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THE TENTH OF JANUARY.

By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.



"She said, 'Go Del, and tell him I sent you with my dear love, and that it's all right.'"

The city of Lawrence is unique in its way.

For simooms that scorch you and tempests that freeze; for sand-heaps and sand-hillocks and sand-roads; for men digging sand, for women shaking off sand, for minute boys crawling in sand; for sand in the church-slips and the ginger-bread windows, for sand in your eyes, your nose, your mouth, down your neck, up your sleeves, under your *chignon*, down your throat; for unexpected corners where tofnadoes lie in wait; for "bleak, uncomfortable" sidewalks, where they chase you, dog you, confront you, strangle you, twist you, blind you, turn your

umbrella wrong side out; for "dimmy-khrats" and bad ice-cream; for unutterable circus-bills and religious tea parties; for uncleared ruins, and mills that spring up in a night; for jaded faces and busy feet; for an air of youth and incompleteness at which you laugh, and a consciousness of growth and greatness which you respect—it—

I believe, when I commenced that sentence, I intended to say that it would be difficult to find Lawrence's equal.

Of the twenty-five thousand souls who inhabit that city, ten thousand are prisoners—prisoners of factories perhaps the most healthfully, considerably and generously conducted of any in this country or in any country, but factories

just the same. Dust, whirl, crash, clang; dizziness, peril, exhaustion, discontent—that is what the word means, taken at its best. Of these ten thousand two-thirds are girls; voluntary captives indeed; but what is the practical difference? It is an old story—that of going to jail for want of bread.

My story is written as one sets a bit of marble to mark a mound. I linger over it as we linger beside the grave of one who sleeps well; half sadly, half gladly—more gladly than sadly—but hushed.

The time to see Lawrence is when the mills open or close. So languidly the dull-colored, inexpectant crowd wind in! So briskly they come bound-

ing out! Factory faces have a look of their own. Not only their common dinginess, and a general air of being in a hurry to find the wash-bowl, but an appearance of restlessness—often of envious restlessness, not habitual in most departments of "healthy labor." Watch them closely; you can read their histories at a venture. A widow this, in the dusty black, with she can scarcely remember how many mouths to feed at home. Worse than widowed that one; she has put her baby out to board—and humane people know what that means—to keep the little thing beyond its besotted father's reach. There is a group who have "just come over." A child's face