

NO REST FOR THE WEARY AND WRETCHED CHILDREN  
THIS SIDE OF THE GRAVE.

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A DAY AMONG THE BUTCHER-SHOPS AND CANNED-MEAT  
FACTORIES OF THE STOCK YARDS.

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The birthright of an American girl may be a glorious attribute on the deck of a transatlantic steamship or the floor of a London ball-room, but it is not worth the flop of a brass farthing in the cloak factories of Chicago.

It was high noon by the Jesuit college clock when I got to the rear of —West Twelfth street, where David K. has his shop. Nobody in but an old man. His face is seamed with wrinkles. He has a big nose the color and texture of a mushroom; his head and half his face is covered with hair of chinchilla shades; his back is humped at the shoulders and his clothes are filthy and worn. I ask for work and am told that no hands are needed. He has a pocket that hangs across his waist and into which he puts rags, pieces of thread, hooks and eyes, pins, buttons, and the empty spools that lie on the floor about the vacant machine chairs. I watch the silent old man as he drags his loose slippers across the floor, and behold I have the key to wealth! But it doesn't profit me worth a copper. So I survey the premises.

One room, windows on three sides, and all shut. From the north windows I get a view of a two-story hen-house. Filth inside and out. The outlook from the east side is a picture of poverty, squalor and filth. The buildings have no paint. In some are human beings, in others dumb brutes. Half-washed

clothes dangle from window-sills and clothes-lines in tatters and rags. In the yards are heaps of manure and the alleys are foul-smelling and filthy. Along the street move flannel-shirted, horny-handed, sooty-faced men, to smoke, to rest, to quarrel, and to dinner. Passing and repassing all day long and every day—Sunday and Saturday—are young women and old women, youths, maidens, and children, with as many cloaks or coats or pants as they can carry. The garbage boxes are reeking with filth. Some one had thrown ashes or sweepings in the box, and neither the swill man nor the ash man will remove the contents. Mayor Roche and Dr. De Wolf, equally ignorant of the manner in which their subordinates discharge their duty, permit this sort of thing to go on till the very neighborhood is polluted and the air poisoned by these reeking masses of corruption.

"Oh, it's nothing," I am told, and I see for myself and count from Karasick's window and door eleven of these garbage piles that swarm with maggots and flies. The sun beating down on the cheap pine box has made the wood shrink, and from constant kicking and shaking and probing of the miserable rag-pickers who inhabit this locality the frame-work has been loosened and the wood carried off for fuel, leaving on almost every block one or more naked heaps of decaying matter.

Out of the south windows I look into the kitchen of some dozen wretched families. The children are numerous and almost naked. They are unshod and unclean, so very unclean that it is barely possible to tell their complexion. The mother breaks a loaf in pieces in one house and throws it to the little dirty faces on the doorstep. In another home the children eat from a frying pan and next door all drink from the spout of the teapot. Down in the yard is a pile of filth in which the children play and are followed by a lot of chickens. The stable below stairs is locked, but stronger than bolt or hinge is the