

In deference to all this finery, I began with some degree of obsequiousness.

"I beg your pardon; is this Mrs. S.?"

"That's my name," was the answer as she disappeared in a packing box and hauled up a handfull of patterns. Seeing that she did not intend to refer to me, I took a tighter grip on "Homer" and plunged into the fray.

"I made this cloak today and wish to sever my relations with your very excellent establishment," I continued.

"Then put that cloak over on the presser and go."

"I want to be paid."

"You can not. Pay days are the first and fifteenth."

"I will have my pay now. What do you give for the 'Homer'?"

"I do not know."

"Who does?"

Here she screamed to the forewoman to know why she was "troubled by such a creature as this." The party addressed labled me with a few choice epithets in hysterical English, and for an instant I thought Mrs. S. was going to jump on me.

"Give me that cloak," she demanded with heaving breast and swelling nostrils.

"Not until you give me my money," I replied.

She called me insolent, beggarly and worthless, and when I told her that a woman who had been reared a factory girl should have some pity for the class, she was a model for the queen of tragedy.

The audience was speechless and the forewoman so affected that she rattled like an agitated bag full of clothes pins. While the lookers-on were waiting for something to turn up, the elevator ascended and I stepped in the car, still hugging "Homer." I was going to see Mr. S. when his wife raised her voice and jeweled hand and ordered the boy not to take me down. "Homer," the boy, and I stood on the inside of the

wire screen and looked out, and the three women and the book-keeper stood on the outside and looked in.

"Raise the door boy. Your number's 101 isn't it?" An armistice I thought and answered: "You have said it."

"Go and sew on the buttons and get your pay—seventy-five cents."

Miss S. escorted me to the desk, Rosy counted out thirty-six buttons, and I went back to my chair to button "Homer." It was 5:45 o'clock and the hands were beginning to leave. The cashier would be gone, too, in fifteen minutes, and it was not possible to sew on three dozen buttons in that time. However, I had made up my mind not to surrender "Homer" until I was paid. The teacher, bless her fair hair, came and helped me to space the button line, and we had three sewed on when Mrs. S. appeared and mentioned her pride at having been factory-born.

"You need not put those buttons on. I'll make you a present of the work"

I declined her offer and was told to go to the desk and get paid. The book-keeper made out a check and asked for the cloak which I gave up with alacrity. When I got in the elevator the boy asked if I had a pass.

"No."

"Then I'll have to search you."

"For what?"

"Stolen goods."

I defied him to touch me and the presence of the book-keeper averted another war.

At the desk I was identified and received seventy-five cents for making a thirty-five dollar cloak. I went up-stairs again to Mrs. S. and threw five nickles on the board for the unfortunate girl who sewed the buttons on my cloak. The rest of my wages I gave to the teacher, the only person connected with the firm of J. S. & Co. who showed me any kindness.