



THE NOON HOUR AMONG THE "CHILD SLAVES OF THE MILLS."

factories, breathing dust of glass; they are crowded in soap factories, breathing dust of alkali; they are herded in felt factories, breathing dust of fur; they are twisted in tobacco factories, inhaling the deadly nicotine; they are bent over in dye-rooms, soaking in the poisonous dyes; they are stooped in varnishing-rooms, absorbing noxious fumes; they are stifled in rubber factories, where they are paralyzed with naphtha; they are choked in match factories, where they are gangrened

with phosphorus; they are huddled in type-foundries, where they are cramped with the poison of lead.

Not until this generation of invention has the world known such a ravishing of the future, such a sucking of the marrow of the nation. And this child-ruining goes on, hour after hour, almost without protest in this boastful era of this richest land of time.

It is in the glass factory, perhaps, that the child is pushed most hopelessly under the blind hammer of