of the "good Jew," and in reply came the name of H. R——, Monroe street. On went poverty's respectable rags, and off I posted for shop-work and a penny spread.

The elevator carried me to the top of the building, where every week thousands of jackets, sacques, circulars, dolmans, and cloaks are turned out to supply the country trade of the northwest. Here in a crowded room, with low ceiling and dingy walls, poorly ventilated and insufficiently lighted, sit between eighty and 150 young girls, surrounded from Monday morning until Saturday noon by the ceaseless clatter of the sewing-machines in an atmosphere so thick that it can be cut with a knife. The machines are run by steam, and notwithstanding the great buckram fans overhead that revolve with a crackling noise, the ceiling is so low and the air so hot as to be positively stifling to the uninitiated. There is the smell of dye from brown, blue and black cloaks coupled with the still more offensive odor from "English plaids;" along the pressing-table are the gas-stoves where irons are heated and where the girls sponge and press collars and seams, each operation attended by a little cloud of steam and stuffy, scorching smell that blows about and around the whizzing fans; clouds of lint from the textures in hand covers everything, and is constantly being inhaled by the sewers. Then, too, there is the smell of rancid machine oil; the overpowering exhalations from so many perspiring and unkempt persons and an occasional whiff from the six or seven toilet closets, all powerful factors of one mighty smell that must be smelled to be appreciated. The "good Jew" had all the windows open, but the place was so foul I almost fainted.

I have a seat in the middle of the room, and a thirty-five cent Norfolk to make. It is so dark that I can hardly see my stitches as I bind the sleeve hole with black muslin. The forewoman can't see either till she takes the work over to a window to examine it, and returns with a gratifying "Guess that'll do."

We are so crowded along the line of tables that the girls are told to take short threads, and I duck my head every time the pale-faced, hollow-eyed girl at my left pulls her needle out, to escape being hit. She has only been able to make three fifty-cent long cloaks in five days and says:

"You won't mind my taking long threads, will you, if I don't hit you?"

I tell her to pull away and offer to fell the bottom hem of her cloak, to which she agrees. She has on a cheap jersey waist, a calico skirt, and the little bit of underwear that shows at her neck where she has opened her collar is as black almost as her jersey. Her shoes are broken and one of the uppers is mended with black thread. She lives with her folks and has "a lot of little brothers and sisters, but the 'Q' strikes have put them all out" so she hasn't bought anything for herself this year except a hat at the Fair.

"Do you go to church?" I ask.

"What'd I go to church for?"

"For the music and the sermon."

"I want a seat, though, and I'd rather ride down to the shop and back than pay ten cents to get in a pew.

A poor little bony and grimy, and wild-eyed as the "marchioness," goes down on her knees and turns out the dust in the cracks of the floor with the eye of her needle.

"I'm huntin' for pins," she says, "to fix on the braid."

"Doesn't Zimmerman provide you with pins?"

"Indeed he doesn't; nor with nothin' else but fannin' and what's the good of fans in an oven?"

The child turns up the pins, some of them bent, and puts them first in her mouth to straighten them and then in the bosom of her dress, humming to herself "Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me." At the expiration of the hunt a new difficulty befalls her. The needle's eye is stuffed, as she says, and in the effort