

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

THE
12th

SEMI-ANNUAL
CLEARANCE
SALE.

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

Visit CLOTHING PARLORS 121 MONROES!

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

SUITS.

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

PANTALOONS.

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

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

Visit
Clothing
Parlors
121 MONROE ST.

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

THE CREDIT COMPANY

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

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

49c.

Formerly sold for \$1.50 to \$2.00.

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

cut to..... 14c
Celluloid Collars, all sizes,
cut to..... 16c

Coats out to..... \$1.00
Men's French Lustre Rub-
ber Coats' cut to..... \$1.00

THE BELL
210 and 220 State, Cor. Quincy.

THE SLAVE GIRLS.

No Cessation of the Crusade.

The Chicago Times

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

The Chicago Times

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

The Chicago Times

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

The Chicago Times,

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

The Chicago Times

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

NON-EXPLOSIVE GASOLINE STOVES
No Smeil. No Smoke. 287 WABASH AVE.

NON-EXPLOSIVE GASOLINE STOVES
No Smeil. No Smoke. 287 WABASH AVE.

FIRE!
FIRE!
FIRE!

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

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

STEINWAYS

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



STATE & MONROE STS.

THE OPEN COURT of this Week contains:

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

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

NON-EXPLOSIVE GASOLINE STOVES
No Smeil. No Smoke. 287 WABASH AVE.

LAUG



SHO
P
SUPERIOR
B. SHONT

NON-EXP
No Smeil.

CITY SLAVE GIRLS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Couldn't you give me \$5?"
"Hardly."
"Not if I prove to you that I can make and keep custom?"

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

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

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

Lodgings \$1.50
Car fare50
Lunches30

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"No, I don't pay anything for the kitchen. Mr. Partridge lets me have it rent free. Just take his things and eat them up." I took a

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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