

smell from within, and viler still is the stench from the closets in and about the yard.

At 12:45 o'clock the hands began to arrive from lunch, first a young Pole, then a Russian, then a German Jew. They wear woolen shirts and do the machine work—do it beautifully, too, and their machines go like the wind. The patriarch in skull cap and slippers goes round the shop looking at one and the other, watching each operator to see that no extra waste of thread is left at the end of the seams. Two more men and then a girl. She does binding, nothing else, and gets \$4 a week. At 1 o'clock six young girls are sitting at a table in the northwest corner of the shop. They have been running. They are hot, full of fun, and one throws the window up. Like a volley from the enemy roll in the closet and stable smells and I move away to escape it. The boss is three minutes late. He is a slight, meek man of 35, with a shirt the color of brown soap, dark trousers and a cheap coat. A light beard covers his mouth and chin, and the expression in his eye has that soft, quiet, gentle quality sometimes seen in cattle and sheep. I tell him I want work.

"Machine?"

"No."

"Can you finish cloaks?"

"Yes."

"Where have you worked?"

"A dozen places. S's, E's, B's, O's, N's, S's, etc."

"Here finish this. I will see what you can do."

"How much?"

"Eight cents, and I pray, Father Abraham, forgive this thy son's oppression."

I am given a chair at the table with the girls. Propped up on slender sticks is a stout cord, on which is a lot of spool-thread—white and black, fine, coarse and medium. Some more of the philosophy of Mr. K's old father-in-law. The

thread is not wasted and the girls are not liable to carry it off. I am given a big cotton and wool—principally cotton—ulster to finish. I work like a lash-driven convict on the facings and collar and cuffs till 4 o'clock, and am almost overcome by the air that floats up from the yard below. It is done and I take it to the boss, who examines it for fully five minutes.

"Too fine. Custom work. Don't need so good on such work. You stay?"

"How much a week?"

"Five dollars. You Christian?"

"Yes."

"Work Sunday?"

"Never!"

"Then I don't want you. Shop closed Saturday. Shop open Sunday."

"How much if I work five days?"

"No, you must work six days, like all."

"Not Sunday. Pay me, please."

I get out. Out past the stable-door, past the children in the manure pile, past the ragged, yellow clothes on the line, past the back door, past swill boxes, and the poor, pale-faced women carrying cloaks to and from neighboring shops, till I reach Twelfth street, where Isaac B. hires me. His shop is over a rag store and the smell is far-reaching. Mr. and Mrs. B. work with the men and girls. There are two rooms, poor light, bad ventilation, low ceilings, disgusting smells from the kitchens, the snarling, fault-finding remarks of the man, the petulance of his wife, the filthy condition of the place and the revolting contiguity of so many people were something not to be endured. I occupied my chair in the dark, crowded room fifteen minutes and left. Like David K's this shop is open all day Sunday.

In the rear of Taylor street I was offered work by a tailor. He had two small rooms in which men and girls were working