

THE CHILD IN SOUTHERN MILLS 299

She had well presented her argument. She had said she would surprise me—and she did.

"You will not feel it a breach of affection and hospitality if I print what you say?" I asked her. "It's only fair that the capitalist's view should be given here and there first hand. You own one-half the mill in —, Carolina?"

"Yes."

"What do you think of a model mill with only nine hours a day labour, holidays and ail nights free, schools, where education is enforced by the State; reading-rooms open as well as churches—amusement halls, music, recreation and pleasure, as well as education and religion?"

"I think," she said keenly, "that united, concentrated action on the part of the cotton mill owners might make such a thing feasible; for us to try it alone would mean ruin."

"Not ruin," I amended; "a reduction of income."

"Ruin," she said, firing. "We couldn't compete. To compete," she said with the conviction of an intelligent, well-informed manufacturer, "I must have my sixty-six hours a week!"

The spirit of discontent is always abroad when false conditions exist. Its restless presence is controlled by one spirit alone—humanity—when reasonably are weighed and justly decided the questions of balance between Capital and Labour.

We must believe that there is no unsolvable