

SPECIAL NOTICE
Owing to the great demand for copies of this
TIMES containing the exposure of factory slavery
in Chicago a large extra edition will be run
off daily.

MORNING, JULY 31, 1888.

PRICE 2 CENTS.

BARTLEY CAMPBELL DEAD.

The Dramatist After a Year's Confinement in Bloomingdale Asylum.

CHICAGO, July 30.—Bartley Campbell, the playwright, died this afternoon at the asylum for the insane. He passed peacefully, and death was so sudden that those who had been hastily sent for were unable to reach his bedside. Mr. Campbell had made arrangements for almost a year, and all arrangements will probably be made before the funeral.

Mr. Campbell was born in Allegheny City, Pa., in 1843. In 1856 he entered a Pittsburgh law office, and began to write for the *Pittsburgh Leader* and made campaign speeches for the democracy in 1863 and 1864. In 1868 he started *My Mac* in Pittsburgh and the following year *Southern Magazine* in New Orleans. He was the official reporter for the Louisiana representatives. His first play was a drama called "Through Fire." It was produced in 1871, and ran four weeks. His second play, "Peril," a comedy laid in Long Branch, N. J., was produced in 1873. Many other plays from his pen followed. In 1876 Campbell went to England and produced "A Heroine in Rags" and "How Women Suffered." His most successful play was "My Partner," which was produced in New York. "The Galley" was produced the same season and was on the boards in that year. Mr. Campbell was also written in the winter of 1877. He subsequently wrote and produced "My Geraldine," "White Slave," and "The Heroine in Rags," which met with immediate success. In 1880 and 1881 he was engaged in producing and managing his own plays, and in 1882 substituted the Fourteenth Street theater under Samuel Colfax, and it was there that he began to fail. He had married Miss Williams of Pittsburgh, his sweetest heart in his life. He was a theatrical manager who knew Bartley intimately and was associated with him in his business ventures before the dark cloud of insanity began to settle on the mind of the dramatist this evening.

Mr. Campbell commenced life as a bricklayer, and certainly deserved more credit than he has received for the position he afterward held in the dramatic world. He had few advantages in his early life, and his book-learning was obtained by himself while working all day as a helper in a brickyard. His first successful literary effort was "Peril." After that, when he was about 18 years old, he worked with questionable success in Pittsburgh papers and started a small paper of his own, which failed after a few months. He then went to Chicago, but continued to be one of his first ventures in the city was a play called "Peril," which was produced in Pittsburgh. Then he wrote "Van, the Virginian." They were in Chicago. About this time Campbell was in New York, and now called the Olympic and produced his dramas there. The failure of his first play had to give up the theater, and he was connected for a long time with Hooley's theater as a sort of fever and chills. His position was a poor one and ill-rewarded.

His first great success was "My Partner," which was sold to Charles Earle and carried for a small sum of money and a small amount of royalties. In the next year he netted the dramatist in Chicago over \$30,000. From this time Mr. Campbell's star was in the ascendant. He wrote the "Galley," which was his greatest success, but which has since to disrepute through mismanagement. His great successes were the "White Slave" and "The Galley." This gave Campbell four great successes in 40 years old a record, I am assured by any living dramatist. His unquestioned dramatic instinct, his no capacity. It was this defect that in his business affairs in such irretrievable

money was squandered in unfortunate investments—carrying more real estate than he could manage for; purchasing a theater lease without money to carry it, and failing with three new plays within a time when his money was wavering. This involved him so deeply in debt that he had to be appointed and most of his rights, and royalties were disposed of. He had no assets left when his debts are paid. Mr. Campbell had a wife and two boys and two girls.

White Factory Slavery.
Read THE TIMES.

THE ELEVATED ROAD.

Conditions for Active Work Being Rapidly Pushed Forward.

The South-Side Elevated Railway company is

BEARS ARE ALARMED.

Much Excitement on the New York Produce-Exchange. Prices Taking a Jump.

Wheat Goes Up Three Cents and the Bulls Manage to Run the Market in Old-Time Style.

Charles Rous One of the Men Who Rush to Cover, He Buying in About One Million Bushels.

NEW YORK, July 30.—There was a regular bear hunt at the produce exchange today, and the bulls cropped genuine clover. The advancing foreign markets and cable reports of a "real calamity" to the crops in France, together with large buying orders from Paris and elsewhere, set the ball rolling and prices jumped up 3 cents a bushel amid great excitement. For a time the market was wild. The wheat pit at the produce exchange was a shouting, struggling, gesticulating mass of perspiring brokers making frantic efforts to cover their shorts as the market bounded upward under the stimulus of local and foreign buying.

Instead of the 125,000,000 bushels exported to Europe last year from this country it looks as though she would require 150,000,000 bushels, whereas it is considered doubtful, in spite of the present favorable outlook for the American spring-wheat crop, whether this country will have as much to spare for exportation as last year, as the winter-wheat crop is undoubtedly smaller than that. Most of the large New York foreign houses had orders to buy. For a considerable period all the foreign houses were short here, but the crop news from Europe of late has so frightened them that they have been getting under cover. Today's developments drove most of them to the bull side, and there was a report from Chicago that a large operator who has been acting with the bears had taken the other tack.

Today's advance in wheat, if it can be held, will add some \$12,000,000 to the wheat crop of this country. For August delivery the price ran up to 94 1/2 cents and for September to 94 1/4 cents, while in Chicago August jumped to 83 1/2 cents, the rise there, however, not being so marked as here. Charles Rous, the well-known operator, is said to have bought a million bushels to cover shorts. The foreign houses were enormous buyers.

BALTIMORE, Md., July 30.—Much excitement prevailed on Change today when it became known that there was a flurry in wheat, owing to it was said, to the wet weather in Europe. The prices have been steadily advancing since Friday and today the shorts drew heavily on the banks to cover their margins. The Baltimore market waking up an hour earlier than others, and with a prompt knowledge of activity in ocean freights, the dealer in western wheat watched the samples of southern being swept from the tables and the confident buyer bought September at 1 cent advance. Wet cables stimulated a further ebb improvement, and before the official opening of other markets east and west there was much excitement among August shorts. Later there was a disposition to reflect and prices lost their buoyancy here, but still showed great strength and were less feverish, with the bulls still talking valiantly. The business here is on an expert basis. Tonnage has been chartered for 1,500,000 bushels of grain within the next six weeks.

HOMeward BOUND.

President Cleveland Expected to Reach Washington This Morning.

NEW YORK, July 31, 3 a. m.—The revenue cutter Chandler, having the president and party on board, ran up to the railroad pier at Jersey City at 11 o'clock last night. There was a small knot of men present, chiefly reporters. The president was first to step ashore, followed by Dan Lamont, Postmaster General Dickinson, Smith M. Weed,

THEY MET MR. CLEVELAND.

Four Well-Known Politicians Conveyed to the Presidential Yacht.

NEW YORK, July 30.—The *Susquehanna* has been closely watched since she took the president on board for signs of a political conference. The reporters on duty up to Saturday night had discovered nothing, but this morning the *Times* printed the following from Fire Island:

"More significance than was at first apparent has been attached by some to the visit to Fire Island Saturday night of four gentlemen of political fame. William Johnson, editor of the *Albany Argus*, came down on the night boat in company with Tax Commissioner Coleman and Excise Commissioner Andrews of New York. These three gentlemen were in the office of the Surf House at 8 o'clock when Col. Lamont and Mr. Stickney came ashore. Col. Lamont conversed for some time with Mr. Johnson, and then he and Mr. Stickney returned to the *Susquehanna*. An hour later Messrs. Johnson, Andrews, and Coleman walked down to the end of the pier. The *Susquehanna's* launch happened along and they seized the opportunity to inspect Mr. Stickney's yacht. All three got into the launch and went over to her. The fourth gentleman known in politics was even more discreet. Mr. Henry Watterson had been seen on the train to Babylon which connects with the Fire Island boat, and the report was spread that he had missed the steamer and would stay in Babylon all night. Sammis' private yacht, the *Zingara*, made a trip to Babylon shortly after 7 o'clock, and when she came back two hours later she went alongside the *Susquehanna* before coming to her wharf. This was just about the time that Messrs. Johnson, Andrews, and Coleman went on board from the launch. Only one passenger was transferred from the *Zingara* to the *Susquehanna*, and that one was Mr. Watterson. It was after 11 o'clock when Messrs. Johnson, Andrews, and Coleman came ashore. Mr. Watterson remained on board the *Susquehanna* all night and boarded the 4:30 p. m. train for New York yesterday at Patchogue, L. I. Between Fire Island and Patchogue there is a dreary waste of water. On the train a reporter accosted Mr. Watterson. 'I thought I saw you get on the train at Patchogue,' said the reporter. 'Well, well,' Mr. Watterson ejaculated, with an air of genuine astonishment. 'How you do find out everything, don't you?' Not a word would Mr. Watterson say in regard to the subjects discussed on the *Susquehanna* last night, but he admitted having been on board. There is no regular communication between Fire Island and Patchogue, and the only way in which Mr. Watterson could have reached the latter point in time for the New York train was by being dropped there from the *Susquehanna*."

A CUP OF COLD POISON.

Ida Purdue Seeks Respite of Sorrow in a Deadly Draught.

BLOOMINGTON, Ind., July 30.—Ida Purdue, the daughter of C. R. Purdue, a well-known merchant and farmer of this place, killed herself by poison last night. Several years ago Mr. Purdue was a prosperous merchant in this city, and at that time his daughter was one of the belles of the town. She became infatuated with a printer, and to preserve her honor as far as possible her parents consented to her marriage with him. He was a wild young man and soon deserted her. The young wife then sought the company of dissolute men. Her parents thought her mind was affected and had her sent to the insane asylum at Indianapolis. At this time she applied for a divorce, and it was granted, although neither party to the suit was present, one being in the asylum and the other out of town. She was sent back from Indianapolis and pronounced sane.

She continued her former reckless course, and was again taken to the asylum; but this time was refused admittance. As the new asylum for the insane at Logansport is now open her father determined to try to secure her admittance there and was to start with her today. This was the immediate cause of the suicide. The girl was but 15 years of age and attractive in appearance.

NEW YORK, July 30.—Miss L. M. Wilkin, a teacher in school 14, Patterson, N. J., was found dead in her bed this morning by her mother who went to call her. On a stand near the bed stood a glass with a grain of hydrocyanic acid, and an autopsy revealed a large portion of that poison in her stomach. Miss Wilkin was 20 years of age. She was of a lively disposition but frequently talked about committing suicide. Her friends had no idea that she would ever carry out the threats. On several occasions she invited some of her friends to accompany her and see her jump into the chasm at the falls. She complained at times of harsh treatment from her father, but it was not known that she had any other trouble.

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., July 30.—A distinguished-looking stranger, about 35 years old, evidently a Russian, who declines to give his name, but says he is from Philadelphia, made a desperate attempt to kill himself tonight on the beach

CITY SLAVE GIRLS.

Further Details of the Factory Investigation Conducted by "The Times" Lady Reporter.

A Cloak Concern Where Nothing but Fear of the Law Seems to Prevent the Use of the Lash.

A Sickly Child of Fifteen Compelled to Work Nine and a Half Hours for Sixteen Cents.

The Unfortunates Insulted and Abused by Their Employer and Humiliated by the Forewoman.

Eighty Cents a Week for Laboring from 7:30 in the Morning Until 5:30 in the Evening.

I did not realize the ignominious position of respectable poverty till I went to Ellinger's cloak factory, 282 Madison street, where labor is bondage, the laborer a slave, and flesh and blood cheaper than needles and thread. Corporations are said to be without heart, but this concern is a commercial inquisition. It puts its help on the plane of slavery and nothing but civil law prevents the use of the lash.

The factory is on the third floor of the large brick building at the east end of Madison street bridge on the south side of the street.

Elevator? Not much.

An elevator is a luxury and luxuries have no place at Ellinger's. You will be short of breath when you reach the top of the fourth flight, but in recovering you have time to take in the surroundings—a great barn of a place, with the single charm of good, light. There is plenty of vacant room, but the women are huddled together, elbows touching, along the line of machines. Beneath the west windows flows the river; at the south end of the room, not ten feet from the crowded table, is a tier of closets, and on hot days the combined odor of the two is shocking. Nobody in his employ dare complain about smells, cold, heat, work, wages, or rules. But whoever heard of martyrs complaining?

My experience began at 7:30 a. m. and lasted just three hours. When I climbed the dusty stairs I took a ten-minute rest at the top. Everybody was at work but a hungry-looking man about 27 years old, with skin the color of a Russia turnip and thin, peaked features. He was dressed in a pair of heelless slippers, a white shirt, and a pair of shop pants that Willoughby, Hill & Co. pay 18 cents for making. Neither collar, vest, coat, nor suspenders burdened his emaciated form. He moved among the workers with a crab-like tread, his shoulders drooping and his knees opening and shutting with a sort of accordion movement at every step. He passed me several times as I stood at the desk and eyed me so unpleasantly that I turned my back to him.

After waiting at the desk for three-quarters of an hour I asked the clerk, a sweet little girl of 16 years, with pretty red cheeks and dark eyelashes and hair, for work, and was told to wait till the forelady came round. A dozen girls were waiting, too, some with cloaks, others with check-books and tickets, and a few with hand-made fringe. The