

Then we went to Ellinger's and made cloaks at 30 cents each, but it was so hard, and we couldn't please them no matter how we tried. We came here today, but its only a fit place to starve in. All the work they gave me was a dozen jerseys to button; that's 11 cents a row; had two dozen holes to finish at 16 cents. Twenty-seven cents for the two of us! How can we live on that?" and the child began to cry again.

By way of comforting her I took her name, promised to help her, and gave her my check for forty-one cents. She didn't think it would be honored, so I took it to the cashier myself and demanded pay as I was not coming back in the morning. "No ma'am," said Tom, "you don't get it. Come around on the 20th and I hunt you up."

At 5:30 work ceased. Each girl had to sweep out her place, clean and oil the machine, and return her basket and check. I paid a nickel to have my corner swept, and finding it impossible to wash up sans towel and soap I got under my veil and rang the elevator. The pressers laughed and told me to try the stairs—five flights. Down I went. At the second I went into the salesroom to buy a jersey. One of the firm waited on me. His magnanimity was sublime. The identical black jersey that I had received 5 cents for finishing was offered to me at \$2. I declined. By way of interest one hundred dozen garments are turned out of the factory every day in the year. As near as I could learn the salaries average \$4 a week, but plenty of grown women are not allowed to earn over 28 cents a day.

Work begins at 7:30 A. M. and 12:30 P. M. Anyone five minutes late working on time is fined an hour's pay, and for the loss of an hour the pay of half a day is knocked off. Piece-workers who are late are kept idle from one to three hours. A girl who loses her ticket forfeits pay for the entire lot, notwithstanding the entry is on the books of the firm.

A CLOAK CONCERN WHERE NOTHING BUT FEAR OF THE LAW SEEMS TO PREVENT THE USE OF THE LASH.

EIGHTY CENTS A WEEK FOR LABORING FROM 7:30 IN THE MORNING UNTIL 5:30 IN THE EVENING.

I did not realize the ignominious position of respectable poverty till I went to E's cloak factory, where labor is bondage, the laborer a slave, and flesh and blood cheaper than needles and thread. Corporations are said to be without heart, but this concern is a commercial inquisition. It puts its help on the plane of slavery, and nothing but civil law prevents the use of the lash.

The factory is on the third floor of the large brick building at the east end of Madison street bridge on the south side of the street.

Elevator? Not much.

An elevator is a luxury, and luxuries have no place at E's. You will be short of breath when you reach the top of the fourth flight, but in recovering you have time to take in the surroundings—a great barn of a place with a single charm of good light. There is plenty of vacant room, but the women are huddled together, elbows touching along the line of machines. Beneath the west windows flows the river; at the south end of the room, not ten feet from the crowded table, is a tier of closets, and on hot days the combined odor of the two is shocking. Nobody in his employ dare complain about smells, cold, heat, work, wages or rules. But whoever heard of martyrs complaining?