

**HOW THEY LIVED IN HAMPTON:
A STUDY OF PRACTICAL
CHRISTIANITY APPLIED IN THE
MANUFACTURE OF WOOLLENS**

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How They Lived in Hampton: A Study of Practical Christianity Applied in the Manufacture of Woollens by Edward Everett Hale

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EDWARD EVERETT HALE

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HOW THEY LIVED IN HAMPTON:

A Study of Practical Christianity

APPLIED IN THE MANUFACTURE OF WOOLENS.

BY

EDWARD EVERETT HALE, D.D.,

AUTHOR OF "BACK TO BACK," "WORKINGMEN'S HOMES," "IN HIS
NAME," "TEN TIMES ONE IS TEN," "THE MAN
WITHOUT A COUNTRY," ETC., ETC.



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P R E F A C E

THE author supposes that this Essay on the Christian relations of the capitalist and the workman will be more generally read if it is presented in narrative form.

It is proper to say that the details bearing on the business of manufacture have the authority of a well-known and successful manufacturer of woollens.

I am myself the person who was invited, in 1873, by the proprietors of three different woollen mills, to take them and carry them on on the plan proposed. I received these invitations because I had blocked out this plan, or rather a manufacturer of large experience had blocked it out for me, in a story which I published at that time in Harper's Magazine, called "Back to Back."

Unfortunately for me, I was not trained to the woollen manufacture, and could not take, therefore, the difficult part which Mr. Spinner takes in this book, as Max Rising took it in that. I was therefore obliged to decline the three proposals. But in this book, as the reader will see, I have supposed that Mr. Spinner accepted one.

EDWARD E. HALE.

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HOW THEY LIVED IN HAMPTON.



CHAPTER I.

HOW THEY LIVED AT HAMPTON.

HAMPTON was a little factory town where was one woollen mill, which represented an investment of perhaps sixty thousand dollars. The village was pretty,—a little more four-square and set in its plan than I should have made it,—but with evident arrangements of comfort for the workingmen and working-women. Lines of maples, about twenty years old, or rather less, shaded the streets, growing perhaps a little too near the fronts of the houses. The houses were not in blocks. They were separate from each other, and each house had the command, if I may so speak, of as much as an acre of land, as a home garden. I noticed, as I walked about the village and pushed my explorations into the back streets, that, in many instances, the lots connected with back lots, so that these gardens were consider-

ably more than an acre. The mill was just off the village street, built close to the Beaver Brook, which was dammed up to make the waterfall which provided power. A church, a town hall, and a schoolhouse faced three sides of a little public square, which was planted with trees and flowers, in the midst of which there was a fountain. I noticed a stand for a band on one side of the square.

I had been following Beaver Brook, and what the geography would call its tributaries, far up into the woods and hills, and had returned to a late dinner, with a basket of trout quite as heavy as I cared to carry. The plan had been that we were to drive down the valley after dinner, and see what was to be seen of a certain mound in the fork of the river and brook, which either was or was not built by the Aztecs, or by Chippewas, or some other Indian tribes, and regarding which we were to form an opinion while we spent a pleasant afternoon. But the appearance in the west of black clouds, which made a thunder storm certain, broke up these plans for a drive, and so I found myself sitting with Mr. Spinner, my host, on the broad eastern piazza, with the chance for a long talk, which business, amusement, or the interruption of guests had not permitted during my visit.

"Now you can tell me," said I, "how you