This rather ambiguous motto hung above the hat rack: "In order to protect the lunches of our *employes* no eating is allowed till 12 o'clock. Anyone breaking this rule will be fined."

Another legend informed the army of martyrs that J. S. & C. had no goods at retail. Anyone wanting to purchase must ask Mr. S. Apropos of the subject I learned that a girl paid $14 for a garment that I feel sure could have been bought for $9 in any retail house. She took it on the easy payment plan, and for three months lived on tea-dust and broken crackers. "The tea was 15 cents a pound," she told me, "and I got the crackers at a Thirteenth street bakery, two pounds for 5 cents. It was a heavy cloak, though, and I had it on the bed nights. What did I do with my money? Oh! God, but you're fresh. One dollar and fifty cents for the room, 60 cents for three baskets of coal, 30 cents for car-fare, $1 for the housekeeping and $1 to S. for cloak. Sometimes I only made $6 in two weeks, and often when it rained or snowed I took the car home, and then I run behind."

I finished my cloak about 5.20 o'clock and carried it to the desk to see about having it examined. I showed it to Miss S.

"Your work is very neat," she said, "and you have nice corners. Now I'll try you on a jacket."

"Thank you: I guess I won't work any more. If you will get me the buttons I'll sew them on and go home.

She called me her dear, told me to try a month or so, that I could earn four dollars a week before next year, and finally said that she couldn't give me the buttons because the cloak had to go down stairs to the pressers.

"Well I'll wait until it comes up."

"But it won't come up maybe for a week," she remarked.

"How will I get my pay, then?"

"You can't get paid till the 1st. Go and see the forelady."

That party told me to go away and let her alone.



"But I have no car-fare," I said by way of molification. Without molifying a bit, she asked:

"What's that to me? I ain't no car company."

"I am not going to work here any more. I want to go home. I live far out and must have car-fare. Won't you take my order-ticket and advance me thirty-five cents?"

"Thanks. I take no orders from you," and giving her wiry features another twist she left me. "Rosy" called for the cloak which I hugged in my arms and refused to surrender. I carried my woolly burden to the book-keeper, told my trouble, and asked for an order for my pay.

"I can't give you an order" said that party. "We don't pay but twice a week. See Mrs. S."

Mrs. S. runs the shop and runs it with shrewdness. A dozen or fifteen years ago she graduated from a local factory to become the wife of Mr. S. She has a beautiful home up on Dearborn avenue, and several children, all of whom are cared for by competent servants. Mr. S. manages the business and Mrs. S. bosses the cutters, the pressers, the finishers, the operators, the clerks, forewomen, and models connected with the factory. She is a yellow-haired little woman with a sharp voice, a trim, graceful figure, generous jeweled hands and features that were not addicted to relaxation. And her eyes! Nothing escapes them, sewing or sewers. Nothing goes that is not right—"precisely right" to use her own words. Every girl has a number which is put on the cloak she is to make. If there is a flaw or a false stitch in the work, all Mrs. S. has to do is to scream out the number on the ticket and the hapless girl advances with more or less timidity for the never-failing tongue-lashing—alias corrections.

While I stood at the book-keeper's desk with the finished "Homer" in my arms Mrs. S. appeared. She was gorgeous in black satin with a goblin blue basque trimmed with gold lace and fastened at the throat with a gold serpentine brooch.