

MAKING SHIRTS.

HOW THE WORK IS DONE IN THE PHILADELPHIA FACTORIES.

Nearly One Hundred Firms Engaged in the Business in That City—Division of Labor—Something Concerning the Wages Paid to Operatives.

At the time the "Song of the Shirt" was written, by working hard from early morn until late at night a woman could make one shirt. That was before the introduction of machinery and systems, and when the shirtmaker took home a bundle of linen and muslin pieces and brought back the garments, made and finished outright. Now, with the systems and machinery in vogue, from the time the material is cut until it leaves the finisher, it passes through the hands of sixteen persons, each of whom does a part toward preparing it for the mainly bosom.

FROM START TO FINISH. The materials of which shirts are made are linen, muslin, "backing," a coarse linen used in lining the bosom, percales, calicoes, flannels and P. K.'s, a species of worked bosom. In the large shirt factories, where the team system is practiced, the beginning of the work is on long tables at times as many as sixty ply, the patterns are placed and with a pencil the maker sizes off each cut. He is followed by the cutters, who, with knives, separate the parts and these are tied into bundles and carried into another department where the operators are. Here the "forelad" distributes the parts to different girls—the bosoms to one who returns this part complete, the sleeves to another, the neck or collar bands to another, and the cuffs or wristbands to another. In preparing the bosoms, the pleats are folded by small girls with steel patterns the size of the plait required; from these girls it goes to the operator and then to the examiner, after which it is taken to a machine where the neck receives the proper slope, and now it is ready for the body of the shirt.

Now the shirt is hemmed, and then it is taken hold of by another girl who is a "feller," and when her work is done the garment is ready for the finisher. This means placing the gussets, cutting and sewing the button holes and putting on the buttons, by which time it is ready for the laundry.

In this city ninety-five firms and individual employers are in the business. Most of these places are custom stores and employ but few people, but a number of them are extensive factories, and the capacity of a few is as high as 150 dozen shirts a day. So far as the manufacturer is concerned the business of shirt making has, during the past few years, not only held its own in this city, but it has received the benefit of the natural increase that comes to all branches of business, but fashion, during the past two years has decreed that the white should, in a measure, give way to other colors and texture, and, as these are nearly all made outside of the city, the introduction of the flannel shirt has been a severe blow to the operators.

A TABLE OF WAGES. The firms mentioned above employ a total of 2,250 hands, nine-tenths of whom are women. They are divided into the branches mentioned below, and the average wages for the year round are as annexed:

Table of wages listing various roles like Markers, Cutters, Bosom hands, Facing hands, Runners, Sewers, Backmakers, etc., with their respective weekly earnings.

The average day's work is nine hours, and there has been no material change in the wages for some years. In a few of the places the work is steady, and in such factories the wages are a trifle higher than those given above. With the exception of the marking, cutting and what is called the hand finishing, the work is all done by machinery. There is no apprentice system in any branch of the business except the cutting. When a girl begins work at this business she is paid from the beginning for what she does, but the machine she uses she must either rent or buy outright.

There is in some of these factories considerable child labor utilized, particularly in the department where the bosoms are made. The finer grades of this work are finished by hand, and while those who do this work are the real practical workers of the trade, it may be seen that their average earnings are much lower than those of any other branch. The reason of this is that large quantities of the work are sent to the House of the Good Shepherd, the Rosine home and other reformatory institutions, where it is done for much less money than is paid outside of those places.—Philadelphia Call.

Begin Life Over Again.

I rode up town from the court with a man who is now prospering in a respectable business position in New York, and who holds the respect and confidence of his employers, who, when I was in the far west a dozen years back, I was in state prison on the Pacific coast for forgery. He had been employed in a commercial house, had been bitten by the mania for stock gambling, and landed behind bars. When he was released he came east and began life over again, and his record shows as clearly as any record can at least that he gathered wisdom from his experience.

Some Trained Monkeys.

As for the monkeys in Professor Brockman's collection, they are simply astonishing. They are kept in cages, and are very clean—so much so that when one of them happens to dirty itself, all the others notice the fact immediately, and jeer and make the wryest of wry faces at the misbehaved one. Each monkey has its own plate to eat from and knows it, and actually refuses to eat from anybody else's plate. Their training takes a long time and much trouble, because they are restless and inattentive. Yet it is more thoroughly done without the use of forcible or very severe means than with. It is a bad policy to hurt them, because they are extremely sensitive and nervous, and a little ill treatment will kill them. For this same reason they never perform more than ten consecutive minutes at a time, and, although they can bear heat and cold pretty well, they must be carefully kept out of drafts. There is one monkey that rides on horseback, dressed in a red coat, and with a silk hat on. He looks, from behind, like a miniature huntsman, and when seen in front he resembles Voltaire on horseback as much as one egg the other. Of course, these monkeys know their attendants by face, and pretty nearly by name. One, a little Pavian, the clown of the troupe, and who jumps somersaults, like Barnum's best, took a dislike to the head attendant some time ago. It must be a strong grudge, for whenever he sees him he makes faces at him, grinds his teeth together, shakes his fist and yanks. This same animal is learning how to catch a small baseball. He began by learning how to catch little sticks, then little flags, and will soon be sufficiently practiced to catch a ball. Mr. Brockman says he will teach another monkey how to pitch, and if he succeeds with this, will try to give performances with a baseball nine composed of brute animals only.—Baltimore American.

Helping Each Other.

Every one we meet has his own burdens to carry. We do not want to inflict him with our own. A bright countenance, a smile, a pleasant word are very insignificant things and yet they are full of helpfulness. There is this to be remembered, a kind act is never amiss. Some soul is always hungry and thirsting for a token of sympathy. It is easy to see when one needs pecuniary or material assistance and not very difficult to give it; but somehow when we speak of "helping each other," the phrase takes on a different meaning. The word of advice judiciously spoken where it is needed, encouragement and cheer to the down hearted; praise and appreciation to the ambitious; flowers and a tender message to the sick and lonely; endless love and forbearance toward our very own; tears and sympathy with those whose grief is too great for words; ah! who can even attempt to name the thousand ways in which we can "help each other." Heaven forbid that we should neglect these opportunities! It is through noble and generous deeds that character is developed and every act of generosity and kindness on our part brings us closer in kinship to Christ, our elder brother, whose life and teachings are the most beautiful example the world has given of helpfulness to humanity.—Ida Harper in Fireman's Magazine.

Like Other Men.

He stood with one foot on the hub of his wagon wheel, talking to his wife, who sat in the wagon holding the lines.

"How much did you say, Mary?" "A dollar." "What! a hull dollar fur two pairs of stockings?" "Yes."

"We can't afford it. That's perfectly reckless."

"But I want 'em." "Yes, I suppose so, but you can't have 'em. Look a here, I've got to have a necktie, a new hat, a pair of suspenders, a pair of buckskin gloves, some socks, a plug of tobacco and a jack knife, and that'll take all the money we can spare."

"Can't I get one pair?" "Well, mebbe, but you'd better look fur cotton, and sunthin' at about twenty cents. We'll never get rich in the world if we don't keep expenses down."—Detroit Free Press.

An Early Impulse.

A Boston man who had had a pretty head tug with fortune for several years and could with difficulty keep afloat on the sea of respectability, had a tidy little fortune left him by a relative. A friend meeting him soon after asked him what was his first sensation after getting his hands on the money. "My first sensation was to give a lift in the way of something needful to several fellows whom I knew to be in as tight quarters as I ever was myself. I obeyed the impulse and I've been always glad I did, for the longer I'm in possession of money the fewer such impulses I have."—Boston Advertiser.

His Appreciation.

Charles Mathews once told a story of the "boots" at a country hotel where he was staying, asking to be paid for going to the theatre. Mathews, struck with the fellow's civility, gave him an order for the play. "Come and see the piece, Tom," said Mathews. "At the theatre?" "Yes," said Mathews; "here is an order for you." The next day Mathews said: "Well, Tom, did you like the play?" "Oh, yes," said the boots in a dubious kind of way; "but who's to pay me for my time?"—Old Paper.

Important Evidence.

A man in New York who was badly mugged up and disfigured in a street row had a photograph taken of himself while in that plight to present as evidence before the court. There is no more voracious witness than a photograph, and after scanning the picture of a badly mugged man it did not take the jury long to decide the case in his favor. Photography is a useful

"AUNT MAG'S" FUNERAL.

THE COWBOY'S GENUINE GRIEF AND DELICACY OF FEELING.

A Wild Westerner Has a Heart as Well as Others of More Civilized Surroundings—Shedding Tears with a Comrade in Trouble.

Much has been written regarding cowboy life on the plains, and much of that writing has been so magnified that the unsophisticated are led to believe that the cowboy is a veritable terror, whose glory lies in riotous conduct and terminating the existence of fellow beings. Such belief is exceedingly erroneous, for, aside from many other noble traits, the cowboy has a heart as sympathetic as a female. This was demonstrated just the other day, when Long Tom Leiter and his gang were herding cattle about thirty miles to the north of this little place, in the region of the Musselshell river, writes a correspondent from Livingstone, M. T. Leiter is a New Yorker, and came to the northwest some years ago with his wife and mother. Every cow puncher on the plains knew "Aunt Mag," as Long Tom's mother was familiarly known. She always had a kind word for them, and her devout Christianity had won respect from every one who had ever struck Long Tom's ranch. Leiter's lengthy form had given him the sobriquet of Long Tom, and he had worked his way up from a common herder to captain of a gang.

One day he was in the vicinity of Musselshell with a heavy herd bound for Billings. Night was drawing near, and the boys had just got themselves ready to ride down the cattle and go into camp. Away to the west appeared a horse heading for the herd. Although not more than fairly outlined as a horse, Long Tom knew the animal, an extra he had at the ranch.

"Some one's comin' on, Dick," he said; "there's sumthin' wrong 't home."

The horse drew nearer, and the rider was recognized as Leiter's wife. Bare-headed she galloped up and almost gasped for breath as she said, "Mother's dead!"

Long Tom's eyes fell, and as his hand threw his horse's mane under the bridle rein he called to his men that "Shorty Morton will take my place," and heading for home, his wife and himself were off at a gallop.

After the cattle had been ridden down for the night Morton, who had been assigned to take charge of the gang, called the men together. Morton comes from some place in Ohio near Hudson, in the Western reserve, and is a college graduate. The roaming life of the cowboy fascinated him, and he's discarded his diploma for a lariat. "Boys," he said, "we've got to do something. Here's Tom out here away from civilization, with his mother dead, and Aunt Mag was a noble woman." His emotion choked back anything further he desired to say.

"Fellers," it was "Jersey Bill's" voice (nearly every man in the gang had a nickname), "Shorty's right. We've got to hev a decent buryin' for Aunt Mag. Some of us kin light out fer Billings an' git a coffin, an' we'll try an' fix things sun way."

A NIGHT RIDE WITH A COFFIN. The suggestion met with favor, but Billings, the nearest point where a coffin was obtainable, was over twenty miles to the southeast. It was agreed to send there for a coffin. And at 9 o'clock that night "Jersey Bill" was tightening up the girth on his pony.

"I'll take Joe Kelly's pony with me to carry the coffin, and I'll be back by sun up."

As he swung into the saddle his companions crowded around and pressed money into his hands.

"Get the best," Bill, Aunt Mag's worth it, was the parting admonition from his companions. All night that little crowd of cowboys sat around the fire and reluctantly took their turn at picket duty around the herd, as all were anxious to offer suggestions for Aunt Mag's funeral.

Dawn was just breaking when Jersey Bill showed up with a neat cloth covered coffin, which was taken to Leiter's ranch at once. Long Tom was stunned, as he was just preparing to start on a mission similar to that of Jersey Bill. The remains of Aunt Mag were tenderly placed in the coffin by Mrs. Leiter and her husband.

That afternoon a burial took place—such a burial is seldom occurs. Working hands had dug a grave on a knoll north of Leiter's cabin. The pastor, pall bearers and mourners were cowboys, and the sympathy there manifested came from deep down in the heart. Prior to depositing the coffin word of all that was mortal of Aunt Mag in the grave, Morton made brief remarks, eulogizing the good deeds of the deceased. Every head in the group that stood around the grave was uncovered and the lashes of every eye glistened with moisture. Drops of liquid crystal rolled down Jersey Bill's cheeks as he stooped over to aid in depositing the coffin in the grave, and thought devoid of the pomp and formality of a funeral in the midst of civilization, no more sincere, sorrowing mourners ever gathered around a bier than the crowd of cowboys that laid Aunt Mag to rest.—Chicago Herald.

Current of the Sound.

One night about fifteen years ago Mason Clark had his schooner anchored in Port Townsend bay. While he was sleeping the wind came up and loosened the vessel from its anchorage. It drifted all night, and in the morning he found himself lying quietly at the mouth of Campbell creek, in British waters, in front of Blaine. He had drifted sixty miles by wind and tide, and over that same course the largest ships can sail without a tug.

About seven or eight years ago one cold winter day John Geisher went abroad a sloop which belonged to Mr. Henspeter and was anchored in Birch bay. He raised the anchor with the intention of bringing the sloop ashore, when a strong east wind caught her and she became unmanageable, at least, to him, and so he floated about for several days on the gulf with no fire and nothing to eat but one raw goose, which he declared was delicious. He finally brought up in Nanaimo, on Vancouver Island, only about sixty miles from where he started. In just one week from the time the steamer Dispatch left him on board the sloop he was back in Semiahmoo, arriving on New Year's Day, much to the gratification of his friends, who had given him up for lost.—Blaine (W. T.) Journal.

One of the horses used on the stage line near Albany has a heavy mustache. People who have examined the horse and the remarkable growth of hair on its

The Spartans and Music.

The favorite problem of thinkers and teachers, since thought began, has been to find some engine of education which should reach the character as effectually as the ordinary means of training touch the understanding; and in the opinion of many, not men alone but nations, music was such an engine. "It is music," said the Spartans, "which distinguishes the brave man from the coward." "A man's music is the source of his courage." It was their music which enabled Leonidas and his three hundred to conquer at Thermopylae. It was music which taught the Spartan youths how to die in the wrestling ring or on the field of battle. These claims are audacious surely. Yet, when we consider how the rhythmic tread of the brave man differs from the agitated shamble of the coward, how music is the art of human joy, and how joy and repose of mind are the main elements of manly fortitude, we shall at any rate admit that there is a strong affinity somewhere; our only difficulty will be to acknowledge that music, deliberately applied, could ever be the direct cause of these reputed results. To achieve the end desired Spartan boys passed their youth in learning tunes, hymns and songs; this was their sole amusement. They were taught to dance and leap to the measure of the compass they sang them. And, grown to manhood, now perfect warriors, marched into battle with smiling faces, crowned with flowers, calm, joyful and serene, and, intoning their songs, moved steadily thus into the thickest of the fight, undisturbed and irresistible. The hand that leads us to the field of battle nowadays is a recent survival of Spartan practice, yet even in this music by proxy there are many elements of incitement to courage.—The National Review.

A West Virginia Diana.

The most celebrated hunters of the section are Bob Eastman, Jule Baker, a woman, and Louis Chidester. There is a law to protect deer, but it is not observed. Out of season venison is called mountain mutton. Jule Baker is the wife of Joan Baker, and lives near the mouth of Black Water fork. She can handle a Winchester with one dexterous hand, and precision of Old Leatherstocking, and hundreds of deer and bear have fallen victims to the unerring bullets from her rifle. Bob Eastman says he saw her plunging down the mountain side through six inches of snow one day, with two rifles and a bear trap strapped to her back, followed by six dogs. She ran three miles to a point where she thought a deer in full chase would cross, and she got there in time to see her husband kill him. There is a big, black haired woman, very industrious, with a heart as large as her foot, and she is the mother of seven children. She is not pretty. A few months ago, for a silver dollar, she carried on a valise weighing over 100 pounds seven miles for an engineer. It is said that on one occasion she carried a sewing machine from Grafton to her home, a distance of sixty miles.—Baltimore American.

A Prosperous Hotel Porter.

There is one hotel porter in Chicago who has not the distinction of being the oldest man in the business, yet he is undoubtedly the wealthiest. The aristocratic tourist who makes his home at the Grand Pacific during his stay in Chicago is greeted on his arrival by a tall man of gentle appearance, who takes his big traveling bag with a Chesterfieldian bow and conducts him to the foot of the elevator. This man is John Culliton, the richest hotel porter in the world. Culliton is said to have more than \$100,000, and lives in elegance on Park avenue. He prides himself on the memory of names and faces, and knows every public man in America who has chance to stop at the Grand Pacific hotel. He is always posted on the railway time tables and is prepared to give his opinion readily on the amusements in the city. Like his contemporaries, who enjoyed the profits of ticket scalping before that business became a specialty and was controlled by agents, he made an independent fortune and continually added to it. He has ten assistants, who receive \$60 a month each and their board.—Chicago News.

The Same John.

Marriage is not transformation. John will be as cross when he is hungry, as glum when distraught with business anxieties, as uncomfortable when his collar chafes his neck—in a word, as human and as fallible as John wedded as single. He is a good son and brother, yet betrothed Mary has heard him speak impatiently to his mother and tartly to his sister. He will, upon what he reckons as sufficient occasions, be both pert and petulant with his wife when once the "new chry" has worn off. Were this not true he would be an angel, and angels do not wear tweed business suits and Derby hats, or have dyspepsia and smoke more than a whole lot of pipes and pocket. Bills are never presented to cherubim at most ingeniously inconvenient times, and seraphim have no natural but thin skinned conceit that will not brook wifely criticism.—Marion Harland.

More Than He Hoped For.

Entering the shop of his tailor the other day, he said: "Sir, I owe you £10." "Yes, sir, you do." "And I have owed it for a year?" "You have." "And this is the fifth postal card you have sent regarding the debt?" "I think it is the fifth." "Now, sir, while I cannot pay the debt for perhaps another year, I propose to protect my character as far as possible. Here are twelve penny stamps. You can use them in sending me twelve monthly statements of account, and can thus save your postal cards and my feelings at the same time."

It is said that the tailor has credited the shilling on account, and feels that he has secured more of the debt than he had any reason to hope for.—New York Graphic.

One of the Richest Sovereigns.

The little princess of the Netherlands, when she becomes queen of Holland, will be one of the richest sovereigns, if not the richest sovereign, in Europe. The civil list of Holland, which is secured on the revenues of Borneo, is very large—£2,000,000 per annum, it is said. The duchy of Luxembourg passes to the grand duke of Nassau, and then becomes a portion of the German empire, but the kingdom of Holland, not coming under the operations of the Salic law, descends to the king's little daughter. She is a bright, intelligent, clever child, with a good deal of character and determination. The marriage of the king and

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