

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE LIFE OF THE WAITRESS

(Continued From Page One.)
The place was made to go on with his work in order that the "noon rush" might be handled!

One of the older waitresses who had been there longer than I, screwed up her courage and went to the manager with the plea that she be allowed either to do something for Emily herself or send out for medical aid. She was refused.

The moment I was released I flew to a nearby drug store, where I told my story. There they gave me some aromatic spritzes of ammonia. When she came to herself again the first thing she begged for was something to make her strong.

"I've got to serve my tables tonight," she sobbed. "I've got to. The manager is down on me any way for sassing a customer, and this will get me freed."

Then as her strength came back she snuggled up in my arms and told me why she was afraid. In this restaurant all the girls are required to wear black. This necessitated her buying new waists, and all she could afford was a cheap black one, so thin and coarse that her white corset cover showed through. Some man, who she found out later was a special friend of the owner of the restaurant, had the day before made an indecent remark to her about her underwear while she was serving him. That was why she "sassed" him.

Poor, pretty little Emily! The last I saw of her she was sitting among the potatoes, stretching out her arms to me, and with tears rolling over her face, whispering between her sobs, "Don't go! don't go! You have been better to me than anyone I have ever known."

And all I had done was to hold her in my arms while I half choked her with smelling salts and drowned her with water!

I, too, had been ill with pneumonia poisoning. As a result the smell in the kitchen, and especially from the vile dishwashing sinks, nauseated me terribly. Two women washed the dishes, often chucking them into the water without scraping them, and bits of food would float about in the pans. The knives, forks and spoons, which had come in contact with the mouths of all sorts and conditions of people, were never rubbed, but were thrown into a large sieve, shaken for a moment or two under a faucet of running water, scalded, and dumped out to dry.

The dressing room was a cor-
ner of the kitchen, with a board partition about six feet high, built between the dish sinks and the wash bowl. There was no door or inclosure of any sort—just the partition. Many is the time I have unwittingly run into one or both of the men cooks changing their street clothes for kitchen uniform.

Most of the "cleanliness" of the restaurant existed only in the lunch room itself, with its clean walls and smart furniture. No speck of dust was ever allowed to be seen on either tables or shelves, but that did not keep the cook, whose immaculate cap only was visible above the blue and white tile steam-table screen, from using his apron as a pocket handkerchief, or from serving all food he could possibly touch with his hands or the old, broken down man, who was employed to brush crumbs from the floor, and refill individual butter plates, from picking up those dainty yellow squares with his hands, though the rules were flaunted conspicuously ordering the contrary.

The same old man's face was broken out with blotches and sores showing the ravages of disease. One cook's face was more hideous than his, and I have seen that man time and again mix an oyster cocktail with his hands.

As to my personal treatment, the manager was good to me. I burned my hands on plates that were too hot; scalded myself before I mastered "arm work"—the art of carrying three plates of soup in one hand and three cups of coffee in the other—blistered my feet before I learned the "waitress shuffle"; and paid for the breakage out of my wage of \$3.50 a week; and when I finally left had the salary due me held up for six days. He told me, however, that I was a good waitress, and after the first day on the head tables and gave me the head station on the floor. When I asked him the reason for not giving me my earnings due until the following Saturday night, he said, "It is just the custom of the place."

It made no difference whether or not he ever paid me, for I had other money, but suppose there had been no other money. Suppose I had been counting on paying room rent or buying clothes, medicine or food with that money what then? Suppose it had been one of those other girls with whom I worked, what then? Where could I have gone? Where do girls under such circumstances

When Dew boarded the Montrose he was at first uncertain that the man was Crippen. The suspect had shaved off both beard and mustache. When searched a canvas bag was found on Crippen in which were several women's diamond rings, earrings and stick pins.

No revolver was found on Crippen. After Milie Leneve had received from her swoon in the state-

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Clerical newspapers today are demanding the dismissal of Canalejas by the king.

First Photograph of World's First Airship Race



This picture was made at the recent aviation meet in Reims, and shows the three experts, Leblanc, Latham and Labouchere, in an actual race, the first airship race in the world's history. The aviators who competed in this contest all flew monoplanes, which scored a victory over the biplanes at Reims.

Girl Is Central Figure In Dramatic Case

(Continued From Page One.)
The girl of the Quebec police department arrested her.

When searched by a stewardess she was wearing a canvass harness to conceal her figure, besides which she wore a soft shirt, loose fitting trousers and a cap. Her hair had been cut short and parted in the middle. Everyone aboard the Montrose knew that the "boy" was a woman, but the passengers did not suspect the identity either of Dr. Crippen or of Milie Leneve, although they discussed the case frequently.

new "He" Was a Girl. The mannerisms of the "boy" convinced everyone aboard that "he" was a girl. While walking the deck he fell and screamed, girl-like. This and similar incidents readily revealed her sex.

After the arrest, Milie Leneve was given a loose gown by the stewardess. She was led, sobbing and stumbling down the gangplank and when she reached the cab that took her to parliament prison, she fainted.

Believes Her Innocent. Inspector Dew today expressed the belief that the woman did not participate in the alleged murder at the Crippen home in London. According to British law, the suspects may not be questioned except perfunctorily regarding the crime of which they are accused. They are warned that anything they may say will be used against them. This does not prevent Milie Leneve from turning king's evidence, but she must do so of her own free will and only upon the slightest persuasion.

That she was amazed that Crippen and herself were charged with murder is one of the things upon which the police rely in their desire to have her turn against Crippen. They believe that the American kept his young companion in ignorance of the charges against them and the detectives hope that the shock of the revelation will unseat the girl's lips and cause her to reveal circumstances that will help unravel the case.

In a moment J. Horatio was snoring like a steam calliope with the exhaust off. He wist not of the lady of the house billowing forward under full sail, a stout club grasped in her brawny right fist.

"This is indeed a dirty carpet," muttered Mrs. Lady to herself, as she elongated her arm and came down like a ton of brick on the spot in the carpet against which J. Horatio was leaning.

(THE END.)

room of the Montrose, the girl rushed to a porthole and threw something into the river. It is believed that the object was Crippen's revolver.

Although the passengers on the Montrose did not recognize Crippen and his companion, and although the pair were not aware that their identity was known to the officers of the ship, the captain, the three mates and the Marconi wireless operator knew that the suspects were on board.

Third Officer Mowatt claims the credit of being the first to arouse Capt. Kendall's suspicions after having gathered data which he presented to the skipper.

'THEN IT HAPPENED'

Cur Daily Discontinued Story.



The credit for the capture is given Captain Kendall and his chief officers, who are praised for having handled the case so astutely that neither Dr. Crippen nor Milie Leneve believed themselves suspected until the heavy hand of Inspector Dew fell on Crippen's shoulder and Chief McCarthy of the Quebec police department placed the frail young stenographer under arrest.

DENVER, Aug. 1.—For the ninth successive time, Charles H. Moyer was elected president of the Western Federation of Miners in the convention of the organization here today.

N. P. WANTS \$400,000

(Continued From Page One.)

more than \$10,000 a lot at the highest, and I looked for an offer of \$5,000 a lot at least. This property is to be for docks for the business men. They are the men who ship freight and I thought the company would appreciate this and make an offer that would get their good will."

But Judge Reid thought the property was worth that in the market. "Personally I don't believe it is worth it. The returns from it do not warrant any such investment, but there is an idea abroad that it is valuable and people will give it, and this is what fixes the prices," said Judge Reid.

The waterfront property of the N. P. now leased does not begin to pay interest on a value of \$20,000 a lot, yet the company wants the city to pay that.

Reid Makes Suggestion. Judge Reid, however, suggested that the city only take 1 1/2 lots at the north end, next to Eleventh street now unoccupied. He said the company would trade five of them for the four lots of the city dock at Fifteenth street and for the big triangle in the rear, then it would lease 6 1/2 more at free rent excepting taxes and assessments, for five years and the city may buy them at \$20,000 a lot any time in the five years. Or the city can keep the present dock and take the others on that basis.

Mayor Fawcett was not enthusiastic. He was inclined to think condemnation suits would not give the company as much as it asks. Judge Reid said it was just a business proposition. The company has the property and it is worth something, and the city ought to pay what it is worth and will sell for.

The mayor will call the business men's committee together and it will consider what is the better plan to pursue.

CRIPPEN READY TO RETURN

(Continued From Page One.)

later carried the prisoners and their captors to jail.

Although Inspector Dew is given credit for taking a chance on the possibility that Capt. Kendall of the Montrose had mistaken the couple aboard his ship, there is a general impression here that Scotland Yard has bungled in the case and plays a minor role in the capture.

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TURN TO THE WANT ADS

SITUATION STILL GRAVE IN SPAIN

(By United Press Leased Wire.)
MADRID, Aug. 1.—In spite of alarming reports that the Carlist revolutionary movement is spreading in the Biscayan provinces of Spain, Premier Canalejas today announced that the talk of civil war, raised by the clerical press, is absurd.

"There is no question but that the majority of the Spanish people are with us," said the premier. "With the government, the courts and the army on our side, it is idle to talk of war."

Clerical newspapers today are demanding the dismissal of Canalejas by the king.



Would You Have Your Dream-Home Materialize?

How often you and your wife have sat and planned a home of your own! How much nearer are you to realizing your dreams than you were a year or so ago?

Have you kept in touch with the "Home News" that appears from day to day in The Times WANT ADS?

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APPENDICITIS

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STATE OF MINNESOTA, COUNTY OF STEELE. I, Richard Jahreis, of Owatonna, Minn., being first duly sworn, do say that I am the person named in and who subscribed the following statement and the same is true of my own knowledge, in every particular: "I had severe pains in my right side, just above the Appendix. I went to the doctor and he pronounced my case Appendicitis and advised an operation. Instead I went to Zamoni Bros. Drug Store and bought a bottle of (Adler-I-ka) Treatment. After taking it the result was indeed wonderful. The pains stopped and I felt like a new man. I heartily recommend (Adler-I-ka) Treatment to anyone troubled with Appendicitis, as I know it has cured me." (Signed) RICHARD H. JAHREISS, State Seal. Subscribed and sworn to before me June 29, 1905. J. NEWBALL, Notary Public, Steele County.

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