

# Chicago Times

WEDNESDAY MORNING, AUGUST 16, 1888.

The  
Real Cause  
Of It.

Why  
Labor Is  
Pauperized.

Read  
The Times  
Daily.

PRICE 2 CENTS.

ald lawns abounded, and inscriptions such as "Ave Maria," "Te Deum Laudamus," the dates "1811" (birth), "1838" (ordination to the priesthood), and "1888" (jubilee year of Father Sorin), were observable in every place of vantage, worked in either flowers or brilliantly illuminated fabrics. The entire facade of the university building and St. Edward's hall were festooned in the national colors, from all the windows fluttered innumerable little flags, while festoons of evergreen sustained wreaths of palm and laurel, dotted with red and yellow roses.

The first ecclesiastical coronation of the day was the solemn consecration of the new church of the Sacred Heart. This edifice was begun in 1872 and has just been completed. It consists of a spacious and loftily built Gothic nave and transept, and even without galleries it will seat more than two thousand persons, as was proved by the congregations accommodated yesterday. The main altar, an elaborately-carved and richly gilded shrine, relieved with illuminated panels, is so placed as to provide a rear chapel for minor services. The side altars of the blessed virgin and of St. Joseph are also exceedingly beautiful specimens of carving and adornment in gold and colors. Rt. Rev. Dr. Dwenger, bishop of the diocese, officiated in the consecration service early in the morning, assisted by Rev. Fathers Fitte, Fremont, Coleman, and several other clergymen. The consecration, which was witnessed by several bishops and a large congregation, notwithstanding the early hour, was carried forward according to the established office provided for such occasions, comprising the blessing of the church, sprinkling with holy water, and anointment of the principal portions of the edifice and the sacramental vessels.

The consecration was followed by a low mass said by Father Sorin. It was his fiftieth annual mass, the celebration of his golden wedding to the church, the bride of Christ, and simple and quite unostentatious as it was, the spectacle of the venerable priest before the altar he had served so long and lovingly excited the profound sympathy of all and the deep emotion of many in the devout congregation. The priests of the order, the members and faculty of the college, and the resident members of the community of Sisters of the Holy Cross were present at this celebration.

The principal service of the day, the magnificent high mass in honor of the occasion, at which Cardinal Gibbons was the celebrant, was the event of the day, in which culminated the impressive splendor of ecclesiastical pageantry and the pomp of a gorgeous ritual. Preceded by a line of acolytes, cross-bearers, deacons, and priests of various degrees, the procession of the prelates, resplendent in their episcopal robes, slowly took its way across the greenward between the university building and the church. In this apostolic line, vested in silken cassocks of the long-privileged purple, were in the order of seniority of their consecration, Juniors first, Bishops Janssen, Belleville, Ill., Burke, Cheyenne; Richter, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Keane, formerly of Richmond, now rector of the new Catholic university, Washington D. C.; Ryan, Alton; Watterson, Columbus; Cosgrove, Davenport; Phelan, Pittsburg; Spalding, Peoria; Ryan, Buffalo; Gilmore, Cleveland; Dwenger, Fort Wayne; Archbishops Ireland of Minnesota and Elder of Cincinnati, and lastly, in the place of special honor, a slight but erect and striking figure, clad in the significant scarlet of the papal council, Cardinal Gibbons, cardinal-archbishop of the historic primacy of Baltimore.

Very Rev. Father Edward Sorin occupied a place of honor in the sanctuary and as soon as the bishops and clergy were seated and the crowded church restored to the quiet the entrance of the imposing procession had disturbed high mass was begun. His eminence Cardinal Gibbons pontificated at this mass, his assistant officers being Rev. Dr. J. M. Cleary, Kenosha, assistant

## EDWARDS IS THE MAN.

The Imaginary Head of an Extensive Gang of United States Mail Robbers.

How Fred Von Oberkamp and Thomas F. Mack, the Real Thieves, Would Shift Their Crimes.

No Importance Attached to Their Statements--The Manner in Which They Worked--Witnesses.

Frederick Von Oberkamp, who robbed the postal boxes of \$1,000,000 worth of mail, is a very shrewd rascal, but he is unable to tell the same story twice in succession. He is not a hard looking man in any sense. His little round hat sits jauntily on his head, his white teeth gleam through his mustache, his long black hair is smooth and glossy, and his well-knit figure stands erect. He does not show fear and his hazel eyes look straight into those of his questioner. He is a luminous villain, too, and declares with a smile that Mack, who is under arrest as his accomplice, is entirely innocent of any complicity in the mail robbery. It is very sardonic, that same smile, and Mack sees it and becomes anxious.

The wily foreigner would make no statement yesterday, but agreed to answer any questions that might be asked of him, providing they did not force him to compromise himself.

"I have been in this country about three years," he said. "On the shipboard as I was coming over I met a man by the name of Charles Edwards. I remained only a few days in New York and then I came to Chicago. About a year afterward Edwards followed me here and I went into his employ. I made an honest living for a time with him. He claimed to me that he was in the secret service of the government and was engaged in investigating various insurance companies. I used to do considerable translating and corresponding for him and sent out a large number of advertising circulars all over the country for him. In this part of the work was to address the envelopes. I had no idea of the nature of Edwards' business, but he used to pay me part of my salary in uncancelled postage stamps, saying they had come to him in the regular course of his business. These stamps I used to sell at the drug stores and other places and get my salary in money in that way. I worked for Edwards for fourteen months."

"Where was Edwards during the last ten months?" was asked.

Mack interrupted him and told him to tell the same story he had told the inspector. "Well, then," continued Von Oberkamp, "I had been working for him up to the time I was arrested. I saw him at the Illinois Central depot last Friday. I don't know where he can be found, but he is the man whom the police should arrest. I did not know that he was doing wrong, and he paid me on the average about \$12 a week. I asked him why it was that he paid me so often in stamps, and he told me that in addition to the stamps he received from his customers he had been in the service of the postoffice department and had procured the stamps there. I never knew where he lived, and he used to make appointments with me to meet him by means of a postal card sent to the general delivery window of the postoffice. He never gave me any business address either. He was a very tall man with blue eyes and a high forehead."

"The postoffice inspector says that your description accords exactly with that of Mack. How is that?"

Von Oberkamp turned to Mack and surveyed him from head to foot. "Yes," he said, "Edwards looked very much like Mack, but he had a harsher look in his face and appeared like a man who would commit murder at any moment. But this is not the man, and Mack is entirely innocent of the

Since then I have been engaged in writing up insurance for agents who would give me part of the commission. This insurance was in the Metropolitan, the American Aid Society, and a secret society. I was arrested during the republican convention by a detective who said he knew me. They made a mistake in the man, but I have constantly been hounded by detectives, and wherever I went I would find them dogging my footsteps. I became acquainted with Von Oberkamp about a year and a half ago, when he was introduced to me by a man in my employ. I saw very little of him until a few weeks ago, when he came to me and asked me to keep some papers for him as he had no safe place to keep them. I had nothing to do with the proceeds of the check that was cashed by Von Oberkamp's landlady, and did not receive any of the money."

Von Oberkamp again showed his teeth and asserted that Mack was an entirely innocent man. Mack seemed nothing loath to have his companion become a vicarious atonement, but he hated to look at that smile.

## BIGGEST LIAR ON EARTH.

Von Oberkamp, the Mail Robber, as Described by a Postal Inspector.

The postal inspector's room on the top floor of the government building yesterday was littered with insurance policies, trust deeds, and miscellaneous letters found in Von Oberkamp and Mack's possession. There is no doubt that the letters recovered constitute but a small portion of the stealings of the two men, for it is known that Von Oberkamp was in the habit of burning a number of letters every night. He retained all that contained papers of value and personal letters, which contained any spicy communications for the same humor that makes him assert Mack's amiable character led him to preserve this class of correspondence. The insurance policies and deeds were spread out on the tables and it was noticeable that the name either of the sender or of the person to whom the letter was addressed was preserved intact. From this the inspector inferred that it was Von Oberkamp's intention to take them with him to Germany and write from there to one of the parties interested, offering for a small consideration to turn the papers over. There were two centers of operations for the robbers. One was in the neighborhood of the board of trade building, where the mail sent out by the insurance companies was dropped for collection. The other place was about State street and Michigan avenue among the wholesale grocery houses. The primary object of the thieves' scheme has been to secure letters on which there was a large amount of postage.

Inspector Kidder and the postoffice officials seem very happy over the capture, and consider that the discoveries fully account for all disappearances of mail matter which have caused so much complaint against the postoffice. Now that the extent of the operations has become known they wonder that complaints have not been more frequent.

"Von Oberkamp is the biggest liar on the face of the earth," said Inspector Kidder. "He has told us stories of one part and then told different stories and acknowledged that he lied in the first instance. No reliance can be placed on anything he says. At first he denied that he had an accomplice and then confessed that he had. He told us that among his effects would be found a photograph of the man who was engaged in the business with him. We found the photograph and also found that it was Mack's photograph. He may claim that Mack is an innocent man, but the truth is that Edwards' is Mack. There is no truth in his assertion that he was only one of a gang in Edwards' employ, for all the work was done in Chicago."

It may be hard work to tell the exact relationship which existed between these two men, but it is noticeable that fully nine-tenths of the checks, drafts, and money orders which might be realized on by means of forged indorsements were in Mack's possession. About two hundred of these were found in one postage. How they managed to

their effects which are the boxes. They so shrewd enough not to empty the boxes, but would take just enough so that the carriers would not become suspicious because of the small collections. Of Von Oberkamp we know nothing before he came to Chicago. I received a letter today from an Iowa man saying that Von Oberkamp, formerly lived at Sanborn, Iowa, where he was interested in a bank and had also been connected with the postoffice. Among the papers found are ten shares of bank stock in the name of Fred Oberkamp. This Von Oberkamp denies.

## CITY SLAVE GIRLS.

Take a Trip with a "Times" Reporter Through a Mattress and Pillow Manufactory

And You Will Learn What Becomes of the Loathsome Rags Picked Up by the Italian Scavengers.

You Will Also Find Gaunt Emaciated, Silent Women Toiling Away for \$3 a Week.

Then Go Into the Box Factories and Look at the Scores of Boys Who Work for 3 Cents an Hour.

After Which Walk Through the Sash and Isor Making Concerns and Pity Chicago's Child Slaves.

If you want to see a snow-storm in summer, or its counterpart in appearance, go to the "separating-room" of the mattress and pillow manufactory of Patten & Menzie, 333 to 331 Twentieth street. If you have any curiosity to know how it feels to be feathered on the inside go to the same room. One minute will do the work satisfactorily. The above suggestions are for people of poetic temperament, or who think they are. But the practical masses must enter the "picking" and "dusting" rooms to get an intelligent idea of what a factory of that kind is.

We will go through the mattress department first. The materials for filling are hair, fine and coarse shavings known as "excelsior," palm-leaf, corn husks, woolen and cotton rags, and sea grass. The finest hair, that of the mane and tail of the horse, is called "strawings," and sells at 20 cents a pound wholesale. Thence down the scale you go by easy stages till hog-hair is reached, which costs next to nothing. As the average purchaser merely asks for a hair mattress and buys the cheapest he generally becomes the residuary legatee of a pig. Shavings are clean, and so is the palm-leaf fiber. Most of the alleged "sea grass" is harvested in the Calumet swamps, so it is the buyer and not the material that is "salty." There are no sanitary objections to this home product, however, but there are to the woolen and cotton fillings. They are made in part from the rags picked up in back alleys by the Italian rag-pickers. In the mixed assortment are fragments that have seen service as bandages for every part of the human form and for every kind of loathsome disease. They have been washed, of course, but in the main the so-called washing is a mere rinsing which does not even remove the discolorations of dirt, to say nothing of disinfecting them. Packed in musty bales these rags are bought and stored in the manufactory. In this form they go to the "picking-room" and are run through machines that destroy all indications of their original shape. It is a

than picking, the difference being that the fiber is not destroyed. But so much of the stuff is shoddy there is no fiber. Only two or three men are employed feeding the machines and the clouds of dust partially obscure them from view.

Had as the dust is in this room it is as nothing compared with that in the room adjacent, where the picked stuff is dropped

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His eminence Cardinal Gibbons pontificated at this mass, his assistant officers being Rev. Dr. J. M. Cleary, Kenosha, assistant priest; Rev. Fathers Foley and Broderick of Baltimore, deacons of honor; Rev. Father Haggerty of South Bend, deacon of the mass; and Rev. Father Baeris, sub-deacon, Rev. T. J. Spilford of Watertown, Wis., acting as master of ceremonies.

Archbishop Ryan was the preacher of the occasion and he delivered a characteristic and powerful sermon upon the influence and dignity of the Christian priesthood. Referring to the great results that have developed within the time of Father Sorin's work at Notre Dame, Bishop Ireland turned toward him and said:

"Your altars are full, your work prolific in the cause of religious education and the sanctification of souls. Fifty years ago today how vivid in the memory of the venerable founder of this institution is all that pertained to his solemn admission to the priesthood. How well has he sustained the dignity and power of the Christian priesthood. Even the high offices of statesmen and kings are based upon human powers, but the work of the priesthood combines that irresistible union of forces both human and divine. Westward, it is said, moves the star of empire. Westward, too, with it moves the aeopalyptic candlestick, and if the children of the church do their full part of duty they owe this land it shall be well with them. The church is free in America and free to pursue to their consummation her enlightened and sublime plans for the elevation and salvation of the race. The young republic has risen to a lofty station, the envy of the nations. When Notre Dame was founded by a young priest with a great heart and a supreme ambition—the people of the old communities of the world were saying of America: 'Wait a while; this republic is yet in its cradle.' Wait for a hundred years. She has outlived the hundred years, and the people of the world are now compelled to admit that here is the nation destined to a history for the benefit of the race unparalleled within the record of humanity." Referring to a telegram of congratulation and blessing received from the Vatican, Bishop Ireland said: "The hierarchy itself has not been silent and the sovereign pontiff himself has poured upon this day signal and unusual blessing. And what does it all mean? It means that that young priest of 44 has lived his full life of usefulness and honor, and that now, an honored patriarch, is the recipient of the love, admiration, and honor of the entire church."

During the afternoon the church dignitaries were entertained at a banquet by the authorities of the university. The history of that institution and of its conclusion, Bishop Dwenger responded to the toast "Our Holy Father Pope Leo XIII." Archbishop Elder to the "Hierarchy of the Catholic Church" and Bishop Gilmore of Cleveland very eloquently to the sentiment in honor of Father Sorin, "The Founder of Notre Dame." Later in the afternoon the ceremony of the blessing and dedication of the university buildings took place, in which Bishops Watterson and Spaulding officiated. Bishop Spaulding addressed the assemblage from the porch of the university, and later a reception was held at which presentations to Cardinal Gibbons and the visiting archbishops and bishops were made.

**Storms for Illinois.**  
Local rains, storms in the northern portion, cooler, except nearly stationary temperature in southern portion, and winds generally southerly to the weather predicted for Illinois today.

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"The postoffice inspector says that your description accords exactly with that of Mack. How is that?"

Von Oberkampff turned to Mack and surveyed him from head to foot. "Yes," he said, "Edwards looked very much like Mack, but he had a harsher look in his face and appeared like a man who would commit murder at any moment. But this is not the man, and Mack is entirely innocent of the charge made against him in the mail robbery. Mack is a good man," and then the mustache went up and the nose came down" and that sardonic smile made Mack wince.

"How did you happen to get into this business of robbing letter-boxes?"

"I never was in the business only so far as I did work for Edwards. He used to get letters from all parts of the world with uncancelled stamps on them. From this I believe that he was at the head of a gang of thieves engaged in robbing mail pouches all over the world and that they sent all their proceeds to him for disposal."

"How did you happen to have these drafts and papers in your possession?"

"Edwards gave them to me."

"What for?"

"To keep for him," Edwards said that he did not want his business found out and he had no place to keep the papers where they would be safe. They were given to me in a trunk and he said that I could keep them safer than he could because I was a foreigner and was held in respect by all who knew me, and therefore the detectives would not be able to suspect me."

"How was it that you came to leave most of the valuable papers in Mack's possession, when they had been intrusted to you personally for safe keeping? Did you not know that it would be dangerous to do this?"

"I did not have any permanent boarding place then, and I thought Mack could keep them safer than I could. When Edwards gave them to me I had a place where they could be kept. I knew the papers were valuable, but I never tried to pass any of them until about six weeks ago, when I paid the landlady at 119 First street for my board. Edwards had not paid me my salary and I was without money. Mack came and to impose my signature, but he did not get any of the money. I got it all, and again this mustache went up and his nose came down, and Mack wince."

"This was the first time I ever tried to negotiate any of the checks."

"On Aug. 19 did you not try to purchase a gold watch?"

"I never remember," and a blank look came into Von Oberkampff's face. The two looked at each other as they had often done when Von Oberkampff was talking and each sought corroboration from the other. At one time, when two or three reporters were asking questions of the men, Von Oberkampff proposed to answer one reporter's questions while Mack talked to the others. This was suggested that the two should not talk at the same time. The questioner then attempted to purchase a watch was pressed, and Mack finally answered, "That is something else," and nothing further on the subject could be obtained.

Mack seemed very anxious to talk and expressed considerable interest in what the papers said about the case. "I formerly worked for the Metropolitan Life Insurance company, at 90 La Salle street," said he, "and on May 31, 1887, was made an assistant superintendent and was transferred to the branch office at 12 North Clark street. I resigned my position last December in order to accept a better offer. Because I was a valuable man when they disliked to lose, the officers of the Metropolitan caused me to be arrested on the charge of embezzling \$50, but the case against me was dismissed, and the superintendent acknowledged to me that the arrest had been caused wrongfully."

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### THE JEWELER'S STORY.

#### How John Jenkinson Happened to Trade with the Robbers.

John Jenkinson of the jewelry and stationery firm, Jenkinson & Shelley, 322 West Madison street, to whom Oberkampff sold postage stamps and a pair of gold eye-glass frames that had been stolen from the mail, gave the story of his connection with the mail robber last evening. He said he first met Oberkampff about two years ago, when he used to purchase Lovell's novels occasionally. After while he brought in small lots of postage stamps, sometimes fifty and sometimes one hundred in the package, and disposed of them at a discount of 10 per cent. When Mr. Jenkinson asked him how they came to be all single stamps, Oberkampff said that was the way they came to him from the country, and as all were in good condition and amounted on the back no suspicious were aroused. He visited the firm regularly during the past year and a half and sold stamps, but never more than \$1 or \$2 worth at a time. Once he sold a \$3 lot, but the total would not exceed \$15.

Regarding the eye-glass transaction Mr. Jenkinson said that when Frank A. Colburn, the optician, claimed them they went to the postoffice and saw Inspector Kidder and a chief of carriers. They were told by the postoffice authorities that so far as the theft of the gold eye-glass frame was concerned, the department could do nothing because the package was placed on the top of the mailing-box instead of inside, and was consequently never in possession of the government or any of its servants.

When asked why he had not notified the postoffice officials when Oberkampff had called again and offered a pair of steel-frames eye-glasses for sale he replied: "I'm not a detective. I could not cause the mail carrier for he had not done anything to me. I suspected he was a thief after the gold eye-glass affair, but I could not cause his arrest for that, particularly when the postoffice people had said they were not responsible for the theft. Certainly no one can give me of complicity with the fellow, and with my evidence in regard to the check, offered me last Friday, Inspector Kidder expects to contact both Oberkampff and Mack."

### SHOCKING BRUTALITY.

#### A Chief of Police Cruelly Maltreats a Prisoner and Nearly Causes a Riot.

SOUTH NEWARK, Conn., Aug. 15. Chief of Police John Lockwood clubbed Patrick Cahill, a man, then tied him by the heels to the top of a wagon and dragged him to the city hall, a mile away with his head bumping on the paving stones. He put him in the lock-up and then set a full dog on him. There has been almost a riot over the case. Lockwood has been suspended from the police force.

#### Chasing After Judges.

MISSOURI, Aug. 15. A man in Buffalo, N. Y., who was arrested on the charge of robbing the woman back to Chicago, Judge Fredericks was located at Washburn, but before the arrival of the officer had gone to Oconomowoc. After a chase of thirty-six hours he was overtaken and signed papers for a request for his return.

#### Complicating Their Kinship.

CANSAUGHVILLE, N. Y., Aug. 15. Levi W. Sawyer and Miss Sarah Clunney, of Bradenton, have just been married. The groom is 54 years of age and the bride 25. The peculiar feature of the marriage is the fact that Miss Clunney was a step-daughter of Sawyer. The father of the bride was killed in the civil war. When she was 2 years of age her mother was married to Sawyer. By her first sons were born to Mr. Sawyer, to whom their half-sister is now step-mother.

#### Hampton's Celebration.

HAMPTON, N. H., Aug. 15.—This town is 20 years old today. There has been a demonstration.

gages for every part of the human form and for every kind of loathsome disease. They have been washed, of course, but in the main the so-called washing is a mere rinsing which does not even remove the discolorations of dirt, to say nothing of disinfecting them. Packed in musty bales these rags are bought and stored in the manufactory. In this form they go to the "picking-room" and are run through machines that destroy all indications of their original shape.

than picking, the different bales of the fiber is not destroyed. But as much of the stuff is shoddy there is no fiber. Only two or three men are employed feeding the machines and the clouds of dust partially obscure them from view.

Had as the dust is in this room it is as nothing compared with that in the room adjacent, where the picked stuff is dropped into a huge box after having run the gantlet of the two fans in the "duster," where, theoretically, all dust is removed and blown into a water-tank in the engine-room. Two or three whiffs will stifle a novice. Up to a recent date this villainous stuff was blown out over the roof and distributed through the neighborhood free of charge. Complaints were made to the city health department, and the result is that the bulk of it is lifted by suction and hurled downward into a water-tank, where in two or three days it has the consistency of mush and is scooped out and carted away to the dumping ground. Notwithstanding all recent improvements one does not have to go far for a sample.

From the dumping-box the ground stuff is carried up-stairs to the mattress factory in baskets, fashioned and hidden away in ticks, which are tied in bales and shipped to all parts of the United States. Health Commissioner DeWitt has for some time had in contemplation the framing of an ordinance that should at least require a thorough disinfection of all cases used for secondary purposes. The possibilities of propagating contagious diseases through this medium are considered very great by experienced sanitarians. This particular factory is no worse than any other of the kind, and the proprietors show a willingness to accept all suggestions looking toward improvement.

Feathers for beds and pillows are also bought by the bale. The common grades are dumped into a sort of bin ten or twelve feet square, the wooden walls rising three or four feet from the floor. In this bin, sitting on the floor, were five women literally buried in feathers up to their breasts, nothing but heads and shoulders visible. They formed a line across the bin. On their right and on front of and covering them were feathers fresh from the birds; to their left, and with no apparent line of demarcation, were feathers that had been impested and passed liberally upon, while each held in her hand a wisp of coarse tail and wing feathers discovered in overhauling the color-tinted and dusty bales. Each girl, by the way, wore a basket on her head to protect her hair from the dust and flying fragments.

In Spaulding & Merrill's tobacco factory the wood had very a few inches above the floor, but they are not impested by the material. Neither do they have to bandage their heads. Two or three of these feathered beds were young in years but worn and waxy, and one was past life's prime. From her sad eye, fringed with feathers that gave her a fantastic look, all hope had fled. She was looking only to the end. And yet she and her companions were receiving from \$3 to \$3.50 each a week for this light and airy labor. Women are very hard to please!

Into a revolving cylinder called a renovator, heated by steam, the feathers next go and are cleansed of impurities, such as animal matter. In a fan or blower they are given a cold-air blast and the dust removed. Then comes the separator, through the slats of which all fine and perfect feathers are