

chair-scarf and was given a ten-cent p. m. That paid my car-fare. I learned that plenty of the girls had earned various sums in this way. And received one dollar p. m. on a lace counterpane, another twenty-five cents on a French plastron, and the girl in the silk stock was literally coining commissions. At five o'clock I waylaid Mr. E. and begged for a transfer.

"Why?"

"Well, I'm tired. I would like to try hosiery or parasols or flannels," I told him, for the real truth was I fancied something less prominent. I wanted to get off in a corner or down cellar away from a possible acquaintance. He promised to look about and returned shortly to "fetch me to the glove department. It's in charge of a very nice young fellow and perhaps you can marry him." Admitting that that was the height of my ambition, I followed and was presented to Mr. L., a very nice-looking gentleman and much nicer than he looked. He bowed with the grace of a Burr and remarked, "You havn't had any experience."

"Oh yes, I have been in the employ of Mr. P. all day."

"Well," with a little ha, ha "I'll try you at the twenty-five cent glove. Right in there." Right in there was not much wider than the extremes of a tom cat's whiskers, but I squeezed in, dislocating my bustle and Psyche knot and found myself at the very entrance of the big front door. There was nothing to do but put my pride in my pocket and saw wood, and I set about selling out before closing up. It was a good day for silk mitts and they sold like hot cakes. I did a rushing business and had the head of the department railroading my checks.

I had sold about six pairs when he came over and told me I was a bully clerk.

"I'll have to keep you here. Tell Mr. P. to hire some other girl."

"Thank you, but I don't think I hanker to stay."

"Why?"

"The pay doesn't suit for the work expected of me."

"How much are you getting?"

"Nothing for six weeks."

"Oh, no you are not."

"I beg your pardon."

"Nothing! No pay for six weeks?"

"Those are the terms on which Mr. P. engaged me."

"How much do you want to come in this stock and sell my goods?"

"Couldn't be hired under ten dollars a week and want a raise when the season opens."

"You shall have it. Come around in the morning—eight o'clock—and I'll go through the stock with you. You can go home now."

I told Mr. P. of my success and he congratulated me and said:

"Just the sort of a girl we want. Anyone with pluck can get on."

"For six weeks with nothing?"

As I made my weary way to the elevator the girls were sweeping out and preparing to leave. In the toilet-room I found twenty of them or more washing at the one small sink and drying their faces and hands in pocket handkerchiefs and petticoats. There were three towels on the rollers but they dripped.

A few had powder rags and made up because there was no more convenient way of getting the dirt off.

The only sign or rule in the entire establishment was the one posted in the lunch-room. It read: "Please take as little time as necessary for lunch today."