

The fidelity of the girls passed entirely unnoticed. Not a word of commendation came from the manager or her assistants who were most prodigal of reproof. By the men and boys these poor, patient, uncomplaining shop girls were pushed about in the elevators, on the stairs, and in the narrow aisles like so many sheep, and three little girls, two Marys and Francis were made the slaves of everybody.

How these little girls live in winter is a mystery. With few exceptions their dresses were poor and insufficient, coarse and shapeless. Many were torn and showed the stitches of thread and cord drawn across the holes.

But worse than broken shoes, ragged clothes, filthy closets, poor light, high temperature, and vitiated atmosphere was the cruel treatment by the people in authority. There are pains that rack a sensitive nature to which no physical agony can be compared, and shots from malicious eyes that fatally wound, but raise no cry of injury. There are robberies of a gentle life that beggar peace and joy, and cuts of hatred that murder forever the sweet faith that belongs to woman's nature.

---

"THE TIMES" LADY REPORTER, IN THE GUISE OF A FACTORY BONDWOMAN, IS INSULTED BY A SCOUNDREL.

---

ACCOSTED BY A WELL-DRESSED BRUTE WHO TRIES TO THRUST HIS BLIGHTING FRIENDSHIP ON HER.

---

On Thursday morning when I started to renew my factory life I discovered after getting on a South-side car that I did not have a cent in my pocket. In putting on my shop-girl disguise I had left my purse at home. When the conductor asked for the fare I had none to give him. It was very hot,

the clouds threatened rain, and the shop was at so great a distance that I did not feel as if I could walk. I concluded to throw myself on the generosity of the conductor, and I told him I had forgotten my purse. He looked ugly and told me to get off. Just as he placed his whistle to his lips to signal the gripman to stop a distinguished, well-dressed man paid my fare. I thanked him for his courtesy and told him if he would give me his card I would send him the money he had so kindly paid.

He smiled and said: "A mere bagatelle, miss, and not worth mentioning."

At Eighteenth street I left the car to go to a vestmaker's place at 2155 Archer avenue. I was crossing the three points where State and Nineteenth streets intersect, when who should come abreast but my benefactor. Instead of raising his hat, he jauntily cocked his left eye and came so close to me that the sleeve of my "never rip" jersey was pressed against the waist-line of his light grey suit.

"Aha, here we are again!"

Although I distinctly heard every word of his remark, I said: "I beg your pardon," with as much of the Newport chill as I could affect.

"Come, come, now," he said with increasing gayety, moving his waist-band still closer to my jersey.

"Oh, you are the gentleman to whom I am indebted for car-fare. You want your money I suppose; if you will give me your card I will write you an order."

"Do you work in this neighborhood?"

"No sir."

"Where, then?"

"No place."

"Where are you going?"

"For work."

"What kind?"