

Hannah, who, being engaged by the day, was told to "show me." Hannah had blond hair and talked with the brogue. She gave me a needle as long as my engagement finger, and the most meager instruction compatible with obedience. Fortunately I had my thimble, and crossing my knees I threaded the gimlet-like needle with silk and proceeded to hook-and-eye a jersey. Remembering the treachery of any shop clothes I ever wore I filled the two hooks and eyes with sewing and after testing them proceeded to face the collar. I made poor work of the bias band, for my needle was so coarse that it split the satin. I told Hannah about my misery but she wisely said it was no fault of hers, and went on with a \$3-a-dozen lot she had been doing two days and a-half. Thinking it would be a good way to get acquainted with my neighbors I asked several for a fine needle and at last exchanged the crow-bar Hannah had given me for a fine cambric article. It worked better, and at the end of two hours I had bound the arm-holes, faced the collar, tacked the front facings and the bustle piece, and put two pairs of hooks and eyes in a black jersey. The dye was not fast, neither was the wool, for my throat, ears, and nostrils were tufted with black lint. I was African from the fingernails to the wrists. The front facings had to be trimmed off. I had no scissors. Hannah was ungenerous with hers, and I lost about fifteen cents worth of time borrowing the weapons. At noon I had finished four jerseys and was so sore about the neck and back that I could scarcely rise from the chair. I began to scent hot tea, and looking about saw a big girl called Emma brewing three pots of Japan over one of the press furnaces. She had her front hair in curl papers and was whistling "In the Sweet Bye and Bye." About thirty girls went to her, each with her own cup, for a supply of tea. I remarked to one passing my chair that her tea looked awfully nice and asked where she got it.

"From Em. She makes it and we each pay two cents a week."

On the stroke of twelve the machine stopped and 120 tired women stopped too for thirty minutes' rest, and the food that could hardly be called refreshing. In the main it consisted of brown bread and butter. In some parcels there was cold meat and cake; others had pie; a few a bottle or canteen of milk, cold tea or coffee, but I did not see a particle of fruit. One little girl who had been stretching jerseys at two cents apiece made a lunch on three Graham crackers and a piece of custard pie, which she ate reading a paper-covered book. I counted thirty-seven girls with a lunch of dry bread, fifteen with sandwiches, and ten who ate cold pancakes. Twenty-three girls were without any luncheon whatever. During the intermission the elevator stopped running and no one left the building but myself. Less than ten minutes was spent over the wretched meal. At one side of the west wall separated by a ten foot pine partition, was the toilet room, containing an iron sink with one faucet of running water. Here the girls crowded like so many cattle, each with her bit of soap and grimy cotton towel, to wash. Dress waists were loosened and neck, faces, arms and hands lathered with soap and rinsed as the chance permitted. There were three closets, unflushed, untidy, and unwholesome. Set up against the wall in this enclosure, with the faucet run through the partition, was a barrel of ice water inscribed in big letters: "Two cents will be collected every Saturday for ice water." Besides this luxury every hand pays twelve cents a week for the use of the machine.

At one o'clock I finished my basket which I dragged to Tom the book-keeper, who took my name and credited me with five garments. No price had been put on the jerseys as they were sampled goods, but the forelady thought they would go at sixty cents a dozen, which meant twenty-five cents to my credit.

I didn't get any more work till two o'clock, because the forelady was in the toilet-room having her bangs done up in paper.