

very seldom make any distinction in the treatment of a nice girl and one who is not so nice. I don't think I can tell you how many ways there are to insult a girl. I have had a foreman just give me a look as I passed in to my machine or handed in my sewing that made me wish I was dead. Then there are the spiteful things the girls say about you and the cutting remarks of the forewomen that make you feel like fainting. The cashier may have a grudge, and if he doesn't hold your wages back till all the other hands are paid, he will throw it at you, make you take ragged bills or give you a week's pay in small change. A cashier in a Jackson street cravat factory once rubbed his hand across my chin "to feel my whiskers," he said, and because I got angry and said I would report him he saved up all the silver that had holes and plugs and made me take it. My salary was \$5.25 that week and some of it I couldn't pass. I took it to a bank and the cashier was kind enough to give me good money for it. Plenty of times the forewoman has had me discharged because I was 'stuck up.'

"Prices here range from 20 cents to \$2 a dozen. It depends on the material. Children's drawers pay 20 cents a dozen, but there are no button-holes to work. Some shirts are \$2, some \$4; and some \$1.50, but most of them only pay 80 cents. Everything is done by machine, including buttonholes and gussets. The bosoms and bands are all ready to go in. Corset covers pay 40 cents and chemises 20 cents each, but they have to be trimmed and the holes worked by hand. This is a mean shop so far as prices go, but they are all alike in that particular. You have to find your own thread and you are constantly being suspected of keeping back short ends of lace."

I asked the forewoman for stitching and was given shirts at 80 cents a dozen to do. I had to pay 50 cents for the use of the machine, a No. 8 Wheeler & Wilson, and 35 cents for a spool of thread. I told the forewoman I had left my purse at home, but she said it was "all right, you can have it taken

out of your wages." I asked her what the machine cost but she didn't know, and when I ventured the information that the expiration of the patent had reduced the old price of \$65 to about \$12 she told me she "reckoned I didn't know what I was talking about." The room where we worked was about eighteen feet wide and ten feet deep, with toilet closets built out from the walls. The machines encircled the three walls and in the middle of the floor were the boxes of work. One girl was stitching wrist-bands, another had a button-hole machine and was getting 50 cents a hundred. A third was making tucked drawers at 20 cents a dozen, and I had a shirt at 6 $\frac{2}{3}$ cents, which I failed to finish in three hours, being unable to manage the machine.

In Tuesday's paper reference was made to the firm of W—H— & Co., as paying 18 cents a pair for making trousers. It was a typographical error and did unintentional injustice to the firm. The lowest prices on their list is 45 cents, and that is for making boys' trousers.

WHILE AMONG CHICAGO'S WEAK SERFS "THE TIMES"
LADY REPORTER FINDS MR. GOSS' "GOOD JEW."

IN A SMALL, DIRTY ROOM FILLED WITH A CROWD OF WOMEN
LIFE SEEMS LIKE A HIDEOUS DREAM.

Two weeks ago Rev. Mr. Goss preached a sermon relative to the morals and progress of the working woman. Among other things he referred to "a good Jew" who, having the comfort of the hundred odd girls in his cloak factory at heart, "provided every day for 1 cent a substantial lunch." I sent the reverend gentleman a note, inclosing a stamp for the address