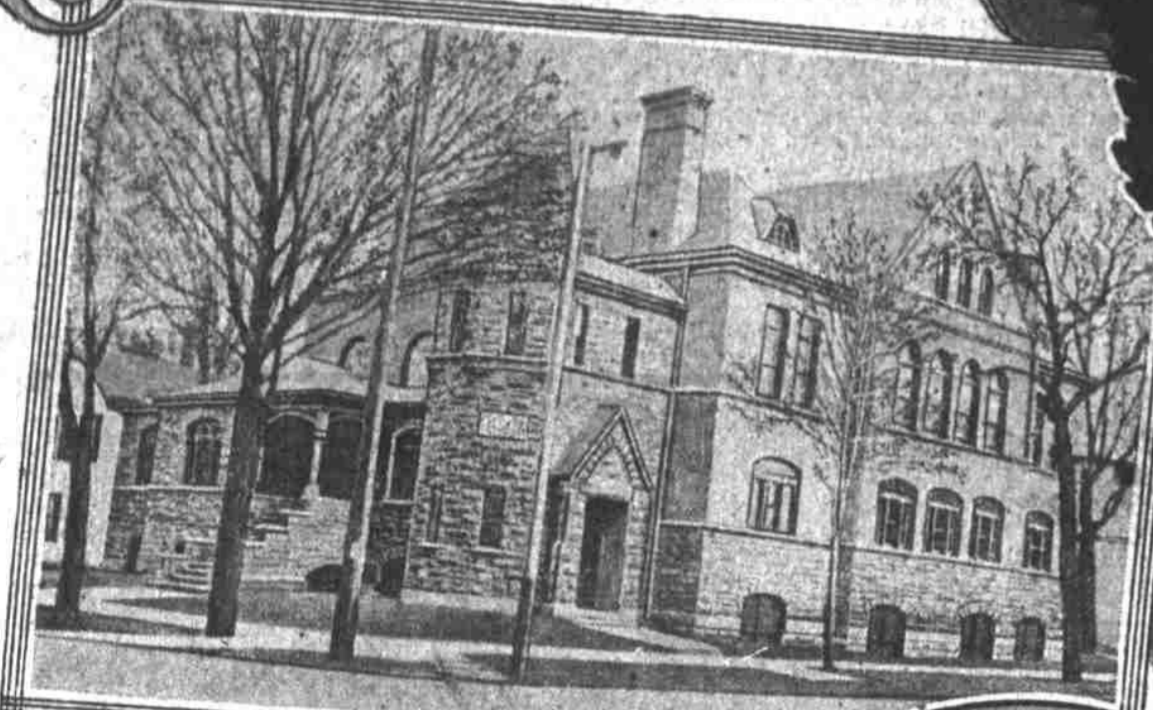


PORTLAND, OREGON, SUNDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 12, 1909

## The Storm Petrel of SEVENTH-FUL CITIES



The Institutional Church, Mrs. Crane Founded and Made Famous

### The Rev. Caroline B. Crane and Her Work for Charity and Cleanliness



The Rev. Caroline B. Crane

**WHO** is Caroline Bartlett Crane? The same question has been asked of all the other conquerors of history—Napoleon, Peter the Great, William of Normandy—until the inquirers come within hearing distance of them. It has even been asked of Mrs. Pankhurst.

Well, Mrs. Crane is a retired member of the clergy, whose home is in Kalamazoo, Mich., but whose activities are bounded only by the United States.

She is the stormy petrel of civic improvement. She is the herald of the whirlwinds which now so suddenly and fiercely sweep through American towns—yes, and big cities—and leave behind them a train of such moral and material cleanliness that man, with his inborn hatred of housecleaning, domestic or municipal, can only stand aghast.

Sometimes, when a local civic improvement club has appealed to her for help and guidance, she has found the town authorities already tamed and bridle-wise to the enlightening feminine touch; then so much the better for them. Other times she has found them rearing and snorting defiance to newfangled notions of municipal management; then she has as cheerfully stampeded them. Either way, they must go her way.

She is the now accepted Joan of Arc for a movement which, without the ballot, has enabled women to wield more real power here in a day than all Great Britain's suffragettes have acquired within two years.

And remember, she always comes before the storm.

the South, in the West, whole cities are blooming into order and hygienic decency, with only the beautiful results to attest the hurricane week she put in at each of them, for all the world like some slight, swift-flying storm bird, whose arrival portends the first gusts of the whirlwind that is destined to sweep things clean.

It was just twenty years ago that Kalamazoo welcomed the arrival of a young woman so attractive that all the men began primping when they got anywhere near her vicinity.

Delightful she was, on the strength—or was it the seeming girlish weakness—of her pretty, curl-framed face. She was slight, elegantly delicate, with one of those sweet, appealing expressions that make the average man think of the little red schoolhouse and his first girl.

Unapproachable she was, too, for she came, of all things, as a preacher. The "Reverend" attached to her name planted her solidly on the imposing, dignified statue of Caroline, with never a hope of any man trying to shorten it to tender Carrie. It drew about her the solemn circle of holy church, and left her, singly and alone, to her poor little congregation of Unitarians, as their hope of rescue from poverty and mortgage. Which was the congregation's very best good fortune in its history.

#### PRACTICAL IN CHURCH WORK

The blue-eyed, sweet-faced girl preacher proved from the outset to be about the most practical as well as zealous soul in the whole city. She promptly took enough religion out of the distant and somewhat intangible heaven to furnish a sound working basis for existence here on earth.

She made her church the People's Church, and extended its sympathies until it embraced thousands and thousands. She taught religion as a practical scheme for proving cleanliness an integral part of godliness. Kindergarten, woman's gymnasium, manual training and household science schools sprang up at her appealing nod. Kalamazoo, having been constrained from the beginning to accept her as ringed around by that awful circle of prohibitive religion, reconciled itself to being merely platonically, albeit universally, jealous of her. In the middle ages that sort of regard went to saintly and charitable lady abbesses, solemnly vowed to celibacy.

Kalamazoo had just about reached the lady abbess stage in its attitude when, one New Year's Eve, its best-beloved pastor, while the organ played the wedding march, walked up the church aisle in her maiden estate of the Rev. Miss Caroline Bartlett, and before the assembled throng could recover from its daze of astonishment, walked down again as the Rev. Mrs. Caroline Bartlett Crane, bride of the town's leading physician.

Kalamazoo, if it could have defined its feelings, would have found itself shocked and

grieved and robbed. It was wholly evident that its beloved pastor, when she planned that unannounced wedding before the New Year's Eve reception and musicale, knew her Kalamazoo a good deal better than Kalamazoo knew her. Old Kalamazoolians still like to discuss what would have happened to the leading physician of the town if they had suspected, twenty-four hours before the ceremony, that he intended annexing their pretty pastor in the holy bonds of matrimony.

But the portents of disaster proved all wrong. The Rev. Mrs. Crane remained as faithful and enthusiastic in her church and civic work as the Rev. Miss Bartlett had been. Two years elapsed before she relinquished her pastorate, and then it was only to identify herself wholly with the civic work, which had developed to an extent demanding exclusive attention and had finally revealed itself as her true mission of usefulness.

Kalamazoo was the first to feel the storm-gusts of civic improvement. One of the initial campaigns was aimed at securing clean street cleaning. There can be clean cleaning and cleaning that is exceedingly dirty. Kalamazoo, before Mrs. Crane started in, had the dirty kind.

She organized the women and petitioned for a chance to clean a stretch of street at the regular municipal rates of payment, the work to be done by the old street sweepers under the women's direction.

The city fathers, after some exciting skirmishes, the echoes of which reached the big city newspapers, were backed into slow assent. The echoes, meanwhile, stirred the metropolitan papers to flare headlines and startling tales of feminine revolutionists. When the time came for the trial of their mettle as practical reformers, all but one of Mrs. Crane's doughty army of women discovered that the baby had tonsillitis, or their mothers-in-law were coming on a visit, or their doctor had told them they were on the ragged edge of nervous prostration.

Nothing daunted, Mrs. Crane pitched in and bossed the job herself. There were many disappointed people in Kalamazoo after it was over, and they were all men. She had cut down the cost of cleaning that stretch of highway from \$8.39 to \$5 per day; had done it strictly along the lines of Colonel Waring's New York "white wings"; had produced streets almost clean enough to sit on, and had done away completely with the choking clouds of dust that attended

the ancient whoop-hurrah, male way of wielding the broom and driving the sweeping machines.

The city of Kalamazoo hastened to make her way of street cleaning its own all over town.

The indescribably filthy alleys, which every municipal district has turbed its nose away from in the past, were cleaned up by means of actual photographs reproduced on lantern slides and exhibited in public lectures, at which not the name of a single house owner or tenant was ever mentioned.

The pictures were enough. Steel cans for waste paper, aided by a campaign of education that covered everybody, from the children to the merchants, ended a nuisance as common in the United States as it is absent in Germany, where a policeman taps you on the shoulder, if you drop a cigarette paper.

The now widely adopted system of the "visiting nurse," who comes like an angel of aid and enlightenment to poor households afflicted with serious illness, was put into service on an efficient scale in Kalamazoo. A plan to encourage small savings by poor families ultimately altered the laws of Michigan so that they provided for the poor.

(CONTINUED ON INSIDE PAGE.)