

sample. The little table-mats paid 50 cents per dozen, but before a girl was able to crochet enough to live on she was obliged to take collars made of fine thread in such an intricate pattern that it was an utter impossibility to earn \$1 a month.

No woman seen had earned \$15 in less than six months, and one of the most skilled hands had been on a 60-cent lot since June 3.

By inquiry I learned that many women paid \$3 and gave up the work when they saw that it was not possible to make the \$15 necessary for the rebate. This fact does not appear in the circulars, and it is not till after the contract has been signed that the equivocal tactics of the concern are understood. Several cases are on record at the Woman's Protective Agency, but no judgment has been obtained, as the agreement stands valid before the law. All that can be done in the matter is to warn the public against a concern legally incorporated to grind the life out of the women and girls unfortunate enough to patronize it.

PUT THROUGH AN IMPUDENT CROSS-EXAMINATION TO GET
TO SEW CLOAKS AT FIFTY CENTS EACH.—MAKING
PANTS AND SHIRTS AT SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS
A DOZEN AND FIND YOUR OWN THREAD.

At R—— & Co's and R—— Bros. I applied for work and was told to report in the morning to sew on cloaks.

The manager in S's on Market street wanted hands and offered to engage me at once. I was most impudently catechised, some seven inquiries requiring as many false statements. What was my name, place of residence, last position, amount of wages received, state of my health, nativity, married or

single—to which I answered “neither.” Here was a dilemma.

“Oh, yes, widow?” and an inordinate ha! ha!

“Yes.”

“Grass widow, eh?” with a sneer.

“How much do you pay for cloaks, I asked, tired of the ordeal.

“Fifty cents each.”

It was enough and I left the creature still anxious to solve the widow question.

By the time I reached L's on Market street, I was in a reckless frame of mind.

“Is there any work for a good sewer?” I asked the girl in the office.

“Yes, plenty. John give her some pants.”

John had eyes the color of calico, and a complexion like an immature tomato. He led the way to the cottonades, which were cut, trimmed, and tied up in bundles of a dozen garments each.

“Here's a sample,” holding up a pair of overalls of brown cottonade. “The work is cut out, but you will have to do everything yourself. I want you to make the fly extra strong and press the bottoms. We pay 75 cents a dozen and you find your own thread.”

“Seventy-five cents for a dozen of these pants and find my own thread?”

“Yes, or I'll give you 80 cents a dozen and give you linen thread if you sew the buttons on fast.”

“No, I guess I won't take the pants. What other work have you?”

“Here are cheviot shirts, if you'd rather. Gusset the tail here and the sleeves, stay the bosom and arm-holes, and make the collar and wristbands extra strong. These pay 75 cents a dozen.” He offered to give me three on trial. The thread cost 5 cents, car-fare 10 cents, and I should have left 3 cents after the job.