

Annie's mother, who turned traitress, betraying her own child to the enemy in this style:

"Can Annie come back, sir?" she asked.

"Why, I guess so. What's been the matter?"

Annie rolled her finger up in black fringe, hung her head, and allowed the tears to stream down her cheeks.

"Oh she's so sassy," kindly volunteered the mother, "and she comes home to me with a batch of stories every night about your cuttin' down the prices. Sure I can't believe a word she says."

"Well, you come in the morning, Annie, and I'll see what we can do for you." With this dismissal poor Annie followed her mother, who doubtless felt that she had done her duty by the child.

I recited my piece to the low-voiced gentleman, who said there was plenty of work in the bustle department, but he guessed it wouldn't be pleasant for me, as the girls were only sixteen or so. I tried to assure him that I didn't care about the company, that I only wanted a chance to make a living for myself.

"Well, I don't think you could earn enough to support yourself at machine work. Come in about Monday and I think we can give you something at \$3 or so."

"Three dollars a week?"

"Yes."

"God have mercy on the girls," I said reverently and departed.

EATING POOR CRACKERS AND WORKING FOR TWO MONTHS IN ORDER TO GET A PAIR OF SHOES.

One of the chance acquaintances I made at the jersey factory worked three days for J— S— & C, Market street, receiving 65 cents for her labors about ten days after leaving. One-third of 65 cents is 21 $\frac{2}{3}$ cents.

That is the way S— & Co. solve the problem; but the question is one that capital, Christianity, and civilization are invited to analyze.

"Don't never go to S—'s," the little girl said, "it's an awful place."

On Saturday I tumbled out of bed at 6 A. M. and donned my factory clothes. On the way down-town the street-car met with an eight-minute obstruction in the shape of a load of bricks, and when I reached the manufacturing establishment of J— S— & C it was 8:32 o'clock. The elevator took me up one story and I was told to "get out." I told the boy at the rope that I wished to go up to the work room.

"You're too late," he said. "Have to take the freight elevator down at the back of the store."

Down I walked as directed past long tables, that towered with long cloaks, dolmans, ulsters, jackets, and short wraps; past two or three busy unobserving clerks, past a pair of forbidding-gooking men who glared at me from under their black hats and blacker brows; past an earthen-gray stringy crash towel that waved at half-mast over a dirty wash-basin, past a tier of closets that emitted a stifling odor, and on down to the packing-room. I waited for a big lusty packer to finish pummelling the mischievous little Swede who ran the elevator and