

loveliness something more precious than we get. Beauty is dear at the price of flesh and blood.

One might think that with all the capital at hand, with sales of glass-ware assured by increasing demand, with all the experience of the ages behind us in methods of working, with all the new machinery pushing into the factories—with all these things one might think that ungrown boys might be spared from this cruel craft; that the children need no longer go into the roaring ovens. Yet no other industry, except the



BEARING A MAN'S BURDEN.

textile, gathers so many children into its crater of death. Seven and a half thousand boys are in this vortex of Vesuvius, about thirteen per cent. of all the glass-workers of the nation.

Every motion is hurried; every boy is a darting automaton in his little rat-run of service. No halting, no lagging, no resting; nothing waits. The "carry-in" boy, loaded and anxious, has, perhaps, the most mulish task of all. He must carry the red-hot bottles or chimneys on his asbestos shovel, with always an

added danger of the slipping ware or the spattering glass; must hurry with his unstable, tormenting load on a slow run. Men can seldom be found to do this dangerous service. Indeed, the blower prefers to have boys at his command, for his work is piece-work, generally, and upon the speed and sureness of his assistants depend his returns. Men are not so easily impressed as boys with the need for speed, nor are they so amenable to the curt persuasion of the oath; and each urgent, eager blower is the tyrannic Setebos of his bench, whose will is instant law.

In one factory observed by Mr. Owen Lovejoy, the distance from bench to oven was one hundred feet, and the "carry-in" boys made seventy-two trips an hour. In eight hours they thus ran twenty-two miles, half the time with a dangerous load, always in a Sahara of heat, always in a withering drift of glassy dust. It is a pity that some of the college men in their useless circling of the cinder path to cultivate "wind," could not step in and relieve some of these ten and twelve-year-olds, reeking with sweat, stumbling in sleep, at their pitiless work in this deadening African atmosphere.

After the bottle, or tumbler, or chimney is made there may still be much business for little fingers in etching, polishing, tying, and packing. One factory pasha "points with pride" to the persistence and patience of a weak and wizened boy whose task is tying glass stoppers on bottles. When only ten years old the child began his monotonous, machine-like, ten-hours-a-day work at his low stool. He gets through with three hundred dozen bottles a day. Hour by hour his shoulders are arching, his chest is hollowing, his limbs are withering, his face is growing empty, his eyes are becom-