

to remove the filling off goes the head, optic and all. Nobody has another to lend and I give her mine.

She says she is thirteen and the daughter of a Twelfth street teamster. Her mother is living, and she and her brother "help the family along."

"Yes I went to school and learned numbers and gogerfy, but I can't sew very well. The forelady says that's why I don't make more. I got \$2.75 one week, but I don't know how much I'll earn this week. I used to be in the Fair and they gave me two dollars runnin' checks. I didn't like it there because I never got home till eight at night and the boys was guyin' us all the time."

At noon-time the girls crowded into the wash-room and those unable to reach the already wringing-wet towel that hung near the sink dried on their dresses. I saw a tall young German woman wash her arms and neck and shake off the water as well as she could with the palms of her hands before putting on her dress waist again. Another, a girl of fourteen, who wore a plaid skirt and an old velvet jacket, dried her hands on her underclothing. The lunch the "good Jew" served consisted of a cup of black coffee that was neither nutritious nor fragrant, and minus cream and sugar, for which the girls paid two cents a cup. Then there were cuts of pie at five cents each, which delicacy, architecturally speaking, had two stories, substantially built, with a water-proof inner lining of fruit mucilage. The top crust had bubbled up in the baking till it was as warty as tripe, and the tenacity of the under dough would have sufficed for hinging a cellar door. This is certainly not the lunch Rev. Mr. G. described, but it is the only one the girls in the Z. factory know anything about.

However profitable the menu may have been to the firm it was anguish to many of the hungry toilers unable to procure it. We girls who had no money to invest in appetizing (?) viands sat by begging with our eyes and following with melting

mouths every morsel on its way down the throats of our neighbors. One of us, a mite of a girl, wan-faced and hectic, who had been watching the mastication of a well-fed machine hand, waited till the leathery tangle of peach-paste had almost disappeared and then asked the consumer to "give her the crust."

When the well-fed party said "naw," the child called her a "dirty beggar," and laid her little head on her arm for a nap. I went out to buy a needle, and some day when "it rains and the wind is never weary" I shall send in a bill for the seven and one-half cents H. Z. owes me on a cotton-back Norfolk. Only a half-hour was allowed for the noon rest, during which the girls washed and combed, trimmed their finger-nails with scissors, talked, or went to sleep.

All hands were on deck at 7:30 in the morning, in which manner and the 5:30 hour of closing, the Saturday half-hour was made good to the firm. Many of the girls told me they made ten cloaks a week which averaged fifty cents apiece. Work was good, the season covering ten months of the year. A number of men at work on the long cloaks had chairs at the side of the girls, and while well enough personally I did not relish them, for they were "saturated with tobacco fumes and emitted a sour, sweaty, sickening odor."

CHILDREN THIRTEEN YEARS OLD WORKING FROM NOON
TILL NIGHT ON HEAVY COATS AND TROUSERS.

PAYING \$3.50 FOR HEAVY TOIL THAT GRINDS THE MARROW
FROM THE BONES AND KILLS MORALITY.

Never so long as reason reigns shall I forget the day I worked in H. G.'s tailor-shop, and never when I pray shall I forget to add "God help the shop girls."