

WEDNESDAY MORNING, AUGUST 8, 1888.

PRICE 2 CENTS.

ALL REFUSED TO SIGN.

The Indians at Standing Rock Agency Decline to Accept the Proposed Treaty.

Chief Gall Makes a Strong Speech and the Listening Braves at Once Break Up the Conference.

All the Warriors Reported to Have Taken an Oath Not to Willingly Give Up the Reservation.

STANDING ROCK, Dakota, Aug. 7.—At last the persistent and hopeful commissioners have realized that unanimous defeat in the matter of opening the Sioux reservation stares them in the face. The uncalculated insults which Chairman Pratt has given to the haughty chiefs of the tribes intensified the opposition of the Indians and instead of making a "break in the park and file" of the braves solidified the opposition and cemented the friendship of the factions. The matter was virtually settled today when John Grass arose in conference and informed the commissioners that the Indians would sign neither paper and that they would now return to their farms regardless of what the commissioners might say. Grass made a pointed speech, which met with the applause of the Indians, and as soon as he closed the circle was broken and the Indians started for home. All efforts of Chairman Pratt to control the Indians were futile, but Agent McLaughlin succeeded in restoring quiet and having the conference adjourn with a semblance of order.

It was a most humiliating scene. The representatives of the government of the United States sent to confer with the Indians were left standing helpless and hopeless, while the Indians who rendered the decision not to sign left with contempt depicted upon their countenances. Two of the commissioners, Judge Wright of Tennessee and Rev. Mr. Cleveland of Dakota, have been inclined to a fair and decent policy which, if adopted, might have secured the consent of the Indians. For days it has been apparent that the Indians were growing more bitter in their opposition to the treaty, but not until today did Mr. Pratt realize the fact.

The conference was virtually closed last night in the private council of the Indians, when they decided that today they would leave the agency. The reports which have been brought by Indian carriers from the lower agencies have been discouraging as those sent from this point, and the opening of the reservation under the present act is now considered among the impossibilities. Red Cloud sent word that the Indians at Pine Ridge would not sign, and that if the Standing Rock Indians signed their action would have no effect upon his people. It is a fact, however, that many of the doubting Indians at some of the lower agencies have been awaiting the action of Gall, Mad Bear, John Grass, and Sitting Bull, and that the failure at this point virtually settles the matter. Sitting Bull's social call upon the commissioners gave Chairman Pratt renewed hope, but the cunning old Indian was simply giving him an exhibition of his diplomacy.

The great man of the tribe is Chief Gall, and today's action on the part of the Indians need no doubt as to his power and influence. In council whenever he spoke of the attempt of the commission to give him of the authority to speak for the Indians his followers would give vent to their indignation in the most startling manner, while every declaration that he would remain firm in his decision not to accept the treaty was greeted with tumultuous applause. Last night he said: "For many days we have awaited here to hear what these com-

missioners had to say. They have failed to obtain the signature of an Indian. The eleven million acres of land will not be opened for settlement, and the people of Dakota will be compelled to await some action on the part of congress to develop the resources of the vast area. It is a sore defeat for the people of the Black hills, who are praying for railroads. Under the act the Chicago and Northwestern and Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul railroads were to receive right of way through the reservation, and it is also a defeat for these companies, which are anxious to build to the Black hills. No new developments need be expected for a week. Commissioner Cleveland was absent from today's conference, having gone to the relief of the family of Rev. Mr. Hanford, who was killed by a mowing machine at the Pine Ridge agency. Hanford was the missionary at that agency, and his death left his wife and children among the Indians, with no white person within fifty miles.

It has just leaked out here that the Indians are all oath-bound not to sign the treaty, and the Indians who weaken and sign the bill will be killed by their brethren.

CHILDREN STARVED TO DEATH.

Thousands of English Babies Murdered for the Sake of Life Insurance.

LONDON, Aug. 7.—"One thousand infants are murdered every year in England for the sake of life insurance." This is the startling statement that appears in a preliminary report of the select committee of the house of lords that is now investigating the condition of the working classes. There are numerous companies in the principal towns which insure the lives of children from a month old and upward, and the evidence adduced before the committee under oath proves beyond peradventure that the little innocents are starved to death by wholesale by inhuman parents for the sake of a few pounds of insurance money. It is understood that the committee will in its final report say that the insurance of children is a premium on murder, and recommend that any person underfeeding an insured child so as to cause its death shall be punished with life imprisonment.

MAXWELL'S FATE.

Why His Counsel Are Hopeful of a Respite Being Granted.

ST. LOUIS, Aug. 7.—It is impossible to say what the governor will do tomorrow when presented with the new evidence against the incompetency of Coulahan and Sears as jurors, but the impression here is that he will treat it as he has every other ground presented for a respite or commutation. The supreme court had evidence before it that Coulahan was very much prejudiced against Maxwell before the trial, but the evidence was in the form of a single affidavit made by the keeper of the morgue, and the court did not think that sufficient to establish Coulahan's incompetency. The supreme court in denying a new trial for Maxwell said that if the affidavits of two responsible men could be had showing that Juror Coulahan was prejudiced prior to the trial it would be good ground for reversal, and Maxwell's attorneys now think they have a good case. The gentlemen who now come forward to strengthen the morgue-keeper's statement say that their great aversion to being connected with the case in any way kept them from fitting out the secret before, and that they would not do it now except from a sense of duty. They say that Coulahan told them after he had been subpoenaed to serve in the case that he was glad of it, as he wanted to help send Maxwell to the gallows that he ought, in fact, to be hanged without judge or jury. The names of the men have not been made public as yet. The evidence against the competency of Sears as a juror is of the same character, though not quite so bad. It was presented to the court, but not heard, as it was presented after the time allowed. The attorneys claim that as neither this nor the new affidavit against Coulahan has been passed upon by the court the governor will be in duty bound to investigate them, and must grant a respite to do it.

The gentlemen upon whose affidavits Maxwell hopes to get a respite tomorrow are said to be J. B. Tevis, a retired merchant living on Washington avenue, and Adam Diefenbach, a coal dealer. One is present out of the city and the other

IS HE WILLIE DICKINSON?

Discovery of a Boy Who May Be the One Who Was Kidnaped.

WAUSAU, Wis., Aug. 7.—Dr. Kate Bushnell of the Social Purity branch of the Woman's Christian Temperance union some time ago visited the notorious resorts near the city on her mission among fallen women. At one place, kept by one Johnson, she noticed a young boy stopping there. Growing suspicious, she made inquiries of a family residing in the neighborhood, who told her the boy came from Canada. Later Dr. Bushnell met Capt. Dickinson's family of Commonwealth on her train and told them of her suspicions. The clew to Willie Dickinson was lost in Canada, and this caused a suspicion that this was the missing boy. Officers visited the place, and now have the boy in custody. He says he has a sister named Christine. Willie Dickinson has a sister of the same name. The boy says his people live in Scotland. Johnson, the keeper of the den, says he brought him from Canada seven years ago. It was discovered that Willie was abducted by people in the ill-fame business, and this boy being found in the possession of a man of the same stripe serves to confirm the suspicion that he is the lost Willie Dickinson. Capt. Dickinson is expected here Saturday, when Johnson's trial takes place. There is much excitement over a supposed implication of officers in league with Johnson and his gang.

The story of the abduction of Willie Dickinson is almost as familiar to the public as the case of Charlie Ross. On the afternoon of Nov. 1, 1883, the little fellow was returning home from school, and when at a lonely point on the road was seized by two men, it was maintained, and carried away. Capt. Dickinson spent thousands of dollars and Mrs. Dickinson traveled over a greater part of the eastern states in efforts to recover the stolen child. A reward of \$5,000 was offered for his return, but it resulted in naught. Detectives were employed, but they were not more successful than were Capt. and Mrs. Dickinson. Some time ago a number of letters were found in Milwaukee that purported to gear on the case, but it is not known that they were genuine, later developments tending to indicate they were forgeries.

During his search for his lost boy the captain has had some strange experiences, and if they were all well written up they would make an entertaining book. The strangest of all his adventures occurred in 1884, the year after the boy disappeared. He got track of a man and boy—the latter answering his boy's description—somewhere in Pennsylvania. He went there to see them but found they had quietly gone elsewhere, but where nobody could tell. People who had seen them described the boy very closely, and Mr. Dickinson was more than ever satisfied he was his lost son. The man who had him in charge had admitted that he was not his child, and there was something in his conduct that led people to believe he had stolen him, but they did not interfere or press for too much information. The boy did not appear to dislike his position, although he was evidently leading a sort of vagabondish life and was often not too well fed. When man and boy disappeared nobody took interest enough in them to ask where or why they had gone, and the captain was there at a loss what to do next. By some means, however, he got a hint that the pair had gone across the line to West Virginia, and thither he followed them. After a long search he found in a lonely part of the mountains people who had evidently seen the same identical pair. Then he found a house at which they had stopped for a time, and better than all, as he believed, he found a pair of well-worn pants which the boy had discarded for a newer pair at this point in his travels. These pants the father positively identified as those worn by his lost boy on the day of his disappearance. They were of the same stuff, and most convincing of all, they had identically similar patches, according to the description furnished by his mother. But

CITY SLAVE GIRLS.

"Nell Nelson" Investigates the Boston Store and Is Shocked at What She Finds.

A Basement That on a Hot Day Is So Stifling It Reminds One of the "Black Hole of Calcutta."

Hundreds of Ill-Fed, Wan-Faced Children Working from 7:45 Until 6:30.

And Receiving in Exchange for the Terrible Drudgery and Hard Labor a Miserly \$2 or \$3 a Week.

The Managers Make Haste to Explain, but Their Explanation Scarcely Better the Matter.

For dismal surroundings, economy of comforts, and heartless treatment, to the Boston store belongs the palm.

I did not work in that establishment although I tried very hard to do so. I was in the store at 8 o'clock on Friday morning as arranged with Mr. Hillman, who had partially promised to hire me. "One of the girls in the hosiery department" he had said "is sick, and if she doesn't come back Friday morning I will try you."

I could not find the gentleman, although I hunted the main floor and the floors above and below. My plan of fluctuation was to take the elevator up one story and walk down, then ride up two and walk down the third flight, in that way I took in the entire store and a great part of the employees. I began at the bottom and spent a full hour in the basement, where I saw so much and suffered so much that the upper floors had no surprises for me. In the first place the atmosphere was almost unendurable.

Hot! It must have been 100 degrees above! Out in the open air not a breeze was stirring and the heat was sizzling. Down where I was I could not see a single opening to admit the air, fiery as it was, excepting the open door at the extreme southeast corner of the floor, leading up a short flight of steps to the sidewalk. About this doorway so many goods were piled and draped and hung that the passage of air was obstructed. There must have been forty, and there may be eighty, clerks, cash boys, and girls on this floor and five times that number of customers surged in and out under the glaring rays of gas-jets and electric burners. Babies squirmed and cried under the suffocating heat; children screamed and fretted; men and women fanned and wiped their faces, but the little cash-girls and the languid clerks endured their prison uncomplaining. Add to the heat from gas-jets, electric lights, and machinery, the exhalations from so many people, the moldy smell from damaged goods, the dampness of the freshly mopped floor, the fumes from a stray disinfectant, and the mildew and earthy odor that lurked in dark corners, and you have some idea of the quarters in which customers are invited to look for bargains and where helpless, honest, free-born American men and women boys and girls are forced to work for clothes

Sitting Bull, and the failure at this point virtually settles the matter. Sitting Bull's social call upon the commissioners and Chairman Pratt renewed hope, but the grinning old Indian was simply giving him exhibition of his diplomacy.

The great man of the tribe is Chief Gall, and today's action on the part of the Indians is no doubt as to his power and influence. The council whenever he spoke of the attempt to the commission to direct him of the authority to speak for the Indians his following would give vent to their indignation in the most startling manner, while every declaration that he would remain firm in his decision not to accept the treaty was greeted with tumultuous applause. Last night he said: "For many days we have waited here to hear what these commissioners had to say. They have said us nothing new since we said to them that we would not sign. We told them that we would not give them our lands and that we would sign neither paper, and they said us we would be compelled to sign one paper. Never before did I hear that a man would be forced to sign a paper unless he wanted to, and I do not believe they can force us. The great father at Washington never told us that we would have to sign one paper. The treaty read us by our educated young men does not say that we must sign the paper, and when these men tell us that we can sign if we like."

At this the Indians sprang to their feet and applauded, and when quiet was restored John Grass in a brief speech called for the Indians on the treaty. When he called on those willing to sign not an Indian arose. When called for those who would sign every man remained motionless on the ground, but when he requested those who would sign either paper to rise every man arose with cheers and whoops and yells of determination.

An inkling of the decision of the Indians reached the ears of the commissioners, and this morning the impatience of the reds became so apparent that it was deemed advisable to hold a conference today instead of postponing until tomorrow. Calling the conference to order the commissioners again informed the Indians of what would follow their refusal to sign, and informed them that unless they accepted this treaty their lands might be taken from them without giving them a cent for them. The speeches of the commissioners had no effect, and when John Grass and Mad Bear replied, it was evident that the climax had been reached. When John Grass closed his speech by calling upon the Indians to disperse and leave the agency a loud break was made, and but for the action of Agent McLaughlin the commission would not have been given an opportunity to adjourn. As it was the Indians remained long enough to hear that the conference would be adjourned indefinitely, that the commission would leave for other agencies, and that after the other tribes had taken their standing Rock would again be visited. The commission will go from here to the Yellowstone river.

In conversation with Rain-in-the-Face today he was asked if he thought the Indians would sign if the lower Indians do. His only reply was a sardonic grin and a shake of the head. Sitting Bull is in the spasms over the defeat of the commission and says that the whites will soon learn from the Indians have some sense. He is not gleeful over the prominence of his great political enemy, Gall, but as it has been doing most of the work with the Indians of the lower agencies and has been prominent in the opposition, he is committed to a great personal victory. John Grass, Mad Bear, and the chiefs who have been doing the talking for the Indians in the conference, are greater men than ever to be thought. They are looked upon by their people not as warriors but as victorious statesmen, who have successfully coped with the Indians had a big feast in camp tonight, and the news of the defeat of the commission will be sent out to the other agencies by couriers. Before the commissioners reach the other agencies the Indians are going to confer with will be jubilating for the result at Standing Rock.

For sixteen days the commissioners have been here, and they leave without having

returned with the case. In any way kept them from letting out the secret before they would not do it now except from a sense of duty. They say that Coulahan told them after he had been subpoenaed to serve in the case that he was glad of it, as he wanted to help send Maxwell to the gallows that he ought, in fact, to be hanged without judge or jury. The names of the men have not been made public as yet. The evidence against the competency of Sears as a juror is of the same character, though not quite so bad. It was presented to the court, but not heard, as it was presented after the time allowed. The attorneys claim that as neither this nor the new affidavit against Coulahan has been passed upon by the court the governor will be in duty bound to investigate them, and must grant a respite to do it.

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RETURNED FROM DEATH.

John Jablonski Interrupts His Own Funeral and Everybody Takes a Drink.

John Jablonski is a melancholy Pole, living at 10 Fox place. He has a family and earns a dollar a day shoveling sand.

His family and friends planned for his funeral yesterday, but just as the weeping wife was taking a last look at the corpse Jablonski entered the little home looking as though he had an appetite for a square meal.

There is, as a result, the wildest excitement throughout the Polish settlement.

About 10 o'clock yesterday morning a man jumped from a freight train on the Northwestern road at Noble street and made a reckless effort to board a fast passenger train. He was run over by the cars and badly mutilated. An hour later he died at the county hospital. Adam Kusz, a butcher doing business at 13 Fox place, had noticed that Jablonski had been acting rather queer of late, and made up his mind that he had committed suicide and was the man who had thrown himself under the train. The more the butcher thought of the circumstance the more firmly he was convinced that Jablonski, the melancholy Pole, was at the morgue. He sought out H. S. Kunz, an undertaker at the corner of Noble and Ingraham streets, who knew Jablonski, and together they went to the morgue. Both men recognized the body as that of Jablonski. The undertaker packed the body in ice and took it to 10 Fox place, and the weeping wife and children gathered around the undertaker as he prepared the body for burial.

When the mourners were convinced that Jablonski was actually alive the body of the unknown man was taken back to the morgue. Mrs. Jablonski sent for a mug of beer and there was merry-making at the Jablonski household last night.

ROBERT GARRETT'S CONDITION.

The Doctors Say His Trouble Is Not of the Brain, but of the Nerves.

NEW YORK, Aug. 7. Robert Garrett, who is sick at the Brevort house, requires a great deal of watching. His three doctors arrange their visits so that he is hardly ever without one of them in attendance. The report current last October that his brain was affected has been revived, but the physicians say the trouble appears to be rather with his nerves than in his head. It was said yesterday that his general condition was improved, and that he had steadily gained since leaving Richfield Springs last Thursday. His condition of depression and melancholy is varied occasionally by fits of hilarity. It is very subject to a change, and because he feels better one day his doctors are by no means certain he will not be worse the next.

"Mr. Garrett will not paralyze," in my opinion," said Dr. Partridge. "His trouble is with his nervous system. He also has great trouble with his stomach and digestive organs. He is very sick but is in no immediate danger. In fact, I feel very much encouraged at the way he is picking up within the last few days. But the improvement may be only temporary."

Ran Away and Got Married.

LAKE GEORGE, N. Y., Aug. 7.—E. Bissell, Jr., of Brooklyn, and Miss May Valentine Yale, of New York, who have been courtship clandestinely under the nose of the girl's guardian, F. C. Fitts, outwitted the latter, who is also Miss Yale's stepfather, and eloped yesterday. They were married at Glens Falls. Miss Yale is wealthy and would have been her guardian's heiress but for her flight and secret marriage.

Wisconsin Pharmaceutical Convention.

PALMYRA, Wis., Aug. 7.—The Wisconsin state pharmaceutical convention opened here today with a large attendance. Exhibits valued at many thousand dollars are made by firms of the largest cities in the union, who offer prizes for different games and essays ranging in value from \$4 to \$50. The convention closes Friday.

Natalie to Appear Before the Synod.

LONDON, Aug. 7.—It is announced that Queen Natalie will appear in person before the synod of Belgrade to oppose a decree of divorce or separation.

enough in them to ask where or why they had gone, and the captain was therefore at a loss what to do next. By some means, however, he got a hint that the pair had gone across the line to West Virginia, and thither he followed them. After a long search he found in a lonely part of the mountains people who had evidently seen the same identical pair. Then he found a house at which they had stopped for a time, and better than all, as he believed, he found a pair of well-worn pants which the boy had discarded for a newer pair at this point in his travels. These pants the father positively identified as those worn by his lost boy on the day of his disappearance. They were of the same stuff, and most convincing of all, they had identically similar patches, according to the description furnished by his mother. But boy and man had again disappeared mysteriously as before, and nobody knew whither they had gone. They had not been gone long, only a few days, and the father's heart and pursued his search again, confidently believing that he would come up with the pair, and when he did that he would find his boy.

He followed them from county to county in West Virginia, Maryland, and finally back again into Pennsylvania, always through thickly-settled parts of the country, everywhere finding more and more evidence that the boy was his boy, and that the man who had him in charge was keeping him out of sight. Finally he came up with them, but found to his sorrow that the boy was not his. He remembered much about his travels, told how he came to discard the worn-out trousers for newer and better ones, and even remembered where he had got the old ones, but he did not know Capt. Dickinson and had never been in Wisconsin. He was evidently somebody's lost boy, as the man with him freely admitted that he was not only not his father, but not even a relative.

Capt. Dickinson has from the first been positive in the belief that his son was abducted.

In one of the letters found in Milwaukee last spring was a rough map of the country around Florence and directions for finding a cave, in which it was said would be found the bones of the missing boy. Some time ago while prospecting for iron two young men accidentally discovered the hidden entrance to a cave at the exact spot marked on the map. Capt. Dickinson organized a searching party and explored the cavern from end to end, but could find no evidence that the place had ever been inhabited as the rendezvous of the abductors, as it was alleged, and could discover no human bones, although the remains of many animals were found.

Burst an Artery in His Head.

RACINE, Wis., Aug. 7.—While playing ball with the Phoenix club of Milwaukee last Sunday, a boy named Peterson was struck on the head by the ball which bounded thirty feet into the air. His nose bled freely and he was taken home, but it was thought that he was not much injured. His nose has continued bleeding ever since and doctors who have examined the boy state that an artery in his head burst and it is doubtful if the boy can live.

Religion vs. Grasshoppers.

MONTREAL, Aug. 7.—The residents of St. Bartholomew claim that the plagues of grasshoppers, which infested their vicinity some time ago, has completely disappeared. This is due entirely, they say, to the masses and processions of the faithful in the parish.

Captured an Escaped Prisoner.

LITCHFIELD, Ill., Aug. 7.—James Yarbrough, charged with grand larceny, was escaped from the Charleston jail Sunday night, was recaptured here by Marshal Sloat this evening. He was returned to his former quarters.

Flint-Glass Factories to Resume.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Aug. 7.—The wages of fabricating glass workers have been settled by a conference in this city on practically the same basis as last year. All of the flint-glass factories will resume on Monday.

Archbishop Lynch's Successor.

TORONTO, Aug. 7.—Bishop Farrell of Trenton, N. J., is looked upon here as the probable successor to the late Archbishop Lynch in the event of Bishop Walsh of London, Ontario, declining.

Storms and Rain for Illinois.

Rain and local storms, followed tonight by fair and slightly cooler weather, with variable winds, generally northerly, is the weather prediction for Illinois today.

barriers. Babies squirmed and cried under the suffocating heat; children screamed and fretted; men and women fanned and wiped their faces, but the little girl and the languid clerks endured their prison uncomplaining. Add to the heat from gas-jets, electric lights and machinery, the exhalations from so many people, the moldering from damaged goods, the dampness of the freshly mopped floor, the fumes from a stray disinfectant, and the mildew and earthy odor that lurked in dark corners, and you have some idea of the quarters in which customers are invited to look for bargains and where helpless, honest, freeborn American men and women, boys and girls are forced to work for clothes and bread.

What about the soul? It's mockery to mention it to these slaves in such a dungeon.

On a rude plank door painted black is the word "Ladies." The irony of it! "Serfs" would be less impertinent and "bond-women" or "drudges" better than either.

The door yields to my touch and I enter the toilet and cloak room. The atmosphere is so intense and the effluvia so offensive that I am almost stifled. A window about eighteen inches square has been cut in the side of the staircase leading from the street, and here I stand, my face turned up to the clouds of dust that float in from the feet and skirts of the passing customers. By and by I get accustomed to the foulness and turn round to explore the place. The floor is black and wet from recent mopping; the janitor has swept all the previous day's rubbish in from the basement and it forms a big pile behind the door.

There is only one gas-jet in the room and I do not see the effect sweepings until I have stepped in them. On either side of the inclosure are the cloak-boxes, communication to which is afforded by a window a foot square. A young and very pretty colored woman is in one section and in the opposite window is a little boy possibly 13 years old. All the female help pass their hats, wraps, and lunches through these windows, and they are put in a cubby-hole the number of which corresponds to the number of the clerk. The smell of mold forcibly assails the senses, and mingled with the foul odor from the adjoining closets the effect on the lunches must be left to the imagination. On the east side of the partition is the toilet inclosure, built like the rest, under the pavement. But for the perforated coal-hole covers overhead the place would be pitch dark. It is damp, dirty, and smelly, the stone sidewalk forming the ceiling and gray flagstones the floor. The closets, four or five in number, have not even the luxury of doors, and in a space at one end is a dirty little iron sink into which runs a stream of water. As only two girls can approach the narrow trough for water at a time it is not hard for the reader to understand how great a luxury this single stream of clear, cool water is to the slave-girls. At one time I counted twenty-eight girls in this filthy little hole, which is unfit for cattle and in which no man would water a faithful dog.

When I had accustomed myself to the deadly smell that pervaded the place it was 9:30 o'clock and the girls were beginning to come in to wash their hands and clean up after arranging their stock. About the little mirror were seven girls, some combing their hair, some dressing it, and all trying to get a peep at their own faces. The closets were crowded, and while three young girls were washing at the sink five moved about with bits of soap in their hands, their arms and faces covered with lather. The soap may have been furnished by the house, but of the absence of towels I am positive. Most of the girls had their own comb, soap, and towel, and where do you suppose they carried them?

In the bosom of their dresses. I cautioned a girl who had opened the front of her waist against putting the

A DRAFT OF PORTER

The Governor Has Refused to Hold the Indiana Ticket, But That Makes No Difference.

His Friends Are Bound to Nominate and Have Disgusted Many Delegates.

Wisconsin Labor Men Resolved that They Will Never Ever Fuse with the Democrats.

INDIANAPOLIS, Aug. 7.—The republican brethren are in desperate straits tonight. The talk seems inextricable. Everybody felt today that the Porter boom was at an end, when suddenly developed with enlarged proportions. Republican from the out counties, after looking the various candidates for governor, concluded that they did not come up to the standard level. It was resolved once more to start the boom. In the face of repeated and most positive declarations that he would not be a candidate, was not clear to delegates.

The forcing process would be successful, but at least nine out of ten approached expressed a willingness to vote for the governor if his name should be brought before the convention—a proceeding that may be believed to be of doubtful value, but one that few dared to openly oppose. A secret conference was, therefore, held of prominent politicians from outside this county. Among the Porter men who were called in were William Hellman of Evansville, Frank B. Posey of Petersburg, Eugene Bundy, New Castle, John Clark Ridpath of Greencastle, Gen. John Peter Clark Shanks of Portland, George A. Adams of Martinsville, and about a dozen others. Indianapolis politicians were excluded. It was decided after an hour or more of talk to send a committee of thirteen call upon Gov. Porter and endeavor to show him that he had taken a wrong view of the situation. He must be persuaded, if possible, to yield to popular and irrefragable clamor for candidacy, and while it was expected that he would recede from his position heretofore, it was despairingly hoped that might be induced to give the committee some hope. There was strong opposition to sending such a committee to call upon him, because it was believed that instead of accomplishing the object desired it would be pretty sure to make a mess of the whole thing.

"The thing to do," one of the speakers admitted, was to "go ahead and nominate him and let it be such a way that he couldn't decline," but a majority held to the belief that if the name of ex-governor should be presented to the convention at all it should be done advisedly, and in accordance with prevailing sentiment. The committee was pointed with the understanding that after the interview another meeting should be held, when words would be given such consideration as precedence in a law case would receive from the As to whether the "Shiel" movement should be endorsed and supported would be determined by the committee. An agreement upon the interpretation to be given Gov. Porter's expressions during the interview. The gentlemen chosen to make the call were Frank Farnall and Prof. John Clark Ridpath of Greencastle, Hon. William Hellman of Evansville, Judge Forkner of Henry county, Eugene Bundy of New Castle, Gen. Shanks of Portland, Mr. Jones of Brookville, T. M. Griffin of Jasper and Frank Branch.

The committee drove out to Gov. Porter's residence. They were very cordially received. The interview occupied about half an hour. The governor reiterated his declaration that he would not be a candidate, and expressed himself in relation to the situation much the same as he did yesterday. Finally was plainly asked, if he "was determined to exercise the will of the republican party of Indiana," which it is reported, he gave no reply, and that was the most and only encouragement that the committee received.

Meanwhile through the activity of Shiel and other Porter boomers, the delegates had rallied to the Porter movement, and other men who had been talked about in connection with the nomination received secondary consideration only. It was passed among the delegates that men as high up in the party management as Col. John C. Nelson approved the Shiel movement, and believed if nominated unopposedly the governor would decline to make the race. This had much influence in restoring confidence and additional encouragement was given by John Butler, who withdrew from the gubernatorial contest last week. Mr. Butler, to all who asked his opinion, expressed the belief that Gov. Porter could not afford to decline a unanimous nomination. He said: "I believe that Gov. Porter should and will be nominated. I do not see how he can well decline. It is evident that it is the overwhelming desire of the party that he should be the candidate."

The uncertain result of the new Porter movement has overshadowed the situation to such an extent that the candidates for the nomination

wet towel so near her breast, but she only laughed and said "nothin'll hurt me."

"But it is wet and may cause a lung trouble." "Indeed it won't. I used to put it here all last winter and it didn't hurt me. When it was awful cold I wore it home and I never even had a cold." As she spoke she folded the little towel, and laying it against her under-waist buttoned her dress and went to the hole in the north cloak-box for a glass of lemonade. I told her I was very thirsty and asked for a drink.

"Oh, you have to pay. It's 3 cents a glass." The colored girl and her little white slave had a bucket full of the beverage—a very excellent article, by the way—which they retailed at the price stated. The ebony vendor refused to sell to me till I convinced her that I expected to begin in the hosiery stock as soon as Mr. Hillman came down. The girl with the wet damask in her bosom drained her glass to the last drop, ate the slices of lemon rind and pulp, and with the help of her finger transferred every grain of undissolved sugar to her mouth. She lapped the mouth of the glass with her tongue and when the boy took it from the ledge it was as dry as could be. I could not get her to confide her salary, but she said: "It ain't nothing like \$5. For two years I only got \$3, but now I have more."

I found a girl named Bessie in the closet-room lying against the wall, the very picture of death. Her face had no more color in it than a china cup, her lips were blue, dark lines increased the brilliancy of her big blue eyes, and her hands were cold and clammy. She told me she was "awful sick," but her mother made her come because she didn't want her to lose her place.

"The floor-walker had leave me go home if I last him, but I haven't any car-fare and I don't want to walk. I lost my tea money and all comin' down in the cars this morning. I was asleep." I offered to pay her car-fare.

"No, if I ride in the air I'll be better before I get to the bridge."

I bought her a glass of lemonade and gave her "tea pennies" for a week, after which we became quite confidential.

"I get \$2 a week here and give it to my mother to buy meat. Sometime I ride home, but in the days that I don't buy tea, 'cause it costs too much for both. The tea is 3 cents a cup and the car-fare, if you ride both ways, is 10 cents, and that's 13 cents."

Seventy-eight cents subtracted from \$2 would leave a precious small sum for meat.

"The most I ever spend is 15 cents a week. That's how much mother let's me keep out. Oh, they're kind of good to us. Last night we went to see Mr. Hillman gave nickels to the cash-girls that didn't have car fare in a gashness. But I guess he'll keep it out of their wages pay-day. Some of the clerks don't go good to us. They pull us everywhere and push us when we don't go fast, and we never last rid in the elevator. The clerks can't get the cash-girls to walk. They don't fine us if we can't ride, that is, and they do the clerks, \$10.15 cents and 15 cents, and if any of us is sick, we lose the whole day out of our wages. The one I like most is Miss Gannon, she is awful good; she puts three lumps in the tea, and I trust the girls when they haven't any tea pennies."

A larger girl, possibly 18, showed me her old shoes. "I'm wearing this one with the tips to break it in. I have to stand all day and my feet are so sore I can hardly bear a new shoe. I got these new ones in June. Oh, they'll last till Christmas I guess. My salary is \$5 a week, but I don't save anything. My mother takes it all for the groceries. I don't know what I'm going to do. Clerking is very hard but I can't sew or I'd go and work in a neck-tie factory where girls get \$10. Do housework? No, I wouldn't like to live on it. I can't cook anyway. I could mind the children, but nurse girls only earn \$12 a month. Yes, I know they have their board. No, not their washing. If you don't help the kitchen girls whenever they tell you you have to do your own washing, and I'd rather than have them bossing me."

A mite of a cash girl who wore broken slippers said she had better shoes at home, but it was so hard running all day that she couldn't wear them.

One of a cluster of girls from the grocery floor who were earning \$3 and \$3.50 a week said: "People talk about the Boston store, but it's as good as any of them. We needn't be at the store till 8 in the morning, and they never fine us if we're late. Lots of times when I've been sick the floor-walker has told me to go out and walk round, and if I didn't feel better when I came back he let me go home. If it rains Mr. Netcher lends us car-fare. He never said to pay him back, but I always did. We get 'p. m.' too, and last week I made 50 cents extra. At noon we can take 40 minutes and go where we like. We girls always go to Cooper & Stegel's, and eat in the basement. At the Fair they give you a dinner for 25 cents, and whenever we have a lot of 'p. m.' we eat there."

"Why don't you eat upstairs in the lunch room?" I asked.

"Well, 'cause their benches haven't any backs, and it's nicer to go out for a change."

Like "the wards of Jarnyce," caged up in this place of abomination that the heavenly compassion of the proprietors have provided for their

selves. Any one breaking this rule will be discharged."

Appropos of signs I forgot to say that in the basement where the cloak-room is designated this notice appeared in bold relief:

The girl who took the silk umbrella Saturday is known. If it is not returned at once she will have to take the consequences.

Another less conspicuously placed sign read:

All female employees will be ready for work at 7:45 a. m., under penalty.

Miss Gannon, who has charge of the kitchen is the good angel of the place. She is a plump, nice-looking person of splendid presence, with mild eyes, a firm face, sweet voice, and a heart brimful of motherly tenderness. She makes tea and lemonade which, with fresh milk, is retailed at 3 cents a glass. The tea has cream in it and the three lumps of sugar that go with each cup are a gastronomical treat to the little ones, who drink the Japan first and save the sugar cubes for dessert.

When I found Mr. Hillman he (aid) his assistant, the lowering brunette with the fiery eyes, who told me he had no opening for me, too, with a degree of positiveness that left no room for argument. With this summary dismissal after waiting nearly two hours I rode up to the top floor to see if I could not find an opening in the grocery store. Mr. Silver was hung up in a side gallery midway between the ceiling and floor with a dozen or more perspiring clerks. It did not take me long to discover that I was being pursued, for I had not been engaged two minutes with the head of the mailing department, a most arbitrary, red-haired, narrow-chested creature of 30 or so, before Messrs. Hillman and Netcher sent him word to appear at once. Before leaving Mr. Silver said he would hire me if I had references that would satisfy him as to my "honesty and respectability," but when he returned from the one-act interview with the managers a great change had come over him.

"No, I can't hire you until I know something about you. You are a stranger to me. I will want you to fill the country orders, and there will be plenty of chances for a dishonest girl to steal gloves, handkerchiefs, jewelry, and other articles that can be secreted in the pocket. I must have a letter from some firm or corporation."

I offered to furnish a letter from a minister, but it was declined as "no good." On the promise that I should be engaged as soon as I produced the recommendation of a firm or corporation I withdrew and returned in an hour with the following: "CROOK, Aug. 5, 1888. For whom IT MAY CONCERN: This is to certify that the bearer is a young lady who has worked in our costume department during the production of 'The Crystal Ball' and is thoroughly trustworthy and efficient, and we can recommend her to any similar position." THOMAS W. PRIOR, "Business Manager and Treasurer Chicago Opera House."

After perusing Mr. Silver called a little girl and passing my letter to a note of his own sent it to Mr. Hillman. The dignitary appeared and in a very ambiguous style declined my services. I learned afterward that A. Ellinger, the cloak manufacturer, had "warned" the Boston store, and while I was off getting my letter that benevolent man had furnished a description.

It is a little singular that while the Boston store refused to give me a position as clerk, a most urgent invitation was sent to THE TIMES requesting that a reporter be sent to examine the books and methods of the concern. By way of inducement a voluminous account accompanied the invitation relative to salaries, rules, etc. NELL NELSON.

THE FIRM'S STORY.

It Differs Materially from Miss Nelson's Statements and Does Not Agree with the Assertions of Employees.

Charles Netcher, the manager, and Edward Hillman, his assistant, talked freely to THE TIMES reporter who was sent to them at their request, made almost as soon as they discovered that Miss Nelson had proposed to work at their store.

"The shop is now employed here about 60 persons," said the manager. "About 25 are female clerks, about 15 are cash-girls, 20 are cash boys, and the remainder are male clerks. When applicants come we first learn if they have had experience. If so and the applicant is a woman she is started in at \$5 or \$6 or \$7 a week, according to the department in which she is placed; if a man he is started at a salary about a dollar higher. If they are unable to keep the sales up to the old figures during the first week we give them warning that the sales must be better during the next week. If they still fall behind they are dismissed at the end of the week. If inexperienced they are started at \$3 a week if women and \$5 if men. But they are always told that the salary is insufficient for them to live upon and are advised to first look for other employment. If they still insist they are told to bring their parents, from whom we get permission for employing their son or daughter at those figures. They must even then bring recommendations and guarantees of good character, and honesty and we are assured by their parents that they live at home."

"Advancement takes place according to the ability of the clerk. As a usual thing the inexperienced will get into a department and earn about \$6 in less than six months, in a year from \$8 to \$10, and in two years from \$12 to \$16 or \$18. Many, however, do not apply themselves hard enough to get above \$10 a week. Those who get

many needed changes in the management of stores and factories, and wages paid employees; but knowing some facts about cloak-making and cloak-makers I can see numbers of things in which N. N. has held them up in a wrong light, and exaggerated the injustice of employer to employee.

I am told by a young lady who has been for five years a cloak-maker, and worked in not a few factories in the city, that a girl with any ability need not earn less than \$7 to \$10 per week, and many average the latter wages, and in good parts of the season make as high as \$10 per week. The factories pay by the piece, so it will be seen. The one stands an equal show with another. My informant also states that a large number of the girls who work at cloak-making are those with homes at which they reside, and are, therefore, not obliged to do full work all the time in order to live; and there are also married women in the factories. She says that oftentimes the prices given for pieces are not in proportion to the profits realized on them by the manufacturer, but that, on account of it being impossible to get co-operation among the girls in demanding better pay, they have to all submit or give up their positions. In regard to lunches, it is a mistake that any of them are obliged to go without eating at noontime, and that as brown bread is dearer than white those who eat it do so from preference, and light lunches are not a matter of necessity, but of choice.

This young lady said: "I wish Nell Nelson could see the luncheon brought by the girl who sits next me. It would make me tired to carry it to the shop." In the opinion of this cloak-maker your reporter is doing her trade a great injustice by representing those who work at it as being unable to earn honest living wages and thereby laying them more liable to the contemptible accusation of "sie semper tyranni" and loading the name of "factory girl" with a still greater stigma of reproach than that in which it is now held by some people who are too ready to forget the command of judging not.

It is undoubtedly true that too many, if not all, the buildings used by factories are improperly ventilated, and not healthfully, not to say pleasantly, equipped in different ways; but if any person is led into the belief entertained by some of those whose answers appear in the columns of THE TIMES that domestic service is a haven of relief to which they may at any time flee, let them investigate the "girls" or "servants" room as provided by nine-tenths of the families in the city. Imagine yourself going to seek refreshing repose in such a place after a day of sweeping, scrubbing, washing, ironing and cooking over a hot range, and in the shade, and judge for yourself the improvement that would be of factory work, at which one gets at least two daily walks in as fresh air as the city affords, unless the street-car is preferred.

It is a very fortunate thing for working women that the world is not made up of men of the chivalric spirit of "S. S. T.," "J.," and such. By their writings they are known, and it is my candid opinion that if to such as they a sphere beyond the city confines were ascribed, the danger of insult and injury to the factory, shop, and other girls who go from their homes to earn their living would be materially lessened.

A BREAD-WINNER.

Anything Better Than Housework.

CHICAGO, Aug. 5.—To THE EDITOR: I have read with much interest Miss Nelson's articles on "City Slave Girls" and the letters written by other parties. I think if Miss Nelson would investigate these "pleasant homes" and "bright fireplaces" which are held up to the girls she would find a field as great or greater than the one she is now working in. I am sure the persons who advise the girls to go to the country or do housework in the city could not go themselves as experienced girls. I have had to earn my living, and know whereof I speak. I have tried many different occupations for a while. When I was a school-teacher I heard teachers say housework was easier than teaching, but none of them ever changed, and speaking from experience I prefer teaching. When I tried dress-making the doctor advised me to do housework as being easier and healthier. I am sure the good doctor didn't know what he was talking about. I do wish some of those who advise housework so strongly would go and get my experience.

If you are a school-teacher, dress-maker, book-keeper, or shop girl you can go in good society, but just go at housework and see the difference. You are looked on as only fit to live in the kitchen or basement. The good board and lodging they speak of is \$45 a week worth \$1.50 a week means whatever is left over after the family have had all they want. If anything is very nice there won't be a bite left, and if anything is not so good that is what the girl will have for her dinner. I have worked as nurse girl in a family where they didn't provide enough for a child let alone a nurse and kitchen girl, after they were through, and we have had to go out and buy bread to eat with our hard-earned money, for I only got \$1.50 a week for taking care of three children and doing the second work in a four-story house. The lodgings are either in the basement, where you will roast in summer, or in the garret, where you will freeze in winter, with nothing in the room but a cheap bed, mean clothes, and a broken chair. I never had a carpet on my floor or any furniture in all the places where I ever worked. I know for \$4.50 a week I can get much better board and lodging than that. I know both sides of the question. I broke my

One of a cluster of girls from the grocery floor who were earning \$3 and \$3.50 a week said: "People talk bad about the Boston store, but it's as good as any of them. We needn't be at the store till 8 in the morning, and they never fine us if we're late. Lots of times when I've been sick the floor-walker has told me to go out and walk back, but I didn't feel better when I came back. He let me go home. If it rains, Mr. Nechevsky lends us car-fare. He never said to pay him back, but I always did. We get 'p. m.' too, and last week I made 60 cents extra. At noon we can take 40 minutes and go where we like. We girls always go to Cooper & Siegel's, and eat in the basement. At the Fair they give you a dinner for 25 cents, and whenever we have a lot of 'p. m.' we eat there."

"Why don't you eat up-stairs in the lunch room?" I asked.

"Well, 'cause they benches haven't gny backs, and it's nice to go out for a change."

Like "the wards of Jarndyce," caged up in this place of abomination that the heavenly compassion of the proprietors have provided for their hapless "ladies." I met hope, youth, squalor, want, disease, despair, woe, cunning, innocence, rage, beauty, bravery, and industry variously exemplified in all stages of miserable girlhood and womanhood. Much of the talk I heard was coarse, indicative of ignorance and low breeding, but I saw no evidence of depravity or viciousness. One hears a great deal about the purchase of the cheap-girl, but the insinuations are as false as they are base. The skeptic has only to look at the garb of these poor, pale-faced, stoop-shouldered girls to admit their virtue. Vice is better dressed. I spent an hour or more on the main floor watching the swarming customers joggle one another and haggle with the young girls who waited on them. So many people in the densely-stocked, over-crowded, ill-ventilated room polluted the atmosphere, making the strong weak and the weak sick. Every available foot of space was utilized, some of the counters consisting of common pine boxes on the side of which encaioated children, in wooden frames, trimmings, ribbons, and cheap stiffs. One of these troughs, filled with Hammons' edging, was placed between the two elevators, and the little girls in charge were knocked and pushed about by the hurrying crowd in a most unseemly manner. I did not see any girl sitting down for any provision for a momentary rest. There was no mistaking the poverty of the homes from which these hapless young creatures came for their garments were old and shabby and in many cases unclean, unkempt, and unsuitable. Worse than their clothes was the unkempt condition of the hair and person of some young girls. As in the adjoining establishment I saw girls waiting on customers in their stocking feet. I saw the floor-walkers push and drag the young girls about, and the managers bully and drive both. One of these dignitaries, a tall, argus-eyed blonde with bent shoulders and a drooping head was the right man in the right place. Everybody dispersed at his coming. His scowl was something terrifying, and had I been a subordinate and given the choice of the lash and one of his glances of reproof I should have taken the former. There was another head, a tall, compactly-built brute, almost as formidable, who had a pair of eyes that seemed to burn holes in everything and everybody contemplated.

The same sweltering crowd harassed the clerks on the second, third, and fourth floors, and on the fifth the sight of so many little girls springing groceries or handling goods made one feel ashamed of the civilization that fostered such a condition of woman. The younger girls in many instances wore big check aprons to screen rather than save the worthless little dresses beneath. It was harrowing to see these children, boys of 10 and 12 and fragile girls of 11, 12, 13, and 15, carrying boxes of soap, starch, and candles, packages of buckwheat, salt, and hominy, and cans filled with oils, syrups, vinegars, and the like. The men in charge had to restrain an uncommanding these transfers, calling Maggie and Mary as often as John or Buck to make the removal. I saw one little boy of slight build with a sweet but very sad face dragging a bag of coffee that would have been a strain on the muscles of a strong man, and a little Swedish girl who said she was 13 in March had a box full of canned vegetables in her arms, the weight of which made her back ache to the face.

There is a ruin of youth and beauty which is more appalling than age, and into such ruin has the youthful grace, vigorous beauty, and the charm of gladness and trust of these immature lives fallen. There was no inclination to frolic, no merry bantering, and no semblance of childish glee among the little serfs.

A bridge of signs spans the alley on the fifth floor bringing the two stores of Messrs. C. W. & E. Partridge into communication. Across this covered passage in the Partridge store proper is a small room in the rear of the floor which is used as a cafe by the female help of the Boston store. The furniture consists of two narrow tables and three long benches extending the length of the apartment. The benches have no rug or rest for the back and here the young women and check-girls sit at noon over their lunch. On the wall is an expansive sheet of ceru paper bearing this inscription:

"Female clerks and check-girls: You are requested not to eat on the stairs or anywhere else. You will keep to the right coming up, and to the left going down. You will not talk on the way nor take hold of each other's hands, but walk by your-

self to the department you wish to visit. If you are started at a salary about a dollar higher. If they are unable to keep the sales up to the old figures during the first week we give them warning that the sales must be better during the next week. If they still fall behind they are dismissed at the end of the week. If inexperienced they are started at \$3 a week if women and \$5 if men. But they are always told that the salary is insufficient for them to live upon and are advised to first look for other employment. If they still insist they are told to bring their parents, from whom we get permission for employing their son or daughter at those figures. They must even then bring recommendations and guarantees of good character and honesty and we are assured by their parents that they live at home.

"Advancement takes place according to the ability of the clerk. As a usual thing the inexperienced will get into a department and earn about \$6 in less than six months, in a year from \$8 to \$10, and in two years from \$12 to \$16 or \$18. Many, however, do not apply themselves hard enough to get above \$10 a week. Those who get more than \$12 are considered very valuable. The head of our black-goods department gets \$27 per week and the head of our dress-goods department is paid \$25. Both are women. In the busy season we employ about 750 persons. The additional ones are employed for the busy season only. We do not discharge employees when the dull time comes. By close care we can keep the number within the proper limit so that all can be kept busy by being transferred temporarily to the busy departments. Clerks can have a vacation as long as they like usually. They do not lose their positions, but, of course, their wages are stopped during the time of their absence.

"We employ no person under 14 years of age. Dr. De Wolf, health commissioner, has instructed us on the law in this respect. Of course there are a few exceptions such as matters of sickness or poverty would induce. When applications are urged on these grounds the child is taken to Dr. De Wolf and the case is explained to him. With his consent or upon his advice the child is employed. Persons of the age of 14 years are given employment as cash-carriers. At the age of 15 or 17 they are put behind the counters and their advancement commences. Those who come late are fined 15 cents unless the cause for tardiness appears to be genuine. Many have been detained by the cable line, bridges, and other causes that we consider good excuses. In these cases we tell them to try to avoid these causes and point the fines. The fine is imposed merely to compel them to be attentive to the work. If over-care is given the clerk is fined the value of cloth in excess of the purchase on the first occasion and discharged on the second. Clerks are compelled to say to the customer, 'This is \$5 or whatever the amount may be you have given me,' and if any dispute arises over the charge after this precaution the clerk is discharged. This is necessary to insure honesty. If the customer does not reply in the affirmative, but claims that the amount given is different, no money will be accepted until both clerk and customer are agreed upon the amount of money. The customer is always given a duplicate bill showing the amount of the purchase, money paid, change due, etc.

"We spent \$5 in providing seats for the clerks. They are the kind that fold under the counter, and clerks are permitted to sit down when not busy. Formerly there was a dining room in the basement, but Dr. De Wolf instructed us to provide a better one for the clerks. The dining-room is on the fifth floor and is provided with long tables and benches. It will seat about fifty persons, and is lighted by one window. Dinner begins at 11 and continues until 2. Forty-five minutes is given each employee for this meal. About ten are permitted to go from each floor at a time. Clerks are permitted to use the elevators to the extent of two at a time. All of the male and many of the female clerks go out for dinner, so that the number who are in the store is comparatively small.

"Work begins at 7:15 and continues until 6:30. The cash girls are permitted to go, at 5:30. We cannot close at noon Saturday on account of the class of trade. Our customers are generally poor people, who do their shopping Saturday afternoon."

A person who works in the Boston store gives the following as to the number of clerks and the wages paid:

No.	Amt.	No.	Amt.	No.	Amt.
100	\$ 2 35	8	10	516	
20	3 45	8	8	18	
30	4 50	10	5	25	
40	5 50	12			
50	6 15	14			

Mr. Nechevsky and Mr. Hillman give the following:

No.	Amt.	No.	Amt.	No.	Amt.
20	\$ 2.50	8	\$ 6.00	17	\$ 17.00
24	4.50	10	10.00	19	19.00
27	5.00	10	10.50	21	21.00
30	5.50	11	11.00	23	23.00
33	6.00	12	12.00	26	26.00
35	6.50	13	13.00	29	29.00
37	7.00	14	14.00	32	32.00
40	8.00	15	15.00	35	35.00
42	8.50	16	16.00	38	38.00
45	8.90	17	17.00	41	41.00
48	8.90	18	18.00	44	44.00

POPULAR INDIGNATION.

A Bread-Winner's Protest.
CHICAGO, Aug. 5.—TO THE EDITOR: Nell Nelson is undoubtedly working with the object of benefiting the girl and women bread-winner of Chicago, and will no doubt succeed in creating

other Porter boomers, the delegates to the Porter movement, and other men been talked about in connection with the union received secondary consideration of was passed among the delegates that met up in the party management as Col. Job approved the Shiel movement, and if nominated unopposedly the governor decline to make the race. This had a sneer in restoring candidates, and additional arrangements was given by Editor who withdrew from the gubernatorial contest last week. Mr. Butler, to asked his opinion, expressed that that Gov. Porter could not afford a unanimous nomination. He said: that Gov. Porter should and will be none do not see how he can well decline. It that it is the overwhelming desire of that he should be the candidate. The uncertain result of the new Portment has overshadowed the situation extent that the candidates for the tion I. A. themselves in a most factory political muddle, and they able to make much progress. Col and Will Cumbach have opened reception-rooms, the former at the Den and the latter at the Grand hotel, but man Steele and Ira J. Chase' have not more than freely circulate among the in the corridors looking, genial, agree hopeful.

Warren G. Sayre, who has been looking an aspirant, spent the greater part of ing reclining complacently upon a sofa one of the Denison house parlors.

"What may be said about your relation situation?" a reporter asked him.

"You may say," he replied, "that Sayre was seen at an early hour this going up a back alley in search of a collapsed boom. 'That's all.'"

Col. Robertson has developed strength. Next to Porter he appears man who is most likely to be nominated on account of the campaign issue that ally represents, which is believed to importance in the fight than the qualities of some of the

At noon a hundred Fort Wayne wearing Robertson badges and a portrait of their favorite arrived in marched in a body to the Denison he Robertson is giving her husband much remains in his reception-room and does ward increasing the popularity of Col. Robertson's friends claim for him get a thousand democratic votes in and they appear to be confident of election.

Congressman Steele's friends have but two things operate against him so his candidacy—he is the only republican elected to congress from the Eleventh district his ability as a campaigner is not the would be the most effective in the state. Information has been received that a nation of his friends from Marion, were pieces of polished steel for badges, with the city to work for his nomination.

Will Cumbach spends most of his Grand hotel, and as his supporters are for Porter as their first choice, his been made noisy. It is claimed, however will go into the convention with a large Ira J. Chase is active and hopeful, but more talk of his nomination for lieutenant ernor than for first place. Mr. Chase by a reporter if his lieutenant governor be acceptable to him, and he replied sir, what is the use of fighting flies when bumble bees are in the air?"

Congressman Robertson is strongly nomination of Gen. Hovey, but the del the First district, say that the general republican that can be elected to con there, and they are supposed to his non governor.

The committee that called on Porter meeting tonight, and it was determined, after a long discussion regarding interview, to present his name to Porter; that he would hardly decline a nomination. Delegates have been w Robertson to persuade him to back out of, as known he refused to do so.

Attempts were made to secure Indiana Porter's boom by the several district tonight. Some refused to take any new favored Porter. Renewed attempts made to persuade Robertson to get off but he positively refused all overtures form will be much like the one of two: The persistence with which the Port being maintained has disgusted many John C. New has suddenly returned York and insists on Porter's nomination he left he aided in laughing the off. This, it is stated, is the result of a on the national committee that Porter nominated.

A gentleman who is thoroughly conversant with the inside workings of the party in this in explanation of New's unexpected on the scene: "There's a good deal New's visit than his interest in the st. One of Mr. New's chief objects in going to raise funds for the campaign. On in New York he held a conference conv. chairman of the national com-

the "Clatter" of the Shop.
OSKALOOSA, IOWA, Aug. 6.—TO THE EDITOR: I have been much interested in reading the "Slave Girl" articles in THE TIMES, and although I agree that the prices paid are miserably poor, yet the question arises "Would a man of business be justified in paying more for a commodity than his neighbor?" I may be told that were all manufacturers to adopt an equal schedule of prices the competition would be unaltered. Very true; but who among the readers of THE TIMES does not know how our women do their shopping, and some of those who have been the loudest in their cries against "the brutes" would be among the first to wail and bemoan the "high-priced-ness" (if I may coin a word) of their cloaks and the other articles of wearing apparel?

Now a word to the uninitiated who read that one girl only made 63 cents in one week. Factory girls are, unfortunately, and as a rule, inclined to live beyond their sphere, and when they have been out of an evening it is nothing next day in the shop but a continual ding dong of who danced with this person or that one, and what she wore, and what someone else wore, and I have seen work neglected and spoiled by useless, frivolous talking. I am opposed to the "haute" system, but I also as strenuously oppose an endless clatter, clatter, clatter all day long.

Miss Nelson speaks in heartrending accents of girls running a sewing-machine in broken shoes and even with no shoes at all. If Miss Nelson were to attempt to run a machine, not one day, but every day, she would find that a pair of broken shoes or no shoes at all would be about the most comfortable way in which to work, as all of the work is done by the ankle, and a stiff shoe, or even a whole shoe, hampers the foot.

I do not for a moment wish it understood that factory girls should not go to "socials," or that any kind of amusement is beyond them; but let the pleasure be in harmony with the hours of their work. I ask the girls in all fairness is not the treatment that you receive, in a large measure, due to your own acts? A. D.

A Nurse Girl's Experience.
CHICAGO, Aug. 6.—TO THE EDITOR: Allow me to say that hired girls are not one bit better treated than the factory-girls. They are made to work from 4 a. m. until 9 p. m., and all they get isn't much. I have a nice little girl only 12 years old that went to a place on Warren avenue to be a nurse girl for a child of 5 years. She was made to take care of it all day and sit by its bed until 10 o'clock at night. She worked seven days for \$1 per week. When she asked for an afternoon they could not think of such a thing. So she came home and can be seen on West Madison street every evening with her little basket of flowers selling button-hole bouquets; and while it is not very nice to have children on the street she can make \$1 in two hours where she would have to work a week for it. Misfortune has placed us where we are obliged to work and try and do anything that is honorable for a living. So let the ladies treat the girls better and they can find plenty that would be glad of a good home and they would be good girls. Mrs. Gordon.