

# Chicago Times

MORNING, JULY 30, 1888.

NO ROOM FOR ROMANCE.  
THE realities of life re-  
quire too much space.  
READ THE TIMES EVERY DAY.

PRICE 2 CENTS.

the fumes of tobacco, the stench of  
and the fetid dampness of the halls  
in one. The Grim Reaper would  
joy on such a scene, for death  
in every nook and crevice;  
onlooker from the purer air of  
ability and obedience to the common  
decency and health it was one to  
the heart beat with pity and condemn  
rules of mankind that brought the  
Italian pauper to such straits.

ing of the better class of Italians  
d at 112 Randolph street last night  
st against the acts and mode of life  
the lower classes of that nationality.  
50 persons were present. The meet-  
s arranged by members of five of the  
societies in Chicago. Oscar Durand,  
of La Italia, and his father, who is  
t of the Italian bank, are among the  
in the movement.

class of Italians to whom the protest  
are those generally termed "dagos."  
m includes the ignorant, indolent  
ants who have no higher ambition  
pick up cigar-stubs from the gutters  
curse other low callings. Many  
a livelihood by stealing grain  
coal in small quantities from  
cars; hundreds of others will at-  
tending higher than to take garbage  
trucks and from the market places  
they find decayed fruit and vege-  
which they place upon their own  
The organ-grinder, too, must follow  
respectable calling and a stop will  
to the training of small children to  
beg on the streets. The brutal  
who thus lives on the charity exten-  
sion and young children will be com-  
p work to support his family.

nor of all addresses was for the bet-  
of the poorer members of the race.  
ment will be found for all, and  
refuse to accept work, and  
in bringing them on  
as a class, information will be given  
and they will be prosecuted and  
driven from the city. All will be  
to become American citizens.  
society for this purpose was organized,  
John Ginachio as president, Oscar  
secretary, and L. Spizziri treas-  
A committee of eleven was appointed.  
ing of this committee will be held to  
perfect organizations and plans for  
g on the work.

Girls Are Worked to Death.  
Read THE TIMES' exposures.

## KILLED WITH BUCKSHOT.

McGurl, 50 Years Old, Probably  
Fatally Shot by Hugo Hacker.  
Hacker, 53 years old, killed Dennis  
50 years old, with buckshot early  
evening. McGurl is between life and  
and Hacker is a prisoner at the Deer-  
et station.

Marrel between Mrs. Hacker and Mrs.  
was the first cause of the trouble that  
enemies of the two old men. When  
Hacker's that is peddled in the saloons  
e canal took a hand murder was the  
result. The families occupy adjoin-  
ing on Thirty-first street near West-  
ues and close to the canal, and they  
en neighbors for many years. Hacker  
to do German, who raises vegetables  
le farm of half a dozen acres. Mc-  
also in comparatively good circum-  
He owns a small soap factory  
supports him and his family.  
years ago the wives of the  
men quarreled. McGurl and Hacker  
to the fight, and the trouble has been  
it ever since till it ended in murder  
any.

McGurl spent the Sunday in drinking  
in a fighting mood when he got  
about sundown. Mrs. Hacker was in  
k yard milking the cow and her hus-  
as near her. McGurl put his head  
e fence and laughed at Mrs. Hacker  
made jokes about the cow. The Ger-  
did not reply. McGurl jumped over

## KILLED AT A WEDDING

August Dadlout Shoots John Phillips  
and Richard Larkins at a  
Polish Gathering.

The Victims Attempt to Interfere with the  
Festivities and Are Murdered  
for Their Pains.

Arrest of the Murderer and Several of His  
Companions—Beer Causes the  
Whole Tragedy.

The murder of two men as the result of a  
collision between the participants in a Pol-  
ish wedding and a base-ball game, flanked  
by a keg of beer, marked the Sabbath day on  
the town of Lake side of Thirty-ninth and  
Paulina streets. John Phillips and Richard  
Larkins are the victims and August Dadlout  
the confessed murderer.

A Polish wedding party was dancing vig-  
orously about 6 o'clock yesterday afternoon  
at the residence of Matthias Cinder at  
Thirty-ninth and Paulina streets. John  
Bartholomew, Robert Cinder, and John  
Muscovitz were there with their wives  
among the guests, numbering about fifty.  
Some distance from the house, in the Legner  
brick-yard grounds, a base-ball game had  
been going on during the afternoon among  
the young working men in the vicinity  
of the stock-yards. A few of the players,  
among them Phillips and Larkins, heard the  
music and came up to the Cinder house. As  
they appeared John and Robert Cinder and  
a companion came out of the house, on their  
journey after more beer. One of the ball-  
players yelled out: "Hold on there; give us  
some beer."

Oaths were hurled at the ball-players by  
one of the Polanders. This was the signal  
for a fight. One of the Polanders grabbed a  
stick and assaulted Larkins, but before he  
had done any injury Phillips and his  
friends came to his rescue. A battle  
was beginning when August Dadlout  
came out of the house. The other  
Polanders and the women followed and a  
riot seemed imminent. Dadlout suddenly  
pulled a revolver and shot at Phillips. The  
members of the crowd started on a run, and  
Dadlout shot again, the bullet penetrating  
Larkins' heart. He turned toward his assail-  
ant when he fell with the fatal bullet  
through his lung. Both sides were  
paralyzed by the seriousness of the  
proceedings. By the time the ball-  
players, most of whom were butchers, had  
recovered the Polanders had withdrawn  
into the house and barricaded the doors.  
While the bodies lay untouched the friends  
of the murdered men, among whom was  
Larkins' brother John, rushed wildly about  
and cries of "Lynch 'em" arose. The arrival  
of the police changed the proceedings. Pat-  
rol-wagons from the city and the town of  
Lake arrived at the same moment.

Phillips had fallen about twelve feet from  
the back door, whether the butcher had been  
driven. He was shot over the left  
eye and in the groin. Larkins dropped  
about thirty feet from the door-  
way as the bullet pierced his breast.  
While the excitement prevailed no at-  
tempt was made to remove the bodies.  
Phillips lay with his head toward the door-  
way, flat upon his back. His hat had rolled  
off and the hot sun poured down upon his  
face, the blood oozing from the wound in  
his forehead. Larkins fell upon his side, his  
left arm doubled under his face. He had  
raised it quickly to his head as he fell.

A dispute arose about the identity of the  
murderer. King said Robert Cinder did the  
shooting, and one of the dead man's friends,  
John King, asserted that John Cinder was  
the author of the crime. While the dispute  
was going on the Polanders quietly dis-  
persed. The suspected men were ar-  
rested upon the street. They said they

## PORTER WILL NOT RUN.

His Letter Declining to Be a Candidate for  
the Indiana Governorship.

INDIANAPOLIS, July 29.—Ex-Gov. Porter's  
withdrawal from the gubernatorial contest  
was the absorbing topic about political head-  
quarters and in the hotel lobbies today. It  
was wholly unexpected and came with such  
surprise at a moment when the local pri-  
maries were overwhelmingly in his favor  
that nearly every political clique is inclined  
to attribute different causes as prompting  
the withdrawal. The following is Gov.  
Porter's letter on the subject to State Sena-  
tor Henry U. Johnson of Richmond:

INDIANAPOLIS, July 28, 1888.—MY DEAR SIR:  
The pressure of many engagements has delayed  
my reply to your letter.

At the convention of the Lincoln league clubs  
in February last, I stated in a public speech that I  
would not be a candidate before the republican  
state convention for nomination for the office of  
governor and that my name would not be present-  
ed to the convention. Several gentlemen were  
present who were understood to desire the nomi-  
nation, and the declaration was properly inter-  
preted by them as being in the nature of a pledge  
that I would not stand in their way. I have never  
since said that I would be a candidate, but, on the  
contrary, have stated to many persons that I  
would not.

The partiality of friends was recently, notwith-  
standing these declarations, so strongly evinced  
itself in favor of my being nominated that I feel it  
to be incumbent upon me in reply to your letter  
to renew the statement and to give you authority  
to make it public that I shall not be a candidate  
before the convention, and I am obliged to add  
that I could not accept a nomination even were it  
tendered.

I have taken an active part in every republican  
campaign since the republican party was orga-  
nized, except one which occurred while I was hold-  
ing office at Washington. After this long  
service the state convention will, I am  
sure, refrain from pressing upon me a  
candidacy to which I would be averse, and which  
I should feel obliged to decline. But while I shall  
not be a candidate I shall not be indifferent to the  
success of the republican party, nor shall my voice  
be silent in the important campaign which it is  
about to enter. From the time the campaign shall  
begin until it shall have closed, by every effort  
that I can bestow, I shall give whatever aid I am  
able to secure the triumph of the republican na-  
tional ticket and the success of the candidates who  
shall be nominated at our state convention.  
Yours sincerely,

A. G. PORTER.

Factory Life in Chicago.

Read THE TIMES' exposures.

## GEORGE F. WILSON'S RECORD.

What Is Said of His Doings in Denver,  
Where He Is Well Known.

DENVER, Col., July 29.—Proprietor Nix of  
the Albany hotel in this city, has signified his  
intention of going to Chicago to testify to  
some of George F. Wilson's transactions  
here in connection with his interest in the  
Albany hotel. Mr. Nix, who was the  
sole owner of the hotel, sold Wilson a  
half-interest in it for \$250,000, for which Wil-  
son gave him notes secured by a trust deed  
on the property. The first note falls due in  
September, and if it is not paid Mr. Nix will  
lose nothing beyond what Wilson's high liv-  
ing cost. For some of the money advanced  
Wilson by him Mr. Nix attached the stone  
quarries, an interest in which Wilson claims  
to have.

Some of Wilson's most prominent trans-  
actions outside of subscribing money (on  
paper) to big enterprises are just coming to  
light. One of them, in which he bought  
\$35,000 worth of diamonds from an eastern  
jewelry drummer by representing that he  
had paid \$75,000 for an interest in the hotel,  
shows how clever he is. He secured the  
diamonds, but the drummer, becoming  
suspicious, made inquiry and found that  
all Wilson's representations were false.  
He went to Mr. Nix and the latter made  
Wilson return the jewels under threats of  
arrest. Jeweler Bohm, from whom Wilson  
bought \$1,400 of diamonds, on Saturday  
night received \$600 worth of them  
from Chicago, where Wilson now is.  
Mr. Bohm still has a claim for  
\$800 against Wilson. To Daniels &  
Company, jewelers, he owes \$1,800 for the

## CITY SLAVE GIRLS.

A Lady Reporter's Experience in the  
Shops with the Sewing  
Serfs.

Making Todies at Sixty Cents a Dozen and  
Paying Three Dollars for the  
Privilege.

A Poor Girl Who Worked From Janu-  
ary to July to Make Fifteen  
Dollars.

Making Shirts at Seventy-five Cents a  
Dozen and Finding Your Own  
Thread.

The Trials of Poor Creatures Who Stitch  
the "Never Rip Jer-  
sey."

Tuesday, July 10, according to instruc-  
tions from THE TIMES, I made up for the  
role of shop-girl, and with a list of factories  
in one hand and gentle peice in the other  
sailed down State street under a brown  
braize veil as impenetrable as an iron mask.  
I applied at two feather factories and three  
corset shops, but aside from the exercise up  
and down several flights of stairs got nothing.  
The leather people did not need any  
help and the corset folks had not started on  
the winter trade. I was treated with civility,  
however, and given permission to "drop in  
in a week or so." The fifth place on my list  
was the "Western Lace Manufacturing Co.,"  
218 State street. Ascending one flight  
of stairs I stopped to take off my veil and ad-  
just my eyes to the low light. That done I  
looked about and finding a door marked  
"Office of the Western Lace Manufacturing  
Co." with "Come In" on the glass I com-  
plied. A young girl followed and leaving  
her to close the door I fell into a chair, the  
only one about, and proceeded to peruse  
and scrutinize the place. The office was not  
uninviting. The floor had a cheap carpet,  
the ceiling was high and the room well ventilated  
and admirably lighted. On a long table,  
that served as a sort of fortification for the  
private office of the company, were the sam-  
ples—"antique crocheted goods"—as they  
are listed, in various shades of white. All  
were of different pattern and unvarying  
ugliness. There were round tidies and  
oblong tidies, square mats for a bureau and  
smaller ones of oval and circular design, in-  
tended for a lamp or cushion. Behind the  
table, sacheting between a writing stand  
and a desk, was a young man of 30 or so, of  
the blonde type, with a staid, weary look be-  
tween his eyebrows and an otherwise  
pleasing manner. That is, I thought the  
manner pleasing till I began to get ac-  
quainted with it and then my opinion  
changed. After a lapse of five minutes or so  
the fair-haired gentleman turned to the  
young girl with a deepening of the secret  
and a most unalluring "Well?"

"I brought the mats back."

"Oh, you have, eh?" opening a piece of  
newspaper and unfolding a dozen hand-  
made mats the size of a tea-plate. The work  
is carefully examined on both sides and as  
he proceeds the scowl deepens. Without a

old German, who raises vegetables  
on a farm of half a dozen acres. Mc-  
Also in comparatively good circum-  
He owns a small soap factory,  
supports him and his family.  
years ago the wives of the  
quarreled, McGurl and Hacker  
the fight, and the trouble has been  
ever since till it ended in a murder

spent the Sunday in drinking  
as in a fighting mood when he got  
out sundown. Mrs. Hacker was in  
yard milking the cow and her hus-  
near her. McGurl put his head  
fence and laughed at Mrs. Hacker  
le jokes about the cow. The Ger-  
not reply. McGurl jumped over  
and pushed Hacker against the  
cow kicked Mrs. Hacker and  
Hacker attacked McGurl with her  
The old German had run into the  
it now he came out with a shotgun.  
it of here or I'll kill you," he cried;  
was too mad with drink to heed the  
He stood still and Mrs. Hacker  
herself between him and the gun,  
her husband not to shoot.  
out of my way?" McGurl cried, as  
turned to go into the house again.  
Mrs. Hacker down with a blow in  
the ran toward her husband. Hacker  
and fired at close range. The bird-  
the gun filled McGurl's breast and  
man dropped. Bits of shot had  
rough his lungs and came out at  
The doctor who attended him said  
a slight chance for recovery, but  
he have taken the ante-mortem state-  
Hacker was arrested an hour later.

#### PORTUGUESE FOR PALMER.

Residents of Springfield Flop Over  
to the Democratic Ranks.  
FIELD, Ill., July 29.—With but few  
the Portuguese residents of this  
their advent here as exiles from  
have voted the republican ticket  
first ward, which they colonized,  
year returned the usual republican  
until this spring, when a Portu-  
guese democrat was elected alderman by  
a majority of 100. The judges of election returned  
the results, but a recount of the ballots  
revealed that the majority named,  
the efforts of a republican coun-  
cil has not been able to take his  
as a result Springfield on Saturday  
messed the first parade of a "dem-  
cratic" Portuguese club known in its history.  
ty strong and headed by the watch-  
band. After parading the streets  
the men went to the residence of Gov.  
In the absence of that gentleman  
the city the Portuguese were addressed  
by Governor's son, John Mayo Palmer.  
organization is known as the Portuguese  
club, and it expects to have 150 voters  
number.

#### CLEVELAND AND REFORM.

W. C. Shepard of Massachusetts Leaves  
the Republican Party.  
CLEVELAND, July 29.—Some doubt has existed  
as to the position in the present campaign  
of W. C. Shepard, for many years as-  
sistant attorney general of Massachusetts  
under several republican administrations.  
Shepard settled the question last  
by coming out squarely in support  
of the land and tariff reform in a speech  
made at Walpole, where he addressed a  
large meeting for the first time. The  
speech of Mr. Shepard is a serious blow to  
the state republicans.

#### Little-Tax Resisters Arrested.

W. C. Shepard of Massachusetts Leaves  
the Republican Party.  
CLEVELAND, July 29.—Advises from the In-  
terior say that Deputy United States  
marshals, aided by United States troops  
and police, arrested, near Admore, in the  
Admore nation, A. W. Barker, Joe McAllister,  
W. J. Grinnard, and Alexander Dil-  
lender, non-citizens, who have been lead-  
ing a revolt against the collection of the  
poll tax. They were taken to Paul's Valley and will  
be taken to Fort Smith, Ark., for trial.  
The prominent leaders of the revolt named  
had not yet been arrested, although a war-  
rant is out. Gov. Gily of the Chickasaw  
nation, who has the trouble about the collection  
of the poll tax is nearly over. The non-citizens  
are in Washington to have the tax de-  
cided, and in case of their appeal not suc-  
cessful will either quit the territory or pay

way as the bullet pierced his breast.  
While the excitement prevailed no at-  
tempt was made to remove the bodies.  
Phillips lay with his head toward the door-  
way, flat upon his back. His hat had rolled  
off and the hot sun poured down upon his  
face, the blood oozing from the wound in  
his forehead. Larkins fell upon his side, his  
left arm doubled under his face. He had  
raised it quickly to his head as he fell.

A dispute arose about the identity of the  
murderer. King said Robert Cinder did the  
shooting, and one of the dead man's friends,  
John Ring, asserted that John Cinder was  
the author of the crime. While the dispute  
was going on the Polanders quietly dis-  
persed. The suspected men were ar-  
rested upon the street. They said they  
were going to telephone to the police.  
Several of the Polish party were also taken  
to the station, among them Mrs. Robert  
Cinder. After they had been locked up for  
about two hours Robert Cinder shook his  
cell door and charged the shooting upon  
August Dadlough. Cinder was put in the  
patrol wagon, which went to Dadlough's  
house, 38 Honore street, about half a mile  
from the place of the shooting. Dadlough's  
wife met the officers at the door with a child  
in her arms. Dadlough was found in bed,  
buried in the clothing. He was taken to the  
station and confessed that he did the shoot-  
ing. He said that Mrs. Robert Cinder took  
the revolver from his hand as he returned  
into the house after the shooting. The  
house had been searched and the weapon  
found in a bed, where the woman had con-  
cealed it. It is of English bulldog pattern  
and three chambers had been exploded.

The women were allowed to depart, but  
the men were retained as witnesses. Dad-  
lough is a brickmaker about 30 years old. He  
is of slender build and has dark hair and  
mustache. He speaks but little English, an  
interpreter being used by the officers. He  
seems little affected by his crime.

The bodies of his victims were taken to  
the morgue. Phillips leaves a wife and  
father at his residence, 4025 Ashland avenue.  
He was a butcher at Swift's packing-house.  
"Skip" Larkins, as he was known, was a  
single man, and boarded at 4029 Ashland  
avenue. He was a blacksmith's helper em-  
ployed at Elsdon, a Grand-Trunk suburb.  
Both men are pronounced by their friends  
to have been sober and industrious. Dad-  
lough and the Polanders were not intoxicated  
when brought to the station.

#### A SHOCKING TRAGEDY.

An Eight-Year-Old Boy Slashes His Brother  
and Then Cuts His Throat.

PARIS, July 29.—A Mrs. Siauzade, living on  
the Rue de Bercey, in this city, was  
awakened at an early hour this morning by  
loud screams. She hastened to her children's  
bedroom, from which the cries came, and  
found her son Louis, aged 6, with a gash in  
his stomach, the wound having been inflicted  
with a razor by his brother, Alphonse, aged  
8. The mother screamed for assistance, but  
before the neighbors arrived Alphonse had  
cut his own throat. He died soon afterward.  
Louis is in a precarious condition. Alphonse  
had always hated his brother and had tried  
to kill him twice before, once by driving a  
nail into his head with a hammer. He stole  
the razor from a shop, sharpened it last  
evening, and had it by his side in bed.

#### Factory Life in Chicago.

Read THE TIMES' exposures.

#### Will Open a Mexican Tin Mine.

PITTSBURGH, July 29.—A company was formed in  
this city last evening with a capital stock of \$1,000,  
000, the object being to open a tin mine in Mexico,  
near Durango. A tract of land has been purchased  
covering an area of ten miles square. An expert  
says the ore will yield from 25 to 35 per cent. of  
tin, which is the largest in the world. The dis-  
tributing point will be El Paso. A number of  
factories will be started soon to manufacture tin,  
and it is believed that the product from England,  
which amounted to \$24,000,000 last year, will be  
shut out entirely.

#### Said to Have Eloped.

NEW YORK, July 29.—Louis P. Hozen, 48 years  
old, a prominent insurance agent, living in a  
fashionable part of Jersey City, has disappeared  
and his wife says he has eloped with Mrs. Anna  
Jordan, a young and pretty married woman, who  
leaves a family behind in her flight.

#### Steamers Arrive in New York.

NEW YORK, July 29.—Arrived, steamers Alaska,  
from Liverpool; Furnessia, from Glasgow.

actions outside of absorbing money (on  
paper) to big enterprises are just coming to  
light. One of them, in which he bought  
\$35,000 worth of diamonds from an eastern  
jewelry drummer by representing that he  
had paid \$75,000 for an interest in the hotel,  
shows how clever he is. He secured the  
diamonds, but the drummer, becoming  
suspicious, made inquiry and found that  
all Wilson's representations were false.  
He went to Mr. Nix and the latter made  
Wilson return the jewels under threats of  
arrest. Jeweler Bohm, from whom Wilson  
bought \$1,400 of diamonds, on Saturday  
night received \$600 worth of them  
from Chicago, where Wilson now is.  
Mr. Bohm still has a claim for  
\$800 against Wilson. To Daniels &  
Fisher Wilson owes a bill of \$1,300 for dry  
goods purchased by his wife. A team of  
horses valued at \$500, which he took from  
Michael Draney, has not been paid for. To  
a prominent livery-stable keeper he owes  
\$300 or \$400. Various other debts aggregat-  
ing a large sum are held against him.  
Wilson's suit against the Chicago papers  
for the publication of the matter which origi-  
nally appeared in Denver papers is believed  
by people who know him to be a "bluff."  
No suit has been brought against the Denver  
papers, where the articles would do the  
most damage, but they are prepared if he  
enters any.

#### WOULD NOT BE MAYOR.

Sunset Cox Thinks Congress Better Suited  
to His Temperament.

NEW YORK, July 29.—Congressman S. S.  
Cox is staying at the Manhattan Beach hotel,  
Coney island, where Mrs. Cox is nursing  
him for a sore throat. He intends to return  
to Washington on Wednesday should his  
health permit. Although Mr. Cox did not  
leave his room today he was able to discuss  
politics. He particularly wanted it under-  
stood that the talk about making  
him mayor did not meet his approval.  
"I would not accept a nomination  
for mayor," said Mr. Cox, "if it were unani-  
mously tendered me. Such a position is  
foreign to all my tastes. My place is in con-  
gress. I am fitted for that by training, ex-  
perience, and temperament, and I shall  
again be a candidate for congress this fall.  
I am confident, too, that I will be elected.  
I say most emphatically that no man has  
any right to connect my name with the  
mayoralty. I suspect that a good deal of  
that kind of talk is instigated by those who  
wish to get me out of congress."

#### Factory Life in Chicago.

Read THE TIMES' exposures.

#### CYCLONE IN ILLINOIS.

Property in the Vicinity of Fairmount De-  
stroyed—The Town's Narrow Escape.

FAIRMOUNT, Ill., July 29.—A cyclone,  
cutting a swath about two hundred yards  
in width and going to the northwest, barely  
missed this place this afternoon. It swept  
everything before it, tearing down fences,  
trees, etc. The grain over which it passed  
was literally torn out by the roots. The  
residence of J. T. Davis, two miles distant,  
was demolished, and his orchard uprooted  
and carried away. No loss of life is re-  
ported.

#### A Kentucky Incident.

EVANSVILLE, Ind., July 29.—On an Ohio Valley  
train last night near Blackford, Ky., James  
Nichols shot and killed William Cardwell and  
Sam Nunn, who attacked him, one with a shot-  
gun and the other with a revolver. Nichols then  
jumped from the train and escaped. Nichols is  
a merchant at Blackford. Cardwell was an ex-  
marshal of Marion, Ky., and Nunn was an attor-  
ney of the same place.

#### Killed by a Runaway Team.

ELKHART, Ind., July 29.—Frank Spave, one of  
the best known farmers in this section, was killed  
last night by the running away of his team. He  
was getting into his wagon to go home when  
the team started to run and he was caught between a  
rear wheel and the box. His ribs were crushed  
into his lungs.

#### Two Children Drowned.

NEW YORK, July 29.—Kate and Denis, children  
of Patrick J. Byrnes, were drowned in the harbor  
today by the upsetting of a rowboat. The father  
was saved with difficulty.

#### The Heat to Continue in Illinois.

The predictions for Illinois today are: Fair  
weather, stationary temperature, but Monday  
night slightly warmer.

and a desk, was a young man of 30 or so, of  
the blonde type, with a stationary scowl be-  
tween his eyebrows and an otherwise  
pleasing manner. That is I thought the  
manner pleasing till I began to get ac-  
quainted with it and then my opinion  
changed. After a lapse of five minutes or so  
the fair-haired gentleman turned to the  
young girl with a deepening of the scowl  
and a most unflattering "Well."

"I brought the mats back."  
"Oh, you have, eh?" opening a pocket in  
newspaper and unfolding a denims hand-  
made mats the size of a tea-plate. The work  
is carefully examined on both sides and as  
he proceeds the scowl deepens. What a  
word he tosses the lot on the little table and  
reaches for the proffered blank the girl has  
opened.

"What's your name?"  
"Rhafferty."  
"How do you spell it?"  
"R-h-a-f-f-e-r-t-y."

"Oh, yes; Martha Rhafferty," after hunting  
through a long list.

"Do you want more work?"

"No, sir."

"There's plenty more if you want it."

"No; my mother don't want me to do any  
more crocheting."

"Well, Mr. White isn't in now. Can't you  
come in again?"

No answer. A look of discouragement  
comes over the young face.

"Don't you have to do any shopping about  
town?"

"No, sir."

"Well, you can wait, can't you? Wait  
here. Take a chair. [I had the only one.]  
Just go in the next room there and take a  
chair."

As he went to lead the way the crochet-  
teacher called his attention, and the girl re-  
maining I seized my chances for a bit of  
interviewing.

Martha showed me her contract, in which  
the firm agreed to refund \$1 of the \$3 depos-  
ited when she had finished \$15 worth of  
work. On the back of the contract were  
the credit receipts of the company entered  
in lead pencil, dating from January to July.

She told me she lived in Gross Park, away  
out on the West side; that she helped her  
mother, and had been trying to earn \$15  
since January. She received 60 cents a do-  
zen for the mats and it took her a week to  
crochet a dozen.

"Then I must pay 10 cents car fare each  
time, and that leaves only 40 cents. I had  
to pay \$3 before I could get any work. I  
always knew how to crochet, but they made  
me pay \$2 for lessons and \$1 as a security.  
I began in January, the first week, and now  
I am through. I have made \$15, and when  
they give me back the dollar I shall have  
\$16." Here is a company paying a girl of  
18 \$15 for six months and one week's labor.

When Mr. Ford came from the work-room  
he was met by a boy who had brought in  
some work and was in a hurry to be off.

"Mrs. Clark sent in these mats and she  
wants you to receipt for them."

The paper is opened and the work in-  
spected. The scowl deepens. There will be  
trouble and I prick up my ears.

"I don't like this. This is bad. They are  
all stained. Are you her—her—are you a re-  
lation?"

"Yes."

"Well, you must tell her to wash her hands.  
These goods are all sweat. I'll have to  
charge her for spoiling the material if it oc-  
curs again. Did she tell you to ask for more  
work?"

"No, sir."

The poor boy is gone. Martha sits in the  
back room the picture of suspense and the  
entry being made I am approached. I look  
like a beggar and that is what I am taken  
for, as the pretty blonde secretary only  
scowls. He stands and looks down at me  
and I sit and look up at him waiting for the  
blow in the handsome brow to deepen, the  
edge of the soft, brown moustache to curl, and



the laconic, withering "well" to break the gas. It comes.

"Have you any work?" I ask.

"Plenty. Do you want work?"

"Yes."

"What can you do?"

"Oh, I can crocheted."

"This kind of work?" handing over one of the 60-cent mats.

"Yes; what do you pay?"

"Different prices. Pay by the dozen, from 60 cents to \$10."

"Let me have a dozen of the \$10 kind, please, giving my cat-colored eyes a mater glorioso sort of a roll. As he caught the aeraphic expression some facial machinery gave a lurch that threw one side of his countenance bias for a second. Reaching to the desk he pulled out the following circular and handed it to me.

OFFICE OF WESTERN LACE MANUFACTURING CO. (Incorporated), 218 STATE STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.—MADAME: In reply to your letter regarding the work we send out to ladies to do at their homes we beg to say that we make a large line of crocheted goods of our antique crocheted cotton (a sample of which you will find inclosed), also linen, silk, etc. We make mats, tidies, lambrequins, bedspreads, shams, collars, hoods, lace edgings, etc., in large quantities.

We have been established here for the last five years and have extra facilities for selling goods in large lots; so we are enabled to keep our workers in steady work all the time. Should you desire to work for us we should be pleased to send you work on the following terms:

When you send order for work you are required to remit to us \$3; \$2 of this is to pay us for the patterns and instructions which we shall send you with each lot of new work. We shall also send you sufficient extra material so you can make a sample of each pattern sent, which you are allowed to keep for yourself; \$1 of the \$3 you send is a deposit on the material we send, and this we shall return to you at any time when you return the work and wish to stop. You will be kept in steady work, paid for each lot when made and returned to us in good order. Our work is all made by the dozen, and prices range from 50 cents per dozen to \$10 per dozen, according to amount of work. An easy pattern, with sample and full instructions, will be sent you at first, and the quality of work, and advance in prices as you adapt yourself to doing it. The work will be sent you by mail, postage paid by us one way. Three months' time is allowed you to do any one dozen of articles we send. This enables ladies who have only a few hours daily to spare to do our work as well as those ladies who take it intending to do it steadily.

We are asked many times how much a lady can earn. This depends entirely upon your ability to crocheted and the time you have at your command daily; ladies earning from \$2 to \$5 weekly. We could not guarantee to anyone any stated amount that they could earn, but our work is easy and after you accustom yourself to it you can do it very rapidly.

If you desire to work for us fill out the blank below and return it to us with the \$3, and we will place your name on our books and send work at once with full instructions. Send money by post-office order, draft, payable to our order, or registered letter at your risk. Very truly,

WESTERN LACE MANUFACTURING CO.  
Keep the above for future reference.

WESTERN LACE MANUFACTURING CO., 218 STATE STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.—GENTLEMAN: Inclosed find \$3 that I send you to secure patterns, instructions, and material for crocheted work; \$2 is to pay you for samples and instructions, and \$1 is for deposit on material which I shall demand returned to me at any time when I return to you the material in my hands.

Signature.....

Town.....

County.....

Street and No.....

"What's the \$3 for?" I ask.

"Can't you read? The \$2 is to pay for the samples and instruction and the \$1 as a security for our material. I don't know who you are and if I gave you the thread I might never see you again."

"I don't need instruction. I can make the stitch and I don't want to put any such amount in samples. If you can't trust me with a spool of thread and a pattern will you sell me the material?"

"That's not the way we do business. If you want to work for us you will have to comply with the contract. You pay \$3; that entitles you to a sample mat which we teach you how to make. After you have \$15 made worth of work we refund the \$3."

"What about the other \$2?"

"It goes to us for instruction and samples."

"Will I have to make the samples?"

"Yes."

Then there are thirteen in the Western

out of the women and girls unfortunate enough to patronize it.

#### CLOAKS, OVERALLS, AND SHIRTS.

Put Through an Impudent Cross-Examination to Get to Sew Cloaks at 50 Cents Each—Making Pants and Shirts at 75 Cents a Dozen and Find Your Own Thread.

At Rosenthal & Co.'s and Rosenberg Bros. I applied for work and was told to report in the morning to sew on cloaks.

The manager in Stein's, on Market street, wanted hands and offered to engage me at once. I was most impudently catechized, some seven inquiries requiring as many false statements. What was my name, place of residence, last position, amount of wages received, state of my health, nativity, married or single—to which I answered "neither." Here was a dilemma. "Oh, yes, widow?" and an inordinate ha! ha!

Yes.

"Grass widow, eh?" with a sneer.

How much do you pay for cloaks, I asked, tired of the ordeal.

"Fifty cents, each."

It was enough and I left the creature still anxious to solve the widow question.

By the time I reached Luden's, 122 Market street, I was in a reckless frame of mind.

"Is there any work for a good sewer?" I asked the girl in the office.

"Yes, plenty. John give her some pants."

John had eyes the color of calico and a complexion like an immature tomato. He led the way to the cottonades, which were cut, trimmed, and tied up in bundles of a dozen garments each.

"Here's a sample," holding up a pair of overalls of brown cottonade. "The work is cut out, but you will have to do everything yourself. I want you to make the fly extra strong and press the bottoms. We pay 75 cents a dozen and you find your own thread."

"Seventy-five cents for a dozen of these pants and find my own thread?"

"Yes. Or I'll pay you 80 cents a dozen and give you linen thread if you sew the buttons on fast."

"No, I guess I won't take the pants. What other work have you?"

"Here are cheviot shirts if you'd rather. Gusset the tail here and the sleeves, stay the bosom and arm-holes, and make the collar and wrist-bands extra strong. These pay 75 cents a dozen." He offered to give me three on trial. The thread would cost 5 cents, car-fare 10 cents, and I should have left 3 cents after the job.

John said: "That's so, but I can't help it. If the work is satisfactory you can have a six-dozen lot."

It was very good of John to sympathize with me, but I thanked him and said I would look a little further.

#### THE NEVER-RIP JERSEY.

A Hard Day's Work for 41 Cents—Less Fortunate Workers Who Earned Only 11 Cents—A Sick Girl's Sad Story—The Hopeless Miss Who Longed to Be Married.

At the Never-Rip Jersey company I was told to apply at the factory, 133 West Washington street.

"Work is given out at 7:30 a. m.," the clerk informed me, "and if you have any snap about you you can make a good living." By way of getting the required snap I went home, ate my dinner, and was in bed at 8 o'clock.

The next morning I resumed the rags of poverty and at 7 o'clock made my debut as a factory hand. I was one of 120 women, ranging in age from 15 to 60. The factory where the never-rip jerseys are made is at the corner of Washington and Union streets, with elevator entrance in the rear and work-room in the fifth story.

The girls began to arrive at 7 o'clock, and at every trip of the elevator some twenty or more were carried up-stairs. I took a chair in one of the machine rows, and for an hour did nothing but watch the preparations for work in that human hive. The room was 30x18, with an open unfinished roof and brick walls calcimined. Light was admitted from rear and side windows. The pressmen had their boards and furdges at the south end of the room, where all the work was pressed prior to being boxed and ticketed for the trade. At the extreme opposite end was the cutting-room, fenced in from the rest, and between the two were the work-tables, where the hundred odd girls stitched and finished the jerseys.

Along the brick walls were nails iron-

was whistling "In the Sweet Bye and Bye." About thirty girls went to her, each with her own cup, for a supply of tea. I remarked to one passing my chair that her tea looked awfully nice and asked where she got it.

"From Em. She makes it and we each pay 2 cents a week."

On the stroke of 12 the machine stopped and 120 tired women stopped too, for thirty minutes' rest and the food that could hardly be called refreshing. In the main it consisted of brown bread and butter. In some parcels there was cold meat and cake; others had pie; a few a bottle or canteen of milk, cold tea or coffee, but I did not see a particle of fruit. One little girl who had been stretching jerseys at 2 cents each made a lunch on three graham crackers and a piece of custard pie, which she ate reading a paper-covered book. I counted thirty-seven girls with a lunch of dry bread, fifteen with sandwiches, and ten who ate cold pancakes. Twenty-three girls were without any luncheon whatever. During the intermission the elevator stopped running and no one left the building but myself. Less than ten minutes was spent over the wretched meal. At one side of the west wall, separated by a ten-foot pine partition, was the toilet-room containing an iron zinc with one faucet of running water. Here the girls crowded like so many cattle, each with her bit of soap and grimy cotton towel, to wash. Dress waists were loosened and necks, faces, arms, and hands lathered with soap and rinsed, as the chance permitted. There were three closets, unflushed, untidy, and unwholesome. Set up against the wall in this enclosure, with the faucet run through the partition, was a barrel of ice water inscribed in big letters: "Two cents will be collected every Saturday for ice water." Besides this luxury every hand pays 12 cents a week for the use of the machine.

At 1 o'clock I finished my basket, which I dragged to Tom, the book-keeper, who took my name and credited me with five garments. No price had been put on the jerseys, as they were sampled goods, but the forelady thought they would go at 60 cents a dozen, which meant 25 cents to my credit.

I didn't get any more work till 2 o'clock because the forelady was in the toilet-room having her bangs done up in paper. She was a pretty woman, by the way, with a good face and a shock of beautiful auburn hair. She had been in her position for six years and was drawing a salary of \$35 a week. The girls had a good word for her generally, but she struck me as being a woman without heart. At her appearance I was given a basketful of jerseys to finish button-holes. I worked like a Trojan for an hour, at the end of which I won the heart of a little girl who sat at the end of my table facing the wall. She had been sitting still so long that I called out and asked if she were ill.

"No. I haven't any work."

Tired almost to exhaustion and as hot as a newly-built mustard-plaster I was only too glad of a chance to transfer my interests, but she declined. It was too hot to work; she was going away soon, she said, and didn't care to do any more.

"When did I begin? Today. I worked in a box-factory, but it was so dull I could only earn 16 cents a day. My mother wants me to pay her \$2.50 a week board, but how could I with 16 cents. This is no better. I came at 8 this morning and I have only made 11 cents. I am 21. Beaus? Yes, some. I have one steady fellow, but I don't know if he will marry me. I hope he will."

She told me he earned \$75 a month as telegraph operator on the board of trade; that he was "steady as a steeple, and the only fellow she ever loved."

I told her how to go about catching the prosperous telegrapher and rehased a recipe given me by no less a personage than Mrs. John M. Sherwood, which I had never tried. She was going to a picnic at Garfield park at 6 o'clock and brought over a 25-cent chocolate cake to show me. Then she loaned me her scissors, told me good-by and went home to dress for the fete.

Nothing of any importance occurred till someone passed the news that a girl was asleep in the closet. Half a dozen left their machines to look at her, Hannah, my mentor, among them.

"Oh, you just ought to see her, fast asleep, with her mouth wide open." It was more than I could stand. I threw my button-holes into the basket and went to the toilet-

## THE HEALER'S TR

Mrs. Woodworth Describes How She Saw the Doors of Heaven Closed.

And How the Wicked and the Good and Gashed Their Teeth in Despair.

Her Explanation of the Cataclysmic Effect Which She Produces in Her Converts.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL., July 23.—Mrs. B. Woodworth, the faith-cure does not wear a bustle, neither Emma Eisenberg and Miss Allie D assistants. Miss Woodworth dresses in white, displays no jewelry, and hair in a great braided coil on head. Miss Eisenberg wears a black and sometimes white. She gold watch and has an inconspicuous of jewelry. Her hair is cropped short gives her a pert appearance. Miss wears white and figured goods and elry. She weighs over two hundred and is not built to need a bustle.

"What are Mrs. Woodworth's id dress?" Miss Daggett was asked. "Oh, she is not particular about things. She is not an extremist direction. She does not believe in one's dress conspicuous either for or for style and colors. As for powder, bustles, and such-like she one's conscience should be a guide. sin for anyone to wear what w offense, and the conscience is a cor of that."

"How about dancing, card-play theater-going?" "Those are wrong." Anyone soundly converted has no desire to in them, at least I never saw one I know many so-called Christians and go to the theater, but they soundly converted. They have in their heart wholly to the Lord."

Mrs. Woodworth told this morn vision she had last evening while in She said: "Last night while I was erd I saw the Lord of Hosts glory. I have been in a trance f dred times or more, I suppose, in seven years, but I never had an ex-like that of last night. After I w from this tent I became deathly sick sick at my stomach and th night die. Every time I cl eyes all night I saw a terribl There were persons in this tent whose last chance to be saved is could see them in my vision, and th others here who are now having t chance. Oh, it is terrible to think o lost forever. I saw those who c gone. Before them were the heav and they were closed, and on them read: 'No room for you in heaven.'"

saw another heavenly gate stand and in front of it were those who ar their last chance to be saved. C anxious I felt that all of them shoul Then I saw the heaven door clo Jesus coming in a cloud of glory. I he is coming soon. I expect to his coming, and there are per this tent looking up at m who will see the Lord come on thi Oh, may you all be ready, for wh great day comes it will be too late ready. And in my vision I saw the the wicked and in it the wretched the lost and I heard the gnashing o and the cries of the suffering lost. friends, it was a terrible sight. I great agony at the sight. When I spirit overpowering me I was so hap body seemed lifted up and to be fo the air. It seemed as if it was th the very tips of the top leaves of the trees. And as I saw the heavenly ga the Son of Man coming in glory a angels ministering to Him I was far than I can describe.

"I firmly believe that my soul l body last night, and had not God gi a sight also of that terrible pit below the crowds rushing towards it I do lieve my spirit would have been retu



security for our material. I don't know who you are and if I gave you the thread I might never see you again."

"I don't need instruction. I can make the stitch and I don't want to put any such amount in samples. If you can't trust me with a spool of thread and a pattern will you sell me the material?"

"That's not the way we do business. If you want to work for us you will have to comply with the contract. You pay \$3; that entitles you to a sample mat which we teach you how to make. After you have \$15 made worth of work we refund the \$3."

"What about the other \$2?"

"It goes to us for instruction and samples."

"Will I have to make the samples?"

"Yes."

Then there are thirteen in the Western Lace Manufacturing company's dozen."

"If you want to put it that way, yes. But you get one of each set."

"But I don't want any. I have a supply. Tell me how much will you sell me a thirtieth of a dozen of this set for?"

"The price is on the tag."

"Ah, I see. 15 cents; and you pay 60 cents a dozen for making them, a profit of \$1.20. The best thing I've struck yet. Any stock for sale?"

The scowl becomes threatening, but I venture to ask how much thread it takes to a mat for a closer calculation of the profits. No answer is designed.

"If I give you \$3 you will give me work?"

"Yes," in a sudden tone.

"How much?"

"All you can do," brightening up a little. "How do I know you will give me back \$1 after I've earned \$15?" I ask. "I don't know anything about you; I never heard of your firm before, and there is no name on this paper."

"I guess your motives are bad. You don't want work."

"What guarantee have you to offer of honesty or respectability?"

With glaring eyes, distended nostrils, and face crimson with rage he threw down a pile of 2-cent blank books in front of me. "There's our customers; every state in the union is represented; go to them if you want references. Here are more, too," slamming down a sheet of paper with the names and Chicago addresses of about forty women.

"I see you have a minimum local trade. Chicago women don't seem overzealous about the crocheting business." Then I asked him where he got a market for the goods and the name of some business man to whom I could go for reference.

"Now I am not going to do any more talking with you about this business."

"Why?" Is it a secret organization, a sort of Masonic—

"No, it isn't secret or Masonic either, but I don't believe you're all right and I won't answer any more questions until I know who you are and what you want."

"Poor Mr. Ford was so furious by this time that I thanked him for his attention and bade him good afternoon."

At the foot of the stairs I waited to see my veil on and see how Martin fared, but at the expiration of thirty minutes she was still waiting for Mr. White and her sis.

Of the five women I interrogated none were able to earn 20 cents a day. All expressed a liking for the work but complained bitterly of the way the concern gave out the work. For instance bedspreads paid \$10 a dozen, but not more than three spreads were given to a hand and one of these was the sample. The little table-mats paid 50 cents per dozen, but before a girl was able to crochet enough to live on she was obliged to take collars made of fine thread in such an intricate pattern that it was an utter impossibility to earn \$1 a month.

No woman seen had earned \$15 in less than six months, and one of the most skilled hands had been on a 60-cent lot since June 3.

By inquiry I learned that many women paid \$3 and gave up the work when they saw that it was not possible to make the \$15 necessary for the rebate. This fact does not appear in the circulars, and it is not until after the contract has been signed that the equivoical tactics of the concern are understood. Several cases are on record at the Woman's Protective agency, but no judgment has been obtained, as the agreement stands valid before the law. All that can be done in the matter is to warn the public against a concern legally incorporated to grind the life

where the never-rip jerseys are made is at the corner of Washington and Union streets, with elevator entrance in the rear and work-room in the fifth story.

The girls began to arrive at 7 o'clock, and at every trip of the elevator some twenty or more were carried up-stairs. I took a chair in one of the machine rows, and for an hour did nothing but watch the preparations for work in that human hive. The room was 30x138, with an open unfinished roof and brick walls calcimined. Light was admitted from rear and side windows. The pressmen had their boards and furnaces at the south end of the room, where all the work was pressed prior to being boxed and ticketed for the trade. At the extreme opposite end was the cutting-room, fenced in from the rest, and between the two were the work-tables, where the hundred odd girls stitched and finished the jerseys.

Along the brick walls were nails, irregularly driven, on which the girls hung their hats and wraps, dresses and collars. Nearly every one took off her dress and waist, turned it inside out, put it on a nail and put on a calico or old stuff shop suit. A few took off their corsets and nearly all the machine hands changed their shoes before work. On the stroke of 7:30 a bell rang, the power was turned on, the machines began to buzz like little saw-mills and the day's work had commenced. Heads of brown, black, yellow and gray bent so near the flying shuttles that every minute I expected the bangs and heavy crimps would get caught in the machinery. The faces were sad and so very, very pale that I shall never look at a jersey again without seeing them. The average age may have been 23, but not less. There were girls of 17 and 18 and some world-weary women past 50 all working for little more than enough to keep body and soul together. The work circulated in baskets—long chip hampers with stout handles—that held a dozen, with room for five times that quantity. A great deal of time was lost by the workers in getting the contents of the basket examined, checked off on the ticket and the ticket stamped. If it had been the last chance for life I don't believe the girls would have worked any harder for salvation. Scarcely a head was raised from machine or lap. Shoulders were bent down, chests hollowed in, and faces drooped so low that I could not begin to make a study of the "windows of the souls" before me. At 8:40 the proprietor of the chair I was in asked me to vacate, and I walked down through the narrow aisles of sewing-women to the "fore-lady" and asked for work.

She asked me if I wanted to take a machine, but I expressed a preference for finishing. I was given a number, a basket with five jerseys to finish, and a chair beside a girl named Hannah, who, being engaged by the day, was told to "show me." Hannah had blonde hair and talked with the brogue. She gave me a needle as long as my engagement finger, and the most meager instruction compatible with obedience. Fortunately I had my thimble, and crossing my knees I threaded the glistening needle with silk and proceeded to hook-and-eye a jersey. Remembering the treachery of any shop clothes I ever wore I filled the two hooks and eyes with sewing and after testing them proceeded to face the collar. I made poor work of the bias band, for my needle was so coarse that it split the satin. I told Hannah about my misery, but she wisely said it was no fault of hers and went on with a \$3-a-dozen lot she had been doing two days and a half. Thinking it would be a good way to get acquainted with my neighbors I asked several for a fine needle and at last exchanged the crow-bar Hannah had given me for a fine cambric article. It worked better. At the end of two hours I had bound the arm-holes, faced the collar, tacked the front facings and the bustle piece, and put two pairs of hooks and eyes in a black jersey. The dye was not fast, neither was the wool, for my throat, ears, and nostrils were tufted with black lint. I was African from the nose-nails to the wrists. The front facings had to be trimmed off. I had no scissors. Hannah was ungenerous with hers, and I lost about 15 cents' worth of time borrowing the weapons. At noon I had finished four jerseys and was so sore about the neck and back that I could scarcely rise from the chair. I began to scent hot tea and looking about saw a big girl called Emma brewing three pots of Japan over one of the press-furnaces. She had her front hair in curl papers and

he was "steady as a steeple, and the only fellow she ever loved."

I told her how to go about catching the prosperous telegrapher and rehearsed a recipe given me by no less a personage than Mrs. John M. Sherwood, which I had never tried. She was going to a picnic at Garfield park at 6 o'clock and brought over a 25-cent chocolate cake to show me. Then she loaned me her scissors, told me good-by, and went home to dress for the fete.

Nothing of any importance occurred till someone passed the news that a girl was asleep in the closet. Half a dozen left their machines to look at her, Hannah, my mentor, among them.

"Oh, you just ought to see her, fast asleep, with her mouth wide open." It was more than I could stand. I threw my button-holes into the basket and went to the toilet-room. Sure enough, there was the poor girl sitting in the dirty place, her head resting against a folded apron, breathing in the foul air that reeked with filth and disease. The walls of the closet were black with pencil marks, the floor was strewn with lint and threads, and the pale face of the sleeper looked ghastly in the darkness. She had tied one end of a string to the latch and the other to the drop-chain.

"My dear child, you mustn't sleep here. Are you sick?"

"Oh, I am so sick."

Instantly there were a dozen willing hands to help her out to a window where a chair was placed for her. We rubbed her temples, chafed her hands, bathed her head, and got her some lemons. After making her toilet she came over to my table and as I sewed away at my button-holes she told me her story.

"Rose and I are only six months in this country. We came from England with our brother and live on Carpenter street. The climate doesn't agree with me and I am sick all the time. At first we worked in Marshall Field's and Rose and I made fringe. We got \$7 a week and were so happy. It was awful nice there. We didn't have to pay for drinking water or anything; there were lots of towels, whole cakes of soap, and oh, it was so clean. We had a foreman over us and he was as good as a brother to us. Sometimes we let our money lay and drew it in a pile; oh, such a lot as it was! We put away very much of it. But I got sick and all we had saved went for doctor and medicine. Then the work stopped. They took our names though and promised to send for us in the fall. For a while we worked in the box factory, but liked to starve. Then we went to Ellinger's and made cloaks at 30 cents each, but it was so hard, and we couldn't please them no matter how we tried. We came here today, but it's only a fit place to starve in. All the work they gave me was a dozen jerseys to button; that's 11 cents a row; had two dozen holes to finish at 16 cents. Twenty-seven cents for the two of us! How can we live on it?" and the child began to cry again.

By way of comforting her I took her name, promised to help her, and gave her my check for 41 cents. She didn't think it would be honored, so I took it to the cashier myself and demanded pay as I was not coming back in the morning. "No, ma'am," said he, "you don't get it. Come round on the 20th and I'll hunt you up."

At 5:30 work ceased. Each girl had to sweep out her place, clean and oil the machine, and return her basket and check. I paid a nickel to have my corner swept, and finding it impossible to wash up sans towel and soap I got under my veil and rang the elevator. The pressers laughed and told me to try the stairs—five flights. Down I went. At the second I went into the salesroom to buy a jersey. One of the firm waited on me; his magnanimity was sublime. The identical black jersey that I had received 5 cents for finishing was offered to me at \$2. I declined. By way of interest, one hundred dozen garments are turned out of the factory every day in the year. As near as I could learn the salaries average \$4 a week, but plenty of grown women are not allowed to earn over 25 cents a day.

Work begins at 7:30 a. m. and 12:30 p. m. Anyone five minutes late working on time is fined an hour's pay, and for the loss of an hour the pay of half a day is knocked off. Piece-workers who are late are kept idle from one to three hours. A girl who loses her ticket forfeits pay for the entire work, notwithstanding the entry is on the books of the firm.

Oh, may you all heretofore, what great day comes it will be too late to ready. And in my vision I saw the abject and the cries of the suffering lost. Oh, friends, it was a terrible sight. I was great agony at the sight. When I felt spirit overpowering me I was so happy, body seemed lifted up and to be floated the air. It seemed as if it was balanced the very tips of the top leaves of the high trees. And as I saw the heavenly gates the Son of Man coming in glory and angels ministering to Him I was far happier than I can describe.

"I firmly believe that my soul left body last night, and had not God given a sight also of that terrible pit below and the crowds rushing towards it I do not believe my spirit would have been returned to its fleshly tenement. But the sight made pity the poor sinners so that I wanted to live and work for their salvation longer. Oh, my friends, let us do all we can to get saved before the heaven door is ever closed."

During the afternoon meeting today Woodworth showed the preliminary symptoms of going into a trance again, but disappeared. "The Holy Ghost is here, feel its presence in every nerve in my body," she said when the twitches began.

After service she was asked how she counted for the trances in which she others lay for hours. "In the manner I account for the same manifestations," she scribbled in the bible. A score or more of them are there set forth. They are due to the spirit of God. I preach the word as preached by the apostles. I believe in changes or revisions. They are the work of the devil. At the services I conducted can witness the very scenes described in the bible. The converted are carried away in trances or shout the praises of God and are stricken down. Scores of times I seen those who came to ridicule the things felled to the earth and robbed of power of speech for hours. That was way Saul of Tarsus was brought into fold."

From a scientific standpoint these trances are believed to be due to ecstasy produced by a concentration of the mind through a set of facilities only to the exclusion of others. It may be produced by other means than religion. Mrs. Woodworth seems to have in a rather remarkable degree power of concentrating the minds of the hearers who are of an impressionable nature, and by reason of this power has considerable success in converting from a life in sin those who are not usually reached through the churches.

The meetings today were more quiet than those of yesterday, perhaps because it was excessively hot and nearly everyone was exhausted. About 1,500 were present at meeting this afternoon, many having driven from the country. Mrs. Woodworth appeared as lively as ever after her trances conducted all of the meetings herself.

Once, when she asked everyone to pray the same time, she said: "You may think queer that I make such a request, and may say we are excited. But we are not excited; we are only anxious for your souls. Some think we make too much noise, tell you this is the quietest world you ever be in. Heaven is a noisy place. The singing and shouting there. Every time a is born into the kingdom the bells of heaven are set ringing and the redeemed all in a mighty chorus. And down in awful pit, too, whither some of you going, there is plenty of noise. The gnashing of teeth, and the cries and wail and remorse and the shrieks of pain. Don't trouble, my friends, over a little noise in this world, for you'll hear more after die."

The meetings today developed no case of healing, unless the condition "feeling better" be thus classified. Several rheumatic individuals said they felt better. Tomorrow the tent will be moved to another grove a short distance and the meetings will be continued a week or more. A free Methodist meeting takes possession of Oak Park. A collection is taken up at each service and handed over to "Brother" Woodworth, who is the praiser. He puts the seeds down into his capacious pocket matter-of-fact way acquired by an experience of seven years. It is thought that the individuals in the party are enabled to

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