Thursday morning I stepped from an Ogden avenue car and walked down Market street in search of work. It was broiling hot and I carried my brown veil on the breeze, and a small pasteboard box containing a cracker and a lemon, a paper of needles, a thimble, and a pair of scissors. On the way I met two unhappy looking girls of whom I made labor inquiry. One had sewed carpet at five dollars a week for the C. C. Co. but was out of employment. The other said she earned six dollars a week in Wilson Brothers' cravat department. Her cousin was sick and the forewoman had "let her off for the day."

The first clew I got to a place was a wooden sign with "Sewing Girls Wanted" that hung below the north window of 155 Market street, where Messrs. H—, A—, & M—manufacture clothing. I read the sign and entered the main store—a nice, big, clean, cool place. A little girl sat at the big typewriter making such a clatter with her letters that it was useless to try to call her. In the office were two gentlemen. One was the very prototype of Munkacsy's Jesus Christ and he I addressed for work.

"The gentleman that attends to the work is not here just at present. Take a seat a moment." I thanked him and looked at the vacant chair. It wouldn't do. It was too conspicuous. I knew the credit man in the building opposite and didn't care to be seen in my factory togs, so I went in a dark corner, where I stood, first on one foot and then on 'tother, for exactly forty minutes. Nobody came. Finally he with the Nazarene face appeared and said: "Ill go up and see if we want any more help." Again I said "Thank you," and watched him as he walked to the back of the store.

No, he didn't have a halo, but a monstrous pair of pedal extremities that curled up like an old-fashioned skate.

When he got to the back of the store he simply retraced his steps and told me "We have all the girls we need." "Why don't you take your sign in then? I have lost an hour."

A sneer made his face so hideous that I apologized to the Hungarian painter.

"Supposing you take it in," he said following me to the doorstep.

"Why should I?"

"And for what purpose, please, should I take that sign in?"

"For Christain charity, but Christain charity is not in your line."

I then went over to Messrs. S. L. and Co. There I encountered the manager of the work-room and the most contemptuous treatment it was possible for a man to show a hapless woman. Suffice it to say H. A. & M. were avenged.

At A. L. S. & Co.'s, 178 Market street, I received the most courteous consideration. The manager took my name, or rather a name and address, and said he would give it to any of his patrons who needed help. Then he wrote me a letter of which the following is a copy:

H. G—Rumsey street. —Sir: This girl wants work. I don't know what she can do, but I think you can use her. Respectfully,

A. L. S. —per S—.

Rumsey street is two blocks west of Ashland avenue. It begins at Division street and runs south a quarter of a mile or so over heaps of yellow clay, rubbish and holes. The road is almost impassable for teams, and only the residents of the locality can take the upheavals and depressions of the sidewalk for a block without getting sea-sick. Filth of every description litters the ground, and following the line where a curbstone should be, are garbage-boxes where the children mold mud pies during the day where the men sit and smoke their pipes after the day's work is done, and where now and then old termagants back-bite their neigbors and tear each other's hair. Some of the cottages are so low that the chim-