

At P. D. A's packing-house the girls were paid 3 cents to 5 cents per hundred for labeling and japaning cans, wages varying \$6 to \$9. Beginners received 75 cents a day for two weeks, or until they could handle 1,500 cans per day, when they received \$6, and were raised to the minimum figure as their skill increased. As at F's, they were young girls with haggard faces, emaciated figures, and work-weary bodies. At noon they sat in the windows to eat their lunch, and the vessel on the zinc from which they slacked their thirst was nothing more elaborate than a tin-can cut down. It is certainly very good of Mr. A. to build Sunday-schools, educate struggling artists, buy pictures, and patronize music, but these young women are human, if their senses are dulled to the sickening smells of the slaughtering establishment, and a clean sitting-room with neat walls and chairs in which to rest at noon and clean towels for the 6 o'clock toilet, would not be wasted charity.

These girls are called "tough." Perhaps they are. Perhaps their language is not chaste nor their manners pleasing, but Mr. A. and Mr. F. know as well as need be known that their hearts are pure and their lives blameless. Considering their origin, their nature, their surroundings, and their associates they are too good to be put on the level they are.

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WORKING NEARLY A DAY ON A CLOAK TO EARN TEN CENTS.  
GIRLS WHO TOIL FOR THREE DOLLARS A WEEK  
AND BOARD THEMSELVES.

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Another day in a shop—a shop where I get a blinding headache and a dime. The place of servitude is at Milwaukee avenue, and the proprietors are Mr. and Mrs. S. It is nine o'clock when I enter what seems to be a store. On the right

is a small office containing a desk and a mountain of cloaks. Two yards back is a long cutting-board at which the father, mother and son are chalking or cutting out cloth. The old man has the everlasting frosts on his head, and in the wife's hair is more silver than jet. The son is still in the morning of his manhood. His manner is arrogant, his tone harsh, and his treatment of an old Christain who has come in with a letter, presumably from his wife or daughter soliciting work, is painful to contemplate. I feel like a vagabond when Mrs. S. demands an explanation for my presence.

"I was here yesterday and you told me I might come to work today," I ventured to remark.

"Oh, yes. You was the one that looked on yesterday and asked all about the wages, hey?"

This is overwhelming and I tremble internally, expecting every moment to be seized by my jersey collar and Phyche knot and thrown out in the car-track. I bite my lips to keep my knees from knocking.

When she says "Well, you may come this way," I am thankful for my safety and follow. Half-way down the store is a partition some five feet high, hung on both sides with cloaks and jackets, braided sacques and Dutch dresses, which contrivance screens the girls on the opposite side from view. A short distance back is a perfect embankment of work, fringe and inner trimmings. Passing these two fortifications we came into the presence of the "sweaters," all but six of whom are running machines at a tremendous speed.

"Girls! Girls!" exclaimed Mrs. S.

Some of the little engines stop.

"Girls! Girls!" she says again.

"They all stop. And so does my breathing.

"This girl has come to work here," Mrs. S. continues. "I aint got no time to learn her. You all help her if you got time."