"other shops" blesses the man at the rope every time she rides in the neat mirror-lined elevator.

"H. W. K.," calls out the pilot. "First door to your right. Open and ring." Entering I found myself in an iron cage looking through the grating into the shop. I felt like a felon waiting to be sentenced, but when I found the bell I gave it three vigorous pulls and peered in at the workers. It was the same show of bondwomen, with round shoulders, bowed heads, red, brown, black, gold, and yellow hair, actually brushing the machine arms, faces of that ghastly pallor peculiar to down-trodden youth. Nearly all were clad and shod in the rags of poverty. The machines were run by steam and the rumble overhead and the whizz along the floor deadened all other vibration. I counted eighty girls who bent over their machines, working with an industry that was simply fierce.

Did you ever price a pair of overalls?

Well, they can't be bought in this town for less than 75 cents, the very price that H. W. K. & Co. pay an experienced operator for making a dozen pairs. The operator must be experienced, for the firm don't want learners; they won't be bothered with them. They have no time to teach. Anybody who comes to their store is expected to buy, and anyone who comes to their shop is expected to work and work well. It is not that it takes time to teach a new girl how to press her knee against the power wheel, how to hold the goods, and how to thread the wind-running machine, but there is the wasted cotton, the unnecessary handling of the jeans and cottonade that takes the dressing off, and the skilled labor that would be sure to come by and ask for the chair if the learner, the wretched beginner, ambitious for more bread, was not in the chair. This skilled labor can be relied upon for that excellence of work and attention to detail that characterize custom work. Your fashionable tailors may pay $3 for having a pair of

trousers made, but the stitching is not a whit better than Mr. K. gets on cloth pants for $1.25 a dozen. The difference is in the fabric, in the sewing silk, and the trimmings, but slip-shod work is not accepted from the "sweaters." Let one of them run up a crooked leg seam and the forewoman will fling the garment back, command correction, promise dismissal if the negligence is repeated, and you can depend upon her for keeping her word.

I tell you, swell dressmakers and private family seamstresses who get $3 a day and your dinner and supper, these young girls who are slowly grinding out their lives for the wholesale shops, the middle shop, and the slop-shop, would put you to shame could the quality and quantity of their work and your work be compared. Placed in one of these factories with a machine in front of you and a dozen overalls at your feet at 75 cents a dozen, it would be more than four weeks before you could earn that amount each day.

It is not enough to see that these girls can finish six, ten, twelve, eighteen, or twenty-four of these pants in ten hours, but to appreciate the work and calculate rightly the terrible exhaustion, one must take the machine, take the garments and take the experience for one's self.

While I waited in the little, wire-fenced vestibule for some one to answer my ring I saw a girl of fifteen years or so faint at her work and drop over on the machine table. Although her comrades were on both sides no one looked to her condition till their seams were finished. The girl on the left brushed the matted hair up from the pale forehead, rubbed her white face with her stained hand and advised her to go home.

Did she? No. She lay on her arms with her eyes closed and the cool air from the open window fanning her face. Across the way a building was being erected and fragments of the material came in with the breeze, but her sensibilities were