

would command, were there an open market price for it. Mr. Schloss then draws attention to the report for last year of the Chief Inspector of Factories, and the valuable account therein given of the social condition of factory and workshop female operatives in the central metropolitan district. This gentleman, Mr. Lakeman, is well known as the *beau ideal* of an inspector—with such energy, tact, and thoroughness does he perform his most routine duties. He has succeeded in obtaining, and in his report gives a table showing the wages paid to female workers in more than fifty distinct branches of industry. The enormous and unique value of this table may be understood when it is stated to be “based on actual figures shown in wage-books of manufacturers, and by statements of masters and hands.”

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SPEAKING broadly of the report, it may be said that it divides all workwomen into two classes: those who use the sewing machine in some form or other, and those who do not; the former are, generally speaking, accounted skilled workpeople; the latter unskilled. That will be a revelation to most people, who think that working a machine looks a much more simple matter, and must be less skilled than work requiring deft fingers to do it. But the report clearly shows that the machines require considerable experience to work efficiently, and do so much in every branch of trade, that what sewing is left to be done by hand requires no special knowledge. Remembering Hood's “Song of a Shirt,” it is pleasant to hear that wages in this department have become sensibly increased of late years. But what must they have been formerly, when it appears that even now the wages given by “first-class houses” are from 14s. to 18s. for machinists, from 9 a.m. to 7 p.m., and for machine-made button holes, 15s. a week? In regard, however, to the lowest quality of shirts, it appears that a machinist by close work can make a dozen a day, and only receives one shilling for them.

### “MRS. HARRIS'S” REFLECTIONS.

No. 4.—ON DUTY.

IT may be unpleasant—anything we don't like generally is; it may be irksome—work is allus believed to be sich; it may be harrassing—well, the world's full o' harrassments, and we all gets our shares, and why shouldn't we, says I; shares and shares alike is my motto, and when you gets the bad, sandwich the little o' good you have in stock with it, for it's all the better for the flavour bein' mollyfied a bit.

Some people never seems to know exactly what duty consists ov, for they believes that all they have to do is to get through a certain amount o' work and then go and draw their pay, satisfyin' their con-

sciences and themselves that they have done quite the right and proper thing; pride in doin' their work is out o' the question altogether. Pride, indeed! They never has no pride, bless yer, unless they gets a clean collar and a new hat, and then you mus'nt speak to them until the gloss is worn off.

Doin' things for the pleasure ov doin' 'em doesn't seem to be English much, nowadays; doin' 'em because we're obliged to do 'em is the nineteenth sentury sort o' sentiment, and which is all-powerful at present.

Ask a man back for the favour you granted him—tell him to do such and such a thing to clear it off, and he thinks about it, looks at it, turns it over, sniffs at it, sits besides it, lingers on it, and wonders what he's going to get out ov it, and couldn't he draw somethin' on account like; then they all says as how it's only a proper, commercial spirit and very necessary.

And duty—or rather a want o' duty—is the bottom ov it all. Had that man done what he ought to have done, you wouldn't have had to have asked him.

I believe some folk have such a lack o' duty, but such a liberal supply o' what they call business-like ideas of things, that I wonders they don't want to make a contract with the parson whose church they attends as a kind o' guarantee that their going there regularly will be of service to 'em, and get 'em somewhere in the front row at the finish.

Duty is a short word, and its descriptshun almost as short. This is the receipt, and it's simple enough. Take all the things that has to be done—the nasty ones, the vexing ones, the teasing ones, the unsatisfactory ones, and any few pleasant ones which you may have on the premises, put 'em into a heap—and they make a pretty big sort ov a heap sometimes—roll up your sleeves, and *do* 'em.

### WHAT TO READ.

“BOBBY.”—*Saturday Review*, April 28th (page 496).

REALITY AND ROMANCE.—*Spectator*, April 28th (page 569).

TECHNICAL EDUCATION IN BOARD SCHOOLS.—By Miss Devenport-Hill.—*The Contemporary Review*, May.

### THE OPINIONS OF OTHERS.

THE *Nursing Record* is a new venture, the first weekly number of which appeared on April 5. It is described as a journal for nurses and a chronicle of hospital and institution news. It is, of course, an outcome of the rapidly increasing interest in such works as it relates to, and it seems likely to prove a useful addition to the literature of its class.—*Queen*.

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