WORKING GIRLS, BEWARE!

NELLIE BLY EXPOSES A SNARE FOR SWINDLING POOR WOMEN.

A CONTEMPTIBLE SCHEME TO ROB NEEDY GIRLS WHO SEEK EMPLOYMENT.

Heartless Women Who Promise to Find Work for Scarf-Makers and Lure Them Into Their Clutches—Demanding Pay for Instruction They Never Give, and, After Taking the Last Penny, Turning Them Out with No Effort to Secure Employment—Sad Stories of the Wretched Swindle from the Lips of Helpless Girls and Bereaved Mothers.

Beware of women who advertise for scarf-learners and guarantee work. They are swindlers. You will have more for your money if you buy a big balloon and immediately slit it. It than you will receive for what you pay them. For hours last week I sat and listened to the stories of girls who have been swindled out of their last cent by these lying creatures. Talk of man's inhumanity to man! Woman's meanness to woman would, by comparison, rise like a cathedral beside a tombstone and ring its own chimes.

For several days I have been noticing the long list of advertisements in the newspapers calling for women to learn scarf-making. I thought that kind of work was strangely abundant or these advertisers were swindlers. Then letters began to come to THE WORLD thick and fast. Every day some poor girl wrote that she had answered some of these scarf advertisements and had been cheated out of her money. The letters came in such numbers that I could tack one to each of the many scarf advertisements and label them "Swindle."

What did the swindlers do? They merely advertised for women to learn scarf-making—$3 to $5 for instruction—and that then they would furnish plenty of work. Most of them do not know anything about the work themselves. They buy a scarf and rip it apart, keeping it for a pattern with which to delude working-girls. Some of these swindling scarf-makers do make scarfs for wholesale houses. They advertise for girls, get their money and then put them on work for which they do not pay. In this way they realize twofold from one lot of work, but they cruelly rob hundreds of poor girls.

The first victims of this new swindle who came to me were three women. They were plainly clad, but all were clean and neat. I looked them over carefully and then I asked:

"Know you all been scarf-making?"

At this they all smiled and one replied that they had not made scarfs, but that they wanted to.

"You have learned?" I asked.

"We paid for instructions and were guaranteed work when we learned, but we got it," was the reply.

"What is your name?" I asked the woman nearest to me.

"Mrs. Carroll. I live on Second avenue," she replied, gently. "I make a little much more than I am a widow and have to support myself. But I am not as badly off as Miss Armstrong." Indicating the third woman. "She needs work very badly."

GIVEN NO INSTRUCTION.

"I have had no work since Nov. 19," Miss Armstrong interposed. "I was a machine operator and I worked on dark goods until it affected my eyes. I had to give it up, so I thought I would learn scarf-making. We all went to the same woman for instructions—a Miss Quinn, at No. 102 Lafayette place. She advertised work guaranteed."

"But she never gave it. She never even taught us correctly," said the little girl with black eyes and cherry-ripe cheeks, who sat between the other two. "We had to pay $3.50 before we were permitted to go in where the other girls were, and we might as well have thrown it away. She never taught us anything. The only thing she did was to cut out the first scarf for us and tell us to pin it together. She wouldn't show us how it should be done or correct our work so we see if it was done properly. We had to furnish our own needles, thimbles and scissors," said the pretty, black-eyed girl, "and then she only gave us cotton work, and we had to do it the best we could without instructions. She cut out our first scarf—the four-in-hand—and cut out the others. She would not give us silk work. I made eight dozen knot-pieces for her——"

"And she didn't get a cent for them," said Miss Armstrong.

"And then I asked her to teach me how to make the 'Teck' scarf so I could get some work, and she said I would have to give her another dollar first."

"Did the $3.50 you gave her only pay for the one style?" I asked.

"Oh, no," she replied, "she promised to teach all styles, and then when you want her to show you how, you have to pay her $3.50 each. She made it less because there were two of us together, but we never got any work. I have tried to get work at anything, but as soon as they find out my name I am discharged."

"What are you doing now?"

"I am doing housework for a lady for my board."

After a little talk on working girls and the treatment of them, Mrs. Prestone's place was taken by a young woman from Ravenswood, L.I., another victim of scarf swindlers.

"My sister and I are thorough seamstresses. We embroider and paint. I read an advertisement of a woman in Fourth street who guaranteed plenty of home work. I went to her—she was a widow, a young woman—and she told me if I would learn from her that she would give me plenty of work, as she had more than she could do. I paid her $3, and it cost me 30 cents every day for my fare to the city, and then for my lunch, for I got sick if I did not eat. She did not show me much about the work, but let me teach myself. She tried to induce me to rent the top floor, where she lived, and she said she could keep me busy with scarf-making. I had intended to do it, until I thought she was not right. At last, when I asked for work she said that she had none to give me, and she flatly refused to do anything for my money. I had plenty of girls come every week to her to learn."

Miss Schwab, who came next, was a bright, intelligent girl, who felt her need of work but knew there was no home in Ireland over it. She managed to find something interesting in all her ill luck. She was a tall girl with plenty of fair hair. Her eyes were blue and frank, and the smile which came and went while she described her various experiences was very pleasing.

"I gave up a good position in Philadelphia last Fall to come home to live with my mother and sister. I determined to get work immediately. I live on West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street. The first thing I saw in the newspapers was an advertisement of scarf instruction. 'Plenty of beautiful home work furnished,' it said, so I went to answer it. The teacher, Miss Thurston, was on Sixth avenue, some number about 22 or 23. I asked her if she would give me work after I learned, and she said she would, as she did work for Broadway houses and had more than she could do. I paid her $3 for instructions, and as soon as I was through in her hand I regretted it. Anyway, I went there every day. I bought all my own materials for scarf-making and she gave me a pattern, cutting out the first scarf herself. But she would not and did not show me how to put the scarf together. I kept on going there, but she wouldn't give me anything to do."

"Did you try elsewhere for work?"

"I MEANT TO GO TO MARMADUKE NORBERT.

"Yes. I walked from one end of Broadway to the other and I made from one to four sample scarfs in every scarf house, but when they would see my work they would learn of it and say they would laugh at me and give me no work. One foreman scolded me and said that I should have better sense than to be taken in by such swindlers."

"Did you never tell Miss Thurston about your disappointments?"

"Yes, every day her advertisements, in three English papers and one German, kept saying, 'Plenty of beautiful home work furnished.' So I went back and asked for some. She told me to hunt work myself; but I told her that no one would take me and that she promised me work. She said she had none, and I asked her why she promised it then. She said she had work, but she had given it out to a girl to do, and as soon as the girl returned the work she would give me some. I went every day for a long while, but the girl never returned the work. I met a friend of mine there, and when I told her about Miss Thurston she said that she had been swindled at the same place. Afterwards I learned that Miss Thurston advertised to send work to a place for 10 cents and furnish home work, and that she kept the 10 cents and sent no return. She also pretended to do pictures in crayon and oil."

Two young girls came in then and sat down on the sofa, waiting for my turn to speak.

One day while I was there a young girl came to learn. By the second day she had met some one who told her it was a swindle; so she came back with her mother to get her money. Miss Thurston would not give it back, and the mother said she would take her to the court.

"Very well, see what you can do," Miss Thurston said. She was very angry.

"It is not fair; I can walk to Jefferson Market, and I'll enter a complaint against you for swindling," the mother said.

"You can't, you can't," Miss Thurston said. I don't refuse to teach your daughter. She may come here as long as she pays me. You don't know what was done. That's the last we knew of it.

REAPING A HARVEST BY THE SWINDLE.

I saw the young girls on the sofa nudge one another and whisper.

"I suppose you girls know Miss Thurston?"

"Indeed we do," they replied in chorus.

"Where is she now?" I asked.

"At 202 Eighth avenue," answers the smaller one, a pretty, black-haired girl of West Fifteenth street. "Miss Thurston is tall, fair and plump, dresses very well and has nicely furnished apartments. She gets on an average eight new schools a day and she has to pay her $3 down before she can get into the workroom."

"Does she teach you, then?"

"Indeed she does not," said the other girl, Miss Larkin, of East Thirty-second street. "She cut out the first scarf and you have to do the best you can."

"And you buy your own material," said Miss Murray, "and it costs 40 cents. She said we could make 50 or 60 a week, and when I asked a foreman what prices they paid he said 95 cents a gross."

"She flatters every girl about her work. She smiles and says, 'Oh, you must have done this work before for your brother, you do it so nicely,'" said Miss Larkin, with a sorrowful smile.

"She told me the same thing," said Miss Schwab, "and I told her I never had a brother."

"And she pretended to be very fond of me," said Miss Murray. "She had me run all her errands and some of the girls helped to do her work."

"She wanted me to run errands," from Miss Schwab, "but I told her that wasn't what I paid her $3 for."

"Well, I have known her to borrow money from girls and never pay it back," said Miss Larkin.

"We went back for our aprons," said Miss Murray, "and we intended to tell the other girls that she was a fraud, but she was too clever. She would only allow us in the hall."

"I went back once to tell her what I thought of her, and she had some new victims in the front room, so she kept me in the hall," said Miss Schwab, laughing, "but I got even. I talked loud so she could hear until the people upstairs opened their door. She would say 'sh! sh! but I would tell all the louder."

"One girl from Jersey was so angry about being cheated that she threatened to write to The World about us," said Miss Thurston said. "All right; you can't harm me.' I don't know what the girl did. She also pretends to teach embroidery, painting and lace-making," Miss Larkin informed me.

REFUSED WORK EVERYWHERE.

"We have been in every scarf house in New York and we can't get work anywhere," said Miss Murray. "A 212 Canal street they told us if we wished to go to their operators in Wall Fifty-first street and work for six weeks for nothing that maybe afterwards they could give us work."

Another victim came in. Mrs. Cinke, of No. 326 East Twenty-ninth street. She has a sick husband and four little children to care for, and it was necessary to have home work. She went to Miss Smith, at No. 288 Eighth avenue, paid her $3 and spent 35 cents for material. Miss Smith gave her no instructions when Mrs. Cinke told her that she was defrauding poor women she told Mrs. Cinke to call at several scarf-houses and use her name as reference. Everywhere she called Miss Smith was not known. Even at the place where she learned the business she had never been heard of before. Mrs. Mrs. Cinke went to a second house, a Fourteenth street for which Miss Smith said she took learners. They maintained that they knew no such person.

"Plenty of women go to Miss Smith," said Mrs. Cinke. "I have known eight new ones to come in one day. I have been very sorry to see poor old widows and girls give up their money. I tried to help the girls, but Miss Smith would not let me in the workroom."

"Did you get any work at all?"

"Yes, one woman on East Thirteenth street advertised for scarf learners. I went there early in the morning and she said that she could give me work. She said she made scarfs for Spinola's on Broadway. I worked all day at four-in-hands. I had no lunch and I had nothing to get lunch with. I had that night I had finished three dozen.

"And I suppose she did not pay you," I said.

"Oh! yes; she did. I would not leave until she did. She said she would give me a dozen, and for my day's work I had 24 cents!"

This is only a brief portion of what was told me by these poor girls. Can nothing be done to punish these swindlers?

NELLIE BLY.

THE NEW COLLAR, GATES AJAR IS ALL THE RAGE.

THE OBSERVANT CITIZEN.

The bigger a man gets to be in public estimation the less apt he is to be seen in public places. One of the biggest men in town, and one whose public presence is not yet believed to have reached its acme, has been notably missed for some days, and will be watched for in vain in the resorts of men of weight and prominence for several months to come. No one familiar with Richard Croker's vigorous personality need be told that it is not because his health had been impaired by his public duties that he has left New York on one of the few visits he makes away from the metropolis. His deep, dark eyes and his powerful hirsute growth—for, since Sampson's day, strong men often show their strength in the hair on their heads and faces—gave evidence of the same robust spirit the day he started South with his wife and two eldest children. But the physical man had evidently undergone a nervous strain during the tension of the last campaign, and the husband and father was glad to get away from the close confines of an area where he must be so important a factor—for his first excursion into the mighty South and Southwest since the Civil War. Of the continent, which, however it increases in greatness, is and must continue to be governed in many things by the imperial city of New York.

* * *

It must have been by a premonition of the freedom that his journey into new lands and among new faces would bring him that Mr. Croker was moved on the day of his departure to speak freely of his trip to a friend. He and his family have never been first to South Carolina. After some weeks there and in Georgia, during which the chief cities of those States will be visited, the party goes through Alabama and Louisiana to Florida, where a protracted stay will be made. In Florida it is possible Mr. Croker and Mr. Cuny may meet each other; it is quite likely that they will greet in some wider arena in the course of time. Mardi Gras will probably be spent in New Orleans, and then a departure will be made into the great Southwest—Texas, Arizona, New Mexico and the marvellous subtropical region where the tarantula roareth and the scorpion mourneth for its first-born and will not be comforted because it hath smitten Sciah! The Democratic politicians of the South have as a rule affiliated with the County Democracy and affected to hold Mr. Croker's predecessor in the leadership of Tammany Hall in great abhorrence. They will now have an admirable opportunity of becoming acquainted with the Democracy chief of the victorious and uncongenial New York Democracy.

* * *

The self-possessed and smooth-faced young man seen about town for some days in the company of Louis James, the tragedian, is Henry Wolcott, of Denver, brother of the new Senator, who was such a magnificent fare thrugger, by common repute, in Long Branch last Summer, and the burden of whose exploits, doubtless for political reasons, was generally laid on Henry's stanch shoulders. Henry is a middle-sized man, and looks as if he might have seen enough to be sixty. His eyes and hair are dark and serious looking, and his expression is one of sedateness. But he is quite as fond of fun as is his brother, the Senator. Hanny Wolcott and Louis James were schoolmates together a generation ago, and Wolcott generally manages to have business in New York at least once a year when James is here. One of Louis James's earliest visits to New York, by the way, was made with the famous Ellsworth Zouaves, from Chicago, when they came here just before the war and created a great stir by their concentric drill and fine parade in front of the City Hall. Ellsworth was made colonel of Cameron's Regiment of Fire Zouaves and killed at Alexandria. Wolcott looks like the kind of man to have the Ellsworth stuff in him.

* * *

Sir Roderick Cameron, who has been hauled into court by a servant girl, and against whom a jury that would naturally side with her have given a verdict for $29, has been one of the best-known importers of racing stock in now in his day, and is known, besides, among sporting men as doing a good deal of quiet charity among the needy and energetic. He imported Lexington, the sire of Iroquois, the Derby winner, and many other well-known animals, and his favorite residence on Staten Island, just below the Narrows, was a spot sports always desired to visit if they could. The Drumsheugh of Cameron & Co. has long been known in lower Nassau, and Sir Roderick himself, an Amer can by birth, has always been identified with Canada and New York. It was for the benefits he earned out for Australia and the British dominions in general that he got his title, and he looks a typical British baronet, with his ruddy face, short, white side whiskers and his stocky and rather aggressive figure. Sir Roderick used to run a line of steamers from New York to Australia. He has never been known as a gallant among women about town, but has seemed to prefer the society of his own family and their friends, and is not believed by his fellow club men to have done anything in this case of which he ought to be ashamed.

* * *

One of the most attentive listeners to the proceedings in the Stewart will case is a thoughtful yet practical looking man of some fifty years of age, who sits in front of the lawyers and watches the witnesses as keenly as the traditional hawk did the chickens before the days of incubators. His black eyes keep the whole room within their range, and as the opposing counsel raise point after point involving questions at the very root of our testamentary law the black eyes flash and the firm mouth opens and generally gives an instantaneous decision. It is only by the quick accuracy of his rulings that Surrogate Ransom is able to keep abreast of the business of his office, which already occupies his business hours with hearings and his evenings with the investigation of the business of the examination of authorities. Rasius S. Ransom is a young looking man, though his son who assists him in the office must be some twenty-five years old. Some members of the Bar say the judicial duties of the Surrogate are at present greater and more onerous than those of all the Supreme Court Judges combined. Mr. Ransom wears a dark, drooping mustache. He is popular at the Bar, where he was an active practitioner while in partnership with ex-President Arthur.

* * *

Mr. Ransom has been identified as counsel with some of the greatest will contests New York has known in recent years. A curious and an instructive sight is presented in the Surrogate's office when the rich and the poor widow meet there and sit side by side, each waiting her turn to qualify as executrix, the one as anxious about an estate of several hundreds as the other is about hers of several hundred thousands. Before the law here at least the rich and poor are absolutely equal. I have seen the consideration and consideration and equal justice. The sandy son who was cut off with a shilling frames on the side doors in the vain hope that a codicil in his favor may have been discovered, and the crushed mourner who has spent his bulge of his wife's earnings to buy rum for those who helped him wake and bury her, and who comes from consequential visitor to the Surrogate's office, where the undertaker is a great city's boys and sorrows ebbs and flows.

J. N. Collins & Co

32 AND 34 WEST 14TH ST.

FEBRUARY STOCK-TAKING SALE.

We take account of Stock March 1st. Till then Extraordinary Values in all Departments. Comparison will prove our Prices Lower than competitors'.

Final Reductions in FURS.

Alaska Sealskin Garments.
Warranted London dyed and dressed.

Sealskin Jackets	were $95.00; now $48.00	
Sealskin Sacques	were 150.00; now 98.00	
Sealskin Wraps	were 125.00; now 85.00	
Sealskin Newmarkets	were 325.00; now 200.00	
Sealskin Ragians	were 370.00; now 250.00	

The above are all special values, of which we have only a limited number. Prices quoted cannot be duplicated.

Fur-lined Circulars.

$12.00; were	$18.00	$24.00; were 32.00
45.00; were	60.00	85.00; were 110.00

Fur Trimmings.
19c. to $3.50 per yard; were 40c. to $6.50.

Feather Trimmings.
all colors, 12c. to 49c.; were 79c. to 79c.

DRESS TRIMMINGS.

Jet Panels, clearing at	98c.
Silk and Tinsel Gimps, clearing at	25c.
Silk Gimps, all colors, clearing at	25c.
Worsted Braids, all colors, clearing at	2c.

Steel and Bronze Sets, Persian Bands, &c.

SILKS.

24-inch Black Surah, all silk	59c.
20-inch Black Gros Grain, all silk	75c.
24-inch Black Gros Grain, all silk	$1.25
20-inch Colored Gros Grain, all silk	84c.
20-inch Satin Duchess, evening shades	49c.
22-inch Lyons Moire, new shades	57c.
22-inch Black Brocades, new figures	98c.
19-inch Brocaded Armure, evening shades	39c.
19-inch Faille Francaise	59c.
22-inch Black Striped Velvet	49c.
18-inch Colored Plush	49c.
Remnants Silks, Plushes and Velvets at half value.	

BLACK DRESS GOODS.

40-inch all-wool Armure	49c.
40-inch all-wool Henrietta	49c.
Extra Heavy Silk-finished Henrietta	69c.
44-inch Wool Henrietta, good value	39c.
Silk and Wool Stripes and Plaids.	

COLORED DRESS GOODS.

40-inch all-wool Henrietta, street and evening shades, silk finish	49c.
42-inch all-wool Ladies' Cloth, extra heavy, formerly sold for 75c	44c.
38-inch Foule Serge, in fancy stripe	49c.
44-inch Foule Serge, in fancy plaid	53c.
40-inch all-wool Etheridge Suitings	45c.
38-inch wool Foxhall Suiting	25c.

Silk Gimps on centre tables will be closed out at one price | 19c.

HOSIERY AND UNDERWEAR.

Greatest bargains ever offered will be found on our counters during this week's clearing sale.

Ladies' Swiss Ribbed Lisle Thread Vests, all colors, value 35c	17c.
Ladies' extra quality fleecy-lined Hose, value 45c	24c.
Ladies' extra heavy Woollen Hose, value 40c	24c.
Ladies' black English Derby Ribbed Woollen Hose	33c.
Children's Ribbed Woollen Hose, all colors and sizes, value 39c., at	15c.
Gentlemen's Natural Wool, Merino and Cashmere Half Hose	24c.
Children's Natural Wool and Scarlet all-wool Vests and Pants, from	25c.
Ladies' Swiss and Jersey Ribbed all-wool Vests, long or short sleeves, all colors and all sizes	75c.

DRAPERY NETS.

40c. have been	60c.	98c. have been	$1.25
60c. have been	95c.	$1.24 have been	1.85
79c. have been	1.00	1.74 have been	2.25

Extra values in

Black Lace Flouncings.

79c. value	$1.00	$1.12 value	$1.35
98c. value	1.25	1.17 value	1.50

4,000 Pieces

Hamburg Embroideries, Flouncings, Skirt lengths and Novelties to be closed out this week. 6c. to $2.00.

Final Reductions in CLOAKS.

Fashionable Garments.
Lowest prices ever quoted, largest assortment.

Plush Sacques	were $30.00;	now $14.50
Plush Sacques	were 45.00;	now 22.50
Plush Jackets	were 14.00;	now 7.50
Plush Jackets	were 15.00;	now 8.50
Plush Wraps	were 18.50;	now 9.98
Plush Wraps	were 35.00;	now 22.50
Cloth Jackets	were 8.00;	now 4.98
Cloth Jackets	were 12.00;	now 7.98
Cloth Newmarkets	were 17.52;	now 12.00

In addition to the above we will close out odd garments worth $18.00 to $30.00; at $6.98.

Cloth Newmarkets and Ragians, were $12.00 to $22.00; now $6.50 to $12.75.

Plush and Braided Cloth Jackets, were $6.50 to 15.00; now $3.98 to $9.75.

Misses' and Children's Cloaks.

Gretchen Cloth	reduced to $3.19
Jackets	reduced to 2.98
Newmarkets, checked and striped	reduced to 2.98
Newmarkets, angel blues	reduced to 6.75
Misses' real plush Newmarkets	reduced to 8.00
School Dresses, all sizes	reduced to 4.79

STORM COATS,
Warranted waterproof.

Plain Circulars, with hood	37c., 79c., 98c.
Cadet (¾ cape, tight fitting)	$1.98, $2.25, $2.49
Victorian (sling sleeve Ragian), cloth finish	$2.98

Silk Storm Garments.

A manufacturers' stock and sample line, over 100 styles of handsome, striped, checked, plain and close silk Storm-Coats, made up in stylish, perfect-fitting, sling-sleeve Ragians; not a garment in lot worth less than $12.00, and many worth double; choice of lot for $4.98 to $5.98.

UPHOLSTERY.

50-in. Derby Satin, $4.50 quality, at	$2.75
50-in. silk-striped Madras, $1.49 quality, at	.98
50-in. silk-striped Crepe, $1.24 quality, at	.79
Mohair Plushes, all shades, $1.49 quality, at	.95
Silk Plushes reduced to	1.79

50-inch Tapestries.

39c. were	50c.
45c. were	70c.
China Silks, latest shades; were 75c.; now	49c.
Figured cotton Plushes; were 45c.; now	29c.
Plain cotton Plushes; were 15c.; now	9½c.
Linen Slip-Covering; were 25c.; now	15c.

Slip-Covers and Window-Shades to order at lowest prices. Estimates furnished.

Plush Mats, tapestry bolsters | 5c.

4-4 Plush Covers on centre tables will be closed out at | 98c. and $1.50

Smyrna Rugs.

Clearing lines of stock as follows:

16x32 at	49c.
28x54 at	$1.39
21x45 at	$1.25
30x60 at	1.98

Lace Curtains.

Clearing sale before stock-taking.

$13 pair double-thread Scotch, taped all around,	
$1.50 quality, reduced to	85c.
96 pair handsome Irish point borders, plain scrim centres, 3½ yds., $5.00 qualities, reduced to	$2.49

Our Weekly Bargains in

DOMESTIC LINENS AND FLANNELS.

4 cases extra fine American Sateens, 32-in. wide, Spring styles, worth 15c., at	12½c.
3 cases dark Prints, Merrimack and Manchester, warranted worth 6c., at	5½c.
4 bales 4-4 heavy unbleached Muslin, worth 7c.,	5½c.
20 pcs. heavy unbleached Nashua Canton Flannel, worth 8c., at	6½c.
10 pcs. wide heavy Twilling, worth 12½c., at	9½c.
100 doz. fine Scotch damask Towels, knotted fringe, worth 25c., at	19c.
100 doz. large striped Towels, worth 12½c., at	9c.
15 pcs. 36-in. Flannel, 2-in. embroidery, all colors, worth $1.00, at	79c.

We also complete our stock of Blankets, Comfortables, &c., at half actual value.

Arnold, Constable & Co

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PRINTED SATEENS.

Special and attractive patterns and coloring in these famous fabrics, unrivalled for wear.

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RECENTLY PAT. IMPROVED DEC. 30, 1888.

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