

examination of the plant proved it to be not a species of cotton proper—that is, a member of the *Gossypium* family—but a variety of milkweed—the *Asclepias Mexicana*. When the long, silky fibres have been separated from the seed and beaten into shape by the native skill, it is practically impossible to distinguish it from our modern cotton. This plant is found in abundance during the month of August in their outlying farming districts at Ojo Caliente and Picadillo, New Mexico. It grows in certain isolated spots; hence it is usually overlooked by the traveller. The prehistoric cotton was brought to Mrs Stevenson's attention by Nainichi, who is one of the rain priests, and elder brother of the Bow priesthood. He makes the cotton thread used upon the prayer plumes.

FOREIGN PRINTED GOODS.

With regard to the printed cottons called *Deutsche Blandruck*, of which so large a scale is made for the clothing of Boer women and children, Mr. Whitham says: In examining these cloths it is impossible not to notice the discernment of the foreign manufacturer in the way he makes preparations to supply an article widely used. He goes out and ascertains on the spot the requirements of the community, carefully and without haste. He studies their habits and customs, watches them in their work and in their pleasures; notes the effect of sun, rain, and dust on their dress, and its appearance after being washed a few times. In a word, he learns by observation and enquiry what these people want, and when he has gathered all the information necessary he comes home and makes the things to fit them. He asks: "What does the foreign manufacturer learn from this?" He learns, first, that the great bulk of the Boer women work either in the homestead, the field, or the dairy, and they need something strong, from which the mud stains or grease spots can be washed. He learns that neither sun nor rain must affect the color; that the pattern on the cloth must be neat and pleasing to the eye; and that this must not be liable to disappear the first time the garment is washed, in whatever kind of water. He makes a cotton cloth heavy and strong, so that it shall wear well and wash well; he dyes it with pure indigo, that it may withstand the action of the powerful sun; he prints upon it a neat and pleasing pattern in such a way that no amount of washing can remove it or spoil the effect. He then offers it for sale in qualities, widths, and prices to suit everyone—Kuhlow.

CARD WASTE.

Manufacturers are becoming more and more interested in the matter of eliminating the card waste question and adopting means whereby the fibre can be separated from the dirt and shive and the fibre restored evenly to the batch. Without question, where the fibre and dirt is allowed to accumulate beneath the cards and then gathered up and dusted and placed on the next mixing, the fibre, consisting as it does mainly of short lengths, has a tendency to vary the yarn and make the dyeing, if done in the piece, a difficult matter, for no matter how thoroughly the waste be dusted it is at best dirty and contains much shive. If the matter be looked into closely it becomes evident that some of the fibre drops time after time, becoming so dirty that it is impossible to use it. There are many manufacturers so short-sighted that they keep putting the card fly away in the store room until finally they are astonished at the quantity

on their hands. When there are systems that will overcome this difficulty, restoring the fibre so gradually that it is impossible to detect its presence in the finished product, it seems poor business policy to continue the same methods that have existed since cards were first built, and there is no doubt that before many years pass it will be just as essential in a progressive mill not to make card waste as it formerly seemed necessary. This is particularly true of card rooms where colors are run, if we have black on one card and orange on another, and so forth, it becomes necessary to dust all colors together and redye the stock, a needless expense, if the cards are properly equipped. Progressive manufacturers do not believe in making any more waste than is absolutely unavoidable, and are quick to adopt any method that will ensure as large a proportion of the stock going into yarn as possible and at the first operation. Where proper consideration is given to this subject, card fly is not allowed to become the bugbear that it is to so many mills at the present time.—R. E., in *Fibre and Fabric*.

FOUR DAYS WITH ENGLISH FACTORY GIRLS.

An article of unusual interest in a recent number of the *Contemporary Review* is *Four Days in a Factory*, by the Hon. Mrs. Bertrand Russell. The experiment which she describes, though much briefer, recalls that of Mrs. John Van Vorst and Miss Marie Van Vorst, whose book, *The Woman Who Toils*, called forth President Roosevelt's famous race-suicide letter.

Intemperance is the sum of Mrs. Russell's discoveries. Attired in "an old torn black skirt, a dirty, ill fitting cotton blouse, an old green jacket, without buttons, and a shabby sailor hat pressed down over a row of front curlers" imagine an American girl thus attired to seek work—she got employment in a rope factory. The work was simple and easy, but the hours were from 6 to 5.30 daily, with intermission for breakfast at 8 and luncheon at 1. The wages for skilled hands were \$2.50 a week. They ate for dinner bread and butter and tea, with possibly two cents' worth of dried fish. Mrs. Russell used to slip out and get a square meal unknown to the others.

Love was the theme of conversation among these poor drudges, but not very poetically expressed:

"Every girl had a bloke (sweetheart), and they wanted to know if my bloke ever 'it me,' as theirs constantly did, they said.

"'What does your bloke do?' they asked

"'He's out of a job,' I was obliged to answer.

"'Is 'e in one of them unemployed processions?'

"'No,' I answered, 'he's too grand for that.'

"'A good job 'e isn't,' they said. 'They're all boozers. They goes to the next pub and gets drunk.'

Mrs. Russell thus sums up her observations.

"The girls who belonged to clubs—and there were about ten of them out of the forty-five—were decidedly superior to the others in behavior and ideas. One of these, Ellen, who was a total abstainer, described her life to me. She boarded with a kind landlady, to whom she paid 6s. a week for a small room, food and washing. The landlady called her at 4.30 and gave her a cup of tea and a bit of toast at 5. At 5.30 Ellen started for the factory with tea, sugar, five slices of bread and butter, and 3d. for her dinner, handed to her by the landlady out of her 6s. Of this Ellen only spent 1½d. or 2d. on her dinner, adding the other penny to her 4s a week spending money. At 6 o'clock in the evening the landlady gave her tea, more bread and butter, with occasionally a rasher or a bit of fish. Three evenings a