

for two small square bags, and finally the ornaments on the shoulders and front darts were not straight. Mary was a pudgy young Irish maiden on whom the men and the world in general had soured.

"What will I do when I'm old? I'll be an old maid and live by myself," she remarked. "I'm saving to buy a house for that time. Good Lord, I haven't saved a cent in three years. I'm here now two years, but I'm going to get another place. Here's my third day on this rag of a cloak that only pays 60 cents. Yesterday I got \$6.10 for the fifteen days in July. I'm sick of it now. Where do I live? I have a room on Bleeker street. I pay \$1.50 a week for it and \$1 for food. After I take the price of lunches and car-fare from the rest I haven't enough to pay for washing the bedclothes."

The teacher heard the best part of this account, and, coming over to our table, put her arms about the morose little worker and said: "Don't get blue; you'll do better in a day or two."

At noon the whistle blew and we stopped for lunch. Some of the hands made tea and coffee on the gas stoves, but not a soul left the shop but Mrs. S. and the models.

You pampered daughters of fashion, you children of ease, you epicureans, who enjoy soups, entrees, fritters, roasts, pastries, could you but see the meal spread out at noon in this factory, the chances are there would be a diminution of your fastidiousness.

No. 99 was a pretty, brown-eyed, happy girl with curly hair and a merry, brave, good face. She had two cuts of cherry pie that did not aggregate a surface as wide as her hand. She finished the juicy crust and I insisted on her eating a pair of my graham wafers. Ninety-nine had a headache and was going off for an afternoon in Lincoln park. The girl next to her, who said she was "the very devil," devoured two links of Frankfort sausage and a pear. A near neighbor had a slice of

brown bread and two tomatoes, and the girl she talked with ate green apples and soda-crackers.

At five minutes past 12 we had eaten, drank, and were at work again. Many of the girls went to the sink to wash their arms, neck, and faces, scour their teacups or coffee cans and comb their hair. While I was exploring the toilet (?) section two men came in and I scampered. A nice arrangement this, but no one seemed to mind it. If Dr. De Wolf wants to do something for the factory girls he will have one of his assistants go over and scent this portion of the S. estate, for it "smells to heaven."

The excellent light that filled the Jersey company and flooded the workshop of E's top floor I missed at S's, where the ceiling is low and the ventilation and light inadequate. A skylight cuts the center of the roof, but with the curtains drawn to keep out the burning sunlight the machine operators had difficulty in threading their needles.

"Please do not take any paper," was the notice posted above a pile of work ready for delivery. It seems the girls were in the habit of going to this pile for bits of paper in which to wrap their lunch-box or an old shop skirt, and when the "searcher" found it difficult to look into the parcels for the possible spool of two-cent thread the firm took this method of stopping the practice.

Over the iron sink was a placard warning the girls "against throwing any slops into this sink under penalty of 50 cents."

On the opposite wall hung the literary gem of the factory. Here it is:

"Ladies and Gentlemen it is your interest and that of your neighbors that no talking is allowed. Whoever talks loud is fined 10 cents."