

AN ENGLISH FACTORY TOWN.

No. 75 ST. STEPHEN'S ROAD, OFF MANCHESTER ROAD, BRADFORD, ENGLAND, May 8, 1893.—Bradford (in Yorkshire) is my birthplace, but I have not resided there since 1859. It is a large manufacturing town of about 250,000 inhabitants, and almost full of factories—woolen, cotton, silk, etc., and hence, like many other towns in England, is full of smoke, which arises from the numerous steeple-like chimneys. Upon my arrival here it was like coming to a town I had never seen before—I felt lost. So many changes had taken place that I could not locate it. Traveling through some of the principal streets I looked up at the various signs over the stores, but my memory failed to serve me that I had seen them before. I went to one of the principal roads near where I last resided, and then I began to see where I was. Fresh to my memory came the names of streets I used to be familiar with, but which I had long since forgotten. It called to my mind scenes and incidents of my childhood. Here I stood near where I had so often associated with my elder brother, who, at the age of twelve, was killed in a factory, and through whose death circumstances transpired whereby we removed to Middlesbrough (Yorkshire) and I there embraced the Gospel.

But oh, what changes have taken place during the past thirty-three years. Everybody is a stranger to me—all fresh faces. New buildings by the thousands have been erected—old ones have been torn down and rebuilt. There is one old land-mark which I have not forgotten, and that is the old parish church, erected several centuries ago. Listen to the bells, the merry, merry bells! How sweet to my ear the sound! They bring to my mind happy remembrances of days gone by.

I made inquiries concerning old-established firms whom I used to be well acquainted with, but could learn no particulars. Faces I had been familiar with were not to be seen. Many relatives and acquaintances were dead and gone years ago. One familiar face (a cousin) was missing—one whom I had so often played with in my childhood days. I had been anticipating a warm welcome from her, but to my great surprise I learned that she had been laid in the silent tomb over four years.

Wednesday, May 3, I visited one of the factories in Bradford—a privilege that very few obtain. The large room I entered was full of looms; the noise and clatter of machinery was almost deafening. At these factories it is nearly all female labor. Where there are night shifts men only are employed. They work ten hours a day. It is a very common occurrence for husband and wife to labor in the mill to procure sufficient to sustain them and their families. As soon as children reach the age of eleven they are put to work at the factory on half time. They are obliged to attend school half a day daily. At fourteen they have permission to work full time. Men working night work begin at quarter past 5 in the evening and work until a quarter to 6 next morning, when the mill stops for a half-hour—first time in twenty-four hours. They receive the large

sum of \$5.50 per week for twelve and a half hours work at night. Many thousands of these operatives have emigrated to America, where they have been blessed with large wages, better health and other inducements which they would not have received here had they remained until they had grown grey.

I deeply sympathize with the poor factory girl. At an early age—eleven years—she is sent to the mill. When she arrives at a marriageable age she is wed, but still works steadily at the factory. Probably her husband is working at the same place. In some instances they work at the mill nearly all their lives. One woman told me that after marriage she had worked there sixteen years, and after that had taken to washing until her health failed her. Many instances could be related which are heartrending.

The poverty and distress throughout Great Britain are almost appalling to an American. Upon the streets may be seen thousands of ragged, dirty children—barefooted and bareheaded in many instances. Women, poorly clad, can also be seen without covering for head and feet. There is not sufficient employment by far for the working classes, and numerous hosts of able-bodied men can be seen marching the streets. How the poor make a livelihood in many instances is a mystery, and one which I have yet failed to solve.

The drinking water is not what it ought to be in England. You can form an idea when I inform you that I have not had a good drink since I left New York. I often think of the advantages we have in this respect in Utah. Oh, for a drink of pure, sparkling water! Oh, for a glimpse of our mountain streams!

I desire to take this opportunity of sending my kind regards to my many friends and acquaintances who inquire concerning me, and will say that I am enjoying good health and feeling well.

Today I proceed to Middlesbrough (in Yorkshire) to see my brother, Wm. F. Aveson, whom I have not seen for twenty-seven years; also to have an interview with Mr. Joseph Gould, my former employer, to whom I was bound apprentice in 1862 and from whom I ran away to emigrate to Utah in 1866.

ROBERT AVESON.

CORRECTION.

L. D. Jones, of Washakie, Malad valley, calls attention to two typographical errors which occurred in a communication written by him on May 9th, from that place. In referring to the farmers of that section holding their wheat from last fall to this spring, the expression was made, "but this spring finds the market improved." The last word should have been "unimproved." In an account of the building of a canal from the springs near Samaria, Idaho, to Washakie, it was said that the Indians, "in connection with three white brethren," did the work. It should have read "in connection with their white brethren."

WHAT COULD be more astonishing than a real estate boom in Jerusalem! And yet statistics show that realty in and around the holy city has appreciated 900 per cent in eleven years.

PERDITA AT THE FAIR.

CHICAGO, May 21, 1893.—The week ending on Saturday, the 20th of May, marked what will perhaps be known as the most memorable of any season of the Exposition. In its time the women's congresses were held and it is doubtful if any time or scene upon earth has witnessed the gathering of so noted a body of women or the discussions of so many questions bearing upon subjects connected with the most important issues of life.

The new Arts building on Michigan avenue, in which the meetings have been held, though unfinished at the time, was yet a fitting place for the congresses to be held, each and every room being dedicated to the names of America's heroes, Columbus, Washington and others, and the walls and halls finished in friezes and grouped with statues presiding the classic divinities whose names stand for the origin of art, music, literature, etc.—an appropriate spot for the gathering of the most brilliant women of the nineteenth century, whose achievements in many respects, considering the bars which have stood in the way of their advancement, seem more supernatural in reality than the deeds and qualities which the sight of the classic sculpture suggests. Apart from individual efforts, the part played by women's organizations in particular throughout the last twenty or thirty years is certainly phenomenal enough in proportion to the amount of time in which what may be termed a proper education has been attempted for their consideration, to make their achievements rank as a chief item in the sum of the world's history during that period.

Religion, science, politics, public charities, art, music, literature, the drama and every question under the sun has been taken and handled with an insight and solemnity which has proven her fitness for the task of dealing with these great and momentous problems and with a success which has made the impress of her work one of the distinctive features of the century.

It has been a great sight during the past week to look in upon the various assemblies gathered in different halls of the great building and see the earnest and thoughtful women whose devoted efforts for the good of the separate or distinctive cause in which each body was interested gathered together, and conferring thoroughly brilliant addresses and bright colloquial talks upon subjects dear to all the vast throngs of sympathetic workers in the cause throughout the civilized world. Susan B. Anthony, the eminent apostle of suffrage, Rev. Annie Shaw, of pulpit prominence, Lucy Stone and Annie Jenness Miller, of dress reform fame, and a score of other noted women whose individual efforts have worked their favorite questions into publicity and prominence, were met together with the scores of people who have enrolled themselves as disciples of the great gospel set forth in each, and if nothing more than the intellectual love-feast thus provided were accomplished the congress would be memorable alone for this attainment.

The fact is, however, that the result