

not offended, and she slept at her silent shuttle and smiled as she slept, as if in defiance of the dust and lime and thundering noises of the mighty machinery of power and wealth.

The gate was opened by a man who referred me to the forewoman at the rear end of the shop. I walked back through a perfect avenue of material. Fabrics on the left towered far above the heads of the girls, bolts of uncut cloth, boxes of trimming, and bundles of cut goods composing the wall. On the right stretched work tables with newly-made flannel shirts, laborers' overalls and shirts and woolen pants, rising tier upon tier waiting to be ticketed and boxed and shipped north, west, and south as far as the trade stretches. The forewoman was not unpleasant and by no means unkind. She did not need any help.

"Then why don't you take your sign down?" I asked.

"Well, I'll tell you. I have all the girls I can possibly accommodate. All the machines are taken, but all may not suit. Some of the girls are not doing well, but I want to give them a few days more and if I see they can't do the work I'll discharge them. Then I'll give you a chance, or any one who calls."

"But they are working. See how they work! It's inhuman to work women that way."

"You think so? Well, we won't talk about that now. Yes, they are working, but they have to do a certain quantity of work to be satisfactory."

"What do you call a certain quantity?"

"Well, enough to justify us in having them about. The work is cut and has to be made to fill the orders of the house."

"What do you pay a dozen?"

"I pay seventy-five cents for some kind and eighty-five cents for better overalls; one dollar for others, and one dollar twenty-five for wools."

"And the finishers?"

"Twenty-five cents a dozen. That is, to turn up the bottoms. All the other work is done by machine. It's not hard work."

A good deal harder than I should care to engage in for my daily bread.

Here, as elsewhere, the weekly stipend varies from a fair competence to starvation wages. Plenty of hands earn three, four, four and a half and five dollars a week, and a minimum by slavish industry and an experience beyond their years succeed in making seven, eight, nine, and ten dollars.

The factory is well managed, and H. W. K. & Co. will get full value of every penny paid the poor, pale, slight young women. Be it said to the credit of these manufacturers their factory is abundantly lighted and ventilated. The walls are finished, the calcimine is white and pleasing, and the floors are kept clean. There is a toilet-room near the center of the shop—a big place, with three closets, a long sink, and not any too much light. The plumbing is perfect, and the girls revel in the luxury of three long towels a day. The towels, and closets, though, are few enough for the convenience of a hundred girls.

---

PATHETIC STORIES OF THE LITTLE ONES WHO ARE SACRIFICING YOUTH, BEAUTY, AND LIFE ITSELF TO MAMMON.

---

HOW THE QUESTION OF MARRIAGE IS AFFECTED BY YEARS OF CLOSE APPLICATION TO SHOP DRUDGERY.

---

P. K. company! Pretty name, isn't it? Done in gens d'arm blue letters on a navy-blue ground it makes an exceedingly effective sign. The very colors suggest the claims of long descent and blue blood.