

near S. I am "taken." It is just 12 o'clock. I have been tramping through "Little Hell" and vicinity since 7 o'clock and feel completely "done." I take a rest till 12:30 and explore the shop. The building is a story and a half, extending back to the alley, with a frontage of forty feet. In the basement is a livery stable. Mr. O keeps three or more steeds here and rents out a stall or two to a neighbor. Off the stable is a closet for the hands. On the floor above the stables are quarters for twenty odd men and women in a dirty, dark, gloomy place, with bare rafters and smoke-stained, unfinished walls. The machine-tables are set along the window-line, leaving the center of the floor for a blazing furnace that supplies the power, and mountains of pants ready to be finished. Near the roaring fire is a sink supplied with nothing but a faucet. When it was time to go home my face and hands were coated with dust and dye, but there was neither soap nor towel with which to make myself decent and I had to go unwashed. The upper floor had a slanting roof in which windows had been cut to admit the necessary, although by no means sufficient light. The heat was simply enfeebling. Before I had half started my No. 338 I was inclined to throw down the gauntlet and go home, but the patient, uncomplaining, suffering girls made me ashamed of myself, and I resolved to hold on. The perspiration rolled down their arms and faces and stained the miserable waists they wore at the neck and shoulders.

"Yes, it's awful hot up here," my neighbor remarked, "but this is nothing to the cold. In the winter we work with our cloaks on always till noon, and lots of times I have kept my overshoes on all day."

The "boss" made me equivocate about my knowledge of the pantaloon trade.

"I can't take any but experienced help."

"How much?"

"Where have you worked?"

"Oh, at G's, and J. S's, and E's and——"

"Have you done tailoring?"

"Plenty."

"Well, then, if you're experienced you ought to be worth considerable. Here, take that for a sample," and he handed me a pair of No. 33 striped pantaloons with a roll of red and white waistbands and sent me up stairs, where, between the stable smell and the enervating atmosphere, I came near collapsing.

I hadn't the faintest idea of how to go about the waist of the garment, but I watched the "boss" down-stairs and got Matson to let me sit by him. The dear old man was bald and untidy, but he basted in the body lining for me, chalked the buttons on the waistband and fly, and did my ripping—which was not trifling. It was 12:30 when I began, and I worked every moment of the time with a diligence that was positively criminal till the work was done. It was 4:45 when I handed my first pair of factory trousers to the "boss," who looked them over from bottoms to buttons, and said: "You'll do the others better."

"Yes sir. How much?"

"Five cents."

How is that for American labor? Five cents for four hour's work!

I was told by the women who take them home that four pair are as many as they can finish in a day. That is 20 cents, or \$1.20 a week. But oh, the smell of that cellar stable, and the heat and the wan faces of the girls that make hideous the very name of O.