John said: "That's so, but I can't help it. If the work is satisfactory you can have a six-dozen lot."

It was very good for John to sympathize with me, but I thanked him and said I would look a little further.

A HARD DAY'S WORK FOR FORTY-ONE CENTS.—LESS FORTUNATE WORKERS WHO EARNED ONLY ELEVEN CENTS.—A SICK GIRL'S SAD STORY.—THE HOPELESS MISS WHO LONGED TO BE MARRIED.

At the N—— R— Jersey Company I was told to apply at the factory on West Washington street.

"Work is given out at 7:30 A. M.," the clerk informed me, "and if you have any snap about you you can make a good living." By way of getting the required snap I went home, ate my dinner, and was in bed at 8 o'clock.

The next morning I resumed the rags of poverty and at 7 o'clock made my debut as a factory hand. I was one of 120 women, ranging in age from 15 to 60. The factory where the jerseys are made is at the corner of W—— and U—— streets, with elevator entrance in the rear and work-room on the fifth story.

The girls began to arrive at 7 o'clock, and at every trip of the elevator some twenty or more were carried up-stairs. I took a chair in one of the machine rows, and for an hour did nothing but watch the preparations for work in that human hive. The room was 50x138, with an open unfinished roof, and brick walls calcimined. Light was admitted from rear and side windows. The pressmen had their boards and furnaces at the south end of the room, where all the work was pressed prior to being boxed and ticketed for the trade. At the extreme opposite end was the cutting room, fenced in from the rest, and between the two were the work-tables where the hundred odd girls stitched and finished the jerseys.

Along the brick wall were nails irregularly driven, on which the girls hung their hats and wraps, dresses and collars. Nearly every one took off their dress and waist, turned it inside out, put it on a nail and put on a calico or old stuff shop suit. A few took off their corsets and nearly all the machine hands changed their shoes before work. On the stroke of 7:30 a bell rang, the power was turned on, the machines began to buzz like little saw-mills and the day's work had commenced. Heads of brown, black, yellow and gray bent so near the flying shuttles that every minute I expected the bangs and fluffy crimps would get caught in the machinery. The faces were sad and so very, very pale that I shall never look at a jersey again without seeing them. The average age may have been 23, but not less. There were girls of 17 and 18 and some world-weary women past 50, all working for little more than enough to keep body and soul together. The work circulated in baskets—long chip hampers with stout handles—that held a dozen, with room for five times that quantity. A great deal of time was lost by the workers in getting the contents of the basket examined, checked off on the ticket and the ticket stamped. If it had been the last chance for life I don't believe the girls would have worked any harder for salvation. Scarcely a head was raised from machine or lap. Shoulders were bent down, chests hollowed in, and faces drooped so low that I could not begin to make a study of the "windows of the souls" before me. At 8:40 the proprietor of the chair I was in asked me to vacate, and I walked down through the narrow isles of sewing women to the "forelady" and asked for work.

She asked me if I wanted to take a machine, but I expressed a preference for finishing. I was given a number, a basket with five jerseys to finish, and a chair beside a girl named