

THEY RISE WITH THE SUN

WORKERS AND CHILDREN ARE AT WORK BEFORE SEVEN O'CLOCK.

The Place Where They Work and What it is Like—the Hours are Long and the Work Wearing—the Place Graphically Described by a Visitor.

If you are planning a journey, or a pleasure trip, my dear loving lady, you generally manage to arrange it so that you won't have to get up before your usual hour for rising, don't you? You don't like turning out at six o'clock, or earlier perhaps, even on a summer's morning, when the air is clear, pure and cool; before the rush, noise and hurry of the day begins; before a jostling throng of humanity fills the streets. You would rather push your way later through the great army of workers and bread winners even at a personal inconvenience than lose one hour of your morning's sleep. Sometimes though, just for the fun of it you get up at six o'clock—on a bright sunny morning of course—take a tramp while the air is still fresh and balmy, before every breeze is freighted with the thoughts, hopes and fears of the work-day world; or you take an invigorating spin on the latest high priced wheel, and you enjoy the novelty of it too; but as for getting up at that unearthly hour every morning, or even half a dozen mornings in succession, it is simply out of the question.

And yet there are women and little girls—hundreds of them—in this city who are hard at work long before the earliest riser has thought of getting up. Throughout the year in melting heat of summer or blinding storms of winter. They are right at their post ready for work when half past six o'clock comes round. All the forenoon they work, work on; no stops for friendly little chats or exchange of confidences are permitted; these must take place during the three quarters of an hour allowed for lunch, between twelve and one o'clock, noon. Then back to the long hours of toil again with never a pause till after six o'clock.

In one cotton factory in this city a very large number of women and children are employed, whose ages range from nine or ten years up to fifty years perhaps. Progress had a fancy to see this army of breadwinners begin its daily toil, and a few mornings ago was at the gates of the big building half an hour before they were opened. It was a pretty early hour too, but the place was beginning to show signs of life. The great chimneys sent forth volumes of thick black smoke. A window was opened here, and a door there; a watchman, or other employee, tucked his lunch can under his arm, gave a last glance around to see that he was leaving everything in proper order for the man that would take his place and went away to well earned rest; a woman moved to and fro in the offices setting things in order for the staff of clerks who would begin their labors in two or three hours; and a few workmen straggled up at intervals and seated themselves on the steps for a smoke and chat over the happenings in their own especial world. Pretty soon the gates were unlocked, the hoarse throated whistles sounded their first call, and the men, women, and children who eke out a living in the factory began to appear on the scene. They came singly and in groups of two and three. Among them women who had left youth behind. Prematurely old women with harrassed, care hardened faces and a weary indifference to everything but the hard fact of trying to keep body and soul together, and perhaps supply others dear to them with the barest needs of life, out of their small earnings. There were others, younger women, whose faces wore a defiant reckless expression; there was in some cases an utter indifference to personal appearance, though of course their work is not the cleanest in the world. There were little girls of possibly not more than nine or ten years old who walked quietly along beside their grown up companions. On the little faces there was no trace of soft childish coloring or expression, and no happy light beamed in the restless roving eyes. Life is opening sadly indeed for these little ones, and already its shadows are falling thickly along their way, hushing sweet laughter and bending little shoulders to the earth. The mite they earn, small as it is, is an absolute necessity in some home though, and the children face the inevitable with a courage that is pathetic in the extreme.

Many of the female employees walk a long distance, some coming two or three miles, which means getting up between four and five o'clock, but as a rule they are on hand when the day's work begins. In all kinds of weather they trudge back and forth, the severest snow storms hardly ever keeping them at home. There is no system of docking practised on the hands, most of them doing piece work, but no lost moments can

be made up. There are between one hundred and fifty and two hundred men and boys employed around the factory, among them many sturdy little chaps, neat in appearance and with bright intelligent faces.

To the visitor there is a great deal of interest in a visit to the different parts of the establishment and in watching the big and intricate machinery at work. The great bins of raw cotton stand ready to be put through the various processes, great downy rolls are wound smoothly around numerous cylinders, and in the looms webs of shaker flannel are nearing completion. Busy hands move back and forth and everybody gives his or her work the attention it requires. Fingers fly with almost lightning rapidity in their work of counting a seemingly countless number of threads. Absolute care is necessary in knotting ends. It would hardly seem as if the way one little knot was tied would make much difference to the gigantic machinery, but it does. It has the power to disarrange things generally and then the mistake is traced back to the worker who made it. In one long room the men and boy discard their boots because, in their paces they cover miles in the course of a day, and the feet are more rested by being left bare.

The different departments are beautifully clean and orderly, and the work moves along with the regularity of clock work. The noise of the machinery fills the building and at the close of a tour the visitor usually emerges with tired eyes and aching head, the effect of the glitter, and the deafening whirr and buzz. The factory hands work through it all day long until after six o'clock in the evening, when they leave it for the outer world and the limited recreations their sphere affords.

IT'S ODD ABOUT GEESSE.

They Can't Stand a Rainstorm When Thrifty, Says an Old Poultryman. 'Geese are peculiar,' said an old poultry salesman in Manhattan Market. 'Put them out in a rainstorm when they have a good thirst on, and they are liable to die. About ten years ago I was engaged by a firm to go out through the West to buy live geese and chickens. I bought about ten carloads, put them in crates, and started East. The geese were in the crates nearest the floor of the open car—that's the regular way to ship them—and on top of them were piled the chicken crates.

'We got about ten miles from St. Joseph, Mo., when the load on one of the cars sagged, and the whole pile of crates was spilled on the track. In piling the crates on again the geese were placed on top. I knew I was taking chances, because a rainstorm meant death to the geese, but there didn't seem to be any storm in sight, and I thought we could make St. Joseph and shift the load there. The train had only gone a short distance when a storm came up so suddenly that the rain was falling almost as soon as the clouds were noticed. The geese had been without water for some hours, and the moment they felt the rain they were stretching their necks through the openings between the slates and holding their bills open to catch the drops. Well, I got an old coat and laid it over as many of the crates as I would cover, so as to save as many as possible. Then I got a switch and tried to force the others to keep their heads inside the crates. They didn't mind the switch very much, and I had to give each one four or five good hits before it would pull in its head, and when I started on a new head the old one would pop up again. When we got into St. Joseph it was still raining, and every goose in the top crates, with the exception of those under the coat, was dead. Whether they died from drinking too much or from drinking while their necks were in an unnatural position I do not know, but every man who has handled live geese knows that a thirsty goose in a rainstorm in a crate is as good as dead. I've never told of this peculiarity about geese without being doubted, but you just ask any poultryman if it isn't true.

THE INDULGENT FATHER.

An Account of one That Col. Calliper Knew in Stormville Centre, Vt. 'Speaking of indulgent fathers,' said Col. Calliper, reminds me of an old friend of mine named Sils Zingtock who formerly lived in Stormville Centre Vt. Once when his little son Rufus wanted very much to fly a kite, at a time when he was not well enough to be permitted to go out, Mr. Zingtock rigged up a contrivance whereby the youngster's desire could be gratified in the house. He set up a blower in the back parlor, belted it to an engine in the cellar below, and when everything was all ready he started the fan and produced a current of air that was ample to float a kite. 'It was great fun for young Rufus to sit in the back parlor and fly his kite in the front, and for a time everything went all right, but on an unfortunate day Rufus not satisfied with the amount of wind the fan was blowing, undertook to make it blow harder, which is something that Mr. Zingtock had expressly forbidden. It seems that the blower and the

boiler and machinery were all much larger than were needed to produce a breeze sufficient to float a kite here, but Mr. Zingtock, who, though rich, was also thrifty, had had a chance to buy this plant of smaller size would have cost, and so he took it and had it set up, and every morning he used to adjust it so that it would not go above a certain speed and several times he had cautioned his son never to touch it. 'About one minute after Rufus did touch it on this morning when he wanted it to blow harder, the big fan was going at a gait that set up a hurricane in the parlors. It blew the kite against one of the windows and broke that the first thing, and within a minute the pictures were off the walls and their frames smashed, tables were upset, bric-a-brac was knocked into finders, and the whole parlor was a wreck, with the big blower going at top speed, and churning everything there into fragments and blowing the debris out of the windows.

That ended the father's indulgence.

A MATTER OF PRONUNCIATION.

A Father who Seeks to Enlighten his Son on a Small Point.

There is a certain man who by the sweat of his brow—in summer time—earns his bread as a Government official with an office in the big State, War and Navy building. He also earns bread for a wife and three lively children and a servant, who manages to carry a slice of pie along home with her bread about three evenings in the week. But that is the cook's privilege always.

This official has a son aged 18, who is very nearly as sharp as the father thinks himself to be, especially in those things that everybody ought to know and not one person in a dozen does know. About three times a week the father comes to the office loaded with some new information which he seeks to impart to his fellow clerks by the inductive method. That is, he induces them to show how little they know, then he springs it on them. His strong point is words and their pronunciation, and he thinks he is an authority.

The other evening while he was entertaining three or four of his office friends at a small supper the eldest boy spoke up from the far end of the table: 'Say, pop,' he inquired 'how do you pronounce N-e-w-o-n-e?' and the youth spelled it slowly.

'I presume,' replied the father, with the courage of his convictions, 'that it is an Indian name, and by the rule I would pronounce it Ne-wo-ny.'

But that isn't the way,' dissented the boy. 'The father was never more surprised in his life.

'I don't quite see how it would be up-omous any other way,' he said, with a mild air of offended intelligence.

'What's the matter of pronouncing it new one?' inquired the boy, with a loud irreverent ha ha, and the blow almost killed his father.—Washington Star.

A Beautiful Sight.

One of the most beautiful sights in the world is the annual migration of butterflies across the Isthmus of Panama. Where they come from or whither they go no one knows, and though many distinguished naturalists have attempted to solve the problem, it is still as strange a mystery as it was to the first European traveller who observed it. Toward the end of June a few scattered specimens are discovered fluttering out to sea, and as the days go by the number increases, until about July 14 or 15 the sky is occasionally almost obscured by myriads of these frail insects.

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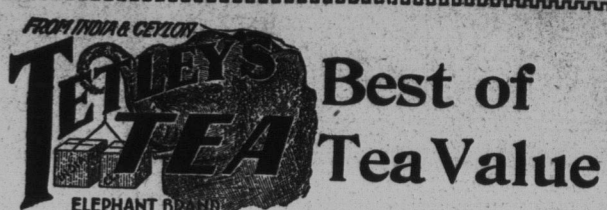
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