

Mrs. J. S., her forewoman, the second assistant, and the book-keeper.

It was 5:30 o'clock Tuesday afternoon. I had made a big, black cloth cloak all but sewing on the buttons, had resigned my position as slave-stitcher, and had asked to be paid off. I had been refused by the quartet outside of the elevator screen, and so was on my way to the head of the firm, work in arms.

It was a great day for S. and me, particularly me.

It was another verification of putting "a beggar on horse-back," of getting a "nigger" to drive a "nigger."

At 7:40 in the morning I had rolled my hat in my factory jacket, and, stowing the bundle away in one of the holes designed for that purpose by J. S. & Co., presented myself at the office, a square of six feet near the center of the work-room inclosed in a wire fence, where the forewoman and an examiner were trying on two models the finished cloaks of the previous day. The models were tall, rather fine-looking girls. They, I learned, received \$8 a week and did nothing but "try on and look at themselves in the glass," representing the highest class of factory girls. The forewoman, who jerked these tall, animate figures fore and aft to see the front of a beaver "empress," or the back of a seal-plush, "mi-lady," was very nicely dressed in a black sateen figured with crosses of white. And oh, how she talked! In dislocated English, in a shrill rasping voice, compared to which the notes of a pea-hen would be melodious. My steady gaze annoyed her, and stopping at the hem of a long coat she was inspecting she asked:

"Why are you sitting there so much?"

I told her I wanted work. Bidding me "come along" she pushed me with anything but motherly tenderness toward the desk and told "Rosy" to give me "von of them samples."

I took a place with nine others who were waiting for "Rosy" to provide them with more work, and fell to studying my neighbors. "Rosy," the girl who kept the shop-book, gave

out the work and trimmings, and properly checked it all, may have been 14 years old. She was short in stature, work having stunted her growth, and emaciated in face and figure. Her hands were black with dye from handling the bundles of work.

"I can't give any of you work till Mary comes back," she said. "She's gone down to tell John to send up some."

I placed a small box on the counter containing some graham wafers and a lemon, which, being pushed across the board, attracted Rosy's attention. She uncovered the box.

"Look at the lunch," she said, and a bunch of heads came together to see.

"And a thimble," said a blonde.

"Yes, and scissors. Oh, and the little watch! And whose is it?"

"Them's awful nice cakes," observed a little creature of about 13 years.

I offered the child a cracker, and when she refused I pressed it on her till a hungry little friend said: "She dasn't. She'll be fined if she eats before the whistle."

When Mary came up I was entered on Rosy's book, given a number and a "Homer."

"How much does a 'Homer' pay?" I asked.

Rosy didn't know. Neither did Miss Seebert, the teacher. I went to the forewoman and was told to get out of her way. Persisting in knowing what revenue the "Homer" would bring, the attenuated, corset-cramped "forelady" asked me to go away and find out any particulars when Mrs. Stein returned. The teacher gave me a chair at a long, low table with fifteen girls on either side, and asked me where I had worked before. I mentioned the "Never Rip" factory.

"Make cloaks?" she asked.

"No. Jerseys."

"Did you never make a cloak?"

"Never."