

She was a pretty woman, by the way, with a good face and a shock of beautiful auburn hair. She had been in her position for six years and was drawing a salary of \$35 a week. The girls had a good word for her generally, but she struck me as being a woman without heart. At her appearance I was given a basketful of jerseys to finish button-holes. I worked like a Trojan for an hour, at the end of which I won the heart of a little girl who sat at the end of my table facing the wall. She had been sitting still so long that I called out and asked if she were ill.

"No. I haven't any work."

Tired almost to exhaustion and as hot as a newly-built mustard plaster I was only too glad of a chance to transfer my interests, but she declined. It was too hot to work; she was going away soon, she said, and didn't care to do any more.

"When did I begin? Today. I worked in a box-factory, but it was so dull I could not earn 16 cents a day. My mother wants me to pay her \$2.50 a week board, but how could I with 96 cents. This is no better. I came at 8 this morning, and I have only made 11 cents. I am 21. Beaux? Yes, some. I have one steady fellow, but I don't know if he will marry me. I hope he will."

She told me he earned \$75 a month as telegraph operator on the board of trade; that he was "steady as a steeple, and the only fellow she ever loved."

I told her how to go about catching the prosperous telegrapher and rehashed a recipe given me by no less a personage than Mrs. John M. Sherwood, which I had never tried. She was going to a picnic at Garfield park at 6 o'clock, and brought over a 25-cent chocolate cake to show me. Then she loaned me her scissors, told me good-by, and went home to dress for the fete.

Nothing of any importance occurred till someone passed the news that a girl was sleeping in the closet. Half a dozen left

their machines to look at her, Hannah, my mentor, among them.

"Oh, you just ought to see her fast asleep with her mouth open." It was more than I could stand. I threw my button-holes in the basket and went to the toilet-room. Sure enough there was the poor girl sitting in the dirty place, her head resting against a folded apron, breathing in the foul air that reeked with filth and disease. The walls of the closet were black with pencil marks, the floor was strewn with lint and thread, and the pale face of the sleeper looked ghastly in the darkness. She had tied one end of a string to the latch and the other to the drop chain.

"My dear child, you musn't sleep here. Are you sick?"

"Oh I am so sick."

Instantly there were a dozen willing hands to help her out to a window where a chair was placed for her. We rubbed her temples, chafed her hands, bathed her head, and got her some lemons. After making her toilet she came over to my table, and as I sewed away at my button-holes she told me her story.

"Rose and I are only six months in this country. We came from England with our brother and live on Carpenter street. The climate doesn't agree with me and I am sick all the time. At first we worked in Marshall Field's, and Rose and I made fringe. We got \$7 a week and were so happy. It was awful nice there. We didn't have to pay for drinking water or anything; there were lots of towels, whole cakes of soap, and oh, it was so clean. We had a foreman over us, and he was as good as a brother to us. Sometimes we let our money lay and drew it in a pile; oh, such a lot it was! We put away very much of it. But I got sick and all we 'ad saved went for doctor and medicine. Then the work stopped. They took our names though and promised to send for us in the fall. For a while we worked in the box factory, but liked to starve.