

Neighbors

IN May, Professor Patrick Geddes, head of the Department of Civics and Sociology at the University of Bombay, will come to America for a four months' visit. His Cities and Town Planning Exhibition, which now occupies a hall two hundred feet in length, will remain behind in India; but in a series of lectures at the New School for Social Research, New York, and in separate lectures at various other institutions, Professor Geddes will expound the conception of civics and city planning which dominates that famous exhibition.

The name, Patrick Geddes, stands for different things to different people. To city planners and civic workers, Geddes is the wandering student who, as city planner and sociologist, has surveyed, analyzed, and compared the development of cities and city-regions throughout the world, in India and Palestine as well as Europe and America. Those who are fresh from their natural history courses at the universities will think of Geddes as the authority on sex, co-author with J. Arthur Thomson of *The Evolution of Sex*, and *Sex*. To the Zionists Geddes will bring up vistas of the New Jerusalem and the New Hebrew University he has planned on Mt. Scopus; while the geographers will see in Geddes the friend and periodic colleague of Elisée Reclus, the pioneer in "regional survey," and the founder of the British regionalist movement. There is a small public, perhaps, that knows Geddes as the co-editor, with Victor V. Branford, of the *Making of the Future* series, published by Williams and Norgate in England. Finally, there are a few acquainted with Patrick Geddes in all these aspects, and who see in his relentless activities as scientist, artist, and technician, a new Leonardo, embodying the outlooks and ideas of a second Renaissance, visibly bringing together in his own person all the dispersed specialisms of the modern age.

Born in 1854, Patrick Geddes is now sixty-nine years old. The first thirty years of his life gave him his foundations in the world of science as biologist; and his initial interest in living creatures, in their growth and development and reproduction, is still at the core of all his other interests and activities—for his work as a whole is best regarded, perhaps, as a revolt from the sterile, mechanistic habits of thought which were fostered by Victorian industrialism. Instead of accepting a robot-like "mechanocentric" existence, focused in the dissecting room, the machine and the factory, Geddes stands for "biocentric" activities, grouped about the living creature, the garden, the home, with all the mechanical apparatus subordinate to the main business of life—namely, the vivid interaction of the organism and its environment, the development in unison of "work, folk, and place."

The next thirty years of Geddes' life, from about 1885 to 1915, were centered in Aberdeen and Edinburgh. It was in Edinburgh that Geddes founded his famous summer school of civics; it was there that he built up the Outlook

Tower, which as long ago as 1898 Professor Charles Zueblin described in the *American Journal of Sociology* as the world's first sociological laboratory; it was there that he instituted the Civic Survey of Edinburgh, almost two decades before the first American survey. It was in Edinburgh, finally, that Geddes laid the foundations for the cities movement, which was brought to a head in the London Town Planning Conference of 1910, and which culminated in the international cities exposition at Ghent in 1913. It is impossible in this short space even to catalogue Geddes' fertile initiatives and achievements. His report on Dunfermline is still, as A. G. Gardiner described it in *Pillars of Society*, a mine of sociological wisdom; while with regard to more practical activities, his Edinburgh zoo is probably the most finely ordered, and in its own way the most exhaustive of all zoos, the famous Hamburg zoo not excepted.

The crown of all this study and experience has come during the last decade in India and Palestine. Professor Geddes has surveyed and reported upon some fifty different cities in India, from Bombay to Calcutta, and from Amritsar to Madura. His report to the Durbar of Indore, in two volumes, is by all odds the most comprehensive study of civics and industry and social life, in a limited scene, that has yet been published; it provides for the development of every detail in the city's existence, from the disposal of sewage and the regulation of traffic—with which our Western reports, alas! too frequently end—to the creation of a "post-Germanic" university, a university militant, ministering to the good life in the community.

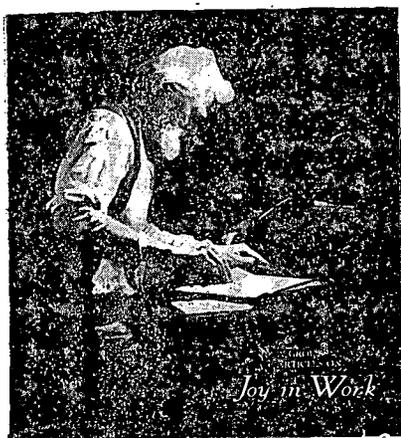
During the last few months Professor Geddes has, in addition to his regular university work, been preparing plans for a zoo in Lucknow, for Tagore's new schools in Bengal and for Osmania University at Hyderabad. With his return to India next winter, he will complete his engagement in the University of Bombay and will probably devote the greater part of his time, throughout the year, to city planning activities.



Professor Patrick Geddes

LEWIS W. HINE'S old printer on the cover of *SURVEY GRAPHIC* for February, we have since learned, was well chosen to represent the general subject of that number: *Job in Work*. Although known to his intimates also as a musician and a scholar, this old man with his shock of white hair and bushy eyebrows and with his long, lean hands took chief delight in his work at the printing press and as a teacher of his trade. His granddaughter supplies the following notes concerning him.

Deprived of an opportunity to attend school regularly in childhood, he persistently made the most of every other chance to study. He read unceasingly and patiently tackled and comprehended many a volume too forbidding in appearance for the average college-bred person. The subjects that caught his attention covered a broad scope. When his interest was fixed on one, whether it concerned history, religion, science or what-not, he did not let it rest until he had



*Printer, musician,
scholar, teacher of
Joy in Work*

ferred out its origin and traced its development. We were apt to be quizzed by him on almost any question.

Grandfather forgot time when he became lost in books or

friendly argument. It was his habit to sleep and read intermittently through the night; and it was as usual to discover him poring over some book at four A. M. as at four P. M.

To the printing trade he gave sixty-two years of his life, progressing step by step from apprenticeship to proofreading. In his later years he handled principally medical and technical books, including Appleton's encyclopedia. Because of his adherence to a definite standard of work, he often found it difficult to comply with the shop requirements. It was impossible for him to rush things through if this involved a sacrifice of neatness and perfection in his work. Accuracy in workmanship and substance of the material printed were the aim not only of his own work but also of his instruction to the high-school boys to whom in his last twelve years he taught the trade.

He derived keen satisfaction from every opportunity to exercise the skill of his craft and from his realization that it was an instrument for the dissemination of knowledge. In that spirit he taught, using every means at his command to fill his pupils with the desire to find expression in creative effort.

FOR a moderately modest person to be hailed as an "angel" by the press of a foreign country and to be pursued by that epithet throughout her stay in it must be a trying experience. But Elsa Brandstrom, who has recently come to this country and whom the American newspapers apparently find it impossible to mention without the cognomen "angel of Siberia," has lived through worse things. In fact, the account she gives of some of her experiences with the Swedish Red Cross among the war prisoners in Siberia might almost have been taken from Florence Nightingale's Crimean letters.

Daughter of the Swedish ambassador to the court at St. Petersburg, Miss Brandstrom began her work among war prisoners almost at the outbreak of the war. She was the only worker from a neutral country who continued it until 1920. Let her tell the story in her own words:

There were about fifty of us, and there were two million prisoners in camps scattered over some seventy thousand square miles of territory. We were the bad consciences of the Russian officials. We had to lead the commanders to the camps where twelve thousand prisoners were put in barracks meant for two thousand, barracks where the floors were so covered with sick and dying men, lying in unimaginable filth, that we had to push aside the bodies to find room for our own feet; we had to show them car-loads of prisoners, sick with typhus, who were locked in freight cars in the Moscow railroad yards and left to freeze and starve to death.

They would say, "I did not know it was so bad. Do what you can about it." Then we would set up hospitals where the sick could be cared for by those who were not so sick; we would get them clothes against the cruelly cold weather; we would check up on the rations; there would not be so much

suffering. Then would come a change in government. Everything would stop, the rations would be held up, the camps overcrowded, the typhus would break out—the work must all be done again from the beginning. And when we had begun to accomplish something—another revolution.

Out of the two million prisoners six hundred thousand died. Those who live are sick in mind, and worn out in body. They lived on in the hope of coming back again to the rest and peace of their homes. And they came back to find their own families starving, to find their wives exhausted from the struggle to provide only half enough food for the children.

It is to help these that I have come to America. I have bought two estates where these men can be cared for, where they can have quiet and care, medical attention, work when they are able; where they can stay a few weeks, or a few months, or a few years if it is necessary, and then go out into life again, refreshed and renewed.

And then, too, there are the children and wives of those who died in Siberia, to whom I wrote the last messages of their fathers and husbands. They think I am in some way related to them now, and that if they bring their troubles to me I will take care of them.

Miss Brandstrom is the sort of person to whom one surrenders one's problems satisfied that they will be solved. To the sick, hopeless, fever-crazed men among whom she worked in the Siberian prisons, this slender, fair-haired woman, with her youthful buoyancy, must have seemed an "angel" indeed.

Mr. Pillitz, the Hungarian artist who made the accompanying drawing of Miss Brandstrom, was a prisoner of war at *Krasz Najorszok*, one of the camps in which Miss Brandstrom worked. He says, "She had no fear of anything. She was always exposed to typhus and all the dangers of a prison camp, but she was not afraid."

FOR four years a new stream of crusaders has been pouring into the Holy Land—the Jews in search of a national home. They have come—some 30,000 strong—from Galicia, Poland, Rumania, Austria, Russia—from lands racked by war, pestilence and famine. Most of them are young, hardly more than boys and girls, and three-quarters of them are graduates of high schools. How are these students and clerks to bridge the chasm between their books and stone-breaking under a semi-tropical sun, between the Ghettos of Polish towns and the tented labor camps of the valley of Jezreel, where the Chaluzim are winning new victories on the battlefields of Gideon and Saul?

Much of that answer must be written in terms of health—conserving the slender stock of that precious commodity which the newcomers bring with them, and enabling them to make the tremendous adjustment to pioneer life, as well as arousing the interest of the older Jewish groups in the prosaic problems of sanitation, malaria, typhoid, and trachoma, which

centuries of neglect have rooted deeply in Palestine. For four years this has been the work of Dr. I. M. Rubinow, who has just returned to America, leaving the work under the direction of "the Jewish Florence Nightingale," Henrietta Szold. "Paradoxically, Palestine may be described as a healthy sick country with a very sick popula-



The "angel of Siberia"

tion," Dr. Rubinow declares. "The dangers to the Jewish population are due to its poverty and the peculiar conditions which accompany forced immigration. It is as futile to expect to build up Palestine without sufficient medical service as it would have been futile to try building the Panama Canal without organizing in advance the sanitary and engineering work. What we have been trying to do in Palestine was to run an efficient repair shop for the human material used in upbuilding the land."

That repair shop includes hospitals in Jerusalem, Jaffa, Heifa, Safed and Tiberius, with laboratories and dispensaries and a training school conducted by American nurses. It includes a nurse in each of the labor camps, and doctors, usually travelling donkey-back, for routine and emergency visits to the camps. It includes child welfare and milk stations in Jerusalem, and constant medical supervision and care of the 15,000 Jewish school children of Palestine, which has reduced the percentage of skin diseases from 50 to 24, and of trachoma from 30 to 18, though it still is 80 in the Arab schools. It includes health pamphlets in Hebrew (with a special committee to coin words for bacteria, automobile, and other post-Biblical terms). Until September, 1922, when the government of Palestine, aided by the Joint Distribution Committee, took over a function which naturally belongs to it, it included malaria and sanitary work in the labor camps; and at an earlier date, it included similar work even in the cities.

In evolving a modern medical service under pioneer conditions Dr. Rubinow, who is the author of the standard work on social insurance, has had an opportunity to try out interesting experiments. All the doctors in the service are on a full-time basis, with adequate salary, and private practice is forbidden. This makes impossible the exploitation of patients of which hospitals sometimes are accused, and enables the director to shift his assistants to strategic points when emergencies arise. All patients in the hospitals, which take in Arabs as well as Jews, receive the same service, but each pays what he can. The rate varies from nothing to \$5 a day. About 15 per cent of the budget is met by the Jewish communities in Palestine, the rest by Jews throughout the world, chiefly the Jews of America.

"The government of Palestine has not the means to do this work," says Dr. Rubinow. "The Jews themselves must build their homeland, working with the devotion with which the first-comers undertook the first task at hand—road building. Under ordinary conditions this work soon could become self-supporting in large measure. It is not fair to ask this of an immigrant and a laboring population. The American Zionist Medical Unit, a temporary war relief group which left for Palestine in June, 1918, with forty or fifty members, has become the permanent Hadassah Medical Organization with an annual budget of \$600,000 and five hundred members, very few of them American. We must keep it going."

A SOUTHERN social worker's manuscript—too long for publication—mentioned a Mexican woman who, it seemed, in her modest, unsophisticated way accomplished some of the things which neighborhood workers throughout the country are trying to do. "Tell us about Valeria," we wrote; and here is her answer:

One day I met Valeria in the Mexican colony out by the cemetery.

She was trudging along on her poor rheumatic feet, her arms laden with bundles.

"What are you doing so far from home?" I asked when greetings were over, including the ceremonious inquiry after the health of each member of my family.

"Go see Juana. Juana gotta baby. Husband no gotta work."

The bundles were now explained. They were filled with the purchases Valeria had made the day before at the rummage sale, baby clothes, a warm nightgown, a baby blanket. We had wondered at the time—for we knew that Valeria had no children. And then I bethought myself of other times I had seen Valeria in various parts of the town and of other mysterious purchases.

After this I took note on rummage sale days of the articles selected by our best customer. One day it was a pair of children's shoes, one day a black waist and skirt, one day a very large sweater.

"But this won't fit you, Valeria," I said. "This is too big."

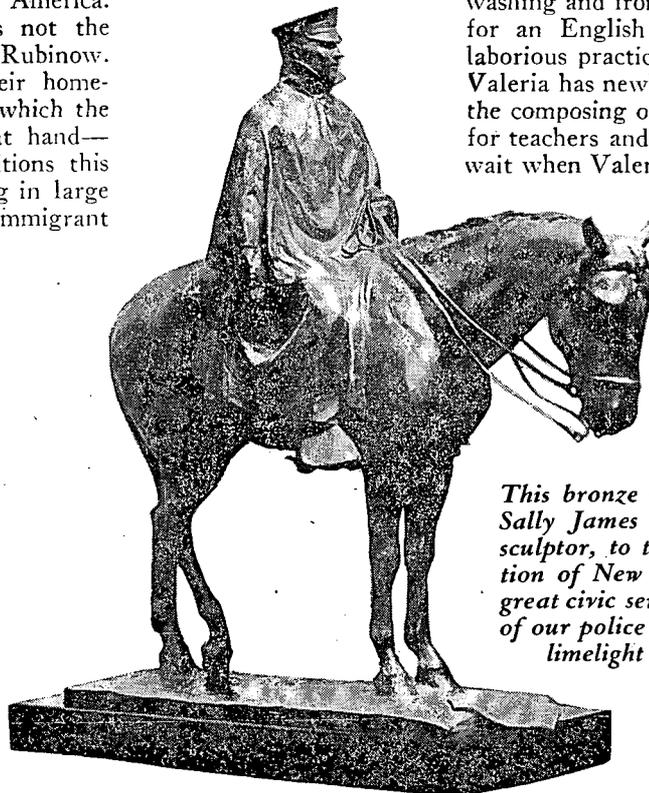
"This no por me. This por Jesusita. She sick the feet. No puede walk."

Then I began to understand. Valeria was the self-appointed charity commissioner, Red Cross and visiting nurse for all of her large acquaintance. Was it illness, there she was with a bowl of hot soup and a willing hand and a homemade remedy of herbs. Was it death, Valeria furnished the flowers from her garden. Were there no school shoes for the children (at home they needn't wear any), Valeria provided them.

Yet Valeria is very little better off than they. She is over fifty and far from strong; her husband, a day laborer, is paying dollar by dollar for the bit of land and the crude shack which is their home. Yet month by month the shack becomes less crude; screen doors and windows, a porcelain sink and running water, adequate furniture, give evidence of the adaptability of this illiterate old pair of Mexican peons, not ten years away from their adobe earth-floored hut, to the "land of opportunity." And the garden! The garden needs no apologist. A mass of foliage, a riot of bloom, a prolific larder!

And all this takes time. So does the daily bath (incredible but true), the daily scrubbing of floors and the almost daily washing and ironing. Yet there is also time for an English lesson twice a week, for laborious practice of the art of writing, for Valeria has newly learned to write, and for the composing of many little nose-gays, gifts for teachers and friends. But all this must wait when Valeria hears of a friend in need.

What has America to teach this new neighbor of ours? And what has she to teach America?



RAIN

This bronze statuette was given by Mrs. Sally James Farnham, the well-known sculptor, to the Mounted Police Association of New York in appreciation of the great civic service rendered by a branch of our police force which rarely enjoys the limelight of popular appreciation



EDITORIALS

NOT the wild autumn but spring is the season of emotional conflict. Our instinctive and social heritages are apt to split, and we are swayed by different impulses which represent different stages in the experience of the race. Thus, when Mrs. Bruère speaks of the universal impulse to plant something as the snow melts away and the rich earth is fragrant in the warm sunshine, she speaks of a heritage which probably is traditional rather than in the blood and bones of this generation. It remains to be seen whether that desire will survive after more than one or two generations of living in city apartments with not even a backyard for the exercise of the art of growing things.

Older and more universal is the impulse to roam that comes upon us at this season—attested to by the poets from Chaucer to Riley:

Whan that Aprille with hise shoures soote
The droghte of Marche hath perced to the roote,
.....
Thanne longen folk to goon on pilgrimages.

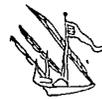
This is the time when in our modern America boys steal a ride—or even an automobile; when mothers and teachers find youth ungovernable; when workingmen “sass” their foremen and go off after another job; when those who have to stay in stuffy shops and offices dream of green hedges somewhere and fragrant meadows. Long before we were human, this was the time of year when, in common with all living things, we were ready to “take a risk”—to unfold rather than shrink into ourselves. From ancient pastoral days, this was the time to “get a move on” with kith and kin, and not only for the young who left the parental tent to mate.

But superimposed upon this instinct to wander comes the experience handed on, first from mother to daughter, later from father to son, the eager scanning of sun and moon and other signs of nature for the propitious moment to plant the seed that will provide sustenance in days to come. The erratic instinct is suppressed; the thrifty husbandman’s attitude to life becomes “second nature.” Are, then, these two impulses—the one inherited, the other acquired—irreconcilable, perennially in conflict? Perhaps. But they need not be.

It is only in the nineteenth century that the opportunity to grow things for all who wanted to do so was lost; only in the nineteenth century that wanderlust and productivity have become mutually exclusive. Sound instincts have been sacrificed to a mistaken notion of wealth and security. The ancient and medieval journeyman who saw life while he perfected himself in his craft was a better workman by far than the one today who remains glued to his task, “sticking by the firm,” mechanically efficient only because habituated through endless repetition to rapid performance of a few simple processes.

THE proposal which Mrs. Bruère makes in her article, to use the seasonally unemployed labor of our industries to make good the shortage of rural labor at this time of year, is psychologically sound in that it meets both the biological and the socially inherited desires in the human breast. It might even be enlarged. Why not deliberately induce seasonal fluctuations in trades that now are steady—too steady for the spiritual good of those engaged in them? Why not give all of us, and more especially those of us who are young, the opportunity of interrupting the blunting monotony of our vocational life by a seasonal holiday for work of a different kind—a human service, elementary in its significance, the growing of bread?

And what of our schools? Down on one of the sea islands off the Carolina coast, Penn School closes for a full fortnight of spring planting every year. Class-rooms are empty; teachers and pupils alike are off to the fields—after a procession with rakes and hoes and flags down the island road to hail the opening of the new crop-year. Around most of our cities there are abandoned war gardens that could be reclaimed if the education authorities took them over to initiate children into the great common rite of all the nations.



“**B**ETTER business,” said Sir Horace Plunkett on his recent visit to the United States, “means teaching farmers to combine.” He stressed the necessity of building cooperative agricultural organization from the bottom up rather than from the top down; but it was clear from many of his remarks that he did not wish this dictum to be understood as a criticism of concerted effort to teach farmers how to cooperate. He said:

In Ireland we attach so much importance to the cooperative spirit that we try to get farmers to organize for every purpose of their industry, always beginning with some simple transaction, such as buying fertilizer, or perhaps selling their eggs or something of that sort, to try out the method and get them to understand the principles involved. We maintain that the cooperative principle is the only sound principle for farmers’ combinations, as the capitalistic or joint stock system nearly always ends disastrously.

In contrasting the development of cooperation among the farmers of Ireland with that of the American farmers, Sir Horace did not, apparently, fully appreciate the difference of the conditions in which both have their origin. For the tobacco growers of the South in the last year or two, as previously for the fruit growers of California and other groups, it was not a question, as it had been in Ireland, of slowly learning how to grow things and thus step by step improving their living conditions; for them, who knew how to produce in abundance, it was a question of beating a powerful machine that worked against them by setting up