PHOSSY
PHACTS
Tuesday 25th August 1891

Dear Diary,

I haven’t written for a while but I must tell you about my new job. A very strange thing happened last week at the factory. A man called Colonel James Barker came to visit us. He didn’t really tell us much about himself but told us he was visiting on behalf of someone called General Booth from The Salvation Army.

He asked lots of questions about work and before I knew it I found myself working at his new factory. Well, what a difference. General Booth is a wonderful man to work for. The factory I’m working in is lovely – very clean and airy and well-lit so I can see what I’m doing now.

He’s even provided a kettle and tea-pot so we can have a break to eat our sandwiches and make a lovely cup of Rosie Lee.

There’s a hundred of us working here at the moment and, do you know what, all of us receive decent wages – one third above the rate I used to earn in the other factory.

The main thing I love about working here is that I’m now not in any danger of getting ‘phossy jaw’ because instead of using poisonous yellow phosphorus to make the match heads we now use red phosphorus – the good news is – it won’t do me any harm at all.

So, there is a brighter side to life, after all!

Life was hard for Victorian match girls. They faced many problems in their work place with no reward to show for their efforts. Read on to find out why Bessie looks so miserable.

William Booth, the founder of The Salvation Army, helped factory workers in many ways. Read Bessie’s diary to find out how her life changed.