

two more had been cut in the west wall, without supplying the needs of the round-shouldered workers, not a few of whom had defective sight.

The distribution of a pair of closets and a brace of sinks in no way enhanced their value, for at noon-time the girls stood in line and waited for their turn to get near them.

The sink at which I tried to fix my toilet was filled with dirty water, in which the little girls washed, drying on their own or a neighbors apron. There was a towel but it had exhausted its usefulness.

The shirts were knitted by machines—thirteen or more little girls standing before the conical bobbins simply to keep the threads from getting tangled. These children were on their feet all day and at noon they sat on the floor and ate their lunches, leaning against the straps and legs of the knitters. Whatever these girls may have been in years—in face, form, size and strength they were little more than infants.

Pale? Yes; bleached by confinement and thin as reeds from loss of sleep, loss of sunshine, of pure air, of wholesome food, and of play. Many of them had to be up at five o'clock in the morning, and all at six to get to the shop by seven. In return for their service they are paid three dollars a week, or five cents an hour. Poor indeed is the home that must depend on such a mean compensation for all that is lost to the child—health, vigor, youth.

The machine-girls who trimmed the little woolen glove-fitting shirts were paid by the piece, most of them earning seventy-five cents a day and a few one dollar. So far as I could learn all the hands lived at home and each was one of a large family. They were mostly of foreign extraction, but not a few American families were represented by little sisters or daughters who were working for five and ten cents an hour to buy ribbons and theater tickets. To be just, they were in the minority; the vast army of youthful martyrs worked that

younger brothers and sisters might have bread and shoes and a shelter.

Here is some of the talk I overheard:

"How are you feeling, Maggie?"

"I'm terribly sick, I can tell you. I slept with plasters on my feet, and I havn't sat down all morning. My mother told me to come home this noon if they kept me running and I didn't feel well. No, I guess I'll try and stay. I'm savin' up for a cloak and have only four dollars so far."

Another child: "Didn't have hardly no lunch 'cause it was six when mother called me, and I eat my breakfus with her buttin' my clothes, and shoved what I could in my box. There's no butter on this, and I didn't get no meat, but I don't care, mother's goin' to make me pancakes tonight."

Still another wished "they'd permote" her, because she had had nothing to wear since the rent was raised. The evening before they "went for chips and got loads of blocks from the pavement."

Hanging about were the usual rules and regulations relative to punctuality and property. One requiring that a three-days' notice preparatory to leaving, under penalty of forfeiting a week's salary, had greater prominence than the rest.