

"If you please."

"Well, just finish that coat and at 6 o'clock I'll tell you."

"I won't finish any more. There's your coat. Pay me."

"Pay you! For what?"

"For seven hours' work. For finishing eight coats."

Without further notice of me than an insolent sneer he picked up the coat, walked back to his cutting-board and began to draft out collars. I went back to the cutting-board, too, and stood at his side till commanded to "get out of his way." I stepped back enough to give him elbow room, but did not leave the table.

"How long do you expect to annoy me by your presence?"

"I expect to remain where I am till you pay me for my seven hour's work."

"Your day isn't up yet. We don't quit till 6 o'clock and its only ten minutes after 5."

I told him I didn't want to work for him another minute and demanded my pay.

"Well, do you want to know what I'd pay you?"

"Yes."

"One dollar and fifty cents a week, and you ain't worth seventy-five cents."

"You told me when I started that I could get \$3 at least if I could sew."

"And you can't. All day you have been sitting up in your chair with your shoulders straight and your chair back as if you had a rocking chair. There's what I value you at," and he threw a 25-cent piece at me. At first I hesitated about touching the money, and, as I looked at him to see whether he was serious or not my eyes rested on the heavy, gold ring he wore.

"Oh, you're a B'nai B'rith man I see. Will you favor me with your card?"

"What for?"

"I want to send this money to the society for the orphans you represent, with my compliments."

"Get out of this shop or I'll put you out."

Begging him not to go to that trouble I got. On my way out I took my box containing my sewing weapons from the table, and before I had gone two yards the humane proprietor of the establishment challenged me.

I made a pert remark about scorning to take any of his belongings that were not disinfected and proceeded toward the door, behind which I had stowed my hat and jacket. Debating whether I had better take in the vest cellar on the corner of Rumsey and Division streets or go back to the office and write my copy I stood at a machine table and tossed up my day's earnings. The first was heads, the second heads, and before I could reckon the third the angry boss informed me in an orotund quality of voice that "that's good American money and if you don't want it just hand it back to me." Not deigning to notice the map I pinned on my hat, and this worthy member of the slave-driving fraternity used the opportunity every low-lived wretch has to insult a friendless, helpless working-girl. It may gratify H. G. to know that his cowardice had the desired effect. But I told him he would hear from me again and I mean to keep my word. I know personally several members of the B'nai B'rith, and I am sure that they at least do not know the character of this man, if they know he is a member.

Whatever opinions I may have entertained about the dignity of labor, respectable poverty and the absurdity of fine feathers, my experience as a factory hand has unfitted me for future service, since in no place that I worked did I see any incentive to decency, honesty or respectability, or any promise of success that did not carry with it the downfall of blindly climbing hope.