

that I had to find a nail with my hands. Thinking my eyes had been tardy in adjusting themselves to a low light, I remained in the hole long enough to know that nothing but feline optics would suffice to scan it. At the entrance was a triangular piece of looking-glass that some good soul had bolstered up between nail heads as a tribute to beauty. Neither the stairs nor hall-ways gave evidence of recent sweeping, and I would question the judgment of anyone venturing to assert that they had been scrubbed this year. The closets were in a shocking condition—unfinished, unswept, and abominating to the senses. Not only the outer door, but the three inner doors were unhinged and lay in the filthy inclosure obstructing the unfortunate girls who enter the place. I saw with my own eyes, that the girls visited this model toilet-room, in groups of not less than two, one acting as guardian for the others. At the very entrance of this inclosure is the sink, a small iron affair of the cheapest character, supplied with a single faucet.

Towels? No, nor soap, either! But who wants them? You can't wash in the dark, and although there is a window on the landing, the dust and dirt that cover it is as good a shade as a curtain of brown Holland would be.

One of the girls told me she had been in the shop three years and was getting four dollars a week. "Lots of the girls earn five and less, but some I know get seven and eight. They are old hands and work on fine shoes."

I asked a girl what she got when she was late.

"Get? We get jawed. But we ain't late; we're all here at seven o'clock."

There was but a thirty-minute rest at noon as the factory closes at 5:30. Work is good the year round.

At S. & A's., on the floor below, where I inquired for work, I received this edifying piece of information from the foreman:

"No, I guess I can't take you. If you were an experienced operator I could give you a job, but it won't pay me to teach

you I can get little girls of twelve for \$2.50, and all I want for \$3 a week to finish. When table work is dull I put them at the machine and show them how to work it. The novelty attracts them and I find they spend their noon and every spare minute running up seams. In that way they soon pick up the work, and when I am satisfied that they can run a machine, I give them one, raise their salary fifty cents or one dollar, and get raw girls again to do the table work."

Both firms might be reminded that there is some law relative to the hiring of child labor and the necessity for fire-escapes.

I found the physical condition of the girls much better than among the cloak-makers, tailoresses, and seamstresses, but in point of poverty all seem akin. The girls wore clothes that were ragged and dirty, many giving the very young girls the appearance of little sweeps. Worthless shoes were worn as much from necessity as from a sense of comfort, and nothing in the habits or habiliments of these little money-makers betrayed even the ordinary comforts of life.

CEASELESSLY, WEARILY, UNCOMPLAININGLY WORKING
AWAY WHILE THEIR EMPLOYERS AMASS MILLIONS.

SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS A DOZEN FOR MAKING OVERALLS
IS PAID THE DRUDGES FOR THEIR HARD LABOR.

On the southwest corner of Washington boulevard and Union street, towers a spacious brick building, on the third floor of which H. W. K. & Co. manufacture much of the clothing that supplies the country trade. The place is far from uninviting. Clean halls and well-kept stairs proclaim the faithful service of a janitor, and the girl who has worked in