

"Any kind. May I have your card? I am in something of a hurry."

"Mayn't I have yours?" he asked.

"Certainly; I haven't my case, but if you will lend me a pencil I will write you one."

"With pleasure, my dear."

"You are mistaken, sir. That is not my name."

"Ha, ha, ha! I see you are a little mischievous, but for all that you are my dear." producing three inches of Faber.

"A card, please."

"Bless me, I had forgotten," and the natty sack-coat was ransacked for a suitable card.

"Ah, here—this will do, I hope, in lieu of something more conventional," carefully placing on my sewing box a small card with the address down. I reversed the pasteboard and read on the back:

DR. CHARLES G— S—.

Office hours—

Residence—

"Dr. Smith! I know him quite well."

"Oh, you do, eh?" in a tone that left no doubt that his stock in me had dropped. I wrote:

Reporter.

THE TIMES.

and handed it to my companion who read it with eyes that

seemed to have been wired open. While he crushed the doctor's card in his left hand, his right pulled out a splendid gold watch, and with a most abrupt "didn't think it was so late, have an engagement at 9:45," was off with more alacrity than is conducive to grace. I looked after him admiring the cut of his coat, the swing of his trousers, the polish of his shoes, and the magnificent carriage of head and shoulders, and thought:

"May the Lord deliver us working girls."

I also thought that I should like to meet my car friend when I had my suffocating veil off and my good clothes on. Won't Dr. S. inveigle him to his State street office and present me? I want to give him back his nickel and lead pencil.

When I reached the shop at 2155 Archer avenue the tailor told me he only wanted one vestmaker and had hired her two hours ago. I then went over on Cottage Grove avenue, borrowed twenty-five cents from my dressmaker, and rode down to Lake street to get work in a feather-duster factory. There may have been work, but there was no elevator and I was too hot and tired to go up five flights of stairs to look for it. I chose a cigar factory on Randolph, near Dearborn street, with but three pairs of stairs to climb, and learned in the salesroom that they had all the help they needed. I tried G., across the street, who had no work, but enough goodness of heart to give me a chair and a letter to two cigarmakers of his nationality. I went to see F. G. on Clark street. He asked me if I could "strip" and I told him I could. When he wanted to know where I had worked I owned up that I didn't know anything at all about the business, but was anxious to learn and get work. He didn't know "how a sewing-girl would do at 'fillers,' but you might go and talk with some of the help, for you may not be satisfied to try even."

He showed me the way across the hall to an empty room. The floor was littered with rags and paper and the dust was heavy on the walls and wood-work, and in one corner was a