

lighter work. I was unable to do hotel work any longer.

"When I came here I was sick. I couldn't do any hard work, and the baby, left behind in Milwaukee, had to be cared for. And then I thought of Ripstra. He might help me. I remembered his address, and went to see him. He was living at 1501 W. Monroe street, and a woman who was not his wife was staying with him. I told him of my situation.

"Again he asked me to marry him. I told him that I was not divorced. He said that he had been married previously, and had been divorced, but had lost his decree. He said no one would know I was married before. I was in desperate straits. My money was gone, and the baby had to live.

"So I yielded. I was weak, I know. I didn't care for myself—it was the baby. Some may say that it would be better the baby should die than its mother become a bigamist, but one doesn't always think clearly when in such a desperate position.

"We were married Sept. 23. He told the license clerk and the minister neither of us had ever been married before. I kept silent. I can't explain why. From the time of our marriage my life became unbearable. He was brutal, struck me, and twisted my shoulder.

"About this time the horrible murder of Bessie Kent by Dr. Webster was in all the papers. He used to point to it and tell me that I was in the same position

as Dr. Webster. That I was a bigamist, and some day my picture would be in the paper, and if I objected to his actions he would see that I was arrested. It was unbearable. I stood it a week, and then went to Milwaukee after the baby. I returned to Ripstra, and lived with him another week.

"He continued to taunt me with the knowledge that I was a bigamist. But that was the easiest part. Some of the indignities he subjected me to were horrible, horrible," and she sobbed at their memory. Hascall attempted to comfort and calm her.

"I can bear to talk of it," she said, when she had partially recovered. "Please don't ask me any questions. I am almost through.

"At the end of another week I left him. Anything was preferable to what I had to endure with him. And I wrote Will about it, and asked him what I should do. He offered to take me back. Ripstra intercepted a registered letter from Will, and the knowledge that I was preparing to go back to him made Ripstra mad with jealousy.

"He informed the police, and I was arrested. Ripstra is out now on \$500 bail for tampering with the mails, and he thinks that if I am convicted he will not be brought to trial. It was not virtuous indignation that caused him to have me arrested. It was revenge.

"And—well, that is all. I am here, and will probably be sent to jail. But Will believes in me,