

the floor partially lit the dark passage along which were coal-sheds and closets in suites for the several flats in the building.

At 3 o'clock my cloak was not finished. I had pains in my head and back, my ankles ached, and my feet were scalded with heat and perspiration from the constant motion of the machine. No need of acting this time. I simply went to Mrs. S. and told her I had no dinner and was too faint to work another moment.

"Didn't you have no lunch?" she asked. "Why didn't you tell me? I could have given you a cup of coffee."

I thanked her for her good intention and asked to be paid. "Well, that Dutch dress is 20 cents. If you done half, you get half pay. That's right, ain't it? I tell you you can't make a living at this; It's too hard for a woman that ain't used to it. I would like to pay more, for when the girls make I make, don't you see?"

For the sake of exit I acquiesced, took my dime and went out. At the door I met two little Polish children, Polly and Annie S., who told me they lived on George street, near Carpenter, and could not get work in the shop till they were "leven." Both had a basket of greasy, filthy victuals they had picked along the alleyways, and into Polly's hamper I dropped Mrs. S's bright dime for luck.

Some day soon I shall use the money so kindly sent to the editor of *THE TIMES* for a shop-girl's shoe and stocking party (and little Polly and her sister shall have a card.)

You poor, dependent, neglected girl, who started out in real earnest, without education or training, to earn your own living, from the bottom of my heart I pity you. I have been thinking all day where I could send you for aid and instruction.

## A YOUNG WIDOW ATTEMPTS TO SUPPORT HERSELF AND CHILD BY MAKING OVERALLS.

STARVATION STARING HER IN THE FACE, SHE SOLD HER HONOR RATHER THAN PART FROM HER BABY.

One of the white slaves of Chicago stood in the prisoner's dock at the armory police court yesterday, moaning piteously. She was young and her face was pretty. The big policeman who stood at her side said he had arrested her for soliciting men upon the street. She was booked as Kitty Kelly. The frail, unfortunate girl brushed away her tears and told a story that went straight to the heart of every man in the crowded court-room. She was a white slave and might have worn away her frail life sewing that her character should remain pure and unsullied, but the grinning skeleton of starvation haunted her by day and night, and in desperation she sold herself to the tempter. She was pale and thin and fierce hunger had left marks upon her young face.

"Oh, judge, I never did such a thing before! I never did it before! For God's sake have pity on me!" and she wrung her hands in agony and sobbed convulsively.

"Nonsense," said the justice, trying to be stern. "You all say that."

"My baby! my baby! Oh what will become of her? For mercy's sake don't fine me! I have no money, not a cent. Oh have mercy. I never was out before, surely I never was!"

The big justice looked inquiringly at the big officer and the big officer with a touch of emotion in his voice, said: