

MORNING, AUGUST 1, 1888.

STRUCK BY LIGHTNING

Three Little Children and a Woman of the South Side* Quite Badly Burned and Shocked.

They Were Mrs. Rupp, Her Son and
Daughter, and Mary Harry, Another
Little Girl on a Visit.

Although Greatly Stupefied by the Effects of
the Shock the Doctor Apprehends No
Fatal Results.

Three little children were quite severely shocked by lightning yesterday afternoon. They were Johnny and Mary Rupp, aged 7 and 4 years, respectively, living at 2808 Cottage Grove avenue, and 7-year-old Mary Harry of 2628 14th-4th place, who was visiting at the Rupp house. The three children received the shock while they were seated in an open window facing the south. Mrs. Rupp, who was in the back yard taking down some clothes from the line, also received a stroke which scorched one of her arms and dazed her.

It was a few minutes before 4 o'clock when the whole city was startled by the repeated crashes and terrific explosions of thunderbolts that seemed loud enough to still the noise from a thousand cannons and violent enough to make far greater havoc. The flash of lightning which preceded each thundering echo was almost blinding.

Mrs. Rupp heard the cries of the children in which there were mingled pain and terror. She hurried to the second floor and found the three children lying upon the floor screaming, but seeming as though unable to move. She threw cold water in their faces and prevailed upon them to be in a measure quiet. They complained of pains, and then Mrs. Rupp noticed for the first time that the face of her boy was scorched, while her little girl was found to be quite severely burned about the abdomen and legs. The little girl, who was visiting was burned about the breast and arms. Their clothing was but slightly scorched at the place where the lightning seemed to have entered.

A doctor who was called in apprehended no fatal results, although the children were stupefied from the effects of the stroke. It was a curious case of lightning. It spread about the whole house and caught Mrs. Rupp who was on the opposite side from the children. The house is a frame building, and was not insured, and no traces of lightning were discovered about the fence or trees.

THE DAILY TIMES delivered by carrier 12
cents per week.

An Infuriated Animal Bites Four Boys in the Town of Lake.

A mad dog ran amuck through the town of Lake yesterday and bit four little boys besides frightening any number of other people half to death. He was first seen near School and Fifty-first streets, but it was not till he bolted down La Salle street that he attracted much notice. Then he appeared savage. He snapped and barked and his sides were heaved with foam from his jaws.

Near Fifty-first street he jumped at Letter-Carrier J.-J. Donahue. Donahue had his bag with him and as the dog leaped hit him a crack on the head that knocked him back into the street. The letter-carrier found a refuge and the dog went down the street. Louis Twombly of 1451 Dearborn street was his first victim. The brute bit Twombly in the leg before he could get out of the way. Then the dog went into the next block and tore Ray Kehne's back. Ray lives at 5102 State street.

SHUT UP BY THE SHERIFF.

Deputy Sheriff Spears, escorted by Mr. John Mackin and a custodian from the sheriff's office, entered the Revere house at noon yesterday and took possession.

"All right," replied the clerk, mournfully, and Mr. Spears departed, leaving a custodian sitting like death at the feast, where he could see the desk, the cafe, and the bar-room.

"Are we under arrest?" was another question Mr. Fanning had to answer over and over again. One man tried to escape by means of

the fire-ladder when he heard that a deputy sheriff was down-stairs. About 1 o'clock the guests began to fly from the hotel with their grip-sacks in hand and the evacuation continued till sundown when only about twenty-five remained under the roof. Boarders who came in late were met with the unvarying salutation: "Our business connection ceases now, Mr. So-and-So," and the standing-line explanation followed.

The Revere has been the stopping place of nearly all the theatrical companies that have come to town in the last eight years. While the wealthy stars were putting up at expensive and stylish downtown hotels the utility men, the under-studies, the chorus, the ballet, and all the less fortunate horde of players slept and ate without the walls of the Revere house. The place was always full of "old ladies" and first walking "men" and "serio-comics" with and without jobs. Another source of revenue—and a more important one—came from a rival hotel on the corner of the street, conducted by Mrs. Fannin. When the two theatres, and something better than Mr. Fox's first class soup, they sent over to the Revere house. A fortunate crook, an expert bank robber, an audacious foot-pat duffer, all the delicious morsels prepared by Mr. Fannin's chef, while others less successful, less experienced, or less fortunate, in the adjoining cells were chinking over hard bread and encased

coffee. Milkowski's last breakfast of ham and eggs, Zeph Davis' last salad came from the Revvere house. The "boddlers" had three meals a day brought over from the hotel. The cook who prepared the meals, eaten by the anarchist jury did a singular service for them when the jury had condemned. "Parsons has cigar, Spies' last glass of wine came across Michigan street. Many of the jail and criminal court officials stayed with Landlor Fanning, and all the juries were boarded at his house. The building has been standing since 1874. Until the fire a little frame house marked "The Belcast House" adjoined the corner of Clark and Michigan streets. Thomas Mackin owns the corner, and from the proprietorship of a ten-room boarding-house he has risen to the height that a man occupies who has two millions in money and property. He put up the Revvere house in 1874. Part of the material of the old courthouse went into the building which E. S. Pinney leased to one. The hotel was under Mr. Pinney's management till four years ago, when he sold out to Mr. Fanning. Mr. Fanning has been in the hotel business for twenty-three years and is widely known at that line. He began in 1865 as a boy at the Tremont house, and since then has been connected with the Commercial, the Palmer, and the Briggs. He sold his half-interest in the last-named house to Frank Upham before taking the Revvere house.

"The trouble is all due to Mr. Thomas Mackin," he said last evening. "When I took the house I promised to make certain repairs in the drainage system and he has never kept the promise. The result is that over one hundred guests have left the house on account of sewer-gas and two suits are now pending against Mr. Mackin and myself jointly for injury from the same cause." A year ago I told him that I had sued him for \$25,000 damages and I will begin another suit tomorrow. I had three chances to sell out and each one was destroyed by his acts. One man offered me \$40,000 and Mr. Mackin immediately doubled the rent on him. Another offered me \$35,000 and Mr. Mackin refused to give him a lease for less than \$17,000—\$35,000 a year more than what I was getting at the time. I could not go on to suit the hotel and Mr. Mackin refused to come forward with the rent. While I was talking to his lawyer to pay John Mackin to the office, saying he was going to telegraph the Iowa parties who had made the last offer, I went direct to the sheriff's office."

Thomas Mackin is in Europe and his son has charge of his business affairs. Said the latter

Startling Experiences of "The Times"
Lady Reporter in the Factory
of Julius Stein & Co.

Left in a Foul and Filthy Corner of the
Workroom Until Outraged Na-
ture Succumbs.

**After Hours of Drudgery the
Bosses Refuse to Advance Car-
Fare to a Needy Serf.**

Vile Act, Brutality, and the Privilege
of Earning Barely Enough to Keep
Soul and Body Together.

Eating Poor Crackers and Working for Two Months in Order to Get a Pair of Shoes.

One of the chance acquaintances I made at the never-rip jersey factory worked three days for Julius Stein & Co., 122 Market street, received 65 cents for her labors about ten days after leaving. One-third of 65 cents is 21 2/3 cents.

That is the way Stein & Co. solve the problem; but the question is one that capital, Christianity, and civilization are invited to analyze.

"Don't never go to Stein's," the little girl said, "it's an awful place."

On Saturday I tumbled out of bed at 6 a. m. and donned my factory clothes. On the way down-town the street-car met with a eight-minute obstruction in the shape of a load of bricks, and when I reached the manufacturing establishment of Julius Steiner & Co. it was 8:32 o'clock. The elevator took me up one story and I was told to "get out." I told the boy at the rope that I wished to go up to the work room.

"You're too late," he said. "Have to take the freight elevator down at the back of the store."

Down I walked as directed past long tables that towered with long cloaks, dolman ulsters, jackets, and short wraps; past two or three busy, unobserving clerks; past a pair of forbidding-looking men who glared at me from under their black hats and black brows; past an earthen-gray string crash towel that waved at me like a mast above a dirty wash-basin; past a tier of closets that emitted a stifling odor, and on down to the packing room. I waited for a big, lusty packer to finish pummelling the mischievous little Swede who ran the elevator and was carried up to the top floor with a box of clothes. When the car landed I found myself at the extreme end of a room 50x180 feet, in an inclosure of wire-fence, packing-boxes, and cutting-boards—beyond and between which I could see perhaps two hundred persons, mostly women, busy over machines, and working as only slaves ever work. The thundering roar of the machinery deafened me, and the heat, even that made by the cutters as they ran their heavy shears through the *wool* in *wool*ings. Sixteen persons passed me—men in undershirts, trousers, and slippers, with work in their hands; men in business suits, with work in their brains; girls in rags and death-like pallor, with work in their arms; older and paler girls and older and paler women, some with work

[illegible]

that he was right about the law and the dog went in Kehne's back.

The excitement caused by the trial was immense. People got in line to see the trial, and the courtroom was packed. The judge, Judge J. B. McQuinn, read the verdict. The jury found the defendants guilty and sentenced them to life in prison. The trial was a landmark event in the history of the civil rights movement.

four years in the penitentiary," he verily ought to read "guilty of larceny,"

Asst. State's Atty. Neely. "There's an amount for receiving stolen property,"

it isn't necessary so to state," said the

"use me, your honor," said State's Atty. meeker, "but the supreme court has held is necessary in such cases,"

supreme court has not held any such a," said Judge Hawes.

"is reported in the 104th Illinois, your honor,"

and for the report. You don't know what talking about."

"I don't know what I am talking about. I don't know whether the court does or not."

"here, I don't want any such talk as that on, Mr. You don't read the law."

"I don't read the law, and it was only the other day that I showed the court the law in a case," he didn't remember it."

"I don't want to hear from you, Mr. Longenecker. If you say any more, I shall fine you."

"I can fine me if you choose, I don't care. I offered to show you in a friendly way —"

"I'll hear no more from you, I said,"

"right."

"book was brought in," and the state's attorney that the judge was wrong.

HEROIC MORRIS CASEY.

Plays His Own Life to Save the Lives of Two Other Persons.

Morris Casey of the town of Lake de-

could be driven under a "bullet

Fifty-third streets and killed.

were cauterized.

*** WILL GEORGIA**

Senator Joseph Brown

Certain Railway Belong

ATLANTA, Ga., July 31.

added to the political campaign by the publication of the report of the Atlantic Railroad, Niles road, which belongs to the state company by Senator Joseph E. among its members Hon. S. H. B. Plant, and other prominent men that time the road increased in value by betterment of its structure was in session. Attention to the betterment of arrangement be made for their benefit on the road expired, bonded indignation among the newspapers. The legisl pointed a commission to take road. The report of that commission today. Its striking feature recognizes the existence of a detailed statement of what the value of these betterment. Now the question is, Georgia, with this property is titled by their own commission or will they, because they their power, grab the whole of the road, instead of

perkins risked his life to save the lives of two persons yesterday. When they began to drown in Lake Casey, Perkins risked his life to save them. He was awarded a medal for bravery in Lake Casey ought to be the first one minted.

Standish is at the foot east crossing of the Sh. Fort Wayne, and Western Indiana railroad. The place is a net of tracks, engines and passenger trains constantly coming along.

At 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon a young man and a girl tried to get across in a buggy on a south-bound Wabash train. Right in the middle of crossing the horse started and

face of the engine. The driver not control the horse and engineer could not stop the engine. Casey the dancer of a bloody accident, and running the train was only a few yards away from the horse by the bill and backed the buggy

track. As he did so the engine struck him over him from the ground. He fell against a wheel and was carried two blocks away to a third street before the wheels could be stopped. His boots were torn from his feet and injuries to his body are very serious, although he will live. The couple whose lives he saved were taken to the hospital.

WHO WAS THE VILLAIN?

O'Donnell went into his back yard Monday evening and whistled for his dog, Robert

himself. No Robert Bruce responded to his summons. "You say you've seen Bob?" the captain asked the boy in the alley.

"I said the boy, 'I seen de dawgcatcher sneak on him an' he wuz fired into der

door locked, he drew his pocket watch and with such effect that in less than five minutes Cochran lay dead on the ground. The brothers were mortally hurt. The blow with a bar that broke the

ose of Robert Bruce was rubbed against his Under the in
ers. The pound-keeper had discovered the. Employed an am

A Mad Dog's Severe Victim.

Matrimony
Monticello, Ill., July 31.—Humphrey of Monticello, Ill. Esq. of this county, were married at Harrisburg, Pa. Mr. Hunt called to the superintendent of the Indiana Normal school.

... developed symptoms of the disease.

le half to death. and Fifty-first and down La Salle notice. Then he and barked and from his jaws. mped at Letter-Carnd his bay with him a crack on the to the street. The e dog went down the corner street e Twenty-third f the way. Then ck and tore it ay State street. mad dog's career. The street and

They went after the falling to hit the man and biting. He Burke before he was at La Salle and the boys' wounds

the office, saying he was going to telegraph the Iowa parties who had made the last offer. He went direct to the sheriff's office."

Mr. Fanning's liabilities are about \$20,000, and half the amount he owes to Mr. Mackin.

Thomas Mackin is in Europe and his son has charge of his business affairs. Said the latter: "We had to do this to protect ourselves. My father was willing to permit the sale of the hotel but Mr. Fanning refused to make the necessary concessions, and so delayed the trade. This morning the SIXTY days' time we gave him expired, and the hotel was closed. What will I do now? Sell the furniture by auction—Fanning paid \$50,000 for it—then fix up the building and try to rent it again."

rown, and having
nt Cameron, Hon.
nt northern men,
s been largely in-
t. While the res-
Dr Brown could not
a patriotic and

Dr. Metke!, a minister who lived for three years in Chicago and was pastor of the Emanuel German Lutheran church, corner of West Taylor and Brown streets, is in trouble. So far as can be ascertained he was circumcised in his deportment while in Chicago. He went from Chicago to

[illegible]

the lessons in estate and appropriate rural press will be known since the state in 1871.

to St. Louis. It is charged that Dr. Merkel took advantage of his pastoral relations and seduced the girl; that he first sent to Dr. Charles Pusheck, a reputable Chicago physician at the corner of La Salle avenue and Oak street, for medicine to help her out of trouble, and when that failed to do so, was assisted by

and subsequently applied to the local physician, Dr. Mc

committed a crime, but admitted that he preferred inebriety for her, she preferring to consult him rather than a physician. It is said that his church has demanded his resignation.

Dr. Pasheck is out of the city. His associate

at the bank this morning for identification. The note was issued by J. R. M. After offering a reward, he yesterday left the city, and is now near Sheboygan.

"He added," said Dr. Pusheek's assistant, "that the difficulty had only existed for about a

"Were the medicines forwarded?"
 "They were."
 "What were they?"
 "Electro homeopathic medicines."
 "Were they such as might be used for criminal

"Oh, no! Just what we give to any woman who complains of ordinary troubles of that kind. Anybody can take them without injury."

The young doctor, speaks English imperfectly, but he apparently sought to convey the idea that the medicine was harmless, and he certainly took

knife and used it
than five minutes
and the Enoch
Reagan received a
e of his ribs.

THE SUNDAY TIMES delivered by carrier
15 cents per week.

"Blinky" Morgan Must Hang.

Levelled at the Drug Store.—Druggist Whitcomb in a new fashion. The co-operators are

Canadian Cabinet Officers.
OTTAWA, July 31.—John Haggert has been appointed postmaster general of Canada and Hon. Edgar Dewdney has been appointed minister of

Prof. William R. and Miss Nellie and this evening at they have been of the Northern

This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some minor discoloration and small dark spots or smudges, characteristic of old paper. A faint, illegible mark is visible near the top center. The left edge of the page shows the binding of the book.

who ran the elevator and was carried to the top floor with a box of cloth. The car landed I found myself at the same end of a room 50x180 feet, an inclosure of wire-fence, packing-boxes, and cutting-boards—beyond which I could see perhaps a hundred persons, mostly women, bent over machines, and working as only slaves work. The thundering noise made by the machinery deadened every other sound, that made by the cutters as they ran heavy shears through the fabric and in trimmings. Sixteen persons passed men in undershirts, trousers, and slippers with work in their hands; men in business suits, with work in their brains; girls of rags and death-like pallor, with work in their arms; older and paler girls and still and paler women, some with white hair and spectacles, carrying work to be cut, examined, altered, or checked. Not noticing me, I asked a pretty little girl who was cutting a bolt of satin into trimmings to direct me to the forewoman. She was told to go and sit down till she came. I had hardly arranged myself on any box when a playful young man came by my throne and spilled me in a heap of faded cloaks. My first impulse was for revenge, but remembering that I was a poor-looking girl for work I contented myself by kicking my damaged left knee and right elbow. While mentally photographing the miserable, little, bullet-headed sapping who made my trouble, a young woman brought a chair and placed it in a corner, which convenient spot happened to be off a narrow passage leading to the work-room proper. There was not long in scouting a row of lockers that walked the south side of the passageway. Overhead was a pasteboard sign with "No admission to the work-room" written in large, black letters. There was a door beyond where I could sit or stand out being in the way unless I went into the freight elevator, so I resolved to wait it out.

For almost two hours I sat in the dark, my place with a handkerchief over my eyes and nose waiting for the forewoman to come and admit me to the shop. I watched the poor girls pass and repass, their broken shoes slipping up and down with every step, their ragged skirts often catching new wrinkles from the nails of the packing boxes. As I was beginning to get myself in a state of passivity, as prescribed by Mrs. W., and was combating the foul smell of the closets with the wholesome, healthy atmosphere of South Park some-thing in my head seemed to give, way and the whole factory turned into a colossal delirium. The big goose of the presser and the tailors of the press girls began to

tag, and machines, operators, finishers,

forms, cutters, examiners, messengers, clerks, forewomen, teachers, and firm all rolled in the merry-go-round. To escape being knocked in the head by a two-story sign-board I clutched a little stitcher who

"You ain't sick, is you?"
I guessed I was. Bringing me a tin cup
of water, she departed, saying: "She'd be
ed if she didn't go." I
a old man with grey hair and glasses

led me to the freight elevator and I was
down to the second story. When I
reached the staircase I sat down on the top
step to recover. A portly man with a straw
beard, broad shoulders, and a suit
of dark blue serge came down the stairs.

ixes out from the stocks and informed me
"no peddlers are allowed on the premi-
Move off."
moved off determined to return another

STARVATION WAGES.

"Boy, don't you take her down! Don't go
n!! do you hear? I'll discharge you if
let her escape."

Here I was in Stein's freight elevator
my day's work in my arms and the

100

wire screen separating me from the furies of Mrs. Julius Stein, her forewoman, the second assistant, and the bookkeeper.

It was 5:30 o'clock Tuesday afternoon. I had made a big, black cloth cloak all but sewing on the buttons, had resigned my position as slave-stitcher, and had asked to be paid off. I had been refused by the quarrel outside of the elevator screen, and so was on my way to the head of the firm, work in arms.

It was a great day for Stein and me, particularly me.

It was another verification of putting "a beggar on horseback," of getting a "nigger" to drive a "nigger."

At 7:40 o'clock in the morning I had rolled my hat in my factory jacket, and, stowing the bundle away in one of the holes designed for that purpose by Julius Stein & Co., presented myself at the office, a square of six feet near the center of the work-room inclosed in a wire fence, where the forewoman and an examiner were trying on two models the finished cloaks of the previous day. The models were tall, rather fine-looking girls. They, I learned, received \$8 a week and did nothing but "try on and look at themselves in the glass," representing the highest class of factory girls. The forewoman, who jerked these tall, animate figures fore and aft to see the front of a beaver "empress," or the back of a seal-push, "mildly," was very nicely dressed in a black sateen figured with crosses of white. And, oh, how she talked! In dejected English, in a shrill, rasping voice, compared to which the notes of a pos-hen would be melodious. My steady gaze annoyed her, and stopping at the hem of a long coat she was inspecting she asked: "Why are you sitting there so much?"

I told her I wanted work. Bidding me "come along" she pushed me with anything but motherly tenderness toward the desk and told "it" to give me "von of them samples."

I took a place with nine others, who were waiting for "Rosy" to provide them with more work, and fell to studying my neighbors. "Rosy," the girl who kept the shop-book, gave out the work and trimmings, and properly checked it all, may have been 14 years old. She was short in stature, work having stunted her growth, and emaciated in face and figure. Her hands were black with dye from handling the bundles of work.

"I can't give any of you work till Mary comes back," she said. "She's gone down to tell John to send up some."

I placed a small box on the counter containing some graham wafers and a lemon, which, being pushed across the board, attracted Rosy's attention. She uncovered the box.

"Look at the lunch," she said, and a bunch of heads came together to see.

"And a tumbler," said a blonde. "Yes, and scissors. Oh, and the little watch! And whose is it?"

"Them's awful nice cakes," observed a little creature of about 13 years old.

I offered the child a cracker, and when she refused I pressed it on her till a hungry little friend said: "She don't. She'll be fined if she eats before the whistle."

When Mary came up I was entered on Rosy's book, given a number, and as Homer.

"How much does a 'Homer' pay?" I asked.

Rosy didn't know. Neither did Miss Seebert, the teacher. I went to the forewoman and was told to get out of her way. Persisting in knowing what revenue the "Homer" would bring, the attenuated, corset-cramped "forelady" asked me to go away and find out any particulars when Mrs. Stein returned. The teacher gave me a chair at a long, low table with fifteen girls on either side, and asked me where I had worked before. I mentioned the "Never Rip" factory.

"Make cloaks," she asked.

"No, Jerseys."

"Did you never make a cloak?"

"Never."

"Oh, you'll have a hard time!"

Thirty pairs of eyes looked at me.

"Can you sew?" I was asked.

"You bet."

This bit of slang captured the teacher and set me on a comfortable plane with my neighbors.

Reversing the tactics of Ella Wheeler Wilcox, I began at the hardest task first and got the blonde-haired teacher to show me how to arrange the collar. It was a rolling affair that was attached to a cape and had to be double-faced with satin. The bands were cut on the bias, and novice-like I stretched the first one and had to rip it off.

Three times I ripped it and sewed it, and when I showed it to a girl at my right she said: "It ain't right. She'll pull it off."

"Would you tell me how to fix it?" I asked.

"Oh, I can't. Go to Miss Seebert." She screamed to Miss Seebert to come. Despairing of her aid I made another attempt.

"I'd show you if I had time," my neighbor explained, "but I've been on this cloak two and one-half days, and it's only 45 cents."

There are chorals in a woman's heart which are struck by accident only—strange, varying strings of complaint.

she was "the very devil," devoured two links of Frankfurt sausage and a pear. A near neighbor had a slice of brown bread and two tomatoes, and the girl she talked with ate green apples and soda-crackers.

At five minutes past 12 we had eaten, drank, and were at work again. Many of the girls went to the sink to wash their arms, neck, and faces, pour their tea-cups or coffee cans, and comb their hair. While I was exploring the toilet (?) section two men came in and I scampered. A nice arrangement this, but no one seemed to mind it. If Dr. De Wolf wants to do something for the good of factory girls he will have one of his assistants go over and scent this portion of the Julius Stein & Co.'s estate, for "It smells to heaven."

The excellent light that filled the "Never Rip" company and flooded the workshop of Ellinger's top floor I missed at Stein's, where the ceiling is low and the ventilation and light inadequate. A skylight cuts the center of the roof, but with the curtains drawn to keep out the burning sunlight the machine operators had difficulty in threading their needles.

"Please do not take any paper," was the notice pasted above a pile of work ready for delivery. It seems the girls were in the habit of going to this pile for bits of paper in which to wrap their lunch-box or an old shop skirt, and when the "searcher" found it difficult to look into the parcels for the possible spoil of 2-cent thread the firm took this method of stopping the practice.

Over the iron sink was a placard warning the girls "against throwing any slops into this zinc under penalty of 50 cents."

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

On the opposite wall hung the literary gem of the factory. Here it is:

"Ladies and Gentlemen it is your interest and that of your neighbors that no talking is allowed requested that whoever talks loud is fined 10 cents."

Another legend informed the army of martyrs that Julius Stein & Co. had "No goods at retail. Anyone wanting to purchase must ask Mr. Stein." Apropos of the subject I learn that a girl paid \$14 for a garment that I felt sure could have been bought for \$9 in any retail house. She took it on the easy payment plan, \$1 a week, and for three months lived on tea-dust and broken crackers. "The tea was 35 cents a pound," she told me. "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 house-keeping, and \$1 to Stein for the cloak. Sometimes I only made \$1 in two weeks and often when it rained or snowed I took the car home, and then I run behind."

INSULTED AND BROWBEATEN.

After Working All Day for 75 Cents the Heartless Managers of the 'Slave-Penn' Refuse to Advance Car Fare to a Penniless Factory Hand.

I finish my cloak about 5:20 o'clock and carried it to the desk to see about having it examined. I showed it to Miss Seebert.

"Your work is very neat," she said, "and you have nice trimmings. 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 \$1 a week before next year, and finally said that she couldn't give me the buttons because the cloak had to go downstairs 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 mollification. Without mollifying 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 35 cents?"

"Tanks. I take no orders from you," and giving her wily 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 bookkeeper, 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. Stein."

Mrs. Stein 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 Julius Stein. She has a beautiful home up on Dearborn avenue and several children, all of whom are cared for by competent servants. Mr. Stein manages the business and Mrs. Stein bosses the cutters, the pressers, the finishers, the operators, and the clerks, forewomen, and models connected with the factory. She is a yellow-

teed. Not a word of commendation came from the manager or her assistants, who were most prodigal of reprobf. By the men and boys these poor, patient, uncomplaining shop girls were pushed about in the elevators, on the stairs, and in the narrow aisles like so many sheep, and three little girls, two Marys and Frances, were made the slaves of everybody.

How these girls live in winter is a mystery. With few exceptions their dresses were poor and insufficient, coarse and shapeless. Many were torn and showed the stitches of thread and cord drawn across the holes.

But worse than broken shoes, ragged clothes, filthy closets, poor light, high temperature, and vitiated atmosphere was the cruel treatment by the people in authority. There are pains that rack a sensitive nature to which no physical agony can be compared, and shots from malicious eyes that fatally wound but raise no cry of injury. There are robberies of a gentle life that beggar peace and joy and cuts of hatred that murder forever the sweet faith that belongs to woman's nature.

NELL NELSON.

WILSON IS ALL RIGHT.

He Explains His Denver Transactions and Demands an Investigation.

The Denver hotel proprietor, George E. Wilson, concerning whose alleged crookedness dispatches from Denver have been published, is still at the Palmer house. John P. Lower, who was alleged to have been a loser by Wilson's operations, is with Wilson and has sent a card to the Denver papers denying any dissatisfaction with Wilson, whom he exonerates from the alleged irregularities. Mr. Wilson said he was ready to start for Denver Saturday, when the publications first appeared, but has been detained by the proceedings which he has taken to protect his interests and character from assaults of an enemy. Charles H. Nix of 89 Randolph street is his partner in Denver, who, Mr. Wilson thinks, is responsible for the charges, which he terms false. Mr. Wilson leaves Friday noon for Denver.

He read the dispatch from Denver concerning himself yesterday and corrected the statements by saying that he gave \$150,000 for a half interest in the Albany hotel, but that the trust deeds were recorded at \$25,000, at Nix's request. No payments are yet due upon the notes, but Nix has collateral to secure the first payment. Wilson says his money was advanced to him by Nix, but that the latter loaned \$10,000 to the stone quarry company. The diamond story Mr. Wilson characterizes as a falsehood, having its only foundation in the fact that he introduced a certain drummer to guests in the hotel to whom some diamonds were sold. Wilson says he bought but \$500 worth of the stones and paid cash for them. Regarding his alleged debts among retail stores Mr. Wilson says they are simply open accounts that any business man may have, but the balances are no larger than they have ever been. He also says he telegraphed his attorneys, Patterson & Thomas of Denver, to commence suits for libel against any papers that had published the charges against him. "I've been in constant communication with Denver people," he said, "and there was no reason to think I would not return. I am going back of course, as I intended, and sift this matter to the bottom. It is a most unfortunate thing that a man's character can be so traduced by an enemy."

AN INDIAN OUTBREAK FEARED.

San Carlos Warriors Preparing Rations for a Murderous Campaign.

TUCSON, Arizona Territory, July 31.—Further reports of the trouble on the San Carlos Indian reservation tend to show that the Indians have been stealing cattle and preparing a supply of dried meat preparatory to an outbreak of hostilities. When the party went to arrest the hostiles the latter opened fire and killed three Indian scouts. The posse returned the fire, wounding several of the band, which immediately left the reservation, followed afterward by others, all going to the mountains.

WASHINGTON, July 31.—The war department has received the following telegram from the commandant at San Carlos, Arizona, forwarded by Gen. Howard, under date of July 29:

"Capt. Lee, under discretionary orders I have given him prior to receipt of your telegram of this date, has just returned to this post. He reports that the serious trouble resulted from a quarrel among the Indians themselves. Capt. Lee remained upon the ground until about 4 p. m. today, when he concluded that the Indians were not disposed to leave and that his further presence tended to excite them. Capt. Lee then returned to this post. From the Indians Capt. Lee learned that those ordered to return to the reservation were seen near their camp today and he is of opinion, and I concur, that these Indians can be arrested in a few days. The cattle herd is upon its grazing-ground undisturbed. Full written report by Monday's mail. My command is in readiness and will move out at once if I find it necessary."

Another dispatch forwarded by Gen. Howard from the commanding general, department of Arizona, states that all post commanders have been notified to use all efforts to promptly intercept raiding parties.

METEOROLOGICAL.

WASHINGTON, July 31.—Indications for this

IT'S AN ELASTIC

An Exceedingly Wide Range That Comes Within the Civil Measure.

Mr. Hoar's Resolution for Our Canadian Relations by the Senate.

The Geological Survey Roughly Senator Plumb of Kansas—See Fuller.

WASHINGTON, July 31.—The resumed consideration of the sundry civil bill, the pending question amendment offered yesterday by appropriating \$75,000 for a public building, Kan.

Mr. Beck said the senate had no objection to the sundry civil bill appropriating buildings.

After a long discussion a yeas and nays taken on the proposition itself as affecting all the other public bill amendment was rejected—yeas 21, nays 21.

YEAS—Aldrich, Bowen, Cameron, Daniel, Evans, Ingalls, Jones of Nevada, Mitchell, Palmer, Payne, Plumb, Ridd, Spooner, Stewart, Stockbridge, Teller, and 21.

NAYS—Allison, Bate, Beck, Bernal, Blodgett, Call, Coke, Dames, Edmunds, Hampton, Hawley, Jones of Arkansas, Reagan, Sausbury, Sherman, Vest, and 21 of Maryland—23.

Mr. Spooner said that in reference to the amendment that were in the sundry bill the Acheson one, but he would offer appropriation of \$50,000 for a public building, La. The circumstances of a bill had passed both houses and for the president, but did not contain a provision clause. The amendment was 6 yeas 33.

Mr. Spooner offered as an amendment to refund the direct tax.

Mr. Harris made the point of amendment was general legislation order on a general appropriation bill.

The presiding officer decided it taken.

Mr. Plumb offered an amendment that supplies, the result of prison labor be purchased for use at the National home. Rejected.

Mr. Stewart moved an amendment that no part of the appropriations be used in the investigation of any prosecution of any person in the for cutting for mining or domestic short or scrubby timber unfit to be hewed into lumber of commercial value.

Mr. Call offered an amendment \$10,000 for the recovery of property States now held in adverse possession.

Mr. Sherman said the hope of recovery which had belonged to the confederacy was an illusive one. The debts of those lien upon their property. The proposition gave some gentlemen a pleasant time. The recovery of confederate property United States government might be responsible for their debts.

Mr. Cockrell spoke of the fair wealth of the defunct confederacy equaled by the stories of the imprisoned up in England belonging heirs. He gave an account of the name of the United States as Trenholm & Co., and read from the by the secretary of the treasury representatives in 1867 on the subject similar suits. He also read and communications from H. B. Littlepage, special attorney for the government, relation to the recovery of confederate and said that was the sort of information which it was sought to show that a war, formerly the Texas, seen by Adm. Bernhardt, had been the property of states. He had no doubt that the government could account for all the navy just as the United States government account for all its ships.

Mr. Edmunds—Of course they counted for because they all are British navy at that time. They much part of the British navy then new.

Mr. Cockrell—But the Senator claims that they belonged to the States, and should now belong to States.

Mr. Blair—Is it necessary for the Missouri to use the words "Confederate" often? I do not think that expression made use of.

Mr. Cockrell—Do you wish me to state?

WASHINGTON, July 24.—In yesterday Mr. Bowen's proposition to appropriate for investigating the extent to which the region of the United States can be irrigated, Senator Plumb said: "I doubt about the fruitfulness of that no doubt that, supplied with water, bountifully. That we all know, and of the report certainly we should not lose of that kind that we don't know now of this experiment. I know the of these gentlemen, and the chief of the geologists wants another job. We shall hear at the finest letter-press; there will be pictures the mind of man ever conceived photographer's art ever produced, as it; there will be endless volumes and books, I may say, about it, and there employment for congressmen's sons and friends. The geological survey is a hospital of the government. It never employment to a single relative of a or to anyone who is supposed to be regard to obtaining appropriations, appropriations they ask for are never with one exception. It is the priation made in the proceeding requested, and never a dissent either here or Congress is valuable. Whether it may be worth the cost has been expended by the geological service between the war, exigencies

LOOK OUT FOR IT!

The Chicago Times

Will print Nell Nelson's Fourth Article Exposing the condition of the Chicago Working Girls Tomorrow. Miss Nelson is the lady reporter for "The Times" detailed to do this good work. Her investigations have been thorough and her experiences are graphically described. No romancing; plain, honest truths; nothing but solid facts. Read The Times daily.