



Entrance to Hull House.

plan is not to be grasped, in a word. It is like a fable; it must be read to the end; and it covers, in simple form, the complex story of human society. It is a very real fable, too.

Miss Addams's father was a banker, and she could easily have closed her eyes to the miseries of the poor, but to her, there is something overwhelming and unforgettable in class distinctions: on one side barbarous extravagances by the idle rich, on the other, children crying for bread.

As is well known, there have been a thousand and one attempts to bridge the social chasm; but Miss Addams decided to make her life her answer. So she moved down in the slums—and worked.

Yes, others have done that too, and will do it again; but in Miss Addams's case the idea was not to seek palliatives. Her plan was wider, far more subtle. One would have to think about it a long time before he grasped the special application. She calls it cultivation of social feeling, or the accumulation of sympathy. The word sympathy is often confused with pity; but sympathy indicates a much finer feeling. Sympathy means feeling with another. It has broader benevolence than pity. We may pity one whom we despise; but we cannot sympathize with him. So, her plan is not sentimental. Far from it! By ever striving to forget her own personal interests, she identified her life more and more with the great cause of humanity,—and within her grew the consciousness of enlarged and enlarging usefulness.

Her parish? Think of the steerage crowd in a second class immigrant ship, from Genoa. Morris Rosenfeld's Yiddish songs of the sweatshop were lived down there on Halsted-st. It was Chicago's pit, a place that Tolstoi would have revered,—yes, friend of the downtrodden muzhik,—he would have seen that it was big with Fate; and to this White-chapel of Chicago Jane Addams brought her fine spirit and her compassion, as a pledge for the future.

Early Opposition

WHEN her four rooms were ready up stairs, over the auction shop, boys threw stones, broke windows, and despoiled the grounds. Priests and rabbis looked on askance. Jane Addams, on her side, was bewildered. Low dance halls lured factory girls; there was no law against child labor; every day men were killed in factories, at unprotected machines; there were no visiting nurses, so much needed down there; and there was no Chicago Central Relief Association,—in short, her parish was down, poverty stricken in purse, bankrupt in hope, forgotten seemingly by man and God.

How practical she was! She determined to turn garbage inspector to clean up her neighborhood; and when the Mayor appointed her, friends shrugged their shoulders and really couldn't understand. By and by, in that vile section of the Nineteenth Ward, the death rate dropped from third on the list to seventh, and some of the doubters began to wonder a bit, and to say that after all there might be something in it—only of course it would soon fizzle out.

Jane Addams was trying to put in practice, for human nature's daily need, a very simple truth; so simple that men naturally misunderstood; for men generally look for hard things, and not plain ones. She was not trying to make a free port of entry, through art, or so called culture, or needlework, or lectures, or this, or that,—a free port through which the pauper labor of Europe might pass without a penny in their pockets, an idea in their heads, a spark of true manliness. That would be the wildest emotionalism; and she was

not thinking of social equality in the sentimental sense,—that there is no real difference between the tramp, with his abnormal and unwholesome life, and the honest working man, who takes pride in his wife and his children. Her plan for the new social democracy laid emphasis on the accumulation of sympathy, tender yet strong, and always sane, through adequate understanding of the lives of rich and poor alike.

For her poor neighbors, if they ever came, which looked doubtful, in Jane Addams's four upper rooms was spread a dream of domestic loveliness. Floors were polished, rugs spread, walls tinted in ivory and gold, hung with pretty etchings and water colors, and there were flowers, and there was music; and everywhere was that refinement and taste as though by magic a glimpse of one of Chicago's fine homes had unexpectedly grown up overnight in the slums, and the door stood ajar for the poor to enter,—not overgrand, not bizarre, but decorous and domestic in English style, with mahogany furniture, just a few pieces here and there—and that something that you must feel.

As I wandered through Hull House, I saw many charming decorative touches. I remember the crèche, where the working women bring their children, for five cents a day. On the stairway are Raphael's Madonnas and casts by Donatello and Andrea della Robbia.

Practical Plans for Workers

JANE ADDAMS had practical plans for every day. Miss Jennie Dow gave the money for a kindergarten, and taught for a year; and then came a cooking school; and by and by—

In those days nearby was a livery stable, and the livery stable man wouldn't move out, and Jane Addams wanted the ground for an art gallery. What an idea! But it came; and soon a loan collection blossomed over that way. It was not art for the multitude, or anything of the sort; it was a first subtle appeal to neighborliness, in Jane Addams's own way. Art is for those who understand,



Her Work Is Based on Minute Marshaling of Facts.

of course; but the magic of social feeling, that's wholly another matter. Jane Addams's belief is that social feeling of the right sort will ultimately break down the barrier between class and class: will take the place of charity, as such, and of legislation, as such; and will dispel the misapprehensions that tend to keep one end of Chicago, or any other city, away from the other end.

As a faint sign, slum dwellers came, timidly at first, then in numbers, and the Italian women trooped through with the children, and many men and women from homes of wealth and refinement dropped in and took a look.

In her work, Jane Addams early surrounded herself with willing workers, from many levels of life,—rich or poor, college bred or self educated, and of many shades of opinion,—and from the very first this group tried to make Chicago a better city. On the civic side, whenever facts were gathered on conditions that needed correction, the information was turned over to a legislative or an executive body for action. I wish I had time to tell of the long fight against the druggists who sold cocaine to children; of the twelve hundred school children whose only playground was the "dump"; of new factory laws; the tuber-

culosis inquiry among rear tenement dwellers; and the dreadful center that was found, like the infamous "Lung Block" on Cherry-st., New York city; and the fight against typhoid by personal inspection of some four thousand tenements.

Neighborliness? An Italian woman came in one day, and, seeing a vase of roses, wondered how they could be so fresh, "so far from Italy. Really, are there roses in America?" One night, Russian wives, not knowing what to do or to say, at last proudly showed their hand embroidered petticoats; told that it was their own work. Miss Addams saw a new way to neighborliness, through old country handicraft; put in spinning wheels, hand looms, and even a Jacquard loom,—the machine that has brains, if ever a machine had brains. Peasants were seen making beautiful cloth; and to-day the spinning and weaving room is a pleasant place to spend half an hour, taking you back to the days of the simple life. "Culture," says Miss Addams, "is an understanding of the long established occupations and thoughts of men." She used also the appeal of folklore, in old country songs; taught immigrant women how to cook, and how to sew on a button, and how to run a seam, and how to mend a child's dress without botching it; and she showed the wives in her parish how to make a bed and how to sweep. Then she added music; for, as she says, "Music makes men forget their differences."

The Basic Principle

AND all this brings us back to the four words. Who is my neighbor? Jane Addams answered this question sixteen years ago by going to live among the poor, and she is still there to-day. The reverent friend of the forgotten class, the American in the making, the Lithuanian of the stockyard, the Polish sweatshop girls, Italians who shovel ballast on the railroads, Greek pushcart peddlers,—her parish is composed of a congeries of nationalities, under very poor, a mighty horde, gathered by the trade winds. Disproving also the reproach that the nation selfish lives, for years many Chicago women of leisure have helped with time, money, and personal sacrifices. Yes, neighborly friendship with the overcrowded tenements has become a genuine social fact.

Jane Addams can adapt herself to any audience, from Chicago newsboys to a parliament of congressmen; is as accessible to a Greek fruit peddler as she is to a civic federation director. The world's leaders of thought know her. She spoke at Paris as a delegate, and made a deep impression. She has met grave European men of letters and senators in opening doors for her, handing her chairs, and bowed right and left. At college commencements she is on the platform beside gray bearded presidents, and in the slums she is equally at home with the wife of the drunkard. She sees society at a glance,—fop, priest, thief, cocotte, honest workman,—in that part of Chicago known as the "Bad Lands," never a hand would be raised against her, and unseen the thief no doubt often watches her at a distance, ready to be her rude protector, to save with one terrible blow the man who dares molest her.

I saw her at Hull House passing through the crowded rooms, around her many willing workers; a word here, a smile there. She was dressed in plain black, as modestly as a nun. Telephone bells were ringing, outer doors were swinging, twenty times an hour. It always seemed that she passed through the picture, rather than that she was part of the picture.

What is it that keeps Hull House going? I began wondering. Yes; the old college song has it right, "Tis love that makes the world go round."

Let us look at her closely in her busy rooms, the salon of the new social democracy, a true salon in refinement and spirit. I saw in one hour come to meet and counsel with Jane Addams, a nun, a washwoman, a hunchback boy, an Italian woman with gaudy skirts, widows, orphans, and men down on their luck. Practical? Yes, practical idealism. These are the words Roosevelt uses so much. In Jane Addams's case, they mean that she has studied,

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The Hull House Quadrangle.