

No. 314 I met Mrs. S. The family lives up-stairs in a cottage and on the ground floor is the shop, which is entered from the back yard via the kitchen.

In the latter apartment was a splendid, big range, brightly polished. A couple of Swedes were pressing at a side table. In the front room were the machine girls, nice, healthy creatures, selected no doubt for their enduring quality. Nothing but the boards in the floor protected their place from the damp soil, and while everything was scrupulously neat the facilities for rheumatism were largely superior to those for health, comfort and light. Wages varied. Mr. S. was away, but his salary sheet was safe in his wife's keeping. "Some girls earn so much and some not so much, and that's how it is," she said. One of her oldest hands told me she worked "like a slave for \$4.50 and never get more than \$5. He won't let you."

Mr. H——, of Cleveland avenue, has not mastered the English language, but knows all about the values of American labor, since he gets it as low as \$1 a week.

His establishment is in a rear building adjoining his residence. Ascending a flight of wooden stairs I found myself on a landing, from which one door led to the H. kitchen and another down four steps to the shop. The sewers numbered possibly thirty, in all stages of poverty. They worked as though salvation depended on industry, and all the time I remained not a word was spoken. The girls made signs when a spool of thread or a skein of twist was wanted. From every window a different house was visible, some of them being nothing more than mere sheds, in all of which were young children and mothers.

H. didn't want any more help. I sought him through his wife, but found him so sullen that out of pity for her I took an early dismissal. It made me very unhappy to see the poor girls slaving over their work, ruining their eyes, health and appearance by the faulty positions in which they sat. It needed no

quizzing to learn that the salaries received were very poor, for there was not a decent pair of shoes nor a tidy dress in the whole assembly.

In the rear of Cleveland avenue is a two-story wood shed, on the upper floor of which Herr K—— and half a hundred employes work on "shop" clothing and make money. That is, C. makes it. At the foot of the stores leading from the back yard is a little kennel, from which a ferocious watch-dog bounded and nearly scared me into a fit. The "boss" was "out on the front sidewalk" the foreman told me. He offered to call him, but I protested, and, seating myself on the edge of a press-stand, surveyed the room. Girls all around sewing with slavish speed and convict silence. Everything silent as the tomb but the trembling machines. Girls in calico rags and woolen rags and one with a neat little three-cent cotton suit and a pink ribbon about her neck. A child of a dozen years or so goes round the room with drinking-water. The four men wear slippers and clay pipes and press without ceasing the cheap John and cottony pants and vests. All the windows are wide open and at the very level of their sills I count the roofs of seven foul-smelling closets.

K. is middle-aged, with a complexion like pork tenderloin and a limited knowledge of English. He manages to make me understand that I have no show, and I make my farewell appearance and open at S.'s on Mohawk street. That gentleman uses his wife for a mouth-piece and his kitchen for a factory. Only three girls at work. Rest have laid off till next week. They have pantaloons for the millions about the room, stacked in piles of five feet high, for finishing which girls get 6 cents, or 30 cents a day.

At Eugenie street I find another shop in which the girls are packed like cattle in a freight car. The "boss" doesn't want to try me and I'm glad of it.

I take a walk down Larrabee street. * At O.'s on S. street