are told, in the national political system. There is no party solidarity. Why? Because there are not enough people who sufficiently understand the national problems to hold a clear opinion upon them. Therefore the parties are split. Each little group follows its leader, not so much because of what these leaders stand for as on account of their personality. You are not expressing an opinion by adhering to these men—you are worshipping a personality.

Self education, self expression and self action are the only things that will save you. Repent ye, before it is too late.

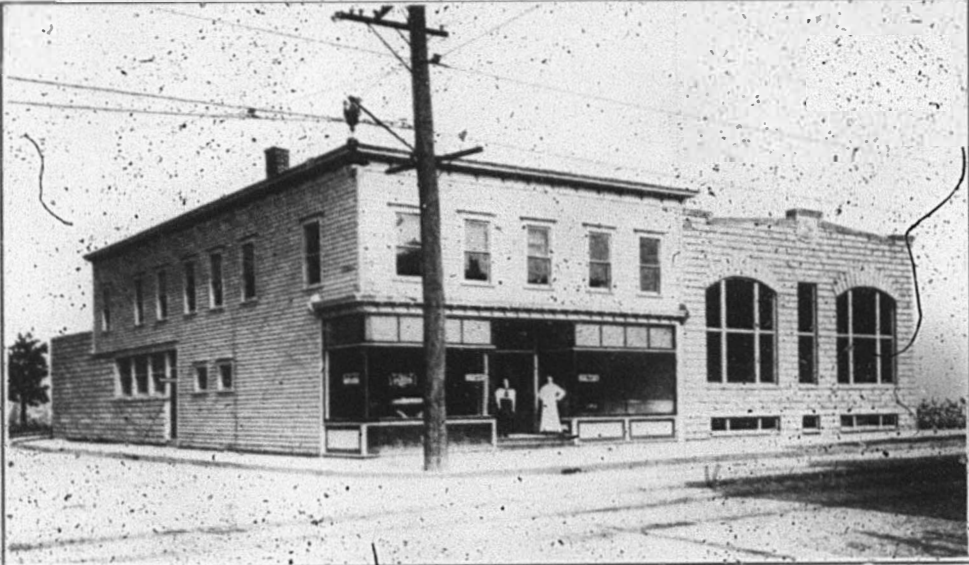
In Rochester dance halls, 55 per cent of the patrons are male and 45 per cent are female. The minors are mostly young girls under 21 years of age.

CITY DAIRY COMPANY

HOME PHONE
1106

239-247 HUDSON AVENUE

BELL PHONE
1106



**"QUALITY"
MILK-CREAM-ICE CREAM**

The Jackson Health Resort Dansville, N. Y.

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



One hour and
thirty-five minutes
by 4:30 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.

Write for Literature

J. Arthur Jackson, M. D.

Secretary and Manager

When Jesus Came to Little Falls

By Charles W. Wood

A great deal of ideal speculation has been indulged in from time to time concerning what would happen if Jesus should come to this place or that.

I am not going to speculate. I have just found out that Jesus was in Little Falls a short time ago and this is actually what happened.

He went on strike with his brothers and sisters "that they might have life and have it more abundantly."

He was knocked on the head by an Albany detective.

Then he was arrested and thrown with thirty others into the vile hole-in-the-ground which Little Falls people call a jail.

He was locked in a cell with five other wounded and bleeding men where it was impossible even to get water to wash their wounds.

He was left there all day without medical attendance. Had it not been for some water carried to him in an envelope by another prisoner, he would have had no attendance at all.

Three burly policemen entered the jail during the day and one of them knocked Jesus down several times. Then he jumped on him while he was helpless and smashed his face to a jelly with a black-jack.

Before this his hands had been tied behind him by officers of the law while they pounded him in the face with their clubs.

Finally he was taken up to be arraigned in court and it is believed that another assault was committed upon him in the court room.

Then he was sent to jail and placed under impossible bail so that he has had to stay there ever since.

In the meantime the churches and the best citizens in Little Falls were greatly wrought up.

By the brutal outrage against Jesus? By no means. They were angry because he, a mere foreigner of the lowest class, was causing so much of a disturbance in their midst.

So they passed resolutions commending what the police had done, calling them brave, gentlemanly and patriotic.

And Dusty Long said he was going to keep the foreigner in subjection. And the city attorney and the city judge and the mayor and the district attorney and nearly all the preachers said: "Amen."

If there is anyone who doubts my words, I can prove it all by documentary evidence.

The proof is found in Matthew 25:40.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."—*The Citizen*.

2,500,000 children under 16 years of age are slaving in factories, mills, mines and messenger service, in wonderful America.

"They Wouldn't do this in the Old Country"

The True Story of Little Falls Strike

By Rev. Robert A. Bakeman

Wednesday morning, October 30, about half-past six, 250 or 300 strikers started on their daily parade around the mills. They had a permit from the Mayor for these parades that had never been revoked. The marchers seemed unusually happy and joked with those on the sidewalk as they passed along. Every block or two spontaneously would burst

forth the Marseillaise—in five different tongues—the only song that all the nationalities knew. The line swung down past one of the mills and doubled back. Suddenly a confusion was noticed, and then a muffled shot down the front half of the line!

The lines broke and the middle of the street was crowded. I was in the back part of the line and immediately saw that the strike breakers—the private detectives from Albany—who had been sworn in as special policemen, were confirming the rumor that "there would soon be trouble." I saw that unless the strikers could be got away, violence would occur and a chance be given to flood the country with reports that would prejudice the cause of the strikers.

I rushed into the midst of the struggle, pulling men out of the way of the policemen's clubs and shouting, "Back to the hall!"

The Captain of the Police told me to keep on, and urged the people to follow my advice.

For this assistance given to the police, after spending ten days in the county jail, I am held with ten or a dozen others in \$2,000 bail to the grand jury on charge of assault with intent to kill!

After the strikers had got back to their headquarters, I found one of them who saw the officer fire the first shot. We were going together to the office of a lawyer, when a patrol wagon came rushing down and we were both arrested. Then the police continued on to the headquarters of the strikers, and there, I am informed, smashed everything in sight in the Slovak gymnasium, which had been kindly lent to the strikers for their meetings.

On arriving at police headquarters, we were pushed into the bull pen, which a day or two since had been condemned in scathing terms by the State Inspector. There we found about a dozen others and our number kept increasing until we were more than thirty.

At least nine of the men had broken heads. When I was placed in the pen six were in one cell and one in another. The latter's face was almost beaten to a jelly. He told me he had been taken into the mill, his hands tied behind him, and beaten half a dozen times over the mouth with a policeman's club. I didn't see him beaten but his face corroborated his story. The six men in the other cell were all bleeding. They were shut off from the water faucet. We took an envelope, and as each placed his head against the bars we poured the water on his wounds.

In a few minutes a man who said he had been shot by one of the officers was thrown into the cell. He sank groaning on the wooden bench. Three times he fell off and was lifted back. It took fully fifteen minutes and constant application of our meagre supply of water to bring him to full-consciousness. A pool of his blood lay all day on the cement floor beneath our feet.

A little while later an Italian was thrown down the stairs. As he came in the doorway, his collar grew limp from the flow of his own blood. He said he was hit on the head as he came down the stairs.

Later still the now familiar noise of someone being dragged in was heard again. A man of middle age came through the door. The door clanged on his arm. It was opened again and he was knocked to the floor. He started to protest, and he was knocked down again. He rose up and struck the officer, with a fiendish look on his face the officer threw him down, jumped on him with his knees, and with an instrument that looked like a blackjack rained a dozen blows on his face. A Slavish boy who

started to protest was smashed in the mouth. The officer, still fighting, was dragged by the two men with him into the hall. They feared the results of his brutality.

In the afternoon an Italian was arraigned. When he returned to the pen, I saw a bunch on his face as large as an egg. He said the Chief of Police had stayed with him alone in the court room and had hit him with his fist in the face.

During the day, the language use to many of the Poles and Italians was unspeakable. An Italian boy said to me, "Have they got the right to hit anybody in that way?" I didn't have time to answer before the question of right and legality faded away in the presence of a big club stained with the blood of another victim.

Then we were handcuffed together, and escorted by a burly special with an army rifle, after hearing the command of the Chief of Police to "pump anyone full of lead that started to break, we marched through the streets to Herkimer Jail.

I see ever in my waking hours the bright-eyed, swarthy child of sunny Italy, the stolid faced descendant of the Polack, and the sad-faced Russian Jew, as they each in turn told in our common prison cell, "They wouldn't do this in the old country," and I wonder if, after all, the solution of our industrial problems lies in the direction of "subjecting the foreigners."

Not a single weapon was found on any of the strikers arrested, the largest instrument being a pocket knife, such as any man or woman carries to sharpen pencils. The police had the weapons. To those who were present it seemed perfectly clear that the police deliberately created their own riot and carried out their own program of taking from the strike situation all who had been active in carrying it on. Back of every move can be clearly seen the determination, by fair means or foul, to break the back of this starvation strike.

The need for funds is greater than ever.—*The Public.*

Making Your Imagination Count

By Mary E. Dreier

"Do you come here because you have imagination, or because you lack it? I hope it is because you have it, for we want you to let your imagination have full play now so that you may put yourself in the place of the working woman. We want you to feel the pain in your back as you stand over a mangle for ten or fourteen hours a day; we want you to feel the steam fill your lungs and dampen your clothes and make the perspiration come out on your body as you work. We want you to ache for a chair to rest on even for a minute and have none, and at luncheon after five or six hours of standing, sit down on the floor because there is no other place. We want you to feel the swelling of your feet, and the excruciating pain in your legs as the days wear on. We want you to drag your weary body home and feel too tired even to eat before you crawl into bed. We want you to feel this as if you were experiencing it.

"We want you to feel what it means to have been engaged for \$5.50 a week, to find when your pay day comes around that your pay envelope holds only \$5.—fifty cents having been deducted for the power you used in running the machine. We want you to catch your breath and wonder

how you can spare that fifty cents which you need so terribly. We want you to feel what it means to find that you have had 25 cents taken from your pay envelope because you were three minutes late, even though it wasn't your fault. We want you to feel the injustice of the fine of ten cents for a spot on a dress which had passed through seven or eight hands and which you did not make. We want you to feel terror in your own hearts when you hear the call of "Fire!" and when you see smoke pouring into the factory, and you rush to the door to open it, and find that you can't open it because it is locked. We want you to feel the terror of it, and remember that there are thousands and thousands of women who may have to experience that terror, as they have done in the past.

"We want you to begin to think where your income comes from, and think if by chance it comes off the backs of women and little children, as the income of the master canner of this State does. By his own record we know that he works women in the rush season 110, 112, 115 and even 120 hours a week for ten cents an hour. We want your imagination to be so keen that you won't forget what we tell you."—*Selected*

THE BEST PEOPLE

By L. R. Green

The whole history of progress is the history of the opposition to it by the "best people" of the time. Fulton was ridiculed by the leading engineers for his ideas on steam navigation. The steam railway, too, was, in the beginning, denounced by all "right-thinking" people as a menace to life, health and property. When the Suez canal was proposed Lord Palmerston, the prime minister of Great Britain at that time, declared, "It shall not be made, it cannot be made, it will not be made, etc." When shown the first telephone, Jay Gould said that it might do for a toy for children, but it would be useless as a business factor. When William Lloyd Garrison denounced chattel slavery he was mobbed and almost lynched by a crowd of the very "best people." Vanderbilt told Westinghouse to go to h—l with his air brake and dismissed him with a contemptuous snort anent stopping a train with wind. When Morse sent his first message from Baltimore to Washington and succeeded in getting an appropriation from Congress to assist him in his experiments a wail arose from some of the leading scientists of the country about the waste of public money upon such a crazy idea. Simpson, the Scotch physician who discovered the anaesthetic power of chloroform and used it in his obstetrical practice, was charged by the pulpit with trying "to avoid one part of the primeval curse on woman." Socrates was given a cup of hemlock for advancing some new ideas that were unpopular with the "best people." When Columbus, Galileo, and—but what is the use of continuing! The "Best People" always have opposed a new idea with a violence directly proportional to the value and importance of the idea.

The Police Report tells of the arrest of 615 women a year in Rochester. 50 per cent through intoxication; 13 per cent vagrancy; 7 per cent social evil; 4 percent assault;

Love Time In A Tenement

By Helen R. Gütman

One crowded tenement-lined block was Moira's theatre. A play never ending, never dull, was acted out below her as she sat in her second-story window. When, because of a curved spine and a withered leg, one cannot go out to meet Life, it is a wonderful thing to have her come so close. The angels of Life and of Death had never come so many times in a year to the entire parish at home, as into this crowded block in a single week. And besides, there was the moving van, the patrol wagon, and the ambulance, with the shrill and raucous street sounds for the orchestra.

Like a never-ending, ever-beautiful tapestry woven of human threads, life unfolded beneath the watchful, wondering eyes of the little lame girl, sitting at the window with her endless crocheting, crooning old Irish songs of life and love as her fingers flew and her eyes sought the street below.

She made no friends and rarely saw her neighbors except the one who came to take her finished crocheting. But she had no need of friends for she had Norah—Norah who met life and was woven into it, a brilliant thread in its sordid woof.

Those were happy days while Norah was at school, and Jim, the father, brought home a meager sum from his wage—earned chiefly by the sale of his vote. If, at times, Norah's speech sounded odd to Moira's old-world ears, it was but the change to the President's from the King's English, she thought, and herself tried to learn the Bowery argot.

But Norah saw life from another side, as an actor sees the bare stage, and the spinner the reverse of the gay web. Life, tenement life, was stripped of all illusions. She loved to hear of Irish villages, of churches guarding like a shepherd, their flocks of graves, of leafy, green walks and of places where one roof, leaking though it be, sheltered but one family. Often she sat listening in the dusk while Moira sang of village life and love, songs as colorless to Moira as the endless thread that passed through her fingers, as pregnant with life to Norah as the motley cosmopolitan crowd that passed outside. For the womanhood that poor, lame Moira could never know, was stirring in pretty Norah. The dark, dirty walls of her two-roomed home oppressed and crushed her. Love time was drawing near, and her street-sharpened eyes read admiration in the eyes of men as they passed her. Vaguely, without understanding, she sought a freer, cleaner place away from the sights and sounds and odors of a hundred homes. And seeking, found, only dimly-lighted hallways, street corners and, not least of all, the darkened moving picture shows.

That is why Moira looks alone from her window at Life, no longer a fair and amusing tapestry or play, but a thing terrible and beautiful, as a tiger is terrible and beautiful as it springs at its prey. And Moira waits, as she endlessly crochets, for the day that must surely come when Life, tired of her play, will throw back her broken toy.—*The Survey*.



The First Published Sketch of Rochester

By Elmer Adler

Captain Basil Hall, retired from the British Navy in his thirty-sixth year and married shortly after. Two years later, he visited America with his wife and child and traveled through the United States and Canada from April 1827 to July 1828 inclusive. The carefully recorded and well-written observations of this trip were published 1829, in three volumes, (6) and aroused considerable indignation in the United States because of what was considered a hostile and unfair view of American Society.

Hall was in Rochester three days in June, 1827, and the impressions he then recorded are the more flattering, because they are unusual to the tenor of his remarks.

While traveling Hall made sketches with the aid of the Camera Lucida, which is a simple arrangement of lense and mirror to reflect a scene so that it can be traced. When he returned to England forty of the sketches were etched by W. H. Lizors and were bound together and published (7) separately in the "Travels."

Fortunately one etching was made of Rochester. And that etching, here reproduced, is undoubtedly the first published view of Rochester's settlement, although the Falls had already been done several times. The subject was the south side of West Main Street from Fitzlugh Street eastward and the drawing is remarkably accurate. The large building with the office in front, the first Monroe County House, was built in 1821-1822. There was a similar office to the left. The corner stone was laid by Governor DeWitt Clinton on December first, 1821, with elaborate

In the four general hospitals and three private hospitals we have from four to four hundred and fifty inmates and an aggregate of 245 nurses.

ceremony and the entire cost of the building is said to have been no more than \$7,500, the land having been donated by Fitzhugh, Carroll and Rochester. The small office at the eastern end was used for many years by Vincent and Selah Mathews as a law office and it was afterwards moved to 48 South Fitzhugh street where it now stands, somewhat remodeled but still doing a good service. One of the oldest structures and surely the oldest office building in the city of Rochester!

The Church in the rear of the Court House, the First Presbyterian church, 1825, was the second building erected by that body and was of stone. St. Luke's Church, at the extreme right of the picture was erected in 1824, and is still in good condition. The land for this edifice was also donated by the founders of the city.

Four names appear on the buildings: A. Chapin (Alpha Chapin) grocer; B. Landfear (Bela Landfear); cabinet maker, Russell Green, painter and glazier; A. Wakelee (Abner Wakelee) shoe dealer.

One interested in the growth and development of his city cannot find more delightful and enlightening reading than the impressions penned by early travelers.

Hall was much impressed by the way our city was springing up in a county being cleared of forests; which act of clearing he learned was called "improving."

We are fortunate in having the record of many visitors but are unusually indebted to Hall for our first sketch.

*Travels in North America in the Years 1827 and 1828

By Captain Basil Hall, Royal Navy.

In Three Volumes

Edinburgh, 1829.

†Forty Etchings from Sketches made with the Camera Lucida in North America in 1827 and 1828

By Captain Basil Hall, R. N.
Edinburgh and London, 1829

"City planning is almost impossible without extensive public ownership."—*Rauschenbusch.*

A Specimen of the Absurd Opposition to Doctor Goler

Look at our Milk White List and see if Your Milkman's Name is there. If it is Absent, Telephone the Health Bureau and Know Why.

Continually during the last few years and especially the last few months there had been a persistent rumor in various parts of the City started evidently by one of the many enemies of Dr. Goler, our efficient Health Officer, to the effect that he is trying to play trade into the hands of certain big milk companies in town by his stringent dealings with some of the small dealers.

It has been asserted not once or twice but many times, that Dr. Goler was a stockholder in one of the three large milk companies of the City and that he was a traitor to his official position for the supposed

manner in which he was acting leniently towards them. Of course, on the face of it, the rumor is absurd to any who have even the slightest real knowledge of the relation of the Health Office towards the Big Elm Dairy, the City Dairy Company and the Brighton Place Dairy Company. To satisfy those who seemed strangely unwilling to refuse belief to this foolish rumor, and with the hope that it may be buried forever, we wrote to these three companies the following letter:

DEAR SIR:—Will you kindly contradict, if the truth so dictates, the following rumor which is being circulated about this city. It has been heard of many times during the past few years and must have been started by some one seeking to cast aspersion on the sincerity of our Health Officer. The rumor is that Dr. George W. Goler has an interest or holds stock in one of the large Dairy Companies of this city, either the Big Elm Dairy Company, the City Dairy Company, or the Brighton Place Dairy Company. Although the rumor seems too absurd, will you be kind enough to answer so far as your Company is concerned, as there can be found citizens who give the absurdity credence.

Very sincerely yours
THE COMMON GOOD PUBLISHING COMPANY.

To this letter we have received the following replies:

Mr. Edwin A. Rumball, President,
The Common Good Publishing Company, City.

DEAR SIR:—In reply to your esteemed favor of yesterday would say that the rumor, as far as this company is concerned, is absurd and without foundation. Dr. Goler has never been associated with us in any capacity nor is he a stockholder, which fact we will be pleased to establish from our stock-book and records.

We are equally certain that he has positively no interest whatsoever in the other firms you ask us about.

Trusting that this information will be of service to you, we remain,

Yours truly,

BIG ELM DAIRY COMPANY.

"I do not know when Johnny will be old enough to reason with. When I reflect how hard it is to reason with wise grown-up people, if they be unwilling to accept your view of the matter, I am inclined to be very patient with Johnny, whose experience is rather limited after all, though he is six years and a half old."—*T. B. Aldrich.*

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ROCHESTER, N. Y.

ROCHESTER PHONE 6190

DEAR SIR:—Referring to your inquiry, beg to reply that no City Official holds any stock in our Company.

Yours respectfully,

CITY DAIRY COMPANY.

DEAR SIR:—We are in receipt of your letter of the 28th instant. Dr. George W. Goler holds no stock in our Company.

Yours truly,

BRIGHTON PLACE DAIRY COMPANY.

We wish that we could effectually bury every malicious slander which has been made of our Health Officer and for that matter of every other well meaning citizen whose sincerest efforts are misunderstood and ascribed to evil motives.

The following milk dealers were the only ones marked on the Health Bureau reports for October and November as supplying "Good" milk to this city, that is, who had a 100,000 bacteria count and less per cubic centimeter for those months:

Bernard, C. R.	20,000	Bell, R. B.	30,000
Erhardt, William	10,000	City Dairy Co.	40,000
Kohlman, George	30,000	Gentle, A.	90,000
Miller, George P.	60,000	Gentle, A.	60,000
Standhope, H. H.	60,000	Heal, F. C.	10,000
Williams, B.	70,000	*Hoff, Edward	30,000
Schneeberger, W.	100,000	Kuhn, Henry	70,000
Copp Brothers	10,000	Lovett, William	70,000
Fullager, W. T.	60,000	Meding, A.	60,000
Lunt, C. S.	60,000	Opperman, Fred.	20,000
Schutt, George	40,000	Peffer, William	50,000
Welkley, J. W.	60,000	Oswitz, S.	100,000
Heberle, Fred.	100,000	Stollmeyer, Frank	80,000
Bauer, Fred.	40,000	Weston, William	90,000
Bauman, John	30,000	Winters, Edward	70,000
Brahler, Jos. E.	30,000	Yost, Thomas	10,000
Big Elm Dairy Co.	50,000	Young, Richard	40,000

* No License.

Henderson & Taylor

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Stone 829

Genesee 1534

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We put quality first.
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The result is—satisfaction.

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When in the neighborhood and it is convenient
stop in and see our East Avenue store.

The Mother

I am a sculptor. I work in the dark
If my hand slip,
I mar for a lifetime, perhaps: dull the spark,
Or seal the lip.

My tools are so fine that they may not be seen ---
Yet mould and shape
Flesh, bone, nerve and brain to forms noble or mean ---
Angel or Ape.

Oh, steady my hand, Thou that gavest the Clay!
Make clear my sight!
With all of me, Lord, I entreat and pray
That I chisel right.

— *Florens Folsom*