

"If you please, ma'am, Miss Chip were quite right. I couldn't be a waiter if I tried ever so hard. I upset the milk on Mr. Gold-spray's table-cloth, I dropped the forks and knives, I broke a jug, and I somehow slid a pork chop off the plate fair on to Mr. Rogers' clean uniform—and that *was* a misfortune. I bought a new jug, and I'm certain I cried tears enough to wash Mr. Rogers' whole suit. Then I asked the missus if I might trade work with Emily. Emily's one of them lucky girls as can turn a hand to anything. So we traded work; and I *can* scrub. I was up at five. Don't the place look tidy? I'll get along if I don't let my brooms and brushes fall, and upset the scrub-pail too often. What makes me so unlucky, I'm sure, is my misfortunes when I were little. My mother drank, ma'am, and she was allus shyin' things, not much matter what, whether coals or knives, or stick or rags, at us young 'uns, and cuffin' us over the 'eads, and that kept us dodgin' and so scared like, our wits nearly left us. When Miss Chip were on the point of turnin' me off, along of the chop on Mr. Rogers' uniform, I up and sobs out as how I had been brung up and made awk'ard. Sez she, 'There, Jane, I know how *that* goes. You'll bide here if I have to keep you in a corner doin' nothin'.'"

Escaping from Jane, we entered the eating-house, just as a squad of twenty boys and girls, flower and paper sellers and shoeblacks, filed out from behind the long board placed as a table on one side of the room, and each, passing Miss Chip's desk, laid down a penny with a "Mornin', Miss Chip."

"You don't understand that kind of living," said Miss Chip. "Those youngsters get bread and coffee, bread and soup, bread and stew, alternately. Sundays they each get a bowl of oatmeal porridge and milk. They have two meals a day. Sometimes they get flush, and sit down at one of the tables, and order tripe and potatoes, or roast meat with gravy. These other meals cost them a penny each. So they live, and thrive tolerably, on about five cents daily."

"Miss Chip do you make this pay? Can you feed the poor public at a temperance eating-house in this way, and make a living at it?"

"I've got a hundred and twenty *pound* in bank, put by, out of this business, in four years," said Miss Chip.

"About one hundred and fifty *dollars* gains, net, a year. It is not large, but many would wonder that you did not get one hundred and fifty dollars loss."

"I'll make more after this," said Miss Chip. "I've had about a hundred pounds of 'stock to buy—tables, dishes, bedding—I have ten lodgers. I set up with less outfit than I needed, but I'm furnished now."

"It would do me much good to hear you explain how you do it. I have known dozens of temperance eating-houses to fail. Our ladies try to keep them up in poor neighbourhoods, and find that they run behind, so that they must be closed. How do you do it?"

"Why, if I was a *lady*, or a *committee*, I suppose I'd fail, too," said Miss Chip. "It needs a constant eye to the work, and a work-