

husband recovered his wits, joined her in thanks. The Indian rode off on the home trail.

"Now, Phillip," the wife said, half-crying as she spoke, "That, that—is being a true neighbor."

"But what in the mischief are we going to do about it?" he asked.

"You are not to let on for awhile. Then when you sell some beef you are to go down to the rancheria, with two sacks of flour and some presents, and buy his baskets, and tell him you catch some money now; you feel heap fine; you glad he such good friend."

Her keen eyes twinkled: "Those crusader ancestors of yours had faithful retainers, no doubt, who divided all they had in time of need, but the feudal game cuts both ways. Now we must see these Indians safely through every hard winter. Well, we ought to, anyhow, always providing that they do everything that they can for themselves."

CHARLES HOWARD SHINN.



NEW SCHOOLS AND TRUE DEMOCRATS.

I. Leisure and Schoolhouses.

From an Editorial by Frederic C. Howe, in *The Survey* of January 3.

Within the past few years leisure has come to millions of people. Hours of labor have been shortened to eight or nine a day. A few years ago the working day was ten, eleven and twelve hours long. A recent report of the Department of Labor in Washington shows that in seven years' time working hours have been reduced from 5 to 20 per cent in certain trades.

To an even greater extent has leisure come to women. Many activities have been removed from the kitchen. Women have acquired leisure, even more rapidly and almost as universally as men. At the same time legislation has raised the working age of children. It has brought leisure to them as well.

Leisure for millions is a new factor in the world. It is one of the most significant facts of present-day democracy. What shall we do with this leisure? This is a real problem; as much a problem as education, for the way a people use its leisure determines its civilization almost as much as does the way a people works. This has been true in all ages and all countries. It is the leisure life of Germany that molds the civilization of that country about the opera and the theater, about music, art, culture, consciously provided by the State. The same was true of ancient Greece. Its civilization was a civilization of leisure.

As with many other things, America has turned its leisure over to commerce to be exploited for profit. . . . And commercialized lei-

sure is molding our civilization—not as it should be molded, but as commerce dictates.

Coincident with this birth of leisure is a discovery which is making possible its proper utilization. That discovery is the public schools, which are being opened all over the country as people's club houses, town halls, centers where the community gathers for the discussion of its common affairs. Here is an opportunity for the community itself to wrest leisure from commerce and turn it into cultural, vocational and wholesome lines. It is a discovery comparable to the Initiative and Referendum. For hundreds of millions are invested in schoolhouses, used but five or six hours in the day, when they might be used for fifteen hours a day and every day in the week.

How shall we use the schools? Not for play alone but as centers for a new type of education, an education that will continue from the cradle to the grave; that will appeal to all classes; that will enable the mother and the father deprived of educational opportunities in their youth to continue some selected line that their mind craves. . . .

Why should not the public libraries, art museums, colleges and public schools be organized in every city into an extra-mural university for carrying education to the people? Here is a means at little expense for vocational training; for higher trade training, for the development of the mechanic into the inventor, for music, dramatics, literature and art. Here is a means for enriching life in countless ways through the voluntary co-operation of the people themselves. . . .

The public school as a social center offers the easiest approach for a city-wide, all-the-year-round program of recreation and culture. In old, built-up cities adequate playgrounds and recreation centers are almost prohibitive because of their cost, and even these make no provision for winter use. With certain architectural changes, the school can be easily adjusted to many different purposes. It can become a people's club house, available for use by the whole family. It can be used for twelve hours a day, and every day in the week, instead of for six hours a day, five days a week. Autonomous neighborhood administration can be developed, through which the people will work out their own recreational and cultural desires. . . .

In many cities schoolhouses are already being built to meet these new possibilities. Auditoriums are provided with stages for dramatics, for concerts and public meetings. In some of them movable seats are provided, so that dances and receptions can be held. A number of rooms can be set aside for clubs; art can be encouraged. . . .

These are but suggestions of possible means for the redemption of leisure and the substitution

by the community itself of new kinds of play and culture for those of the commercialized agencies, which now thrive upon the people's leisure hours. And leisure must be controlled by the community, if it is to become an agency of civilization rather than the reverse. For only the community is interested in the higher life of its people.

BOOKS

TWO LITTLE GIRLS.

Hazel. By Mary White Ovington. Published by Curtis Publishing Co., New York. 1913. Price, \$1.00 net.

Pollyanna. By Eleanor H. Porter. Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 1913. Price, \$1.25 net.

Children's books are so numerous and so excellent in this generation that a poor one seems harmless and a good one lost in the crowd. Yet the two unimportant books, "Hazel" and "Pollyanna"—neither one over well-written; both having for heroines lovable eleven-year-old girls alone in a new environment—these books so aptly illustrate, one, the homely virtues and, the other, the moderate vices of present-day stories, that they are well worth contrasting.

Agnes Repplier, when she wrote her clever diatribe against the goody-goody Sunday school books which our Puritan parents wrote for their children and compelled them to read, was speaking of no book so unstilted and entertaining as *Pollyanna*. *Pollyanna* is far from being a "little Pharisee." Yet her story has so many disqualifications for a child's book—or for a book about a child—as to make one long for Miss Repplier's picturesque power for their display.

Pollyanna comes orphaned from her minister's-daughter poverty in the West to the chilly luxury of an unwelcoming maiden aunt's home in New England. And of all the unnaturally sour, lugubrious adults in the world this village to which she comes surely has its quota, multiplied. Upon *Pollyanna* with her brave little game of "just being glad" the author puts all the burden of lightening these big folks' mental miseries.

There is not a drunkard or a "sinful parent" in the story. Yet this book is really old-fashioned, sentimental, melodramatic nonsense. It bears as little relation to the real world in which any child lives as the *Elsie* books scorned by Miss Repplier. Motives and emotions are in it almost as greatly distorted. Why, two grown-ups' broken-hearted love stories form the main plot, with the little girl as the half-witting *deus ex machina* that untangles the threads! The religion of the book—for it is frankly a religious story—though it is human enough to avoid theological controversy and most

emphatically to abjure melancholy, is still as far from a "social religion" as the conventional tract of a hundred years ago. Worst crime of all, however, the tale is one of those hybrids concerning which decision wavers as to whether it is intended to be an adults' book about a child or a child's book about adults, and about which suspicion lurks that the author hoped it to be both.



Hazel is a different story—nothing wonderful, but very different. *Hazel* is a colored child of Boston whom her widowed mother sends to spend the winter with her country grandmother in Alabama. Sometimes a little naughty, now and then thoughtless, *Hazel* is nearly always wholesomely and lovingly childlike. Therein—to be truthful—she differs not so enormously from *Pollyanna*. The contrast is in their worlds. *Hazel's* world is a real, objective, non-introspective, modern world. The journey from North to South, as her friends at home silently foresaw, discovers to her hurt feelings her own personal little part in the great, grievous race problem; and the experienced old grandmother offers a wise little talisman against bitterness. "Notice *how* folks says things, not *what* they says," she tells the child, who has for the first time been called "nigger" as a matter of course and because she was black, sent around to the kitchen door of the very persons who urged goodies upon her and set her safely upon her lost way home.

There is no grown person's romance in the *Hazel* book; and the outspoken religion of it is all in one brief chapter, when the minister preached about Hell and damnation and the frightened little girl slipped quietly out of the meeting-house escorted by the stolid little boy who was used to such sermons.

There is no doubt that this book was meant for children—that is one reason why old persons will read it. It was written particularly for colored children. The story is real. It is part of life, real life. And that is why big and little people both will find it readable despite its faults, and will learn more of human brotherhood from little *Hazel's* problems than from all *Pollyanna's* magic doctrine of gladness.

A. L. G.

BOOKS RECEIVED

—*Prosper: A Fairy-Tale.* By Bethsheba. Published by the Author, Bertha Frederick, 1448, 30th St., Des Moines, Iowa. 1913.

—*Why I Am in Favor of Socialism.* Symposium, edited by Edward Silvin, P. O. Box 963, Sacramento, Calif. 1913. Price, cloth, 75 cents; paper, 30 cents.

—*Story of the Session of the California Legislature of 1913.* By Franklin Hichborn. Published from the press of the James H. Barry Co., San Francisco, Calif. 1913. Price, \$1.50.