

moment are 22,000 labourers on strike. Then greet these statements with a smile!

On my return to the North I made an especial effort to see my New England friend. We lunched together this time, and at the end of the meal her three little children fluttered in to say a friendly word. I looked at them, jealous for their little defrauded fellows, whose twelve-hour daily labour served to purchase these exquisite clothes and to heap with dainties the table before us. But I was nevertheless rejoiced to see once again the forms of real childhood for whom air and freedom and wealth were doing blessed tasks. When we were alone I drew for my friend as well as I could pictures of what I had seen. She leaned forward, took a brandied cherry from the dish in front of her, ate it delicately and dipped her fingers in the finger-bowl; then she said:

"Dear friend, I am going to surprise you very much."

I waited, and felt that it would be difficult to surprise me with a tale of a Southern mill.

"Those little children—*love the mill!* They *like* to work. It's a great deal better for them to be employed than for them to run the streets!"

She smiled over her argument, and I waited.

"Do you know," she continued, "that I believe they are really very happy."