

something in our voices that tells of sympathy, and we are friends. We walk along together till we reach the foot of Randolph street, and then one of them, the smaller of the two, starts off down Michigan avenue alone. She lives on State street, near Twenty-ninth, and this is where she and her companion part company every night.

"Good night, Clara," she says in a thin, tired voice.

"Good night," we all answer, and she is off in the darkness.

The other child—Polly Smith her name is—lives at 3137 South Morgan street, and we are going to accompany her. As we pass along to catch our car a street clock tells us it is nearly 8:30. On the car we will find out what story Polly has to tell.

"How old are you, Polly?"

The look of trust changes in a moment to another look too old and too unpleasant to see. In a moment she answers "Over 14," and the parrot-like response shows how carefully she has been schooled in this untruth. Then she buries her head in her hands and bursts into tears. The factory has not yet crushed out of her the little child's resort to crying. We are policemen, she knows we are, and we have come to arrest her and send her off to prison.

But no, we are not policemen, and the motherly woman with us takes the child to her, soothes her fears and makes her see that we are friends. Then Polly tells her story. It is worth your attention, you mothers and fathers with little ones of your own growing up about you, who at this moment when she speaks her short life tale are tucked safe in bed guarded by hearts that love them. It is worth your attention, gentlemen of the mercantile world, who draw your checks and add to your bank accounts by grace of her little trembling hands. It is worth your attention, you students of sociology. It is worth your attention, women of clubland, who seek every week to solve problems relating to the uplifting of your sex. It is worth your attention, you, all of you, who have hearts that beat in your breasts, consciences that speak sometimes of other things than worldly gain, hands that might be brought to aid the weak and the helpless if they realized the import of this twentieth century tale.

Here is an American child, born in America of American parents—not disclosing a problem, you see, that can be shelved as "an evil of immigration." She is "14 years old," that is, she still sticks to that statement, adding to it the other part of her lesson, "I've got an affidavit." In reality she is no more than 12, and she does not look more than 10. But she has an affidavit—given to her for 25 cents by a notary public, and eagerly accepted by her employers at its face value, though any man looking at her with an eye apart from the earning value to him of her little life would know it for a lie in a moment and shrink in shame from the thought of making money out of the child before him.

She is "hired" by the firm of Spaulding & Merrick, the biggest tobacco manufacturers in the west. She starts work at 7 in the morning, and in order to be on time has to get out of her cot at a little after 5 and leave her home at 6. She works labeling cigar packages, standing on her feet every moment of the time, and slaving incessantly to keep up with the output of the women at bag-filling machines opposite her. At noon she has half an hour for lunch—a cold morsel carried from home—and she works again from 12:30 to 6 at night, when the generous rules under which she labors give her fifteen minutes for "supper." Then, taking up her sticky labels once more, she keeps at it till 7:45, when the bell tells her that her day's task is over. After washing herself, she leaves the factory and reaches her home at 9 o'clock.

She has been away from 3137 South Morgan street for fifteen hours, and of that time she has worked actually twelve full hours.

And her "wages?" Well, they vary from \$3.25 to \$4 a week, and out of that has to come her daily car fare.

Remember, this is not the life of an able-bodied man inured to hardships, fatigue and loss of sleep. It is the true story of one poor little child, young enough to see paradise in the eyes of a doll, young enough, stunted enough, pitiful enough to wring from the hearts of men the confession that we are still selling human beings into slavery.

There is not much more to tell about Polly Smith. Her father is dead, but her mother is living and she has grown-up brothers and sisters. It is as hard to understand why they have thrown the girl into a struggle fierce enough to wreck grown men as it is to understand why men of reputation have consented to become parties to the bargain by welcoming her labor

# Miller & Paine

## Cloaks.

If you plan to ride much during the winter it's well to consider the question of warmth first, every time a garment for this cold season is purchased. Fortunately in cloaks the warmest and most comfortable looking wrap is always the most stylish. A high storm collar, unless you have a fur, adds to the appearance of the wrap.

There are jackets and half lengths neatly made in Kersey or Cheviot, some of them velvet trimmed or with the new slot seams, at the following reasonable prices.

\$3.00—A MELTON JACKET in Oxford of castor, storm collar, flaring sleeve.

\$5.00—A VELVET TRIMMED 27-inch box coat, silk Romaine lined, turned back cuffs, in tan, castor, or black.

\$5.50—Castor, black, or tan KERSEY; cuffs, pocket laps, collar and revers trimmed with silk braid; high storm collar; carved pearl buttons.

\$6.00—KERSEY coat in castor only; lapels inlaid with velvet leaf pattern, corded back and front, turned back cuffs.

\$7.50—A 27-inch KERSEY with a yoke effect and cuffs, castor or red.

\$10.00—A 19-inch BLACK KERSEY coat made with slot seams piped with

satin. It has a velvet collar and is lined with good satin. An extra value.

\$10.—THREE-QUARTER LENGTH in black or castor Kersey; plain, but stylish looking.

## Children's Coats

\$2.00—A NEAT JACKET in a pretty Scotch plaid of dull colors. All sizes.

\$2.98—A BEAVER REEFER in castor, red, and blue. The wide cape collar, and sleeves are trimmed with white braid.

\$4.50—A FULL LENGTH COAT with velvet yoke and cuffs, comes in castor, red, or blue.

## Furs.

\*\*\* If you really believe in comfort, have a piece of fur for your neck and if possible a muff for the hands. They will keep the snow out and the warmth in so that a tramp in the cold will be a pleasure. Here again the really comfortable is the really stylish.

Sherred CONY cluster scarf with tails, \$1.50.

Imitation Isabella FOX, a long boa trimmed with tails, \$4.50.

Imitation black LYNX, a long boa trimmed with tails, \$4.50.

Black sable OPOSSUM with tails, \$5.00.

## Underwear.

\*\*\* is not purchased every season and it pays to spend time, thought, and even a little extra money in getting what you want.

Some of these mornings snow and a north wind will unite against us and then the housekeepers will have to hurry out the warmest underwear for every chick and child. They'll have no trouble in selecting from our large full lines, for if we cannot meet their wishes in one make we can quickly turn to another of different style.

## Women's Pants and Vests

Heavy fleece lined, ecru or gray, 25c each.

Wool plaited, light gray, usually sold for half wool, 50c each.

60 per cent wool, light gray, 75c each.

The celebrated Munsing, fleece lined, 50c each; part wool, 50c each; 80 per cent wool, \$1.00 each; all wool, \$1.25 and \$1.50 each.

Flat shaped vests and pants from 50c to \$1.25 each.

## Men's Shirts and Drawers

Cotton fleeces, heavy weight, light tan mixed, 37½c each. The equal of most 50c garments.

Australian wool, natural color, 97c each.

Red medicated, \$1.00 each.

Very fine all wool, natural gray, flat shape, \$1.50 each.

All wood ribbed, light tan, very fine, \$1.50 each.

# Miller & Paine

as an aid to their profit-making.

In this one tobacco factory where she works are sixty other little children, none of whom, it is possible to believe, are 14 years old, though all have certificates from notaries to that effect. A hundred others are large enough physically to pass for the age at which the law permits a child to be employed, though even among these are undoubtedly some who are really under that age.

One day last week State Factory Inspector Davies, in willing response to the request of the Record-Herald, went to this factory with an assistant and secured in one hour the names of over forty little children so palpably under 14 years old that he has started to prosecute the firm for accepting affidavits from applicants for work when a sight of the bearers must have been sufficient to convince any man of the falsity of the documents. A word about these affidavits later.

In the Spaulding & Merrick factory, as in all establishments of the kind, choking tobacco dust is everywhere. Those unacquainted to its constant presence cannot stop in the atmosphere for more than half an hour at a time. "We can't go behind the record"—that was the answer of the representatives of this firm when the appearance of the children was pointed out to them. When they were asked if they did not know they were violating the state law by permitting the children to work over ten hours a day, they answered that the situation was "unfortunate." By this they meant that orders for goods had been coming in so fast that for three weeks it had been necessary to work overtime.

"But, gentlemen," said the foreman, with emphasis, "you must not lose sight of the fact that we do the square

thing by these people. We give 'em pay for overtime." And he drew himself up with pride at the thought of the firm's generosity.

Another little child whom we found in the factory, Mary Hodjeska, could not have been more than 10 years of age. She lives with her parents at 642 Holt avenue, and, like Polly Smith, gets up at 5 in the morning and reaches home at 9 at night. "Can you send me back to school, mister?" she asked, her eyes filling with tears. "Please, send me back to school." This plea came from every quarter of the great barnlike building. "I want to go to school," said a little lad whose home is at 3053 Keeley street. "The work makes my head tired, and in the night I lose me overtime 'cos I can't see the packages on the table."

This is only one factory of hundreds where similar conditions exist. Just across the Rush street bridge, at 42 Michigan avenue, is the establishment of the Ambrosia Chocolate Cream company. Here, crowded into a room not six feet wide and about fifteen feet long, are seventeen little girls, rolling and dipping chocolates. They work from ten to eleven hours a day and earn from \$2.25 to \$3 a week. Of these seventeen children only five could spell their names when asked to do so one day last week. All, however, were certain of their age, and in answer to questions of the inspectors stuck to the statement, "I was 14 last birthday."

Only two of them could tell when their birthdays occurred, and of the total number six did not know where they were born. The state officials gave no warning of their approach, and when they entered the place and groped their way to the hidden, barred off room where the children were

penned in, the manager followed them with a bunch of affidavits in his hand, evidently badly scared, but determined, as he informed them, "to stick by his rights."

Stopping before a shriveled, frightened little child not more than 10 years old, Mr. Davies began to question her. The manager more than once attempted to answer for her, but he was ordered to stand aside.

"How old are you?"

"Fourteen last birthday; I've got my affidavit."

"What grade in school were you in before you began work?"

"The second."

A girl, evidently several years older, was sitting next to her. She proved to be a sister, and in answer to the usual question about her age she also answered, "Fourteen last birthday."

Picking out three of the most flagrant cases of employment of children under age, the inspector took the manager up to them and asked him whether he could stand before them and say that any sane man could doubt that they were under 11 years old.

"Now, gents," was his reply, "this ain't up to me at all. I've got here in my hand affidavits for every one of these kids and no court in the land can't go behind them affidavits. I ain't supposed to know whether the affidavits is lies or not, and I ain't goin' to know."

In cases where these small children are themselves the sole support of a family people might be apt to wonder whether the labor of the child might not be justified by the surrounding conditions. In answer to such a stand it is only necessary to point out that when society, with all its vast organized works of charity, with all its tens

(Continued on Page 4.)