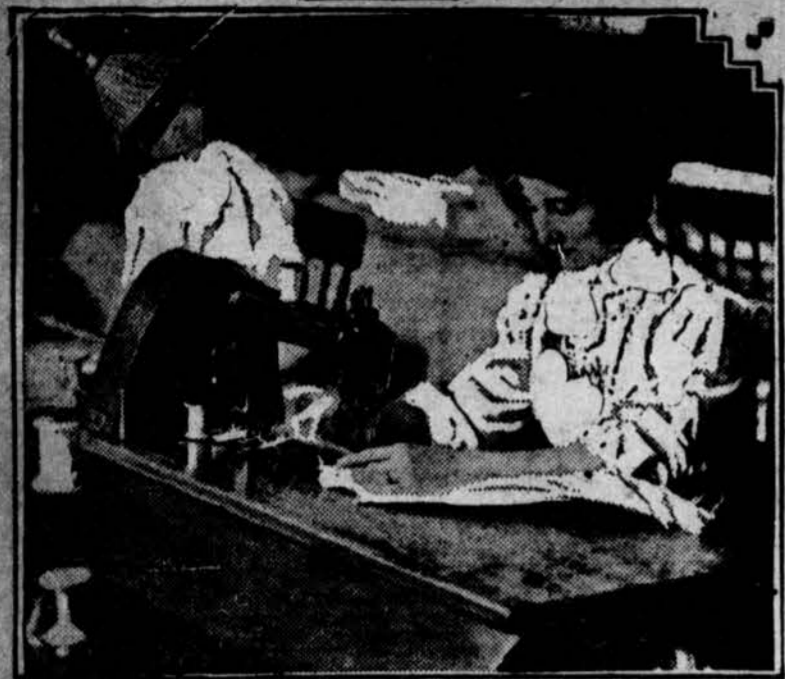


# THE TRUTH ABOUT THE LIFE OF A FACTORY GIRL



THE GIRL AND THE MACHINE.

(Continued From Page One.)  
"I can't afford glasses," she smiled patiently.

Some of the girls wore glasses, but all had deep creases between their eyebrows that made them look old, old women instead of fresh and smooth-faced girls.

During the lunch hour, which according to my carefully regulated timepiece lasted from 45 to 50 minutes, instead of the promised 60, Ellen and I had some long talks.

"You can't live on what you're earning—\$4.50 a week. And you will not get more for months. They won't raise you then more than 50 cents. I live at home, which makes some difference, but you had better try to get a place doing housework in a private family," she advised me. "You get \$4 or \$5 a week, your room, meals, and can do your own washing, so the money will be practically saved."

"Why don't you do the same yourself?" I asked her. The girl lifted a face that must have once—three years ago when she was sixteen—been almost beautiful.

"It's too late, now," she said, a faint blush of pink tingling her white cheeks; "people don't want girls like me—in their homes."

By and by, after I had found my voice again, I ventured one more question.

"Do you expect to work here all your life?"

"We sometimes marry," she said. "That is what most of us wait for. We start thinking we will work till we get married."

"But that old woman across from me is not married, is she?" I asked.

The woman I spoke of sat huddled in a chair, her thin scraggy body showing a sinister outline against the glaring noon light pouring in the factory windows. Her face was wrinkled and lined, her dull hair was furiously frizzed and twisted into a tiny knot. On her thin knees that showed sharp through her flimsy skirt, was an old newspaper in which she had brought her lunch. Her scrawny hands held her last piece of soggy bread and cheese which she was eating slowly, as if to make it last as long as she could.

"The 'old woman,' said Ellen, "is only twenty-five. She has been doing this sort of work 10 years. She looks fifty, doesn't she? Before I look like that,—the young girl's face took on a wild look of sunning—"I—why—I will kill myself!"

She took a bite of apple, unconcernedly.

"Well, why not?" she asked sullenly. "When you're dead, you're dead. There won't be the everlasting roar of the machines, the pain in your eyes, the pain between your shoulders, the cramped feet and legs from sitting in the same position all day. You might just as well die first as last, and the sooner will be just that many days suffering saved."

For a moment I seemed to see life through her eyes—the horror of becoming like the woman of twenty-five who sat in the noon

# ACTRESSES TELL OF CRIPPEN CASE

(Continued From Page One.)

Crippen did not practice dentistry in London," state Miss Julia. "He was the representative of Dr. Munyon, the famous multi-millionaire patent medicine manufacturer, and the Crippens seemed to be well to do. Mrs. Crippen had a wealth of diamonds. What shocked the ladies of guild most was the fact that Miss Leneve, Dr. Crippen's stenographer, with whom he was seen quite frequently about town, was wearing some of the dresses that belonged to Mrs. Crippen.

"I really cannot say just what actually led us, I mean the committee, to start an investigation. We asked Dr. Crippen to tell us the name of the cemetery where she was buried so that we could send a wreath, or something else, as a tribute to her memory. But he said he would have her body cremated and brought to London. Oh, yes, I forgot to tell you, Dr. Crippen used to say that if Mrs. Crippen died in California he would take a trip to France, and that you know, is not quite the natural thing for a man to say who has a dying wife.

"We then wrote to Dr. Crippen's son in Los Angeles, who was Mrs. Crippen's step-son, and asked him if he knew anything of her death. He delayed answering for some time, then wrote us that he knew nothing, except what his father wrote him. We then wrote

## Sweeping Victory for Insurgents in Kansas

(Continued From Page One.)

day indicate that R. J. Hopkins, insurgent, probably will be nominated for lieutenant governor.

The regulars admit the nomination of Alexander Mitchell, insurgent, over C. F. Scott, in the second district; Fred Jackson, insurgent, over J. M. Miller, in the fourth; R. R. Rees, insurgent, over W. A. Calderhead in the fifth, and I. B. Young over W. A. Reeder in the sixth. Murdock in the eighth and Madison in the seventh, both insurgents, were opposed.

Early returns today from the first district, where D. R. Anthony, regular, made the race for renomination against T. A. McNeill, insurgent, indicate that the progressives were victorious. Later returns were in favor of the regulars, and at 10 o'clock the nomination was in doubt. The first district was supposed to be strongly regular, and the politicians yesterday predicted that the regulars would win. The strong showing they made there has greatly pleased the insurgent leaders.

In the third district, where Congressman P. P. Campbell sought renomination and was opposed by Arthur Cranston, insurgent, early returns showed Campbell winner. Later returns showed insurgent gains.

Gov. Stubbs' plurality 20,000. It is estimated that Gov. Stubbs' plurality is 20,000. This, the insurgents say, represents their lead over the regulars in the state.

The insurgents here declare the victory in Kansas is the most distinct repudiation of Cannonism registered in any fight in which the voters have taken part. Shortly before the primary election, Speaker Cannon visited Kansas, speaking for the regular candidates. He attacked Senator Bristow, who had campaigned for the insurgents.

Cannon also fired a few hot shots at Gov. Stubbs and Congressmen Murdock and Madison. Stubbs' big plurality today therefore is highly pleasing to the insurgents.

The Kansas election, they declare, is the first real test of strength between regulars and insurgents in the middle west.

Life On Panama Canal has had one frightful drawback—malaria trouble—that has brought suffering and death to thousands. The germs cause chills, fever and ague, biliousness, jaundice, lassitude, weakness and general debility. But Electric Bitters never fail to destroy them and cure malaria troubles. "Three bottles completely cured me of a very severe attack of malaria," writes Wm. A. Fretwell, of Lucama, N. C., "and I've had good health ever since." Cure Stomach, Liver and Kidney Troubles, and prevent Typhoid. 50c. Guaranteed by all druggists.

# Bosses Rule Delegates Like So Many Dummies

(Continued From Page One.)

States senate, who will stand by the party."

No Work For Delegates.

This and a lot more in the same vein was the keynote that the stand-pat senator from Seattle laid down to the convention, whose business had all been done by steering committees and party bosses in the committee rooms and caucuses last night and only needs to be ratified.

The convention includes over 800 delegates. They assembled at 11 o'clock, organized as agreed upon by the bosses last night with Senator Piles as temporary chairman, J. W. Licens and Howard Cosgrove as temporary secretaries, Mansfield Dece of Seattle as sergeant-at-arms, and after hearing the keynote adjourned until 2 o'clock.

King County in Control.

The program as fixed up by the bosses is to endorse the Taft administration, to nominate the present supreme court judges to succeed themselves and let it go

at that. King county, representing Governor Hay and the stand-pat crowd, led in the game last night. The King county delegates were appointed by the committee without any primary. They were more amenable to the machine than others might be so they organized the combine.

Leaders Fix the Slate.

In the first caucus yesterday afternoon they brought in steering committees from nearly 600 delegates to stand for the Hay game of nominating the present judges. Rudkin, Miller, Parker and Fullerton were booked for the six-year terms and Gose for the four years and Root's unexpired term.

Pierce county in the afternoon had met all primed to ditch Parker and substitute Judge Chapman for this county's man. But the Pierce county delegates met again in the evening and it was put up to them that they must get in the band wagon. They got in. By 31 to 29 they turned Chap-

man down and then endorsed Parker unanimously.

In the meantime King county had gathered in the steering committees of the rest of the counties and in the final caucus over 700 of the 800 delegates were represented by the bosses who agreed to the administration program.

That was enough for one caucus and this morning the bosses got the King county fellows together and asked if it was all right. The rank and file said it was O. K. and they were ready for more conquests, so it was decided to tackle the Ballinger question, the primary nominations of judges and the West Side senatorship in caucus at 2 o'clock at the Tacoma hotel this afternoon.

This is the same time to which the convention adjourned but the King county fellows will be caucusing and editing what shall be done on these questions, so the convention will not meet until they get through and come in and tell what is to be done.

If the few scattered insurgents have not been completely cowed by the blast from Piles this morning and they way the combine program will be rubbed in on them this afternoon may make a fight on the resolutions but the

leaders do not look for much trouble.

Means Votes For Poindexter. But the stand-patters are likely to do what they did in the Pierce county convention—rub it in so hard they will get themselves all tied in a knot.

"Every resolution they adopt will make votes for Poindexter," said Ben Everett, the astute old war horse, this morning, commenting on the contemplated program to ignore, repudiate and lambaste the insurgent element.

This afternoon the game is to make Senator Jones permanent chairman.

Wilson's Plans Go Through. Jones is for Wilson. Piles is for Burke. Wilson dominated the caucuses last night and could have had his way but to insure a perfect stand-pat machine against any insurgent interference he threw the temporary chairmanship to Piles as a sop to get all stand-pat elements lined up for the Hay program on the supreme court and the building up thereby of the Hay machine which is said to be Wilson all through.

The fire department responded to a call yesterday afternoon to extinguish a few sparks that fell upon the roof of a building at 1348 South C street. The sparks came from a nearby chimney.

# MR. MERCHANT

This community may be divided into three classes: the few hundred RICH, who seldom respond to advertising, the thousand or so very poor who CANNOT, and the great Middle Class, whose incomes range from \$600 to \$6,000. Wise is the merchant who caters to this thrifty, self-respecting, cash-paying multitude, which is the BACKBONE of business, and without whom there would not be retail trade enough to keep up the stores in one city block. The Tacoma Times covers this great clientele more thoroughly than ALL other papers combined. Do you desire the proof.

## Ask An Advertiser!

# Uncle Sam Has Record-Breaker Submarine

The new submarine, Salmon, which will soon be turned over to the government, has broken all records by making, unattended,

an ocean trip of several hundred miles. She left Provincetown, Mass., and arrived in Bermuda, making an average speed of eight and one-half miles an hour.



UNCLE SAM'S NEWEST NAVAL RECRUIT, THE BEST ONE YET.