good-sized ash-pile. G. rapped for entrance, but there was so much noise within that the door remained fast. When the Spaniard left me I turned the knob and came upon a big boy who was tickling his colaborers. The girls were flying around the empty room and their pursuer had both screeching. The fun came to a stop the moment I went in, and the young people gladly told me all I cared to know about the business. All they did was to "strip"—just pull the stem or mid-rib from the leaf and put it in a "book-filler." I could get $4 a week and steady work and the next year $6. My informant, a little girl of fifteen years, has been in the shop two years and earned $6.50 a week. She told me she was the oldest hand in the shop; that she could "strip" as fast as a man, and put the ribbon bands about the box before they were boxed.

At 12:45 o'clock I went into the shop and was given a chair in front of a barrel filled with bunches of tobacco called "hands" and lined with gunny-cloth. There was a little tin pail of brown water for wetting I don't know what near my chair, and on the other side a pine board three feet long and sixteen inches wide. When the tobacco leaves were stripped and laid on the board it was dubbed a "book filler" and carried off to the next room. In the shop with us were some eighteen men or more rolling the "fillers," putting on the wrappers, shaping the cigars with a broad knife, and securing the ends. Along the table some of the men were smoking and others chewing some with their hats on, and all in their shirt-sleeves. They were negroes, Swedes, a Chinaman, Germans, and Spaniards, whose influence on the lives of the young girls, while not really harmful, could hardly be called beneficial. I stripped leaves enough to enable me to take in the social condition of the inmates, the bad light, impure atmosphere, the choking smell of tobacco, and the photographs and prints cut from sensational papers that were tacked on the smoke-stained walls.

From the cigar factory I went to the E. U. Co. on Fifth avenue, and sat for half an hour while the forewoman scolded a pale-faced girl who wore mourning. She had brought back a dozen chemises for which the house paid two dollars, but the work was soiled in the making—machine oil having wet the cotton—and the forewoman refused to take it.

"What shall I do?" she asked the woman, with a voice as sad as her face.

"What does anybody do with dirty things? You will either have to pay for laundering the garments or rip out the greasy sewing and stitch with clean thread."

Then the girl was left alone by the manager, who went up to the other end of the counter to get trimmings for six dozen chemises that a tall young Swede girl was waiting for. The forewoman wore a blue dress of plaid design, with a Marseilles vest buttoned in it, and of seven rings on her left hand six were set with what appeared to be diamonds. She had jewels at her chin and in her ears and hair. She measured off the lace edging and the tape and insertion and gave minute directions about fullness and the finish. The six dozen garments were bundled up by Mr. H., the proprietor, and the elevator carried her and her load to the pavement below. The seamstress told me she lived at home, and with the help of her mother made twelve dollars a week.

"It is very hard work though," she said, for we sew day and night. I had rather do it than work down in a shop, for I have more self-respect. All the girls are not good and very few are in a position to go with respectable people. They go with bad company and their language is bad. Sometimes in the winter they dance till daylight and go from the hall to the shop. I don't blame them. The life of a girl who has nothing to depend on but her needle is at best a hard one. Still I don't like to be with a crowd of factory girls if I can help it. The manager and superintendent are obliged to be strict, but