

## ONE WAY OUT.

By the Author of «How the Other Half Lives,» «The Children of the Poor,» etc.



I MET Hans first on the steamer that carried me back to America after a summer's vacation in my old Danish home. He stood at the rail, cap in hand, his shock of dark hair tossed by the wind, looking wistfully back over the steamer's path, that was swallowed up so soon in the trackless waters. I saw that it was best for him to be alone, and went forward to walk there. When I returned he was gone. I came upon him next in the narrow passageway amidships on the lower deck. He was just from the steerage, with his pot of smoking potatoes in one hand, a tin pail of pea-soup in the other. He shortened leg to a sudden heave of the vessel, but lost his balance, and stumbled against me. Steadying himself carefully, lest he spill the soup, he pulled at his cap, and said, «Undskyld!»

in his quiet way. I noticed that he did not smile or laugh like other boys of his age.

Then six months passed. I was busy at the office, and had forgotten the emigrant boy on the *Norge*, when one day a friend brought him to me there. He had found him in the street. It was midwinter, and he shivered in his thin jacket, the same he had worn on the ship. His story was brief. I had heard it many times before. Stranded in the strange city, he had drifted about until my friend happened upon him, yet in time, but none too soon. The question was what now to do with him. There was the Children's Aid Society, but he was hardly a child—big, strong lad of eighteen. Its lodging-houses certainly were not the place for him. He was too old to go to school. He ought by all means to be removed from the city, but the way did not seem to open. I was reminded of the words spoken a few years ago by Mr. Brace: «One



DRAWN BY ORSON LOWELL.

STORING CORN.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE AUTHOR.

of our old difficulties is with the large street-boys. There seems no place for them in the world as it is.» It really did seem as if there was none for Hans, willing as he was to squeeze into any odd little corner.

It ended in my going to the Children's Aid Society, after all, to talk it over with them.

visibly out of the slough in which we are floundering more helplessly year by year. As it is the congestion of our city population that has got us into it, the way out of it is naturally to bring as much of the congested population as possible back to the soil; and the younger the transplanted contingent the



DRAWN BY ORSON LOWELL.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE AUTHOR.

BRINGING IN THE APPLE CROP.

There I found out my mistake. The way had been opened. Mr. Brace's frequent appeals had at last found a response, now that he was in his grave, and a farm school had just been established up in Westchester County to supply the missing link in the society's chain of practical charities. There they took Hans, and there he is to-day, no longer a homeless boy, but, after one brief summer, a sturdy young farmer, earning wages like any hired hand. He is there in the picture, on page 307, driving his ox-team and binding sheaves in the buckwheat field with the best of them. I noticed one thing when I saw him at it on a visit to the farm last fall: he had learned to laugh. Whether it was that he had forgotten his homesickness, or Baxter street, I don't know. It is a fact that he did laugh.

From Baxter street to the hill-farm is a stride that fairly measures the length of the one the society has taken by forging this link in its educational machinery. It is well to remember that it is the one step that leads

greater the relief at one end and the gain at the other. This is not a new gospel. The farm has always been the most important end of the society's scheme. The regiment of boys the Children's Aid Society has sent forth from New York's tenements in forty years has helped to people more than one young State. But there was always this gap upon which Mr. Brace dwelt so anxiously. The small boys, as a rule, took kindly to the farm, and the farm to them. But with the larger boys that was not always the case. With all the unrestrained passions of the full-grown man in their half-grown bodies, with the roving spirit of the street strong in them, with its characteristic aversion to continued effort of any kind, and without any sense of responsibility, they were not always made welcome. It was not in reason that they should be. Even of these the great majority turned out all right in the end. Mr. Brace pointed with great pride to one who had been blacklisted for twenty years as a

lost sheep, yet turned up suddenly as mayor of his town and a member of the State legislature. But in the mean time they occasionally gave the society a bad name where it could least afford it. All that might be avoided by testing them in a farm school, «with plenty of holes in the fence,» to make sure who would and who would not stay on the farm. Other cities have done it with success.

Mr. Brace pleaded vainly for his farm while he lived. One or two were offered, but they were too far away. He wanted it near enough to be within his immediate grasp. His instinct told him truly that only so could he be quite sure of it. It is little more than a year since Mrs. Joseph M. White, whose interest in the poor children of New York's streets has taken a very practical form more than once, gave to the society the money with which the Hall farm at Kensico, Westchester County, was purchased, and its proper equipment secured. The farm school was opened at once, and is by this time in very active operation. By last October it had sheltered seventy-odd big boys, of whom two remained as paid helpers. And despite the fact that the fence inclosing it is a rail fence, with more holes than rails in it, only two had run away. They were brought back and given the choice between staying or going decently, in their old rags, not the clothes furnished on the farm, lest they mislead some one into believing them honest laborers in search of work. They went.

Kensico is a small village an hour's journey out of New York, on the Harlem Railroad. The road to the farm leads over the hills, between stone fences and hedges and patches of woodland turning russet and gold in the mellow October sun. Ripe red apples drop from the trees into the hedge, and roll in our path. A little chipmunk peeps out furtively from an old stump. The woodpecker hammers on its hollow tree, as if his life depended on it rather than his dinner. The goldenrod nods by the wayside. Where the road turns, a man who leans on his gate tells us, «The second farm on the right.» The second farm on the right is nearly a mile farther on, as it happens. On the left there is only one house. One is not troubled with neighbors overmuch, it seems, in these Westchester hills. Perhaps that was why the two went back. The slum takes naturally to a crowd. They belong together. We had a girl once in our Long Island home who had come out of a hard life in a hard place; but kindness had no power to make her stay. All the

green hurt her eyes, she said, and went back to her tenement. And she meant it. Her case was the whole case against the slum that so perverts and depraves natural human instincts.

But here is the gate «second on the right,» with a lane leading up to an old house half hidden in a clump of trees. The dinner-bell has just been rung, and half a dozen stalwart young fellows in overalls and big rubber boots are coming in from the fields. They walk with the heavy stride of the man who follows the plow. Perhaps it is the boots; rather the work, probably. There is nothing in their looks or ways to distinguish them from farmers' lads anywhere. If any one were to tell you now that within a few short weeks these were the present despair of the philanthropist and the prospective concern of the police, would you laugh? Probably. Yet it would be true. «There seemed to be no place for them in the world as it is.» How many are there who would not have thought this of all places the last for them? So simple is Mother Nature's solution of a riddle which, in our estrangement from her, we had almost persuaded ourselves there was no way of solving—when it is not too late.

At the dinner-table, where we take our seat with the rest, they prove that they have healthy appetites—an excellent thing when one is sure where the next meal is to come from. If the significance of grace before meat lies mainly in the meat with these, the grace loses nothing by that. The fare is frugal, but plentiful. It is easy to believe, sitting there among them, that they «fall easily under discipline,» as the superintendent says, bearing in mind his statement of the difficulties that beset the initial work of reforming the manners of some of them. There is no trace of that now. They are, to all appearances, as healthy a lot of young farmers, in every way, as one could find gathered about a table. When the meal is finished they go back to their work. It is noticeable that there is no scratching of matches and no lighting of pipes in the hall. Tobacco is as firmly tabooed on the farm as bad language—why, those comprehend easily who have gone among the young men, half boys yet, many of them, who fill our jails and penitentiaries, and have listened to their incessant pleading for «some tobacco, boss.» The weed certainly bears a direct relation, if not to the wickedness of the street, at least to the weakness of it, which is its characteristic symptom. The challenge meets it on the threshold of the Boys' Lodging-house,

whence most of these lads come. «Boys who swear and use tobacco cannot sleep here,» stands over its door, and the rule holds good on the farm. Not without an effort. The battle with the craving for this stimulant is the hardest they have to fight.

A walk over the 125 acres of the farm shows the boys at work hauling stone, cutting corn, and storing the stalks away for the winter, tending the cattle, and doing the hundred and one things farmers find to do in the busy autumn months. In the fields they are ever under the eye of the farmer and his assistants, who work with them, teaching them how to take hold. They are required to work steadily rather than hard. The idea is to teach them habits of industry and thrift as the beginning of their new life. A wagon-load of apples is coming in from the orchard. On the load behind the ox-team half a dozen of the lads are perched, munching away at the apples and enjoying the ride. One of them has the characteristic features and complexion of the refugee Jew. The sweaters' district on the East Side gave him up not long ago. What comparisons he draws in his mind between Ludlow street and life on the farm he does not say as he ducks his head under the low branches that overhang the wagon-track, and joyously «fires» a half-eaten apple at his chum. Consciously, perhaps, none. Youth is the thoughtless age. But, with or without his knowledge, the comparison is drawn, and fixed upon his mind, between the dark slum and the hills in their autumnal glory, between the filthy gutter and the brook that meanders through the green meadow with murmured speech. He understands without being taught, for all he was born in a tenement.

Will, another of the boys, only a few weeks from the city, runs anxiously, at sight of the camera, for his bull-calf, to get it «took.» The two have formed a compact which some day the butcher's knife will sever at the risk of grievously wounding Will's heart. It is based on mutual affection and respect. Unhappily his «other half» is too far afield, and misses the chance of his life.

Up on the hill the new building in which the boys are to be housed is nearing completion. In a few weeks it will be ready to receive as many as forty boarders, for whom the farm will furnish enough work, summer and winter, during their stay of two or three months. The old house has room hardly for a dozen. The «great house» is more striking of architecture, perhaps, than handsome. It has something in its square outlines and

pillared porch to suggest the manor of a day that is past. When the grounds are laid out about it in something else than weeds, and trees are planted, it may even attain to some pretensions to beauty. Within it is commodious, and answers its purpose well. There are great, light dormitories, broad halls, and cheery school-rooms. The view from its windows west is toward the distant Hudson, sometimes discerned in brief glimpses of shining silver against the horizon, with a suggestion of the Highlands in the bold outlines of the blue hills. At the south end of the building the windows of a sunlit room look out upon an orchard lot, yellow with ripening pumpkins, and a litter of fat pigs rooting in the fence-corner. It is the trustees' room, full of savory suggestions in the landscape of coming Thanksgiving dinners.

The building is steam-heated throughout, and well supplied with water for the wash-room that is the moral as well as the sanitary pivot of the establishment. The first introduction of the new inmate is to the bath-room, the second to a pair of overalls and rubber boots, the third to the farm, and the fourth to the school. The last plays always an important part, usually one that has been sadly neglected in the past. Most of the boys that drift in from the lodging-houses are without father, mother, or home, or say they are, which often means more than proof of their assertion would. They have rarely had any bringing up. Hans was the exception. The farm is to begin the neglected task—rather late, to be sure, but late in this case is distinctly better than never. When the boys are not working in the field they are studying in the class-room. Most of them have much to learn. All of them must begin by learning to obey promptly and cheerfully.

The routine of the house leaves no time or chance for idleness. The boys are rung up at 5 A. M. After breakfast there is a brief season of prayer, in which the superintendent leads; then work, dinner, more work, until the time comes, toward evening, for doing the chores. There are the cattle to feed, the horses to look after, and the oxen to be stalled. Then come supper and another prayer-meeting, in which the help take a hand. The stormy days and the evening hours are spent in the reading-room or in amusements. Saturday afternoon is a holiday. The only complaint made by any of the boys to me was of the school, although the older boys do not attend, and the younger ones only half a day.



DRAWN BY ORSON LOWELL.

"HANS."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE AUTHOR.

The managers have another view of it. The superintendent is an old schoolmaster with some experience of the farm. He holds with them that school and field each has its rightful share in this very practical mission work, and that together they are bound to win the fight and the boy.

On Sunday master and boys go to church in a body, at Kensico or Pleasantville, as the fancy takes them, tramping two or three miles over the country roads together. If the weather is too bad, or the roads are impassable, they have church at home. Sunday on the farm is a day of rest, but it has duties that are not to be neglected. The farm is an outpost in the battle with the slum in a wider sense than that merely of teaching a few boys to read and to handle spade and hoe. Eventually, when it is all under the plow, it is expected to raise upon it all the potatoes, cabbage, milk, and butter consumed in the society's six city lodging-houses whence its tenants are drawn, and thus to set before the boys at both ends of the line an object-lesson in production at first hand, which will lose nothing in interest or value by the fact that what is raised by the one set

of boys stands between the other and real starvation. It is a kind of teaching they will grasp the easier for having starved themselves, and will be apt to remember as long as they live.

The farm school is an experiment in New York, — more is the pity, — but its success was assured before it was fairly under way. The best evidence of that is that the boys, one and all, are eager to go West and begin life in earnest before they have served the prescribed three months' apprenticeship. The two backsliders I spoke of have so far been the only exceptions. When the boys do go West the society knows that they can be trusted, and is relieved of a cause of anxiety that troubled Mr. Brace more than all the others that beset his great life-work. One bad boy sent out from New York has sometimes done more mischief in a year of shiftless running about, or worse, than a thousand of his fellows, working hard and behaving themselves, could live down in ten. That is the way of the world. They have had the same experience in England with the children they sent to Canada from the slums of London, and with as little reason.

So far, then, the farm school has solved a troublesome question and been of great use. But it has a greater. It is not as New York's only real truant school, though in that rôle it is unique and soundly suggestive to a community that has heretofore found no better use for its truants than to jail them, and so make sure of putting the rascality in their way which there was some danger they might run across in the street: it is as the absolute demonstration that any plan of rescue for the boy in which the appeal to the soil has no place,—which would teach him a trade he can pursue only in the city, thus rooting him more firmly in an environment that is smothering character in him, and by smothering char-

acter is peopling the slum,—is a false plan, false in principle and in practice. It is as the guide-post standing at the meeting of the many ways that nowadays lead all to the city's whirlpool, and pointing back to the one sure and safe way out, which, busy with so many ambitious, philanthropic schemes, we were in danger of forgetting. So it is that the farm school is of the greatest, most lasting use; and as such it will, I believe, in a day not far off, have many allies patterned after it, and linking together the congested city and the deserted farm in a partnership, not again to be broken, that shall restore in some degree the lost balance as far as it can ever be restored.

Jacob A. Riis.

## GLAMOUR.



« DOES the sight come gloomy upon your spirits? » asks one seer of a brother wizard in « The Legend of Montrose. » The Scotch, if we admit the claim made by them, are endowed with the mysterious gift of second sight; and so it is not strange that we should owe to them a necromantic word which, having no exact synonym, seems to cover the composite idea of hallucination, fascination, sorcery. Our dictionaries define this word as an « illusion of the eye which makes it see things other than they are. » To this definition is added an allied Icelandic word signifying a « disease of the eye in which a person afflicted sees all objects through a bluish or gray medium, doubtfully. »

Abandoning technical definition, attempting no scientific inquiry, the present paper, under the title of « Glamour, » would merely recall to the minds of such as may be interested in the subject those moments in which, by a subsequent exercise of memory, they have seemed to themselves to see things « other than they are »—moments marked by the transient visitation of delight, wonder, or even apprehension, with apparently no adequate provocation in the objects thus seen. To one to whom I referred the matter, with certain illustrations below cited, the experience had been a familiar one. « Yes, » was the reply; « I know what you mean. It is like the sudden turning on of a factitious light, just as in a theater the effects they call (transformation) are accomplished by a changing of lights. In glamour the facts remain the same, your apprecia-

tion of the facts remains the same; but the *significance* is entirely changed. »

Says Keats, in « Endymion »:

The spirit blow was struck,  
And all were dreamers.

In those moments to which I have alluded, in the instances to be given, it happens to the dreamer that the whole natural world for the time being relates itself conformably to, and crystallizes anew around, the object or objects which his eye uses to conjure with, as it were. Nothing is quite familiar, all is invested with divine novelty, while what my country neighbors would call the « spell » lasts. From personal experience a few such instances may be cited as illustrative of a not unusual order of glamour.

Standing by a window one winter day when the landscape, covered by a deep snow, presented few salient objects of sight, I was suddenly aware that two gravely contemplative eyes, darkened by a gathering frown in the brows above, were fixed upon me. A Druidic face stood forth in the trunk of a fir-tree some few yards from the window. The face and the idea of a Druid completely occupied my mind for one instant; in the next I saw that the eyes and the frown were due to scars formed on the trunk of the tree through the lopping away of branches from time to time.

On a sultry, shimmering afternoon in August, three steel-blue dragon-flies, flitting abreast above the bank of a stream, all at once appeared to be a team of three drawing an invisible chariot of state in fairyland.

On a gusty evening in October my atten-