

# Chicago Times

Y MORNING, AUGUST 11, 1888.

WILL BE IN GREAT DEMAND.

THE SUNDAY TIMES

BE SURE YOU DON'T MISS IT.

PRICE 2 CENTS.

charge their duties in an impartial and upright manner, he had heard remarks from eminent men which convinced him that a great error had been committed in the composition of the commission. The consequences would be to aggravate evil passions, revive the memory of many things that might well be forgotten, increase the bitterness between the English and Irish, and retard the establishment of improved relations between the two countries.

Earl Granville declared that Baron Herschell's arguments had not been answered. Nothing had been said to show that the inquiry would not be fraught with injustice to the accused and with mischief to the public. As for himself, he could not separate his action from that of his friends in the house of commons. He would not oppose a second reading of the bill, but he would oppose its rapid progress through the subsequent stages.

Lord Derby (liberal unionist) supported the bill.

The bill then passed its second reading, the peers on the front opposition bench saying: "Not content."

On motion of Baron Herschell the second reading of the oath's bill was postponed until the autumn session.

## BRITISH BREVITIES.

**A Princess Who Must Wait for a "Dot"—Comment on Salisbury's Speech.**

LONDON, Aug. 10.—An interesting bit of gossip circulating in court circles is to the effect that the princess of Wales during her recent visit to the continent discovered an eligible prince for her eldest daughter, but for state reasons the announcement of the match has been postponed. It is surmised that this decision was dictated by a knowledge of the fact that parliament is not now in a frame of mind to grant the usual "dot" without a discussion which might amount to a scandal.

The *Examiner* proposes that a fund be raised to defray the expenses that may be incurred by Irish members of parliament in connection with the inquiry of the Parnell commission into the charges made against them by the London *Times*.

Parliament will adjourn on Monday next until November.

The Vienna newspapers, commenting on Lord Salisbury's speech at the mansion house banquet, say that his remarks are too optimistic in tone, especially regarding Russia and Hungary.

The *Frederickshafen* says that Austria's policy has always been a peaceable one. It does not doubt the loyalty of the czar, and expresses the hope that he will be able to fulfil his people's wish for a peace policy. The Berlin *Telegraph* says it is glad that Lord Salisbury unreservedly recognizes Germany's desire for peace, and that his language shows the looseness of the assertions against Germany current in leading English circles.

The election in the West Derby division of Liverpool today will fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Lord Claude Hamilton, conservative, resulted in the return of William Henry Cross, who is also a conservative.

## FRANCE.

**A Cold Note to Italy—An Official Account of the Riots.**

PARIS, Aug. 10.—The reply of M. Goblet, minister of foreign affairs, to the Italian note announcing the occupation of Massowah, protests against the abolition of capitulations without negotiation or agreement with the powers, and hints that France will pursue the same tactics in future if it suits her interests.

It is believed that M. Goblet's circular regarding the occupation of Massowah is intended to close the discussion in a manner honorable to France. The cabinet's adherence to its views regarding capitulations does not apply to Massowah. The premier has sent to all the presidents in France and America a circular giving an official account of the riots, the object being to counteract the effect of exaggerated newspaper reports.

The *Journal des Debats*, *Le Republicain*, *Prévenir*, *Le Temps*, and *La Liberté* are highly satisfied with the firmness shown by M. Floquet, especially in closing the labor exchange. The *Le Temps* and the conservative journals accuse him of sacrificing his own opinions for the sake of a short-lived opportunist support. The radical journals generally accuse the police of fomenting disorder. *La Justice* says the display of communist flags in the funeral procession might have been winked at.

The officers of the labor exchange were reopened today.

The strike of the navvies has ended. The men have accepted the terms offered by the employers. The bomb which was thrown in the Place Voltaire on Wednesday was similar in construction to those employed by the American anarchists. It contained a substance resembling nitro-glycerine.

## MAXWELL EXECUTED.

**The Murderer of C. Arthur Preller Hanged Yesterday Morning in the St. Louis Jail:**

**How He Spent His Last Hours on Earth—A Statement Regarding His Affairs Issued to the Public.**

**Henry Landgraf, Who Deliberately Killed His Sweetheart, Met Death on the Same Scaffold.**

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Aug. 10.—Hugh M. Brooks, alias Maxwell, the murderer of C. Arthur Preller, was hanged in the jail this morning, together with Murderer Landgraf. The drop fell at exactly 9:02.

At 3 o'clock this morning Maxwell said he was feeling "chilly." He shivered slightly and buttoned his coat about him. The wind came in at the west window, just opposite the cell, and was indeed cool. A quart tin cup of hot, black coffee was brought to him. This he sipped and seemed to get some warmth in his veins from the draught. While taking refreshment Mr. Fauntleroy's telegram to Martin was read to him; stating that the governor had just received a second telegram from British Minister West, in which the latter said the British government asked for a respite in order to inquire into the circumstances of the case. The telegram gave Maxwell small hope. He only said:

"Well, if a man won't believe the telegrams a diplomatic minister sends to him I suppose there is no way to make him do so. The governor seems determined on his course, and I suppose I must meet my fate."

At 4:15 o'clock Father Tylan left Maxwell's cell, and the little prisoner wrote a note to Mr. Garesche, the attorney who made a special plea for him at Jefferson City, thanking him warmly for his services and wishing him long life and happiness.

At 5 o'clock Maxwell was dressed for his last day on earth. He wore a black Prince Albert coat and white tie, which set off his pale face. He was beginning to show a little nervousness. He glanced about with some thing of a glare in his eyes that reminded one of the wild, frightened look he had as he was received by a crowd of several hundred people at the Union depot about sunrise one morning three years ago. He looked then as if he were afraid the crowd might prove to be a mob, and the same glister was in his eyes as he stared about after donning his burial suit this morning. But it was only for a few seconds. He recovered himself, assumed an attitude of reflection—one of his favorite attitudes the past three years in jail—and presently lit a cigarette and puffed away vigorously, evidently making an effort to banish the awful thoughts that would now and then cross his mind. The sun was up and the streets outside were filling with people, as was also the large room of the jail inside. Preparations for the final ceremony were commencing.

Father Tylan was again with the condemned men. He had heard their confession and had given them absolution, and they were on their knees before the priest. All eyes were on Maxwell, and Landgraf was scarcely noticed by the crowd, which numbered fully fifty people, mostly newspaper men. The sheriff and his deputies were ready to tie the arms of the prisoners.

At 6:10, just as everything was ready for the final march to the scaffold, the sheriff gave in to an appeal of Maxwell's attorneys for a postponement of the execution for two hours, and announced that it would not take place until 8:30 a. m. All holders of tickets were notified to return by that time.

The condemned men were taken back to Landgraf's cell, where they spent the time in private with Father Tylan, no one else except the guards being present. Maxwell improved the opportunity for another smoke, and used up several cigarettes before finishing it.

At 8:20 a message was received from Mr.

Early in 1885 Maxwell had left his home in Hyde, near Manchester, against the wishes of his parents, his objective point being America. From Manchester he went to Liverpool. He had no funds to speak of, but relied upon a smattering of science, law, and general information and a large amount of assurance to win his way across the sea. At the Northwestern hotel in Liverpool he met Preller, and in a casual conversation each man learned that the other would sail in the Cunard steamer *Cephalonia* for America. Later they met on board and soon became fast friends.

They came to St. Louis and Sunday, April 6, Preller was killed with chloroform by Maxwell. A few days later the body was found in a trunk, but Maxwell had fled. Officers traced him to Auckland, New Zealand, where he was arrested. He was returned and locked up in St. Louis. The motive for the crime was shown in Maxwell having taken Preller's money, over \$800, and a lot of his wearing apparel and personal effects; but the clinching testimony was that of John F. McCullough, a detective who, under the name of Frank Dingfelder, had been imprisoned with Maxwell as a forger and from him secured a confession of the crime.

Maxwell's defense was that the death of Preller was accidental. He said he had administered the chloroform to operate on Preller for stricture. He fled because he presumed he would not be permitted to testify in his own behalf, that being the law in England. He was found guilty of murder and sentenced to be hanged. A new trial was sought on the ground that a juror had expressed himself in favor of conviction before the trial. The motion was denied. An appeal to the supreme court resulted in affirmation of the lower court's judgment, though the detective episode was censured and one of the judges (Sherwood) dissented. Application was then made to Justice Miller of the United States supreme court for a new trial on error, which was granted, and the execution, which had been set for Aug. 26, 1887, indefinitely staid. Later the matter was dismissed by the supreme bench, holding there was nothing to show that Maxwell had not had a fair trial. Maxwell's attorneys then sought executive clemency, which was refused yesterday.

## LANDGRAF'S 'ORIME.

**Insanely Jealous, He Deliberately Killed the Girl He Professed to Love.**

ST. LOUIS, Aug. 10.—The crime for which Henry Landgraf suffered the death penalty was committed on the night of March 5, 1885. The victim was his sweetheart, Annie Tisch, a beautiful girl of less than 18 years old. Jealousy prompted the deed. On the day of the murder he took the girl out walking, having the revolver with which he killed her in his pocket. He suddenly turned and upbraided her for keeping company with other men. She merely laughed, when he shot her through the head. He was convicted and sentenced to be hanged April 29, 1887. An appeal was granted the same day, May 7, 1887, the supreme court affirmed the decision and the date of execution was fixed for June 23. The governor granted a respite until July 13, and on the 12th day of July Judge Normile granted him another stay until Aug. 10.

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## HOT AFTER TASCOTT.

**Inspector Bonfield and Sergt. Damon Searching After Snell's Murderer.**

Last night a detective told *THE TIMES* reporter that the police expected to arrest Tascott, the murderer of Millionaire Anos J. Snell, within forty-eight hours. That is all he would say about it, and after he said that much he begged the reporter not to mention it in the paper. The detective may have lied, but there are reasons for believing that he did not. One reason is the fact that Inspector Bonfield has gone to Colorado and another is that Sergt. Damon has disappeared. Three days ago Inspector Bonfield left town. It was given out that he had gone to Colorado for recreation. A dispatch from Denver yesterday said he had arrived there in company with two friends. The names of the inspector's friends could not be obtained at police headquarters, but a reporter dis-

## CITY SLAVE GIRLS.

**"The Times" Reporter Wanders Into the Loud-Smelling Tailor-Shops on Twelfth Street.**

**An Insight Into the Peculiar Methods by Which Wholesale Clothing Dealers Grow Rich.**

**Mean Factory Lords Who Pay Poor, Half-Starved Women 4 Cents for Finishing a Cloak.**

**Working from Morning Until Night in Miserable Hovels Where the Stench Is Overpowering.**

**Little Children, Grown Prematurely Old by the Killing Toil, Laboring for the Bread of Life.**

"I can show you some clothing factories by the side of which those heretofore described by *THE TIMES* will appear as palaces. If you will accompany me along South Canal, Clinton, and Jefferson streets, around Twelfth street, you will see things that will give you an insight into the way our clothing dealers get rich and the shop-hands are compelled to be satisfied with wages that constitute less than 10 per cent of what the purchaser pays for the article."

The man who spoke these words had come to *THE TIMES* office and offered his services in the disclosures of slave-driving in this city. This voluntary guide was a Jew named Schlesinger. Having worked in tailor-shops for a few years he was in a position to point out not only the causes of the prevailing misery in this branch of industry but by personal acquaintance could locate the shops in the vicinity which he considered the worst. He confined himself to the cloak factories and took a reporter through a dozen shops, introducing him as an operator from New York who was looking for work. He said this ruse was necessary as otherwise the factory lords would not allow his companion inside their shops.

Queer factory lords they are, too. They are dressed little better than the meanest of their workmen, and live, and work, and sleep, and eat, in such miserable, filthy, foul-smelling places that no decent human being would enter except under pressure of necessity.

One of the features of the neighborhood is that almost everybody does tailor work of some sort. Every one hundred yards or so one meets women and girls with loads of cloaks which they are taking home to finish or returning to the factory after finishing. Through the open doors and windows one can see women sewing cloaks, while dirty, half-naked children are playing around them or wallowing in the dirt on the streets. These poor women do their housework and sew while the men are away at work, some in the shops, some at street labor, some peddling fruit, for there are many Italians living in the vicinity. These women get from 4 to 6 cents for finishing a cloak. By working very hard some can make four cloaks a day and earn 16 to 24 cents. If the work is not satisfactory they have to sew it over again, sometimes three or four times.

Nearly all the cloak-making factories are in the hands of Russian Jews, whose love of cleanliness is not proverbial. The first whom *THE TIMES* excursionists visited was a man named Strobinsky on Taylor street, between Canal and Clinton streets. He keeps a little

agreement with the powers, and hints that France will pursue the same tactics in future if it suits her interests.

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#### OLD WORLD NOTES.

##### Many Persons Missing in Flooded Districts—Another Turkish Loan.

LONDON, Aug. 10.—Advice from the flooded districts of Germany report several deaths. Fourteen persons are missing in the Lauben district alone.

Count Herbert Bismarck will accompany Emperor William to Vienna and Rome. The *Diritto* says that King Humbert will pay a visit to Berlin before Emperor William visits Rome.

The Turkish government has borrowed from local banks \$6,000,000 at 64. The interest on the loan is fixed at 5 per cent and is guaranteed by the new fisheries and silk taxes.

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#### BY ACCIDENT OR DESIGN?

##### Mrs. Lindgren Falls Into the Lake and Is Barely Rescued.

There appeared no reason why Mrs. Philippina Lindgren should seek to end her life. Tall, beautiful, dressed in costly apparel, she was an object of admiration, and more than all she enjoyed the comforts of a happy and almost luxurious home. She paced along the edge of the breakwater at the foot of Cedar street yesterday afternoon. Her blonde tresses hung loosely down the back of her loosely-dressed. The jewels shone from the tips on her fingers as she drew her hands across her face. Many times she stopped and looked over the high tier railing and stones. Her actions attracted the attention of a park policeman and Joseph Williams of 315 Rush street, who watched her for several minutes. At last the woman stood motionless. A minute elapsed, in which she made no effort to move. She pressed her hands to her temples. Then she clambered to the top of the breakwater and a second later she threw herself into the water. The policeman and Williams ran to the spot where the woman came to the surface. She was dragged her. She was unconscious. Mrs. Ross of 165 Cedar street opened her home for the unfortunate woman and placed her in a bed, where a doctor attended her. About 8 o'clock Mrs. Ross, after providing dry clothing, took her home in a carriage.

She gave her name as Mrs. Philippina Lindgren of 183 North May street, but refused to tell the Chicago avenue police why she wished to drown herself. She denied that she had family troubles. Her home is elegantly fitted up and her family claims that she has always been contented. About 9 o'clock Mrs. Ross made a statement for Mrs. Lindgren, claiming that she had become dizzy while on the breakwater and had fallen in. All intention of committing suicide was denied.

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#### "The Times" Saved His Life.

CARLISLE, Ind., Aug. 6.—To THE EDITOR: Inclosed please find 75 cents for which send me THE SUNDAY TIMES as your offer in same of Aug. 1, and oblige an old soldier who owes THE CHICAGO TIMES a debt of gratitude. In 1883 THE TIMES was not admitted in our lines. I got a copy on the morning of the 22d day of May, just before the charge on Vicksburg. My second lieutenant (Ed Martin) folded THE TIMES in a small package and put it in his pants pocket. He was shot twice in five minutes through the right arm above the elbow, and THE TIMES saved his life. A bullet ball struck him in the groin and literally splintered his shins, but it stopped the ball. I sunk over half its size in the flesh, causing a very painful wound. He lives now in Louisiana and is the people's ticket, Cleveland and Thurman. Respectfully yours,

WILL VAN FOSSEN.

Rainy and Warmer in Illinois. Rains, warmer weather, and southerly winds are promised for Illinois today.

streets outside were filling with people, as was also the large room of the jail inside. Preparations for the final ceremony were commencing.

Father Tyhan was again with the condemned men. He had heard their confession and had given them absolution, and they were on their knees before the priest. All eyes were on Maxwell, and Langraf was scarcely noticed by the crowd, which numbered fully fifty people, mostly newspaper men. The sheriff and his deputies were ready to tie the arms of the prisoners.

At 10, just as everything was ready for the final march to the scaffold, the sheriff gave in to an appeal of Maxwell's attorneys for a postponement of the execution for two hours, and announced that it would not take place until 8:30 a. m. All holders of tickets were notified to return by that time.

The condemned men were taken back to Landgraf's cell, where they spent the time in private with Father Tyhan, no one else except the guards being present. Maxwell improved the opportunity for another smoke, and used up several cigarettes before finishing it.

At 8:20 a message was received from Mr. Fauntleroy, Maxwell's attorney at Jefferson City, saying there was no hope for Maxwell. At 8:45 the sheriff entered the jail and the prisoners were brought out from the cells they had occupied so long. The crowd gathered about, the death warrants were read, and the arms of the men tied behind their hands and wrists together in front. The march to the scaffold was commenced. Maxwell was deathly pale, and Landgraf about as usual.

Everything worked smoothly, from the bringing of the prisoners from their cells to the springing of the trap, the whole occupying scarcely fifteen minutes. The reading of the death warrants occupied but a few minutes, and the march to the scaffold. But a few more, the procession passing between a double file of police. Maxwell was very pale, and kept his eyes on the ground as he walked, but his step was steady and firm, and no tremor was perceptible in his arms. Landgraf walked with his wonted stolid indifference, and neither spoke a word. They had hardly ascended the scaffold before the black caps were over their heads shutting out their faces, and an instant later both shot down through the death trap.

Maxwell's body twitched and jerked for over twelve minutes, and from a jerk on the face, caused by the rope in being drawn over the head, a stream of blood trickled down, and dropped to the floor. His body was cut down at 9:16 and removed to the morgue, where it was photographed. Landgraf's body was also taken to the dead-house, where a picture was obtained. The necks of both men were broken.

Morgue officials state that Maxwell's body was the finest corpse handled in the morgue for many a day. His underclothing was vile and he evidently had not bathed in months. After the post-mortem the remains of Maxwell were taken to an undertaking establishment and embalmed. The casket was quietly conveyed to Calvary cemetery and placed in a vault for interment at a later day. Mrs. Brooks and daughter, mother and sister of the deceased, and John I. Martin, Maxwell's attorney, accompanied the remains to the cemetery. It was expected there would be a scene at the morgue after the execution, but the mother and sister wisely remained away.

Today Maxwell furnished a document which he called his dying statement. In it he reasserts his innocence of the willful killing of Charles Arthur Preller and then gives an epitome of the statement of the case as heretofore published, beginning with the acquaintance formed in Liverpool with Preller, detailing the death of Preller, his own terror and flight, the pursuit, capture, trial, and conviction, closing with bitter denunciation of those who he asserts have been instrumental in dragging him out of the highways of justice into the bypaths of mob law and making his execution an infamy and a disgrace to the United States.

#### MAXWELL'S SHOCKING CRIME.

##### History of the Case That Brought the Young Englishman to the Gallows.

St. Louis, Aug. 10.—The crime for which Hugh M. Brooks, alias Maxwell, paid the extreme penalty of the law this morning was the murder of his friend, Charles Arthur Preller, in room 141 of the Southern hotel, Sunday, April 6, 1885. The acquaintance between Maxwell, as he is best known, and Preller was formed in Liverpool, England,

vision and the date of execution was fixed for June 23. The governor granted a respite until July 13, and on the 12th day of July Judge Normile granted him another stay until Aug. 18.

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#### HOT AFTER TASCOTT.

##### Inspector Bonfield and Sergeant Damon Searching After Snell's Murderer.

Last night a detective told THE TIMES reporter that the police expected to arrest Tascott, the murderer of Millionaire Anos J. Snell, within forty-eight hours. That is all he would say about it, and after he said that much he begged the reporter not to mention it in the paper. The detective may have lied, but there are reasons for believing that he did not. One reason is the fact that Inspector Bonfield has gone to Colorado and another is that Sergt. Damon has disappeared. Three days ago Inspector Bonfield left town. It was given out that he had gone to Colorado for recreation. A dispatch from Denver yesterday said he had arrived there in company with two friends. The names of the inspector's friends could not be obtained at police headquarters, but a reporter discovered that Sergt. Damon of the Desplaines street station disappeared the same day that Inspector Bonfield went away. So far as can be learned no one at the station, except Capt. Aldrich, makes any pretensions of knowing where Damon is. He said nothing to any of the other officers about going away, and none of them knew he was contemplating a trip until after he had gone. When they asked what had become of him they were told he had left town on business. Capt. Aldrich said Damon was taking a vacation, and he did not know exactly where he had gone.

The fact that Damon is the only officer on the force that was personally acquainted with Tascott and that he accompanied Capt. Aldrich on his extended search for the now famous murderer throughout the northwest strengthens the supposition that he and someone else accompanied Inspector Bonfield to Colorado.

Two weeks ago Inspector Bonfield expressed confidence that he would yet bring Tascott to the gallows, and said he had strong hopes of laying his hands on him before many months. At the same time he stated that Tascott's relatives had been closely watched, and that if there was any communication between them and the murderer the police would surely learn of it. The inspector also said he believed that Tascott was still on the continent and that he was hiding somewhere in the mining districts or on some remote cattle ranch.

It is possible that Tascott has written to his brother, that the letter has fallen into the hands of the police, and that Inspector Bonfield has struck a hot trail.

#### PLAYED CARDS ON THE SLY.

##### People at Ocean Grove Shocked at the Sinful Practices of Residents.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., Aug. 10.—The good people of Ocean Grove were shocked today when they learned that a progressive euchre party had been held the night before at a Surf avenue cottage, and that the players, after being awarded prizes for their proficiency and dexterity, had indulged in a dance. Card-playing and dancing have been placed under the ban by the Ocean Grove association and are prohibited. The officers of the association met and appointed a committee to wait on the lady in whose house the alleged violation of this edict had taken place. The committee performed its duty and the lady, frightened nearly out of her wits, acknowledged that a social game of cards had been indulged in upon her premises, but denied the story of the dancing. The committee admonished the lady upon the sin of card playing, and directed her to discontinue such ungodly diversions in the future. The affair has created a decided sensation among the thousands in attendance upon the religious meetings in the grove, and has attracted public attention to the prevalence of the forbidden game within the precincts of the camp grounds.

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#### A Duel Stopped by Officers.

FORT MONROE, Va., Aug. 10.—A duel between Zegar Whiting, son of H. C. Whiting, president of the Hampton bank, and Dixie Lee, son of Maj. Baker P. Lee, collector of customs at Newport, was arranged to take place at Buckroe, three miles north of here, at daybreak this morning. The principals were on the ground choosing weapons when Sheriff Williams arrived and arrested Lee and his party. Whiting escaped.

#### Killed During a Political Row.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Aug. 10.—Wash Morganer shot and killed John King today in a row which grew out of a political misunderstanding. Both came from Eastman township to attend the county convention. King is said to have told Morganer that he intended to hog him, and took hold of his collar for that purpose, when Morganer shot him. Morganer gave himself up.

some sort. Every one hundred yards or so one meets women and girls with loads of cloaks which they are taking home to finish or returning to the factory after finishing. Through the open doors and windows one can see women sewing cloaks, while dirty, half-naked children are playing around them or wallowing in the dirt on the streets. These poor women do their housework and sew while the men are away at work, some in the shops, some at street labor, some peddling fruit, for there are many Italians living in the vicinity. These women get from 4 to 6 cents for finishing a cloak. By working very hard some can make four cloaks a day and earn 16 to 24 cents. If the work is not satisfactory they have to sew it over again, sometimes three or four times.

Nearly all the cloak-making factories are in the hands of Russian Jews, whose love of cleanliness is not proverbial. The first whom THE TIMES excursionists visited was a man named Strobinsky on Taylor street, between Canal and Clinton streets. He keeps a little shop on the first floor. It is a comparatively decent shop, but there would be plenty of work for the factory inspectors. The rags were not taken out, but simply swept in a pile under a table. The ceiling was cracked in some places and the plaster had come down. There was not much doing and the shop was not crowded.

At John Meyer's place on Jefferson street, near Forquer, there were seven girls and nine men in a low room, which was not in very bad condition, as there were no pressers at work and the offensive smell created by their work was wanting. An Italian girl with her little sister came in with three or four cloaks she had finished.

"What does she get for finishing them?" Mr. Meyer was asked.

"That is a high grade of goods," he said. "She gets 8 or 10 cents apiece."

All of 8 or 10 cents for all the hand-sewing, including trimming of all sorts.

The shop of Louis Vilensky at 138 Taylor street was not among the worst. But at the shop of Bernard Brzofsky, 440 Canal street, it began to get worse. The smell almost took the visitor's breath away. Yet it was not a hot day and the air not foul by comparison. It was partly the odor of the rags that made the air dense and had an effect to be compared only to that of chloroform. It was with great difficulty that THE TIMES man kept his nose and face straight and assumed an air as though he was used to it. There was plenty of work here, and the proprietor of the unpronounceable name promised the applicant a job on Monday or Tuesday.

As the investigation went on the foulness of the places increased. At the northwest corner of Twelfth and Clinton streets there is a three-story frame building with two tailor-shops or cloak factories. On the second floor Isaac Berliner employed eight girls, two men, and two boys. There was a variety of odors around this building. On approaching it there was the peculiar, undefinable smell of a rag-shop, which was located on the first floor. Approaching the entrance on Twelfth street there arose an odor as of rotting fish. The guide of the expedition took out a cigarette and lighted it and they plunged into the stretch and up the stairs, followed by the operator from New York. A new odor hovered around the head of the stairs. It is difficult to describe. Probably it was the point where the ascending odors of rags and fish struck the current from the cloak-shop, with its particles of cloth and machine-oil, and other sweet things. It grew heavier, but less fishy as the entrance to the cloak-shop was reached. This shop was the worst found so far. How the boys and girls could stand it is impossible to conceive except in view of the one great compelling force—necessity. The girls were pale, round-shouldered, narrow-chested, their complexions ruined, hair coarse and showing the lack of care; even those ordinary touches which women do not neglect until the last extremity is reached were wanting. However, this was not characteristic of Berliner's place. It was found



In all these shops. The girls bear the marks of premature age and decay. What struck the eye of the observer in this case was the appearance of the two boys. They were the first boys that had been found on the trip, and they tried to do the work of men. They looked so forlorn and weary that one felt like calling them out to have a square meal for once. They were 15 or 14 years old. It is safe to say they will never be 25 if they remain at their present occupation.

All the men so far mentioned work for Belfield & Co. The next one reached works for Marshall Field, and being without competition gets better prices and pays a little better wages. This is J. Lasky, a young, smooth business man whose shop is located on the third floor of the same building. It employs nine men and nine girls. This shop is reached by a staircase starting right next to the gate of the rag-shop. The whole house is filled with the stench of that shop. To get to Lasky's shop one has to pass through the kitchen. The room itself is quite large and not bad on a cold day. The guide, however, said that all the shops were much better yesterday than they had been for a long time owing to the cool weather.

The next shop visited was that of Philip Sugar, in a basement at the corner of Jefferson and Fourteenth streets. There were about fifteen persons employed there. The reporter went in without the guide, the latter having earned Sugar's displeasure by writing him up in a German paper once on account of the condition of his shop. A question as to the location of Nathan Grossman's shop furnished the pretext for entering. In front of the door innumerable swarms of flies were feasting on some remnants of lunch that had dropped from the street six feet overhead. The basement was intensely hot in spite of the cool day. There was no odor that could be classified, but the atmosphere was heavy and oppressive, thick with the exhalations of so many persons and without any means of escape except the windows. As for cleanliness the place was no worse than the rest, which is about as serious an objection as can well be made. As soon as the reporter had ascended one of the men Mr. Sugar came up with an attempt at an insinuating smile and wanted to know why Grossman was inquired after, and in a few minutes had engaged the reporter to go to work Monday as an operator.

"What pay?"

"Forty cents a clock." It was big pay. But then that was the highest that was for a clock of heavy cloth. Lighter goods had to be made for 30 or 35 cents.

There is a little street running east and west bearing the proud name of Liberty. The houses along its sides, the children with nothing on but a shirt and loose dress, the weary, wrinkled women, the foul snow, and the general indication of factory slavery sadly belie the name. True, the street is paved. That is one advantage that the streets of that section have over those in the north and northwest sections of the city. But most of the houses stand below the level of the street, and instead of making the street more healthy, the improvements on the contrary make the houses damp and dark. On Liberty street, No. 73, there is a clock shop in the rear of a rickety frame shanty. In a little bit of a room four persons, including the boss, A. Balin, were seated around a table sewing away for dear life. There was a little dark compartment for a presser outside the room at the head of the stairs, which the presser has to share with the stove whenever there is a presser at work there, which is not the case at present. This dungeon on Liberty street was the smallest and dingiest room found on the entire trip and its surroundings the least inviting. Yet it appeared that Mr. Balin was more conscientious than the other bosses and kept it in much better condition.

Nathan Grossman has a basement shop at 195 Liberty street. He had only three persons at work. He was the only one who made a favorable impression personally and was pleasant to the visitors.

Eight girls, seven men, and one boy were the working force at Abraham Shalom's place, 587 Jefferson street. Here the reporter got the fourth job for Sunday or Monday as an operator.

At all these shops there was little to do. But everybody said, "Go to Herzog." Herzog is an uncle of Belfield, and is favored with work. What does Herzog do for his employees? He has his shop in a frame building at Canal and Wright streets. It is not remarkable for cleanliness but is not offensively dirty, the principal objection being the heavy, somnolent effect of an atmosphere laden with the smell of cloth and rags and the din of the sewing-machines. There are ten girls and twelve men employed. Mr. Herzog had plenty of operators but not enough finishers, and had some work piled up. He wanted girls for finishers.

"How much would you pay a girl?"

"Anything."

"How much?"

"Anything."

"What does that mean?"

"Well, of course, anything they're worth."

"What would you pay a first-class finisher?"

"Six dollars, \$7, \$8—anything if they're worth it."

"Oh! If they're worth it?"

"Yes."

"What would you pay a fair, medium worker?"

"Three dollars, \$4, or \$5; that is, if they're worth it. I'll pay them whatever they're worth."

Those are the wages paid by the man whom all

faziness. Indeed, I could not but regret somewhat the freedom of speech, for I heard many things in the course of my afternoon's work that were far from wholesome. The girls at my table were mostly of Irish parentage, and seemed to be responsible to no one superior in authority. They were a romantic set of young women, with apparently no interest in life beyond a speedy marriage.

Plans had been laid for a picnic the following evening in Douglas park and all the girls were going, each having invited a "feller." Various schemes were contrived for securing their favor. From what I gleaned picnicking is by no means uncommon with the "neceters." On Sunday evening all of the girls had been "to the parks" and during the week they had "gone walkin'." One girl was engaged. It was her last week and provoked some mad speculations of luxury and pleasure. The bride prospective expressed a weakness for cream puff and "skirts with lace on," in both of which extravaganzas she intended to indulge when she became a wife.

Some of the girls told me they had been at school, having passed through the sixth grade, and were inclined to go to church, "only it's little you can make out of the church. They get all they can out of you and don't care what becomes of you." They didn't read the newspapers, they told me, "because there's a never any reading for working-girls in them."

Most of them shopped at the cheap stores, but confessed a total ignorance of fabrics and methods of economy. For instance, one girl with a complexion like a dried hazelnut was making herself a tan-colored sash that she paid 40 cents a yard for and with which she intended to wear "a white felt hat trimmed with a wing and snow veil."

The forewoman gave me half a dozen blue silk scarfs and sent her assistant to instruct me. That young woman was a dominating individual with an experience of ten years, and very pretty dimpled hands. She used her needle with considerable more grace than her nose and there was a deal less of the velvety quality in her voice than her hands. I failed to probe her. She was "art in her answers, boorish in manner, and very economical in the knowledge she imparted. Twice she came to see my work and each time said: "It won't do; rip it out." The work paid 10 cents a dozen and I finished 12½ dozen worth by 5 o'clock. I had to do my own pressing and finish my own thread and needle. The girls I interrogated earned from \$3 to \$10 a week, the latter after eight years' experience. Plenty of girls made \$7 a week, but the constant changing of fashion prevented a higher average the year round, as it was necessary to learn the style before being able to turn out more than ten dozen a week. Take it all in all, Eisenstadt Brothers was the most humane factory in which I had any experience. NELL NELSON.

#### PUBLIC SENTIMENT.

##### "All Fair, or Perish."

MARSHALLTOWN, Iowa, Aug. 9.—To THE EDITOR: I can not refrain from adding my congratulations to the many extended to THE TIMES for its bold step taken in behalf of suffering humanity. It is not its first attempt to unearthen racialism, and as success has attended every effort heretofore so this will surely not prove an exception. Of course there will be plenty of opposition from those of "the ilk," but an old veteran will not be deterred from continuing his war cry, "All Fair, or Perish."

It would seem as though undue notice had been given to one "Jasper," whose assuming nastiness would call forth only a smile at the most were it not that there are many just such who can not possibly embrace more than the one idea, "The kitchen for women." I do him injustice. There was another, quite a novel one to myself and I doubt not to many others, and so artless in its fresh, rural simplicity that it savors of the old-time "pastorals" of ages ago. Since when has any mental position been the means of creating a "lady." That there are such in spite of those unfortunate positions there is not a shadow of doubt. God help them and bless you and brave "Nell Nelson." MRS. G. P. GRISWOLD.

##### Training School for Domestic.

TO THE EDITOR: Would not the present condition of working women be greatly changed by training schools for girls. There are two sides to the question of housework. Girls feel that they are tyrannized over and ill-treated, and on the other hand there is so much trouble in obtaining neat, competent help that, to a large extent, those who do housework have degraded the position. For years it has seemed to me that the great need of the day has been that women be trained for home life. This is needed in all classes. A trained nurse is independent and respected. Why could not schools be founded upon a principle similar to that of the training schools for nurses? The girls might practice housekeeping under skillful teachers. After having become competent they could pay their way by assisting in private families. This, it seems to me, would serve the twofold purpose of more healthy work for women and for a supply of competent help in the household.

A WOMAN.

##### Boycott the Slave-Masters.

MARSHALLTOWN, Iowa, Aug. 8.—To THE EDITOR: Your articles on the "white slaves" of Chicago, also the comments thereon, have been read by me with the greatest interest. I think your paper has shown a noble spirit in daring to ventilate these abuses. It is almost impossible for anyone who has never been brought in contact with such things to realize their existence. From the letters published in THE TIMES it is evident that

dishonorable one, and is not such labor practically a curse. Then who makes it so? Your "purity" family; not by any means the poor slave that works them.

Until such times as the golden rule can be applied to every position in the home, no matter where, and until your wives, sons, and daughters can treat your help as human beings and respect their rights and recognize that they, too, belong to the great human family, one with themselves, will there be any great change in your kitchens. The moral sentimentality of the universe demands justice in every American home. The time is coming and is right at hand when the Irish and German girl, who has now a monopoly in the kitchen, will make demands that you must concede to or your daughters will have to take their places or the family can starve. No self-respecting American girl wants a position under the circumstances in your kitchen, no matter what the wages are. Life does not consist in dollars and cents. Your purity home without sympathy, without the human touch, without the social feeling that nature craves and must have is a hell, and God bless the girl who spurns it. I do not believe in aristocracy of any form, but if we must have it give me the aristocracy of education, of intellect, of heart, in place of an aristocracy based on dollars, with heartless ignorance and selfishness incarnate to work for, and which we find in a great many cases in our large American cities.

S. P. PORTER.

Have you ordered THE SUNDAY TIMES? It will be in great demand tomorrow and you may miss it. Tell your newsboy to bring it to you.

#### THE HOOSIER CAMPAIGN.

##### Proposal for a Series of Joint Discussions Between Candidates.

INDIANAPOLIS, Aug. 10.—Already a series of joint discussions is being proposed between the candidates for governor, St. Shoen, secretary of the national democratic committee, Chairman Jewett, and other prominent democrats regard the proposition with more favor than the republican managers. Col. Matson has not advised his friends as to his wishes or intentions, but if there should be a debate it is expected that the formal proposition for it will come from him, although the arrangements will be entirely in the hands of the state committee. Chairman Huston said today that no consideration had yet been given to the matter, and nothing would be done until after Gen. Hovey had been consulted. "I do not think it is the proper thing," he added, "to allow a candidate to manage the campaign, but I think he should be consulted in all things that concern him personally." It is expected that Gen. Hovey will visit the state at an early day, but no information as to the time has yet been received from him. Mr. Huston does not have much faith in joint debates, but he is not disposed to object to the arrangement of a series between the gubernatorial candidates. It is expected that necessarily the main question in the discussion would be pension legislation, as Gen. Hovey has been the special champion of the rights of soldiers, while Col. Matson has been chairman of the congressional pension committee. There is no doubt, however, that the democrats would insist that the tariff question should receive attention. One of the leading politicians of the party is talking about the anticipated debate, and said that the tariff is regarded as the most important issue of the campaign and it would be kept conspicuously before the people.

MATSON, Evanson, Ind., Aug. 10.—Cleveland and Thurman pole to a few feet high was erected in this city by enthusiastic democrats last evening. On the top stands a battle-scarred rooster, to which is also attached a badly-seared pig and an immense banner bearing the names of the democratic candidates for president and vice president. A large number of people were present and a glee club rendered several patriotic songs.

Today Mr. William Storton, traveling agent for the Evansville Journal, the republican organ of this district, called on Judge William F. Edson and expressed regret that he had been defeated at the late state convention for nomination for judge of the supreme court. Judge Edson replied: "After the nomination of Gen. Hovey for governor I am to be congratulated on my defeat in the convention and not consoled with for Gen. Hovey's candidacy has changed the republican campaign in Indiana from an aggressive one to that of the defensive, which, with the local-option plank adopted, will certainly defeat Hovey as well as Harrison and Morton." The judge also explained: "I allowed my name to go before the convention after the nomination of Hovey for the express purpose of compelling Bruce Carr and the Slick Six gang of Indianapolis to show their hands, they being under pledges to me for having influenced Posey county to give the deciding vote in district convention in favor of Harrison delegates to Chicago, which made the Indiana delegation solid. Having been an advocate of Gen. Harrison's nomination for the presidency for a number of years, I did this very consistently and with good faith." Judge Edson is one of the most prominent and popular republicans in southern Indiana, having been twice honored by his party in the last twelve years with the nomination of judge of the state supreme court.

WABASH, Ind., Aug. 10.—The democracy at Xenia, fifteen miles south of this city, have organized a Cleveland and Thurman club with a membership of 154 voters. The signatures of three republicans and four prohibitionists were

shop in a frame building at Canal and Wright streets. It is not remarkable for cleanliness but is not offensively dirty. The principal objection being the heavy, somnolent effect of an atmosphere laden with the smell of cloth and rags and the din of the sewing-machines. There are ten girls and twelve men employed. Mr. Herzog had plenty of operators but not enough finishers, and had some work piled up. He wanted girls for finishers.

"How much would you pay a girl?"  
"Anything."  
"How much?"  
"Anything."  
"What does that mean?"  
"Well, of course, anything they're worth."  
"What would you pay a first-class finisher?"  
"Six dollars, \$7, \$8—anything if they're worth it."  
"Oh! If they're worth it?"  
"Yes."  
"What would you pay a fair, medium worker?"  
"Three dollars, \$4, or \$5; that is, if they're worth it. I'll pay them whatever they're worth."  
Those are the wages paid by the man whom all envy because he is Belvid's uncle and gets so much work. The fact is that the whole-sale houses are, perhaps, more to blame for the miserable condition of the workers in the clothing factories. The factory lords are mere petty tyrants, holding about the position that foremen do in other factories. They get the cloth ready cut from the warehouse and have only to do the sewing. For instance, it was learned that a year or two ago *Mannheimer, Loman & Co.* paid \$3 a dozen for sewing cloaks, making 25 cents a week. The ordinary rate is from 25 to 35 cents in the factories, according to the grade of the goods. To this is added 4 to 6 cents for finishing. The boss gets 50, 60, 70, or 80 cents from the whole-sale house. At retail the cheapest of these cloaks are sold at \$2.50 and range up to \$10. Some very fine goods bring more. An elegant seal skin brings the laborer \$2.50, but it takes twelve or fourteen hours' hard work. The cloak is sold for \$25 at the lowest. An operator at the machine can, if he works hard, make a cloak of the cheapest grade in an hour. The heavier grades take much longer and are not paid as well. A finisher gets 4 to 6 cents and can make about ten in the course of a day, making 40 or 60 cents a day. Further it must be considered that the season only lasts seven or eight months. Many work from 5 in the morning to 10 o'clock at night in order to make something for the winter. But the manufacturers take advantage of their condition in winter and give them some cheap grade of goods, such as jerseys, which the suffering workers are glad at that season, to make at \$1 a dozen. When spring comes around advantage is again taken of the half-finished condition of the workers to press wages down to the lowest possible level.

#### A GOOD FACTORY TO WORK IN.

**The Girls Do Pretty Much as They Please at Eisenstadt Brothers' Necktie Establishment and They Can Earn About \$7 a Week the Year Round.**

Neckwear is the source of Eisenstadt Brothers' wealth, at whose factory, 134 Market street, cravats, shirtings, double ties, and scarfs, four-in-hands, and bow-ties are turned out by the hundred gross every week. Thither I went to make ties and the mountaineers of the tie-makers. The insolent treatment I received at first, Schaeffer & Marx's and Spitz & Lohmeyer & Co., through anti-irritated was not so entered at Eisenstadt's. I had taken the wrong entrance, and the politeness of the men in the elevator and the stock-rooms was most refreshing. In the forewoman I found a slovenly, pudgy spinster of negative beauty and address, not at all inclined to be affected by the woful condition of her sex. She was reluctant about giving me work because it took so much time to teach a green hand. I told her that was not my line, that I was dextrous with the needle and an experienced tie, cloak, and coat maker.

"What's your line?"  
"I don't know, but I can make ties, coats, and hats."  
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competent help that, to a large extent, those who do housework have degraded the position. For years it has seemed to me that the great need of the day has been that women be trained for home life. This is needed in all classes. A trained nurse is independent and respected. Why could not schools be founded upon a principle similar to that of the training schools for nurses? The girls might practice housekeeping under skilled teachers. After having become competent they could pay their way by assisting in private families. This, it seems to me, would serve the twofold purpose of more healthy work for women and for a supply of competent help in the household.

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**MARSHALLTOWN, IOWA, Aug. 8.**—TO THE EDITOR: Your articles on the "white slaves" of Chicago, also the comments thereon, have been read by me with the greatest interest. I think your paper has shown a noble spirit in daring to ventilate these abuses. It is almost impossible for anyone who has never been brought in contact with such things to realize their existence. From the letters published in *THE TIMES* it is evident that the majority of your readers sympathize deeply with the sufferings of these women, but the question arises in my mind: with this sympathy take the practical form of boycotting the inhuman employers and manufacturers, or will these same sympathizers go on demanding cheap garments, regardless of the fact that a cheap garment means starvation to the sewing-girl?

Among the many excellent letters on this subject I am bound to say some of them contain a great deal of nonsense on the servant-girl subject. No doubt many girls thus situated could not, for various reasons, do heavy housework, but a sewing-girl or second-girl's work is not heavy, and they are sure of good food, a good, clean room, and their washing. All this talk about a tyrannical mistress and the loss of self-respect is pure nonsense. Bad mistresses there are beyond a doubt, but they are rare, and any girl who prefers to live under the rule of the forelady at the Never-Rip Jersey manufactory, or the genial Mrs. Julius Stein, of course is at liberty to do so. Look at the house-servants promenading the streets on their afternoons or evenings out, well dressed and well fed. Do you see any sign of humiliation on those faces? No, indeed. They hold the key to the domestic situation, and well do they know it.

#### LILL.

##### Women Must Elevate Housework.

TO THE EDITOR: Miss Nelson's exposure of the condition of the working girls of Chicago has interested us greatly and I think it will lead thoughtful women to seek for the cause and provide the remedy for such wrongs. When woman realizes the dignity and importance of housework and the necessity of education and preparation for it the position of cook or maid will become more respectable and desirable than that of shop-girl or seamstress, and just as soon as capable women are prepared to take these positions they will no longer be looked upon as servile. Women must elevate these positions and they will soon draw from the "slave pens" all the better class of those who now have lost caste by entering service.

##### Spare None of Them.

**CHICAGO, Aug. 10.**—TO THE EDITOR: Go on with your noble work in behalf of the white slaves. The hall has gone clear through the wood in regard to the Never-Rip Jersey company, or its managers would not feel so bad about it. Keep up the good work! Stand on any of the corners at night after closing hours, and one may see a sight that should make any heart ache—poor women, girls, and children, tired, weak, and pale as any corpse. It is a wonder to me that some are even able to get home. I would guarantee that they do not lay awake long after the hour, tired souls have once struck their bed for the night. Show them up! Show them up! Spare none of them, high or low.

##### FOR THE RIGHT.

##### Reform in the Kitchen.

**INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Aug. 9.**—TO THE EDITOR: In "The Servant-Tyrant" letter to *THE TIMES*, Aug. 5, he thinks "your case is as weak as water when you become the champion of the shop-sewing girls." I would like to ask this virtuous gentleman, whose heart is so pure that it sees nothing but impurity in these poor girls because they would breathe God's free air in street or park on Sundays, how he knows that every girl seen with a decent dress on the street or in the parks on Sundays is impure? Is he acquainted with every sewing-girl he sees, or how does he know they are sewing-girls? Oh, shame on the "man of mature years" who has to think such thoughts. "To the pure all things are pure," but to the vile all things must be vile. He finds fault because these girls don't enter kitchens or house service in country or city, where they would find "purity of life in place of filth"—another presumption from our virtuous gentleman of mature years.

What is there in the kitchen or house service life that is so attractive that he would have these girls enter it? As a general thing it is a slave's life—long hours, late and early seven days in the week, bossed and ordered around as niggers before the war, looked down upon as menials by every member of your "purity" family. The best name they can give to such is "chained girl," "kitchen mechanics," "Bridget," etc. What is this but degradation, pure and simple. And I ask what American girl is there that would put up with such insolence? Is not such a position a

blank adopted, which, with the local opinion bank adopted, will certainly defeat Hovey as well as Harrison and Morton." The judge also explained: "I allowed my name to go before the convention after the nomination of Hovey for the express purpose of compelling Bruce Carr and the Slick gang of Indianapolis to show their hands, they being under pledges to me for having influenced Posey county to give the deciding vote in district convention in favor of Harrison delegates to Chicago, which made the Indiana delegation solid. Having been an advocate for a number of years, I did this very consistently and with good faith." Judge Edison is one of the most prominent and popular republicans in southern Indiana, having been twice honored by his party in the last twelve years with the nomination of judge of the state supreme court.

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#### WHERE THIEVES GROW FAT.

**The West Side Swarms with Them and Their Victims Are Many.**

Mrs. Barbara Schenck, an aged woman, was robbed of \$700 Thursday afternoon. The robbery occurred either at the Union depot or on Canal street soon after she had left the depot. Mrs. Schenck arrived from Germany but a few days ago. She sold some property in that country intending to make her home in the future with a married son who lives near Chicago. She arrived at the Union depot and after leaving the train was jostled several times in the crowd. When near the corner of Canal and West Madison streets she noticed that her dress was "unbuttoned" and upon feeling for her pocket-book found that it was gone. Mrs. Schenck had examined her pocket-book when a few minutes out of Chicago and placed it in her bosom, thinking it would be safe there. It is supposed that some thieves on the train were watching her and robbed her on leaving the depot. The matter was reported at the Desplaines street station, but no arrests have been made.

Adam Frederick of Milwaukee was robbed of \$150 in a saloon on Canal street opposite the Union depot Tuesday. He was on his way to Germany, and while waiting for a train went into a saloon where his pocket was picked. Frederick reported his loss at the Desplaines street station and telegraphed home for money.

An old man went from the Union depot yesterday to a saloon and restaurant on Canal street near West Madison. He purchased a loaf of bread, tendering \$10 in payment and got 50 cents back.

A Mrs. Wilson of Chicago reported that her pocket-book containing \$1 had been stolen while she was on a picnic train that came into the Union depot yesterday. She said that about a dozen women had their pockets picked of small amounts.

Carson Clark, the desperado who was caught after a hard fight, in a West side residence, a few days ago, was taken from the jail yesterday. Capt. Aldrich succeeded in getting him to confess to having committed three burglaries and, taking him in his buggy, drove to various places and secured the stolen property. When Clark was captured he had a fine set of burglar's tools concealed in his clothing.

#### SAYS HE IS INNOCENT.

**Michael Cavanaugh Declares He Is Suffering for a Murder He Did Not Commit.**

**HELENA, Montana, Aug. 10.**—A newspaper representative interviewed the convict Michael Cavanaugh, now in the Deer Lodge penitentiary for life for the alleged murder of old man Gerber at Missoula less than one year ago, and, in response to a question concerning the arrest and detention by Nebraska authorities of the possible murderer, Cavanaugh said:

"I have thought all along that sooner or later something about this affair would crop out and could only submit to my fate. I am innocent of the charge of killing old man Gerber, and the only thing on earth that convicted me is the reward of \$500 which the governor offered for the conviction of the murderer. Gerber had no money that I know of and I am informed, was indebted to nearly everyone in the county. He had a ranch and some sheep and a pack-train. I could not get away with this property had I been so inclined, and there are other people who had a mortgage on this property that were interested in this man's demise. A man who was around with Gerber before he was missing disappeared shortly afterward. I don't know his name. Further, I can but reiterate my innocence."

#### A Wealthy Man Commits Suicide.

**NEW YORK, Aug. 10.**—James F. Slade, a wealthy merchant and manager of the Tiffany Glass company, was found dead in his apartments at the Florence flats on Eighteenth street this morning. His throat was cut. There was nothing to indicate the motive for suicide and efforts were made to hush the matter up. Slade, who was 32 years old, was the son of a wealthy retired merchant at present living in Paris.

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