
FULTON BAG & COTTON MILLS.

I reported at the mill to-day at 6:30 A.M., and worked all day in the slasher room, changing beam heads.

Mr. Turner, the Boss Weaver, got after the slashers and the drawing-in girls about going out to the gate before the whistle blows.

The slashers are all cleaning their machines, trying to win the prize that is to be given to the one who has the cleanest machine; inspection to be made between now and Christmas. Allen, the man who runs the Lowell Machines, worked over an hour to-day polishing his machines with emery paper, during which time he lost over thirty cuts in production.

I had occasion to-day to go over to the new mill slasher room for a beam, and had to wait on the bridge on account of switching cars. There were about ten men waiting for the draw to be lowered so they could cross. I waited about twenty-five minutes, and the others were all there before I got there.

Some of the men at the boarding house are going to work a straight notice, as they want to draw their money for Christmas. Ernest Jones is one, and I hardly think he will come back if he gets it. He did not say that he would not come back, but said that if he could not do better than he is doing on the frames, he is running, he would not stay. He said that they kept one of his frames stopped to clean the spindle gears, and the man who was cleaning it, could not get them back properly, which caused the frame to be stopped five hours longer than it should have been.

Mr. Jones is a fixer, but is running frames in the old mill card room. He said that last week for two days he did not earn over $1.20 a day on account of over-hauling.

The man who mixes the size for the slashers in the old mill and also brings the empty beams from the elevator to the
slasher-tenders, had his thumb mashed through gross carelessness of the elevator boy, who, while unloading, rolled a beam off of the elevator against a beam on the truck, catching this man's thumb between the two beams.