

WYCKOFF,
AMANS & BENEDICT,
196 La Salle st., Chicago.

THE 12th SEMI-ANNUAL CLEARANCE SALE.

Suits or Uncalled-for Garments which were
hands at merchant tailors and are sold by
the only and well-known

Visit CLOTHING PARLORS 121 MONROES!

Continuation of this season's Clearance Sale
due to the fact that in spite of the great run
we had since the clearance advertisement
we still a large stock of Woolsens left, con-
sisting of Sack, Frock, and Prince Albert Suits in
as well as dark shades of the best Imported
domestic Fabrics, all of which we are deter-
mined to dispose of even at a sacrifice. Our Par-
ing of limited space we are bound to make
for fall arrivals. You don't want to miss
offer and opportunity then if you wish to
the best and finest merchant-tailor-made
and get them for one-half or even less
than what they were made and measured for, and
less than what you have to pay for ordinary
made Goods. Then call at once and secure
gain. Remember we only carry such Goods
ordered by Customers and left on hands of
tailors, either through misfit or failing to call
on.

SUITS.

	Former price.	Now.
5 Custom-Made Suits.....	\$12 00	\$10 00
10 Custom-Made Suits.....	15 00	12 00
15 Custom-Made Suits.....	20 00	16 00
20 Custom-Made Suits.....	25 00	20 00
25 Custom-Made Suits.....	30 00	25 00
30 Custom-Made Suits.....	35 00	30 00

TANTALOONS.

	Former price.	Now.
7 Tailor-Made Trousers.....	\$3 50	\$2 50
8 Tailor-Made Trousers.....	4 50	3 50
9 Tailor-Made Trousers.....	5 50	4 50
10 Tailor-Made Trousers.....	6 00	5 00
11 Tailor-Made Trousers.....	7 50	6 00
12 Tailor-Made Trousers.....	9 00	7 50

ALTERATIONS to improve a fit done
at charge.
Light-weight Overcoats, a very fine line, from
\$15, at 100 per cent saving.

Visit
Clothing
Parlors
121 MONROE ST.

all Orders receive prompt attention.
open evenings until 9 o'clock; Saturdays until
10 o'clock.

THE CREDIT COMPANY.

COLLECTIONS. REPORTING.
MAIN WESTERN OFFICE, TIMES BUILDING, CHICAGO.
Wholesale Dealers, etc., send for copy of
THE CREDIT REVIEW, free.

WINTER COE, OPTICIAN
EYES
Carefully Tested.
GLASSES
Of Every Style at
Low Prices.
Formerly TRELEAVEN & COE.

49c.

Formerly sold for \$1.50 to \$2.00.

THE BELL,
218 and 220 State st., cor. Quincy.

cut to.....
Celluloid Collars, all sizes,
cut to.....

16c

Coats cut to.....
Men's French Lustre Rub-
ber Coats cut to.....

THE BELL
210 and 220 State, Cor. Quincy.

THE SLAVE GIRLS.

No Cessation of the Crusade.

The Chicago Times

During the coming week will pile up the testi-
mony against the rascals who are engaged in
pauperizing female labor in this city.

The Chicago Times

Has evidence enough on hand to convict the fac-
tory proprietors of the most contemptible and
cowardly species of tyranny ever exercised over
human beings in this community.

The Chicago Times

Is not afraid to hold these wretches up to public
execration. It uses no fictitious names and does
not hesitate to point out plainly the ruffians it is
engaged in exposing.

The Chicago Times,

Though threatened with prosecution, knows that
it is telling the truth and will not shrink from
any responsibility that belongs to it, but on the
contrary courts a legal inquiry into the veracity
of its statements.

The Chicago Times

Pleads justification and will not listen to terms
of peace until the condition of the working-girl
is bettered. Read The Times Every Day.

FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!

NOTICE—Owing to the re-
cent fire our office and
warerooms will be tem-
porarily at No. 182 Wa-
bash av. We have received a
large stock of new pianos from
the East, of various makes, and
have also taken in a number of
our rented pianos, which we
will sell at lowest possible prices
for cash or on time. We have
commenced manufacturing the
"Favorite Bauer" Piano and
will be prepared to supply our
patrons as heretofore.

Julius Bauer & Co., Manufacturers of Pianos,
182 WABASH AV.

STEINWAYS

Are the only manufacturers
who make all component
parts of their Pianos, exte-
rior and interior (including
the casting of the metal
frames), in their own fac-
tories.



STATE & MONROE STS.

THE OPEN COURT

of this Week contains:
The Psychic Life of Micro-
Organisms—A. Binet.
The Essays on the Psychic Life of Micro-Organisms,
beginning with the present number, are from the pen
of Mons. A. Binet, the eminent French Psychologist.
These contributions will present the results of the latest
investigations into the life and character of that
animate world which the microscope alone reveals to
us.
The simplest known forms of life, the animal-
cule of our food and drink are here studied in every
relation which would denote an exercise of intelli-
gence on their part. To the general public they will
form an interesting chapter in the history of life. To
biologists, psychologists, and professional men in
general, the authority and repute which M. Binet has
attained in psychological research will lend these essays
special value.

Reminiscences of Mr. Alcott's Conversations—Mrs.
Ednah D. Cheney.
Give Us a King—Wheelbarrow.
The Lost Manuscript—Gustav Freytag.
Just republished in book form, "Three Introductory
Lectures on the Science of Thought," by Prof. Max
Mueller. For sale at the leading Book Stores.
442 on the Open Court, Pub. Co., 169 La Salle st.,
or F. O. Drawer F, Chicago, Ill.

NON-EXPLOSIVE GASOLINE STOVES

No Smell. No Smoke. 287 WABASH AVE.

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No Smell. No Smoke. 287 WABASH AVE.

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No Smell. No Smoke. 287 WABASH AVE.

LAUG



DR. McCHESNEY
COR. RANDOLPH & BROAD
CLARK STS.

P. H. Ryan

SHO

P
SUPERIOR
B. SHON
NON-EXP

CITY SLAVE GIRLS.

Nell Nelson Puts in a Whole Day with Pardridge & Co. on State Street.

Getting a Job with the Encouraging Prospect of Working Six Weeks for Nothing.

But She Goes at It with a Will and Gets a Handsome Raise of Salary.

Some Indignities from the Floor-Walkers That Were Very Hard to Bear.

And Some from Customers That Were Equally Trying—A Cash Girl's Woes.

Wednesday morning I began my career as dry-goods clerk. It took all my wits to get an opening. At Field's, Mandel's, Walker's, and Schlesinger's no help was needed and none would be taken without experience. By all the managers I was treated politely. Lloyd didn't want any more help and told me so with vehemence. The big blonde who manages the Bee Hive was "very sorry he could not offer me anything before the fall trade opened." I told him I was quick at figures and knew I could sell goods if I only had a chance. No, it was too late in the season and I had better come in again. I asked how much he thought I would be worth. "Oh, \$3.50 or \$4 if you are experienced."

"Couldn't you give me \$5?"

"Hardly."

"Not if I prove to you that I can make and keep custom?"

"You can't expect \$5 any place in town. You see, you are green; you don't know anything about the business."

"The goods are all marked, aren't they? Well, I know enough about mathematics to master the intricacies of your check and order stub in ten minutes, and I must have work right off with salary enough to live on."

He put his foot up on a chair and with a show of genuine interest wanted to know what it cost me to live. As I gave him the figures borrowed from a girl in Julius Stein's employ, he took them down on a stub:

Lodgings.....\$1.50
Car fare......60
Lunches......30

That makes \$2.40, and if you pay me \$4 I will have \$1.60 a week to live on. Perhaps you can tell me where a girl can get food and clothes for that amount?"

"No, I can't. But why don't you go to the factory and sew?"

"Make shirts for 80 cents a dozen and cloth jackets at 25 cents each? One trial is enough. Now I am going to see what I can make clerking," and thanking him for his attention I withdrew. In the City of Paris the manager told me I would have to begin on small pay, \$3 or so, till the season opened, and that I might come in the next morning and he would try me.

At the Fair Mr. Monroe's lieutenant said the girls were off on their vacation, and he didn't think it would be right to put me in while they were away.

and checks, but no evidence of any cloak-room.

I asked a little tow-head and he pointed "over there." I pushed open the heavy black door that swung in and fear and horror seized me. The smell was sickening and the heat overpowering. The floor was wet and slippery and the place so dark that I could not see anything for a moment or so. The first door in the inclosure was marked "ladies' toilet," and I pushed it open to find even a more densely polluted atmosphere. The room was very large, divided by a partition, on one side of which was a small iron sink in which a large yellow bowl had been placed. There was a serap of brown soap on the wet shelf, and near by hung a small looking-glass. A long crash towel drooped like a transferred sea weed from a roller on the opposite side of the room. The next was a "gents' room," beyond which I found the cloak-room, a place so dark that I could not find a cubby-hole in which to stow my hat for some time. Like the annex, the floor was wet, the atmosphere foul, and the heat so intense that I thought my head would burst. The arrangement was of the usual order, each box being numbered and the inclusive numbers marked on the end of each tier. Notwithstanding the severity of my black chip hat I was not a little disinclined to lay it in the dusty, ashy hollow. But in it went and out I went, with my throbbing temples between my hands and my body streaming at every pore. On my way out I discovered the blazing furnace along the west wall which gave the cloak and toilet rooms their tropical climate. On this floor there must have been at least fifty persons, separated from the enfeebling heat and vitiated atmosphere by a mere wooden partition. I asked a man behind a pile of cottonades how he stood it, and he said:

"My God, a body can stand anything when he can't get bread for his children any other way. It's awful hard here these hot days, but we don't mind it in the cold weather."

Although I felt as though I had been sick and was convalescing the hot-air bath did me good, for when I stepped from the elevator into the bright sunlight and free air of the main floor I was as happy and light-hearted as a nymph in fairyland. Mr. Pardridge met me and escorted me to the running-stock placed on narrow counters extending the whole length of the aisle. There were buttons at 5 cents a card, one trough full of penny handkerchiefs, and another at 3 cents each. A little farther along was a medley of ruchings dirt cheap, a sea of 15-cent aprons with tucks and shirrings, and a fine line of cuffs and collars a nickel apiece. Midway was the toilet specials—Florida waters, bay rum, foreign and domestic colognes from 5 cents to 40 cents a bottle, and a mountain of medicated paper rising from a bed of swansdown face-powder, pink and white, only 7 cents a box. Mr. Pardridge told me "to take hold of the whole lot and sell anything I could." I took hold of the toilet waters and medicated paper, and the floor-walker brought me a book and showed me how to make out a check. I had only committed to memory the cologne stock—violet, lavender, amounee, and queen—when a strange man from the other aisle called: "Hist there, come and wait on this lady." He led me to the lawn counter, where a lady wanted to see some "buff swiss." All the clerks were measuring off nainsook, bombazine, or cross-bar lawn and could not heed my supplication for "buff swiss." I read all the box labels. Not one bore the Alpine legend. Presently my male confere advised me and I pulled out a box, hit my nose with the ff corner, and raised a dust when I dropped the heavy pasteboard on the counter. The box was full of white swiss, and

goods, and away down a hundred feet or more sat a young woman sewing brussels catpet. Her face was unforgetably sad and her form slight and stooped.

"I don't mind being up here alone," she said. "I prefer it to the crowd down on the other floors. I get very tired, and would rather work five hours longer at this than stand on my feet from 8 till 6. I get \$5 a week. I have been here going on two years. It's a nice house to work for because they never fine you, and Mr. Pardridge always takes the girls' part when the boys are insulting."

In the center of the great roomy floor was an old piano and as soon as the girls ate their lunch there was music and song and a whirl or so about the dusty floor. You pert young ladies and insolent old women who think it necessary to abuse and brow-beat these brave little bread-winners would be ashamed of yourselves could you hear the melody their fingers extract from the disabled instrument, and remember the money wasted on your musical education. They not only played with grace and feeling but they sung and danced and talked about books and magazines—borrowed from the libraries—a proof conclusive that "off in a wooden house a golden room we find."

In and about this play-room of the shop-girls I saw many sweet things that were more than human. The big girls took a motherly interest in the little clerks and told them how "to treat the customers" and how to "get along with the walkers." One gentle creature with "odd" shoes on gave a little freckle-faced girl of 12 years, whose hair she was combing, this lecture: "Now, you musn't get sassy."

"I'll sass them if they sass me," retorted the child, with a storm of tears.

"No, no. Now, don't you cry," and she put her arms about the little one and loved her as tenderly as if she were a daughter. "It isn't any matter what a lady says to you. You musn't pay any attention to it. But if you say anything back she'll report you and 'E'll discharge you. I tell you how I do. When a customer treats me bad I go away from her and fix the stock. Just try it next time. Mercy, how fast your bang's growing; I'll have to trim it again."

I saw a girl pay three cents for a cup of tea, pour out a saucerful for herself and give the rest to her shabby chum who wasn't feeling well. Ever so many gave a bite of pie or tart to a friend who had no dessert, and a slim girl named Mary, in the fringe-stock, spent her entire noon with a friend sewing the gathers in a skirt that had been caught on the elevator-latch. The girl with the injured gown stood up and fed her benefactor mouthfuls of bread and meat and raisins between the stitches. When the rent was mended the girls wiped their face and hands in their lunch-papers, because there was not time to go down to the basement just then, although there is no restriction to their leaving stock any time during the day.

I had a dinner which an income of \$5 or less per week would doubtless have made a real banquet. It was spread on a leather-covered table and seasoned with pepper and Worcester sauce, vinegar, etc. The spoon was tin and the bowl almost as shallow as the handle, and the parting between the two prongs of my fork was less than an inch long. I had a black wood-handled knife with either edge of which I found it impossible to divorce my roast veal. A little little colored girl, as straight as a reed, served me with cucumbers, cold-slaw, mashed potatoes, green peas, melons, and coffee, but the best two my liking was a dish of nice bread and butter. The colored woman who kept the kitchen told me she charged 20 cents for dinner, but not more than ten clerks bought it. They couldn't afford to pay that much and she couldn't afford to sell it for less. Nearly all the hands brought their own lunches, and she served them with tea, coffee, milk, or lemonade for 3 cents.

"No, I don't pay anything for the kitchen. Mr. Pardridge lets me have it rent free. Just take hold of the whole lot and sell anything I

dozens of women I approached with "something I can show you" only two declined my services with thanks. The average woman told me she had been waited on, the fashionable dame said "no," and the ultra didn't answer at all.

At 3 o'clock I was so tired I was tempted to go home. My ruche had wilted to a mere thread, my hands were black from handling the rope and the stock, there was not a clean spot on my handkerchief in which

wipe my perspiring face, and I had no place to sit and nothing to lean against. All the girls wore aprons with a large pocket, in which they carried the check-book. I had no apron and no pocket large enough for the check-book. For a time I kept the clumsy volume on one of my seven counters, but the walker told me he had "caught on" and commanded me under penalty not to leave it lying there. The only place I could carry it was up under the front of my basque, and up was squeezed. Now that basque fits me within an inch of respiration, and whenever I squeezed the book up I had to gasp for breath. If I hadn't taken it out as often as I did there is no telling how I should have survived. As it was I was almost ready to shut up like a jack-knife from the pain in my chest.

And my feet! How they swelled. I expected every minute to see the buttons of my boots fly off and the uppers go to pieces. I stooped to look at them and a girl came and sympathized with me.

"It's too bad you're not in stock," she said. "You could slip your feet out of your shoes. That's the way the girls do behind their counter, but, of course you can't do that out here on the floor. But you'll get used to it. My feet swelled awful the first two weeks, but now I don't notice them at all. Lots of the girls wear slippers behind the counter." I took particular pains to investigate, and counted nine girls with one foot slipped out of their shoes. One girl stood in her stocking feet, and ever so many had on one slipper or a pair of old shoes.

Mr. Pardridge treated me very nicely. Besides giving me a free lunch he gave me a white poppy that I wore in my corsage all the afternoon and he told me I was getting on finely. He showed me some of the goods he was particularly anxious to sell off and said I would get a "p. m." on each sale. Inasmuch as I had no other prospect prior to Sept. 12 I set to work and sold a 75-cent imitation Turkish chair-sear and was given a 10-cent p. m. That paid my car-fare. I learned that plenty of the girls had earned various sums in this way. One received \$1 "p. m." on a lace counterpane, another 25 cents on a French plastron and the girl in the silk stock was literally coining commissions. At 5 o'clock I waylaid Mr. E. and begged for a transfer.

"Why?"

"Well, I'm tired. I would like to try hosiery or parasols or flannels." I told him for the real truth was I fancied something less prominent. I wanted to get off in a corner or down cellar away from a possible acquaintance. He promised to look about and returned shortly to "fetch me to the glove department. It's in charge of a very nice young fellow and perhaps you can marry him." Admitting that that was the height of my ambition I followed and was presented to Mr. Leonard, a very nice-looking gentleman and much nicer than he looked. He bowed with the grace of a Burr and remarked, "You haven't had any experience."

"Oh, yes I have; been in the employ of Mr. Pardridge all day."

"Well, with a little ha, ha, 'I'll try you at the 25-cent glove. Right in there." Right in there was not much wider than the extremes of a tom cat's whiskers, but I squeezed in, dislocating my bustle and Psyche knot and found myself at the very entrance of the big front door. There was nothing to do but put my pride in my pocket and saw wood, and I

and clothes for that amount?"

"No, I can't. But why don't you go to the factory and sew?"

"Make shirts for 80 cents a dozen and cloth jackets at 25 cents each? One trial is enough. Now I am going to see what I can make clerking," and thanking him for his attention I withdrew. In the City of Paris the manager told me I would have to begin on small pay, \$3 or so, till the season opened, and that I might come in the next morning and he would try me.

At the Fair Mr. Monroe's lieutenant said the girls were off on their vacation, and he didn't think it would be right to put me in while they were away.

"That doesn't matter. Their pay goes right on, and I will be willing to leave when the old hands come back." As I expected, the fish bit, and he told me with something of a pardonable glance that the vacations were "free," and that I had better try the box or cloak factory till September.

At Pardridge's I was told to see Mr. E. Pardridge, who hired the help, and I sought him up six floors and down in the basement. He was inclined to repulse me because business was slow, but I importuned and finally we came to terms. I was to begin at once and work six weeks for nothing. Think of it! "Work from 8 a. m. to 6 p. m. from Aug. 1 to Sept. 12 and get nothing."

"But you get your experience," said Mr. Pardridge.

"Any woman who can not get it in one week won't get it in six."

He told me not to be so sure of that, but I persisted that the business required only a limited knowledge of reading words, figures, and human nature and that if I didn't sell goods I didn't want any pay. For the next five minutes I played the role of Gabriel and blew my own trumpet.

"Well, it's just this way: You are an inexperienced hand and I'll have to put you through all the departments before you will be useful in the stock. That's the way I train all my new hands, and when they leave here they can always get good places. You can try it if you've a mind to, and at the end of that time I'll give you a good reference or a place in the house."

"At how much?"

"Well that depends. If you sell \$50 or \$60 worth of goods in a day I'll be willing to pay you \$4 and if you sell \$150 worth you can have \$8. But you see I don't really need anyone just now, for their is mighty little money to be made this season."

"Do all your girls have to go through the six weeks of probation?"

"All the new ones. Every one. That's our plan, for it gives us a chance to see what kind of material the applicant is made of."

"Well, I'll try it. If I find I can't live on nothing more than two weeks will you give me a letter?"

"No, I can't say that. I can't recommend you unless you serve the full six weeks, because it wouldn't do you any good. I couldn't say anything about you except that you worked for me."

"And if I am found faithful and efficient wouldn't you say so?"

"No, I couldn't. It wouldn't do, don't you see, because I have a reputation for turning out the best kind of help."

"Well?"

In response to fatherly inquiry I told him I was staying with friends, on whom I had only the claims of friendship, and that I had absolutely no resources beyond self-help. He spoke encouraging words about the rewards of industry and the face value of push, vim, and snap, and with so much fabric on which to rear hope—that trembling expectation of things far removed I engaged.

The first direction was to go down in the basement and put my hat in the cloak-room. I saw plenty of men and girls in the dim gas-light selling goods at the various counters and little boys running around with bundles

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"No; for a picnic hat."

"I told her she wanted tarlatan, and that I had a lovely shade. I showed it to her. "Won't do."

"But it gathers beautifully, and is very becoming to your complexion," putting the stuff alongside her amber cheeks. "Just get some black wings or a bunch of purple pansies to go with it and you will have a regular fete hat."

She succumbed and took half a yard—10 cents' worth. I borrowed my neighbor's scissors, and as I cut off the amount I could not but think that my first customer got a good deal out of me and Mr. Pardridge for her money. When I made out the check and gave it to the man on my right to "please run" I went back to my perfumes, papers, and powders. For the next few hours I did a rushing business with the one-cent handkerchiefs, which I boomed to the roof. I sold them to small boys and old men; to visiting gentlemen and ladies, and to scores of young mothers carrying babes in their arms. When I was thinking it was about time for some one to come and pour the oil of gladness on my head I learned that the handkerchiefs were a specialty and limited to two. I had been selling them in lots of from six to ten, and fearing the consequences I sneaked down to the aprons and endeavored to make a customer of every man, woman, and child that came my way. A lady came along for two 8-cent handkerchiefs and while waiting for the change I showed her some German cologne. I noticed when I was removing the stopper I gave her a smell that the vial was marked 40 cents, but as the large display card read "35 cents each" I concluded the fragrant stuff had been reduced and told her so. While I was stating the fact the floor-walker came along and told me I was mistaken. "There's the price plainly marked 40 cents, madame, and it's a bargain."

"No, I won't pay but 35 cents, that's what this girl told me," and the gentleman said take it along. When I had run the check and the lady had gone he came back and blew me up, as a bit of a girl in the tidies said he would. He asked me what the matter was; if I hadn't "better go and soak my head and learn to read," and wanted to know where I had been "hanging out." I suppose the proper thing would have been to cry, but I only yawned and said I wish there were chairs for the clerks to sit down when they were tired. Then I was told to take and mark these queen colognes 40 cents.

"Does the firm provide lead pencils?" I asked.

"Yes, and gold watches."

"Where shall I go to get a pencil; I have none?"

"All you get here will go in your eye," and the elegant overseer left me. A girl who heard the talk said I could go down to the stationery counter and buy one for 2 cents.

At noon Mr. Pardridge came along and told me he had been watching me and that I would make a first-class clerk—in time. You have the ambition and that's what we want. Did you bring your lunch?"

"No, sir."

"Well you can just go up to the lunch-room and get your dinner. I'll pay for it. Only twenty minutes noon today."

I thanked him and rode up to the sixth floor. The place was an immensity of space, partially occupied with boxed goods. In one small corner a small boy had charge of a large table about which were unobtrusive

the handle, and the parting between the two prongs of my fork was less than an inch long. I had a black wood-handled knife with either edge of which I found it impossible to divorce my roast veal. A little little colored girl, as straight as a reed, served me with cucumbers, cold-slaw, mashed potatoes, green peas, melons, and coffee, but the best two my liking was a dish of nice bread and butter. The colored woman who kept the kitchen told me she charged 20 cents for dinner, but not more than ten clerks bought it. They couldn't afford to pay that much and she couldn't afford to sell it for less. Nearly all the hands brought their own lunches, and she served them with tea, coffee, milk, or lemonade for 3 cents.

"No, I don't pay anything for the kitchen. Mr. Pardridge lets me have it rent free, just to help his clerks to be comfortable. He's a right good boss."

A girl whom I interviewed on the subject said she liked the dinner well enough but would rather take a walk at noon. "I often bring my lunch and eat it and then go out on State street."

"Where?"

"Well, I'll tell you, but you musn't think I'm crazy, because I ain't. Sometimes when I want anything I go to the other stores and make the clerks wait on me. If I have any money and see what I like I take it, but if I haven't I say it won't do. Then I go to another shop and look for something else, and I keep on shopping for nothing till the time is up."

"What for? To get rested? We haven't any seats in stock. There are benches up in the lunch-room, but it's no change to get up there. Anyhow, there's no place downtown here where girls can go unless it's up to the public library, and then all the seats are full. I'd go to the park front if it wasn't so far, but with that walk and only 45 minutes there's not much time to rest. Me and another girl used to go into the restaurants that were crowded and sit at the table. Often the waiters were so busy they'd never come near us till it was time to go. If they did hand us a bill of fare we'd pretend to be hunting for something and he'd tell us to select what we wanted and go to wait on some other customer. Then we'd leave."

"Now we have a good scheme, but you musn't give it away. When we eat our lunch we go over to Field's or Gossage's and wash in the customers' room. It's awfully nice there, for they have white soap and clean towels and mirrors all along the walls. They don't know but we're customers, 'cause we price some goods first. We have towels here three times a day, but there's so many girls to dry on them that if you don't get down just as they're put up they are as wet as water."

"How much do I get? Oh, I'll not tell."

"One dollar a day?"

"Not much."

"How long have you been clerking?"

"Three years."

From 12:30 till 2 p. m. I was so busy that I didn't have time to think. Every woman wanted to be waited on at once, and as soon as I put one bill of goods in the railroad basket the floor-walker clapped his hands and hustled me off to another. The result was I got flurried and couldn't tell the woman who had bought buttons and given me 25 cents from the one to whom the handkerchiefs at 17 cents were belonged. I couldn't work the baskets very well and for a time I had to hold the steel rim between my teeth while I put the check and change in the leather box in order to keep the basket from flying up above my head. It was like drawing a bucket of water out of a country well to get the goods up to the gallery, and almost as hard to pull the package and change down again. Little boys had charge of this part of the business, but they were neither numerous nor expeditious, and a great amount of time intervened between a sale and the receipt of the money and parcel, in consequence of which the customers grew impatient and scolded the clerks and the clerks looked indifferent and said nothing. I patted the raw skin on my hands that the theropeas had worn to the quick and apologized, but neither availed much. I found the women customers insolent, overbearing, inconsiderate, and very curt. But I bore with them, flattered them, humored them, tossed whole boxes of goods on the counter for their inspection, and literally forced them to buy. Of the dozens and

glove department. It's in charge of a very nice young fellow and perhaps you can marry him." Admitting that that was the height of my ambition I followed and was presented to Mr. Leonard, a very nice-looking gentleman and much nicer than he looked. He bowed with the grace of a Burr and remarked, "You haven't had any experience."

"Oh, yes I have; been in the employ of Mr. Pardridge all day."

"Well, with a little ha, ha, 'I'll try you at the 25-cent glove. Right in there." Right in there was not much wider than the extremes of a tom cat's whiskers, but I squeezed in, dislocating my bustle and Psyche knot and found myself at the very entrance of the big front door. There was nothing to do but put my pride in my pocket and saw wood, and I set about selling out before closing up. It was a good day for silk mitts and they sold like hot cakes. I did a rushing business and had the head of the department railroad my checks.

I had sold about six pairs when he came over and told me I was a bully clerk.

"I'll have to keep you here. Tell Mr. Pardridge to hire some other girl."

"Thank you, but I don't think I hanker to stay."

"Why?"

"The pay doesn't suit for the work expected of me."

"How much are you getting?"

"Nothing for six weeks."

"Oh, no you are not."

"I beg your pardon."

"Nothing! No pay for six weeks?"

"Those are the terms on which Mr. Pardridge engaged me."

"How much do you want to come in this stock and sell my goods?"

"Couldn't be hired under \$10 a week and want a raise when the season opens."

"You shall have it. Come round in the morning—8 o'clock—and I'll go through the stock with you. You can go home now."

I told Mr. Pardridge of my success and he congratulated me and said: "Just the sort of a girl we want. Anyone with pluck can get on."

"For six weeks with nothing?"

As I made my weary way to the elevator the girls were sweeping out and preparing to leave. In the toilet-room I found twenty of them or more washing at the one small sink, and drying their faces and hands in pocket handkerchiefs and petticoats. There were three towels on the rollers, but they dripped. A few had powder-rags and made up because there was no more convenient way of getting the dirt off.

The only sign or rule in the entire establishment was the one posted in the lunch-room. It read: "Please take as little time as necessary for lunch today."

NEEL NELSON.

Too Deep for Shallow Remedies.

CHICAGO, Aug. 3.—TO THE EDITOR: I am most heartily glad of the interest THE TIMES is creating in the "White Slaves" of the factories, and appreciate deeply plecky "Neel Nelson's" work.

I have been interested in woman's work and wages for the last eight years and have had three years' personal experience and know that every word she says is true. But the half has not been told. Behind the large central cloak and suit-making establishments scattered throughout the city in dirty basements or crowded garrets are the "slop-shops" where misery, drugery, and poverty have reached a climax. They correspond to the "sweating shops" of London which some of the London papers are now exposing as THE TIMES is doing here. And still lower degrees of degradation and brutality can be found in the filthy shops where various kinds of labor is carried on—where boys and girls, coarse men and ignorant women are huddled together in places too vile for animals to live in, such as tobacco factories, cork works, tinning and canning factories, glue factories, places where leather is manufactured and made into various articles, leather factories, etc. These breeding places of crime and vice are a menace to the peace and progress of the country, and if a general interest is not soon manifested and some effort made to change the systems under which the children of the poor are forced to earn a living it will be too late, too ruinously late.

Some of your correspondents advise the girls to go to the country. This is shirking the question and is no solution whatever. The work of the country is principally done in the cities, and there naturally the workers gather. If it were possible for the thousands of poorly-paid women to flock to the country the country would not know what to do with them. There are not places for all. Besides, the life of a farm-house hand or "help" is not so desirable or so remunerative that such emi-

Chicago Times

17 to 20

MORNING, AUGUST 5, 1888.

ens of women I approached with my
nothing I can show you" only two de-
man my services with thanks. The average
man told me she had been waited on, the
nionable dame said "no," and the ultras
n't answer at all.

3 o'clock I was so tired I was tempted to
home. My ruche had wilted to a mere
rope, and the stock, there was not a clean
on my handkerchief in which to
e my perspiring face, and I had
place to sit and nothing to lean against.
the girls wore aprons with a large
cket, in which they carried their
ck-book. I had no apron and
pocket large enough for the
ck book. For a time I kept the
y volume on one of my seven counters,
the walker told me he had "caught on,"
commanded me under penalty not to
e it lying there." The only place
ould carry it was up under the
t of my basque, and up it
squeezed. Now that basque fits me
in an inch of respiration, and whenever
squeezed the book up I had to gasp for
th. If I hadn't taken it out as often as
t there is no telling how I should have
ived. As it was I was almost ready to
up like a jack-knife from the pain in
chest.

my feet! How they swelled. I ex-
ended every minute to see the buttons of my
s fly off and the uppers go to pieces. I
ped to look at them and a girl came and
patitized with me.

"It's too bad you're not in stock," she
"you could slip your feet out of your
s. That's the way the girls do
the counter, but of course you
do that out here on the floor. But
all get used to it. My feet swelled awful
first two weeks, but now I don't notice
at all. Lots of the girls wear slippers
and the counter." I took particular pains
investigate, and counted nine girls with
foot slipped out of their shoes. One
stood in her stocking feet, and ever so
y had on one slipper or a pair of old
s.

Partridge treated me very nicely. Be-
giving me a free lunch he gave me a
e poppy that I wore in my corsage all
afternoon and he told me I was getting
nely. He showed me some of the goods
was particularly anxious to sell off and
I would get a "p. m." on each
Inasmuch as I had no other
ect prior to Sept. 12 I set to work and
a 75-cent imitation Turkish chair-sear
was given a 10-cent p. m. That paid
ar-fare. I learned that plenty of the
had earned various sums in this way.
received \$1 "p. m." on a lace counter-
another 25 cents on a French plastron,
the girl in the silk stock was literally
ing commissions. At 5 o'clock I way-
Mr. E. and begged for a transfer.

"Well, I'm tired. I would like to try
or parasols or flannels," I told him,
the real truth was I fancied something
prominent. I wanted to get off in a
or down cellar away from a possible
intenance. He promised to look about,
returned shortly to "fetch me to the
department. It's in charge
a very nice young fellow
perhaps you can marry him." Admit-
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grace of a Burr and remarked, "You
n't had any experience."

"Yes, I have; been in the employ of
Partridge all day."

"Well, with a little ha, ha, 'I'll try you
25-cent glove. Right in there." Right
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eres of a tom cat's whisk-
but I squeezed in, dislocating
bustle and Psyche knot and found
at the very entrance of the big front
There was nothing to do but put my

gration would be beneficial to the class of work-
ing women. Work begins at 4 in the morning
during summer and lasts until 9 in the evening,
and the pay is from \$8 to \$12 per month without
any relaxation, amusement, or opportunities for
mental or moral development. One gets fresh air
and plenty of good food, and that is the only im-
provement.

Housework in the city is but little better. Sew-
ing girls are slaves from 7 a. m. to 6 p. m. and are
free at other hours. Household servants are
"slaves" during the whole twenty-four hours.
They are treated like inferior creatures without
feelings and are slighted by friends and acquaint-
ances because of their "low" position. Can one
wonder that the American girl naturally revolts
against such unmitigated degradation and prefers
a slavery that affords several hours' intermission
each day?

The remedy lies deeper than any of the shallow
measures of amelioration proposed. A complete
change in our industrial system in the methods
by which production is now carried on will be
necessary before these evils are entirely abolished.
Even the proprietors of these factory hells are not
entirely to blame, as competition forces them to
get their work done as cheaply as possible, and
they are often better than they need be by the
laws of common usage. What these changes
shall be and what the future organiza-
tion of the industries will be depends
on the good sense of the people and the degree of
enlightenment a civilized race has reached. At
any rate the principal and most important work
now is to bring to the surface the evils of white
slavery in cities and secure the attention, interest,
and sympathy of the public to these evils, and thus
The Times is nobly accomplishing. L. M. H.

The Attractions of Domestic Service.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., Aug. 2. TO THE EDITOR:
No one who has human feeling can read your re-
cent articles about "girl slave labor" without sin-
cerely regretting such a state of affairs and hoping
that the exposure may have the beneficial effect
to ameliorate the undesirable condition. There
is, however, one other side to that question which
you will please not leave out of sight while dis-
cussing this matter.

If you will take the trouble to interview house-
wives—mothers who have families to care for—
you will find that very many of these "slave girls"
do not care to work, but simply to eke out an ex-
istence. The columns of the Chicago papers, as
well as those of other cities, are continually filled
with advertisements for girls to do housework, for
girls to do kitchen work, for girls to take care of
children, etc. How many of these "slave girls,"
whom your correspondent has pictured as being in
so miserable a condition, would ever think of ac-
cepting a position of the kind mentioned, a place
where they could have good eating, airy rooms to
sleep in, and the comforts of a home. All they
might be occasionally deprived of would be that
they could not loaf every evening after working
hours or have every whole Sunday for themselves.
While your missionary is on her rambles let her
ask these slave girls why they do not go and take
positions in private families for house and kitchen
work. I am convinced that there is room for thou-
sands more of them than are now employed in
that sphere, and the experience of every house-
wife will testify to this. There is no need for
these girls to work for any starvation
wages if they are willing to work
and perform these home duties for which they are
especially adapted. They can earn a good living
under healthy and agreeable conditions. Let a
few hundred of these who are willing to work and
apply themselves to the conditions of respectable
homes, who are willing to keep reasonable and re-
spectable hours, come to this city and earnestly
and honestly apply for work in private families
and they can easily obtain it at good wages, be-
sides their board and lodging. The market will
then not be glutted with superfluous "girl slave"
workers, but they will work in a sphere particu-
larly their own, one for which nature seems to
have created them; not to slave, but to better
their condition amid pleasant surroundings and the
influence of happy homes and firesides.

PATER FAMILIAS.

Girls Out of Their Proper Sphere.

CHICAGO, Aug. 1.—TO THE EDITOR: I wish to
reply to the article in this morning's Times en-
titled "City Slave Girls." There is an old adage
which says: "Hear both sides of a story," which
should always be borne in mind; and the other
side of the story, as related by me, comes from a
disinterested party, as I am not a cloak manu-
facturer, but still am so situated that I have often
employed cloak hands, and do still.

In the first place, girls who are entirely incom-
petent flock daily to the cloak factories for work.
Work is given them—work at which a capable
hand makes \$10 to \$12 per week, because a good
workman can turn out a cloak in one hour and a
half. The ignorant girl takes the cloak and does
it to the best of her ability. Her work is in-
valuable.

wrong he should, like his neighbors, be exposed.
But when exposing wrongs committed by persons
of all creeds why do you pick out only Jews? Can
you not find any others committing the same
wrong? Will not come around some day with me
and I will find some persons for you who do the
very same thing and on Sunday will pass the con-
tribution box for the "poor heathen on the coast
of Africa." Keep on with your exposures. They
will evidently help to remedy a great existing evil.
But don't start an "anti-Semitic crusade" simply
because you find some Jews who are committing
the same wrongs as their neighbors.

HENRY A. NORDEN.

Scoring "Jasper" and "J."

CHICAGO, Aug. 3.—TO THE EDITOR: I too
wish to thank you and bid you godspeed in your
exposures of the villainy of the employers of the
"slave-girls of Chicago." One of the best fea-
tures of it is that you give in full the names of the
scoundrels. You are doing a glorious work. "Nell
Nelson," I hope, may be a blessing and ornament to
her sex for many years to come.

My attention was called particularly to two let-
ters in today's Times—one from Aurora signed
"Jasper" and one from Chicago signed "J." Are
they both the same person? The letters look like
it. "Jasper" is probably one of those fellows
with more cunning than conscience, who finds it
easy to "make" money without the necessity of
earning it. Such have no sympathy for those
who are not as sharp as themselves. Let "Jas-
per" be forced to go outside of his particular line
of operations and see if he would be
so free with his advice. Not all
women can do housework successfully any more
than all men can saw wood or dig in the earth to
their own advantage. It is a favorite thing for
some who get to the top of the ladder (no matter
how) to assume to dictate what others ought to do.
A girl has as much right to her choice of em-
ployment as a boy or man and as much right to be
protected in that choice, and the male grannies
who still persist in clinging to the idea that women
are good for nothing but to do housework and
bear children are behind the age. What a com-
fort it must be to know that the "slave girls"
"won't get any of Jasper's commiseration!" He
can be safely classed with those whose tender
mercies are said to be cruel. As for "J," his
communication is beneath honest contempt. B.

A Voice from the Country.

DOWAGIAC, Mich., Aug. 3.—TO THE EDITOR: I
have read with the deepest interest your articles
on "City Slave Girls," and my heart goes out to
them with the greatest sympathy. O how I long
to see the day that these Chicago blood-
suckers will be made to pay the
poor girls and women wages such as
they are entitled to and do earn. A great many
people do not stop to think of the immense profits
made on the goods which these poor girls and
women have to make for almost nothing. I know,
for I have sold and handled some lines of these
goods for years. Do the agents that these same
firms send out through the country work half as
hard as these poor girls do? No; a thousand
times no! Look what salaries they get.

One writer says he has no sympathy for the
girls because they can go into country towns and
earn \$2 and \$2.50 per week, dress well, etc. Does
that writer stop to think that a great number of
those girls and women are the partial support of
dependent relatives, invalids, or young children
and can not leave the city? Shame on a man
that has no pity for those helpless and starving
girls! His heart, indeed, must be of stone. May
heaven's richest blessing rest upon "Nell Nelson"
in her noble and humane efforts to make those
human ghoulies pay better than starvation wages.
They can well afford to.

I have always liked THE CHICAGO TIMES, but
now I love and admire the paper and the fearless
editor who exposes the inhuman treatment of the
poor working slaves of Chicago. L. S.

One Woman's "Life in the Country."

CHICAGO, Aug. 3.—TO THE EDITOR: I am a
woman nearly 40 years of age, and never can I
forget the so-called "beauties" of country service.
My indignation therefore knew no bounds when I
read the communication signed "Jasper." Let me
ask him if there are farmers enough to go
around for the vast army of working girls in Chi-
cago alone, not saying anything about any other
city in the Union.

And let me tell something about it. I was cast
upon my own resources at the age of 16 and com-
pelled to leave school and earn my own living.
Then it was that I began where "Jasper" would
have the city working girls go—in the kitchen of a
country farm-house. I knew nothing about the
work, but was willing to learn. I was therefore to
have only "board and clothes" and "time to
study." The "time to study" was never found,
and at the end of a few months I had worn out
most of my clothes and had seen no new ones.
The next place was a little better, and I
could not, to school, but I was still in the kitchen.

"go to the country" is a good deal like giving re-
ligious tracts to starving people and to the de-
praved who can not read.

The evil must be dealt with in some other way.
Suggestions can do no harm, and I offer one.
There are wealthy people who are also benevolent.
They are tolerably plenty. Suppose they form a
society for the protection of laboring women and
girls, as some persons have for the prevention of
cruelty to children and animals. Here is the
nucleus of force for investigation and regulation.
Then, by means of municipal ordinances and legis-
lative enactments, police and judicial power can
be brought to bear and practical relief and im-
provement become possible and actual.

C. H. REEVE.

Let the Pulpit Join the Press.

CHICAGO, Aug. 4.—TO THE EDITOR: How little
do those happy women who are surrounded by
comforts and luxuries dream that thousands of
their own sex are sacrificing physical, mental, and
moral faculties to obtain the bare necessities of
life. The Times' bold stroke of exposing the con-
dition of struggling girls and women in Chicago
must be a surprise to all. It is to be hoped good
results may follow. Instead of calling for funds
to send and support missionaries among heathen
tribes, it seems to me the call had better be to
send relief among the white slave labor of Chi-
cago. No one after reading "Nell Nelson's"
letters can enter the plea of not knowing where
to find those subjects worthy of assistance and re-
lief. She gives facts that are far too accurate, no
doubt, to suit some of those of whom she writes.
How they must writhe under her exposure of their
brutality.

If the girls could be brought to form pro-
tective associations and be shown a way of
improving their condition they would certainly
do it; and those who now bid fair to
add only to the undesirable portion of our
population might become its reliable and intelli-
gent class. How can they read, think, or know
that taught exists in this bright, beautiful world
save drudgery without remuneration enough to
provide them with the wherewithal to sustain
life? I hope from every pulpit will come a call
for aid. I hope many "Nell Nelson's" may come
to the work and carry it through as successfully as
she has. H. M. I.

Modern Pharisees.

CHICAGO, Aug. 3.—TO THE EDITOR: "J." in a
letter to THE TIMES, Aug. 3, winds up his tirade
against the sewing girls by saying: "But if the
girls will be sewing girls they are the victims and
do not deserve any sympathy." A more heartless
expression can not well be conceived. It seems
to be void of all human feeling and to belong
to the class of modern Pharisees who thank God, as
of old, that they are not like other people.

There is no doubt that some of the sewing girls
have fallen from virtue, which, by the way,
happens sometimes to some who need not be sew-
ing girls, but the great majority of these poor girls
are virtuous, honest, hard working, whom cir-
cumstances force to this kind of work.
They are girls who try to make an honest living
and have to assist their parents or younger
brothers and sisters who are very often sick and
poor. They keep in this way the wolf from the
door and prevent their kindred from being thrown
upon public charity. Woe to the unfortunate who
has to depend on the benevolence of the modern
Pharisees.

Miss "Nelson" deserves great praise for the
noble work which she is doing in the interest of
the sewing girls. The cold fact that they are made
the slaves of their employers in many cases can not
be denied, and the sooner such slavery is abolished
the better. R.

No Sympathy for the Girls.

CHICAGO, Aug. 4.—TO THE EDITOR: I fear
you have taken up a cause "as weak as water"
when you become the champion of the shop sew-
ing girls. It is a well-known fact that they do re-
ceive very small pay, particularly from the Jewish
element in the clothing business who employ
them. But let me ask who is to blame if they
work for \$2 to \$4 per week, which every rational
mind knows will not support them? But have
not we seen these very girls in their finery and
gay toggery on Saturday nights in the streets
and on Sundays at the parks better
dressed than many virtuous wives and
daughters? Your sympathies are mis-
placed. You have the skeleton to view instead of
the real girl. Today there are thousands of fam-
ilies in this country who would gladly employ
these girls as domestics in their homes at \$2, \$3, or
\$4 per week and board. But these would be
adies of pants and shirt manufacturers pre-
sent this life to home comforts and the home influ-
ences of good, respectable people. I argue these
"poor girls" are themselves to blame and not
their employers if they seek the filth of life in-
stead of the purity of it. I am a man of mature
years, but I have heard that "shop-girls" are often
better than their employers.

returned. He promised to look about, returned shortly to "fetch me to the department. It's in charge of a very nice young fellow perhaps you can marry him." Admitted that "that was the height of my ambition" I followed and was presented to Mr. Ward, a very nice-looking gentleman and much nicer than he looked. He bowed with grace of a Burr and remarked, "You ain't had any experience." "No, yes I have; been in the employ of Mr. Pardridge all day."

"Well, with a little ha, ha, 'I'll try you 25-cent glove. Right in there." Right there was not much wider than the whiskers of a tom cat's whiskers but I squeezed in, dislocating my nose and Psyche knot and found myself at the very entrance of the big front door. There was nothing to do but put my hand in my pocket and saw wood, and I set it selling out before closing up. It was only 1 day for silk mitts and they sold like cakes. I did a rushing business and was the head of the department railroading the socks.

He sold about six pairs when he came and told me I was a bully clerk.

"I have to keep you here. Tell Mr. Pardridge to hire some other girl."

"Thank you, but I don't think I hanker to go."

"Why?"

"The pay doesn't suit for the work expected of me."

"What are you getting?"

"Nothing for six weeks."

"No, you are not."

"No, you are not."

"Nothing! No pay for six weeks?"

"Yes, the terms on which Mr. Pardridge engaged me."

"How much do you want to come in this and sell my goods?"

"I wouldn't be hired under \$10 a week and a raise when the season opens."

"I shall have it. Come round in the evening—8 o'clock—and I'll go through the mill with you. You can go home now."

"I told Mr. Pardridge of my success and he flattered me and said: 'Just the sort of girl we want. Anyone with pluck can do six weeks with nothing?'"

"I made my weary way to the elevator where they were sweeping out and preparing to leave. In the toilet-room I found one of them or more wash-basins at the one small sink and dried their faces and hands in pocket handkerchiefs and petticoats. There were towels on the rollers, but they dripped. I had powder-rags and made up because there was no more convenient way of getting the dirt off.

"The only sign or rule in the entire establishment was the one posted in the lunch-room. It read: 'Please take as little time as necessary for lunch today.'

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Too Deep for Shallow Remedies.

CHICAGO, Aug. 3.—TO THE EDITOR: I am greatly glad of the interest THE TIMES is taking in the "White Slaves" of the factories. I appreciate deeply plucky "Nell Nelson's" articles.

"I have been interested in woman's work and for the last eight years and have had three years of personal experience and know that every word she says is true. But the half has not been told. Behind the large central cloak and suit establishments scattered throughout the city in dirty basements or crowded garrets are "slog-shops" where misery, drudgery and poverty have reached a climax. They correspond to the "sweating" of London which some of the London papers are now exposing as THE TIMES is doing. And still lower degrees of degradation and degradation can be found in the filthy shops where kinds of labor is carried on—where boys and girls, coarse men and ignorant women are huddled together in places too vile for animals to live in, as tobacco factories, cork works, tinning factories, glue factories, places where leather is manufactured and made into various articles, leather factories, etc. These breeding-places of crime and vice are a menace to the progress of the country, and if a general strike is not soon manifested and some effort is not made to change the systems under which the millions of the poor are forced to earn a living it is too late, too ruinously late.

"I advise the girls to go to the country. This is shirking the question of no solution whatever. The work of the girls is principally done in the cities, and there it is the workers' rather. If it were possible to remove thousands of poorly-paid women to flock to the country the country would not know what to do with them. There are not places for all. The life of a farm-house hand or "help" is not desirable or so remunerative that such emi-

One Woman's "Life in the Country."

CHICAGO, Aug. 3.—TO THE EDITOR: I am a woman nearly 40 years of age, and never can I forget the so-called "beauties" of country service. My indignation therefore knew no bounds when I read the communication signed "Jasper." Let me ask him if there are farmers enough to go around for the vast army of working girls in Chicago alone, not saying anything about any other city in the Union.

And let me tell something about it. I was cast upon my own resources at the age of 16 and compelled to leave school and earn my own living. Then it was that I began where "Jasper" would have the city-working girls go—in the kitchen of a country farm-house. I knew nothing about the work, but was willing to learn. I was therefore to have only "board and clothes" and "time to study." The "time to study" was never found, and at the end of a few months I had worn out most of my clothes and had seen no new ones. The next place was a little better, and I could go to school two and a half miles distant, milking the cows morning and evening and doing other "chores." Nothing was said about wages. One day, in the absence of the family, the master of the house made himself obnoxious to me and I could not stay after that. At my next place, in the family of a farmer whose daughter I had known at school, I got a whole dollar a week and could sit in the parlor sometimes and go to church sometimes. Here one of the sons became insolent and I left the place.

These are some of the beauties of "service in the country." If a girl is insulted on her way to and from work in the city she can call on protection. All girls do not attend entertainments. A girl or woman who works all day is usually tired or has something to do for herself at home. I am sure "Jasper" has seen as much rudeness in country youths and maidens as in the city.

Mrs. J. S. R.

The Song of the Oppressed.

CHICAGO, Aug. 4.—TO THE EDITOR: I have read your "Slave Girls of Chicago" with great interest. My own experience has been that your statements are only plain, unvarnished truths. I am sorry to say Chicago is not alone in this matter. Many other large cities are equally as bad. But go on with your good work. Keep up the agitation, stir public sentiment, let manufacturers know that things can not go on in this manner, and a change for the better must soon become apparent. I wish you success. Will you permit me to add this contribution in verse?

THE SEWING-GIRL'S LAMENT.

Weary toiling, bending low,
Drawing needle and to fro
Through the garments all day long,
With no heart for joy or song.

When the working-hours are o'er,
And their weary hearts are sore
Thinking of the wrongs oppressed,
Is there, is there no redress?

Must we always be but slaves,
With no brightness in our lives?
Can we lift the galling chain
That drags us down to sin and shame?

Sisters, rouse yourselves at last;
Days of oppression now are past;
Since THE TIMES now takes the lead,
We'll yet be free, yes, free indeed.

BLANCHE GRAY.

A Call for Christian Endeavor.

CHICAGO, Aug. 3.—TO THE EDITOR: I have been very much interested in reading the series of articles now being published in THE TIMES describing the condition of the working girls of our city. I have also read the numerous letters received by you in comment thereon. I quite agree with Mr. George Brahan. It is said "distance lends enchantment to the view." These revelations must affect our churches and religious people in some such way at least, for while they have no trouble in collecting vast sums of money annually for far-away heathen the various classes of people of which one is now being written up by you—here at home, in their midst, are utterly forgotten. Would it not be far better if they would devote some of their time and a portion of the large sum of money raised for the heathen to those who, although nearer to us, are in a far worse condition than the so-called heathen of any country?

I hope you will keep on with the work until our good people are brought to realize that there are opportunities for missionary work much nearer at home than they have ever heretofore imagined.

C. E. TAYLOR.

An Organization Proposed.

PLYMOUTH, Ind., Aug. 3.—TO THE EDITOR: THE TIMES' disclosures concerning the sewing girls in Chicago excite general horror and indignation. The remedy for these shocking evils must now be the subject for inquiry. Those who say "Let the girls go to the country and work" hardly know what they are talking about. Let some of these people who profess to have no pity for the girls because they can "get good places in the country" put themselves in the girls' places and try to get a good place in the country. With the habits and surroundings that have made them what they are they could not readily adapt themselves to the new conditions of country life, as a general thing, so as to command either place or wages. These critics would perhaps be among the last to receive them into their own houses and teach them; and the girls themselves might not be apt or willing or contented pupils. A few would do well, as many do who go from country to city as domestics. The advice to

ing-girls. It is a well-known fact that they do receive very small pay, particularly from the Jewish element in the clothing business who employ them. But let me ask who is to blame if they work for \$2 to \$4 per week, which every rational mind knows will not support them? But have not we seen these very girls in their finery and gay loggery on Saturday nights in the streets and on Sundays at the parks better dressed than many virtuous wives and daughters? Your synagogues are mis-placed. You hold the skeleton to view instead of the real girl. Today there are thousands of families in this county who would gladly employ these girls as domestics in their homes at \$2, \$3, or \$4 per week and board. But these would be aches of pants and shirt manufactories pre-empt this life to home comforts and the home influences of good, respectable people. I argue these "poor girls" are themselves to blame and not their employers if they seek the filth of life instead of the purity of it. I am a man of mature years, but I have heard that "shop-girls" are often not better than they should be.

SIC SEMPER TYRANNIS.

Housework Not So Easy Got.

CHICAGO, Aug. 3.—TO THE EDITOR: I want to say in answer to "J. S." letter in THE TIMES that I think he is no gentleman. Let him try to get places through the country for these girls and see how easy it can be done. The first question asked is for reference. Now, many girls have no one to supply a reference for them. Then the girl is asked any number of questions, such as where they have worked, etc. When the lady of the house finds the girl has worked in some factory, but is willing to learn housework, she will most likely tell the applicant she wants a girl that already knows housework, and then the door is shut. Most shop-girls have no money to take them out of the city. Does "J. S." expect them to go like stray sheep through the country looking for a place, begging their way as they go along? No, I think "J. S." is worse than a slave-driver. These factories must have help, and why should they not pay working girls decent wages and have fit places for them to work in? **SADIE BRAHAM.**

Restaurant and Hotel Girls.

CHICAGO, Aug. 2.—TO THE EDITOR: I am reading your investigations by your lady reporter and am greatly interested. My sympathy toward your paper for the great good it has begun for the working girls of this city, and for the effect it surely will have in others, is of heartfelt gratitude, as, being a waiter, I see much abuse and imposition heaped upon kitchen girls. I hope when you thoroughly expose the factory you will give some attention to restaurant and hotel girls. I could recite hundreds of abuses, but I think it unnecessary, as your lady reporter has shown herself capable of dealing with such cases. The men who toil have their grievances, but are strong and able to fight their own battles; but the poor, weak, toiling women and girls need a good general, which they have found in your paper, and let me thank you.

A CONSTANT READER.

"Let the Good Work Go On."

CHICAGO, Aug. 3.—TO THE EDITOR: "Nell Nelson" is only bringing to the attention of the public at large facts which all associations of laboring men and women in Chicago have long had before their members, but for that very reason she and THE TIMES deserve the highest honor. When the people are told in general terms that the poor suffer, the tale is uninteresting, but when the actual suffering of the "white slave girl" is depicted by an eye-witness sympathizer aroused and help offered. Let the good work go on until every task-master is exposed, and the product of his shop boycotted, and until legislation shall be had for protection of the helpless, G. S.

Mr. Brahan Answers "Low."

CHICAGO, Aug. 3.—TO THE EDITOR: A writer in today's TIMES attempts to criticize my remarks on the "White Slaves of Chicago" in Wednesday's paper. So long as the writer, who signs "Low," lies low I shall not take any trouble to reply. The ratio of black sheep can always be found in every known religion, whether it be Christian or Jewish. There should be no privacy on a public question for the public good. Therefore on all these questions I want it to be known where I stand, hence I sign my name.

GEORGE BRAHAM.

The Lunches Put Up by the Good Jew.

CHICAGO, Aug. 4.—TO THE EDITOR: THE TIMES has undoubtedly undertaken a good work and the "city slave girls" should ever bless the name of the brave woman who can put aside self in caring for others. I have no fault to find with Miss "N." She spoke of the pastor of the Chicago Avenue church in anything but a commendable manner. The lunches put up by the "good Jew" may not be of the best, but I for one do not doubt Mr. Goss. "Nell" evidently does not know Mr. G. **SUBSCRIBER.**

Mr. Zimmerman "All There."

CHICAGO, Aug. 3.—TO THE EDITOR: Had your worthy representative "Nell Nelson" examined Mr. Zimmerman as closely as she seems to have scrutinized his factory, she would have discovered him to be "all there," lacking in nothing constituting Christian manhood. Be kind enough to publish this in the interest of truth?

ONE OF YOUR SUBSCRIBERS.

Don't Let the Matter Drop.

CHICAGO, Aug. 4.—TO THE EDITOR: I wish to express my thanks to you for the recent exposures in regard to the city "slave girls," and trust that you will not let the matter drop until you have aroused the "people" to realize this horrible brutality.

Mrs. Dr. DORR.