

A PROPOSITION OF MARRIAGE TO A PRETTY AND BRAINY
SEAMSTRESS IS TAKEN UNDER CONSIDERATION.

CORRECTING AN ERRONEOUS IMPRESSION THAT "NELL
NELSON'S ARTICLES ARE NOT FOUNDED ON
FACT.

Nothing short of a Philadelphia lawyer, a Chicago health officer, a proprietor or a "devil-chaser" that hits the spot once in a thousand times could, without a guide, explore the labyrinth that is known as H. S. & Co.'s paper-box manufactory, on R— street. It occupies only the three upper floors of a four-story building, but the stairways are so dark and narrow that one must grope his way from somewhere to a suppositious somewhere else, which resembles nowhere when he gets there, because the rooms are so overcrowded with material that one employe cannot in many instances see her nearest neighbor two yards away.

Of the 120 employes, ten are mere girls, who get from \$2 to \$3 a week, while the others receive from \$5 to \$7.50. Each girl keeps her own account-book, and at the request of the proprietor submitted it to inspection. It showed the exact amount the owner had been paid each week for many weeks. One advantage of working in this stuffy place is that there is work the year around.

Mr. S. had the usual explanation to make as to the employment of young boys and girls and no doubt made it truthfully.

Their parents needed their assistance and would sign any

sort of certificate as to age, and supplement it with personal solicitation asking employment as a charity. In extreme cases he negotiated a compromise with his judgment, as most manufacturers do, and gave the child employment.

"What kind of work do you do?" A group of five boys was asked at the noon hour.

"All but him binds packages; he glues."

"How old are you?"

"We's pretty old and gettin' older all de time."

The closets are separate and fairly decent.

The ventilation is bad.

"I am a man of few words and you have no time to lose, so I will proceed direct to business. Do you want to get married?"

The proposition was made by a *Times* reporter to an attractive young woman employed as a seamstress in a custom shop on the fourth floor of S. N's building on the southwest corner of W. and H. streets on the North side.

The reporter had seen the young woman but once before, and after that meeting the following paragraph was printed in *The Times* on August 13:

"An intelligent trio, evidently good friends, gathered in a corner, and between bites talked freely. One was a thorough American, lived on May street, and walked back and forth from her work, the round distance being fully three miles. Another, whose yellow hair bespoke an ancestry from the region of the midnight sun, walked about the same distance. Many an avenue belle would give half her inheritance, for the form, face and figure, to say nothing of the brains of this every-day sewing girl, wearing out her young life for \$6 a week. But she made no complaints. Independence more than compensated her for the hardships of the weary day."

Usually "popping the question" is a trying ordeal to a man, even when none but the two parties most interested are present.