

Emancipation of the Working Class must be accomplished by the workers themselves.

100 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.
TELEPHONE 3303 BREKMAN.

The New York Call

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE WORKING PEOPLE

Socialists have no interests separate and apart from the Working Class as a whole.

WEATHER:
Fair; moderate winds.

No. 164.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 12, 1912

Price Two Cents

JUNGLE BEATEN BY NEW YORK GILDED HOSTELRIES

Waldorf, Astor, Sherry's, Knickerbocker, Belmont, Plaza, Show Unspeakable Conditions—And Where Is the Board of Health?—And Where Is the Pure Food Law?—What Is Refuse and What Is Food? Those Who Know Answer—Kitchens Below Sidewalks—Filth Seeps In—Millions Spent on Marble Fronts but Dirt and Reeking Insanitation Prevail in Dark Underground Caverns Where Dainty Dishes Are Prepared—Disease Fostered by Re-Use of Materials Returned From Sick Guests—Actual Facts.

CARRION SERVED IN GAUDY DINING ROOMS

UNSUSPECTED BY HIGH PAYING PATRONS

Rotten, Rat-Gnawed Meats, Putrescent Chicken and Decaying Fish Daintily Served Upon Glistening Linen in Many of City's Most Pretentious Restaurants and Hotels.

By LEROY SCOTT.

The office of the hotel workers has been brought to a condition in which the food served the guests of New York's big hotels that promise to become a greater scandal than was caused by the "embalmed beef" of the Cuban War days or by the diseased yards investigation. For the unsuspecting high-paying patrons of the glittering hotels are often fed on

Carion—there is no other word that is rotten, chicken that is putrescent, fish far gone in decay, meats that have been gnawed by rats, waste from guests' plates made over into high priced concoctions—these are some of the stomach-turning horrors that are served upon the glistening linen in many of the city's most pretentious hotels and restaurants. What makes the situation all the more revolting is the fact that these horrors and even the untainted foods are cooked in kitchens, most of which are insanitary to some degree, and many of which are so foul that they deserve no better name than holes of filth.

The statements seem almost unbelievable. So did the first statements about the "embalmed beef" of the Spanish War. So did the first statements about the Chicago stockyards. But these statements about the hotel kitchens are amply substantiated by evidence. The Hotel Workers' Union, in its fight against the inhuman conditions under which its members have to work, has inevitably had to pay attention to the conditions under which the guests have had to eat. A great number of affidavits about the conditions as they affect the patrons have been collected. It is from these affidavits, duly sworn to, that the statements here made are taken. But to avoid exaggeration, it should be fair to the hotels, it must be said that all the evil conditions touched upon do not exist in every degree in all hotels. In many cases it is exercised in regard to the kitchen in many, particularly the new ones, the kitchens are sanitary.

It is in the matter of meats that the most deceived and endangered have been on hand, so the officials say, they are all made use of in instance, grilled chicken is delectable when the chicken happens to be fresh. But here is a typical instance from the affidavits of what the conditions for all the guest in the showy restaurant above may know, may see. In one of the city's best restaurants four chickens were brought to the cook to be prepared for a party of guests. The chickens were in such an advanced stage of decay that they were turned down. The cook refused to prepare the chickens, declaring that they were fit to be eaten, and declaring that he would not run the risk of serving guests. Better than and better than to be would have, and

leave he did—but not until he had seen them, some chickens cooked and carried up to the waiting party. One essential to the preparation of food for a hotel, it need hardly be explained, is the art of disguising the taste of tainted food. On Monday night a widely touted banquet was held at the Waldorf-Astoria in honor of the German fleet. Who knows just what was the real quality of the food that was served these gilded foreign guests and their American entertainers? One thing is certain—and that is that the banquet was not the flawless success that Waldorf management proclaimed it. There was supposed to be an elaborate menu suited to such distinguished plutocratic diners, but that aristocratic menu had an alibi, and here is exactly what was served the noble company in its stead:

Soup.
Fish.
Filet Mignon.
Ice Cream.
Coffee.

Moreover, this sadly curtailed feast was not even served by waiters, for the Waldorf did not have them. It was fumblingly served by house men.

But the meagerness of the banquet was not the worst. When the placid-souled sailors of William and our own noble citizens learn that perhaps the Waldorf cooks, standing over kettles in a temperature of 125 degrees, contributed generous drippings of perspiration to the soup, when they learn that possibly fish and filet were overripe—then these superior gentlemen may have a sensation very reminiscent of seasickness.

REDUCED MENU FOR GERMANS AT WALDORF

The banquet which was tendered by the City of New York to the officers of the visiting German fleet at the Waldorf-Astoria Monday night was eloquent proof of how seriously the strike of the hotel workers has crippled the service of the largest hostleries in this city. The management of the Waldorf had arranged an extensive menu for the representatives of the War Lord but they had not reckoned on the waiters and their calculations went sadly astray.

In spite of their haste to the effect that the host to the visitors from across the sea would be run off without a hitch, the menu which had been planned had to be abandoned at the eleventh hour and one substituted in its place out of which were eliminated about half of the original course. Here is the menu which was intended to be served:

W. F. WORTH, STEELMAKER OF COATESVILLE, PA., ADMITS THAT STEEL TRUST FIXES PRICES AT TODAY'S HEARING. Just as says John Mann, the clothier, 411 Broadway, Brooklyn, with the Fifth Avenue and other Manhattan clothing magazines. For real bargain you have to come to my store. Good summer suits as low as \$1.25—\$1.50.

A strike of waiters is not apt to arouse the great American public to the point of indignation where it will take the part of the strikers. This is not strange. We generally ignore the existence of the waiter. If we think of him at all, it is always in connection with a bow, a scrape and a tip. It has probably never occurred to the man who pays \$50 a day for his room and as much for a single dinner that he can have any common ground of interest with the unctuous individual who pours his wine at the table. Yet there is such a common ground. It is found in the demand of 3,000 cooks and waiters, who marched out of the leading hotels of New York City during the month of May—the demand for better SANITATION.

What are these insanitary conditions of which the cooks and waiters of New York complain, but which are not peculiar either to the largest city or the largest State in the Union, but to the whole country? I have never put this question to a cook or waiter that it did not provoke a smile and the inevitable remark, "If they only knew."

If the man upstairs only knew the conditions under which his food is prepared in the kitchen, he would strike in sympathy with the cooks and waiters. New York may yet witness the novel parade of the millionaires and waiters marching as brothers down Fifth Avenue bearing banners inscribed: "We want sanitary conditions; no more sweatshops in the hotels; the cooks and waiters are the only workers not protected by the factory laws. Why?"

THE MARBLE HALL

But he doesn't know. The hotel proprietor takes great care that he doesn't. He builds impressive entrances of marble. A lackey in uniform of blue with plenty of gold straps opens the door for the guest. Well groomed floor managers escort him to the desk. Other lackeys take his bundles. This impresario of the modern hotel has the genius of Belasco. He gives his dining rooms romantic names: "Gold Room," "Blue Room," "Rose Room," "Orangerie" and "Palm Garden." Screened orchestras play enchanting music. The linen is spotless. The tables are decorated with beautiful flowers. If there is a speck on a plate, the waiter rubs it off with a napkin. (Later you will learn of other uses those napkins are put to because of the failure of the manager to properly provide for his employees.) "Spare no expense" is the rule in the "Rose Room," but it's a different story below stairs.

The Hotel Astor cuisine is famous the world over. Any one who knows anything about New York eating places knows the Astor. One of the delights of a hot summer night is to dine in its wonderful roof garden. Hygiene, if one may believe one's eyes—that is, unless they are X-ray eyes—is carried almost to extremes.

The waiter in the cafe wears a uniform of blue that gives a distinction not found in the conventional black coat. Every waiter must have white gloves so that he never touches the food—a good idea. I had a photograph made of this uniform of blue. I had it taken inside and out and the result may be seen on this page.

Look at the coat. Then look at the reverse picture in the smaller photograph. The lining of the coat is in rags. It is stained with the perspiration and excretion of the dozen men who wore it before it came to the man in the picture. Every time a waiter changes his job—which is very often—the uniform descends to his successor. It is only cleaned when the tailor believes cleaning necessary. As to when such an operation is necessary, opinions may differ.

Two waiters at the Astor gave up their jobs on the same day. One had consumption; the other a nameless blood disease. Their last commission to their comrades was to see that their uniforms were not given to other men.

To guard against that danger, the uniforms were marked with white chalk crosses. A few days later, two men appeared in the clothing of the consumptive and his fellow sufferer. The chalk marks were still on them. If the suits had been cleaned, the application of steam and acid had not removed the chalk. Doubtless, the white gloves would protect the guest from the danger of infection.

The photographs were taken about March 10. On March 14 all the men from the cafe were ordered to appear on the Belvedere floor to have their uniforms inspected—the first inspection of the kind within the memory of any of the men to whom I talked. It was a very ragged army that assembled on that floor for inspection. If some of those men had appeared in the dining-room wearing those same clothes without the concealment of their aprons, the startled guests would have called the police. Yet the waiters were required to pay \$3 a month.

WAITERS FINED AND SENT TO WORKHOUSE

PUNISHED FOR PICKETING THE WALDORF

Striker Who Was Alleged by Detectives to Be Preparing to Throw Brick at Hotel Is Sentenced to Ten Days, Though Astute Sleuths Fail to Produce the Missile.

"Justice" was dealt out to the 109 strikers arrested near the Waldorf-Astoria on the following summary:

Fifty fined \$1 each.
Twenty fined \$5 each.
Twelve fined \$3 each.
One fined \$10.

Ten sentenced to the workhouse. Nine were discharged. About fifteen under bail.

The city authorities are working hand in hand with the Hotel Men's Association in their effort to break the strike of the hotel workers was evidenced by the "justice" meted out to the 109 strikers who were arrested Monday night while peacefully picketing the Waldorf-Astoria.

Against the strike several of the hotel workers were arrested near the Waldorf-Astoria on the following summary:

The charge against the strikers who were given a 10-day sentence was that he told the proprietors of the street was public property, that strikers had a right to be on the thoroughfare as long as they were peaceful.

Though the witnesses for the strikers who were arrested were called to testify, they were not called to heard. The procedure is every one acquainted with the hearing of the testimony of the case, promptly followed by sentence from the police magistrate.

If the treatment handed out to the strikers in the Night Court by the police magistrate was intended to discourage picketing, it has failed in its purpose, for the determination is now stronger than ever among the strikers to picket the street hotels. Today they will continue to picket peacefully as usual and if they are arrested and arraigned they will go to jail rather than pay any fine. The union hereby reminds the public that the strike is not over and that the strikers are still at work.

How Taylor Stokes related the treatment of the strikers to accept jail terms in preference to paying their penalty when he said:

"The men are not afraid to go to jail. Jail cannot be worse than the hell they have just left. Surely the police magistrate, if he is a decent man, will not pay a fine to the man who will go to jail."

There is scarcely a man in the city who has escaped the attention of the strike of the hotel workers. Every street leading down from the top of the city to the bottom is a scene of strife. The strikers are still at work. The city will soon be a scene of strife.

THE OUTSIDE AND THE INSIDE



THE WATER MUST BE WELL GARBED—NOW THE OTHER SIDE OFTEN LOOKS

RUDOLPH G. MILLER,
President of the International Hotel Workers' Union.

where the city was dining and waiting the officers of the German fleet now in this port. In almost every case that came up before Police Magistrates McGuire and Corrigan the strikers were fined a fair hearing and freed promptly after the case had given their testimony.

The fines imposed on the strikers ranged from \$1 to \$10, while two of them were sentenced to the workhouse for ten days each. One of the strikers sentenced to the workhouse was the one who, the police alleged, was preparing to throw a brick into the Waldorf to cause a disturbance there. A search of his person after he was placed under arrest failed to disclose anything that might be designated as dangerous and nothing that could be any source of inspiration or inspiration be related to a brick.

Even a thorough search of the neighborhood by a squad of sergeants was made for a "brick" but no brick was found. The fact that a "brick" was not found does not mean that no brick was thrown.

THE COOKS CAN HELP THEMSELVES

the Union and Aid in Improving Your Deplorable Conditions.

By A COOK.

Observer of the movements of the organizations and the progress they make from year to year is bound to note the present day conditions among the hotel employees, especially among the cooks. Those who never descended to the kitchen possibly have an idea of the physical and moral sufferings endured by the men working in them.

THE FATHER OF SIX CALLS TO HIS FELLOW WORKERS

STATEMENT OF A HOTEL CHEF.



I was married about fifteen years ago. I had a little money saved and wanted to make a home for myself and settle down. My wife was a dressmaker when I married her—a good French girl, economical and careful. She helped me and working together we managed to put by a little savings.

All little ones, some at school, some too young for school—here is their picture. See what a nice bunch they are! I am proud of them, but what is to be their future? I wonder. If we working people don't do something for the future of our children what will become of them?

CHAMBERMAIDS GO HUNGRY IN MIDST OF SPLENDID LUXURY

By THERESA MALKIEL.

Why did you leave your hotel? A chambermaid was asked the other day. "Because I got tired of going hungry day in and day out," came the plain direct reply. "We can't live on \$14 per month when we have to buy food," chimed in another.

over his domain, the entire working force of the place. The management is too busy attending to the guests and making money. The fate of the help is not their concern; to them the help is only so many ciphers which add to or detract from their profits.

Six o'clock in the morning finds her at work cleaning up beds, attending to the thousand and one needs of the demanding patron. At 3 p. m. she is given her freedom until 12 o'clock in the morning. Six hours' sleep is the most that she can ever get.

As out of shadows of the night, a new and brighter day is born. So out of slavery was born the union. Take heed, you prisoners of capitalism. There is no sense in grumbling forever among yourselves, forever dwelling on your miserable lot.

THE UNION IS THE ONLY PROTECTION

Intolerable Conditions Can Only Be Averted by Hotel Workers' Organization.

By JOSEPH ELSTER.

Organizer of the International Hotel Workers' Union. The conditions of our trade were absolutely unbearable, and our workers were compelled to organize themselves into a real Industrial Labor Union; they have found this course the most honest and sincere course advocated to them, and they joined us by the thousands because they saw that we are fighting to better their conditions.

I wish to state to the Hotel Men's Association that we, of the International Hotel Workers' Union, have acted as gentlemen. We have given them ample time and they have refused to meet us, thinking that we are only an organization on paper. They now know what a power we are, that we are able to close up the most prominent hotels in the City of New York by withdrawing our services.

HARK, DEAR PUBLIC, HOW ABOUT THIS?

Continuous Grind of Work by Chambermaids is Repaid by Inhuman Treatment and Tainted Food.

By A CHAMBERMAID.

At different times there appear in the daily articles on the various branches of hotel workers. As yet nobody seems to deem it necessary to say anything about the grueling work of a chambermaid, who is also a hotel worker.

REFUSE TO BE A SLAVE ANY LONGER; ORGANIZE AND FIGHT

putting before you; they would not eat it; why should you? Do no work sixteen hours a day; it will eventually kill you. Demand higher wages and weekly pay; you need them; the cost of living increases for you just as well as it does for other workmen. Their wages are increased; are yours?

WHY HUMAN RIGHTS OF THE WAITER ARE NOT OBSERVED

Although He Is the Most Important Person in the Business, He Is Compelled to Submit to All Manner of Insults and Injustice From Those Whom He Serves.

From "Die Moral des Hotels," by Paul Vebling.

The thought came to me, who could have been the first waiter? You laugh? In the question so amusing, because it seems so simple? And so you dismiss it with a disinterested smile? Gayminded, you answer finally. Quite right. But he really belonged to the ancient heavenly hosts, while the waiter is a desperately earthly, human being. Who the first waiter was, where he lived, what his name was, and what he looked like, no one knows.

Lessing maintained that man's noblest study is man. And in daily life this great saying should apply to every man. Then the humorous "questions" and "problems" with which we daily today would vanish into nothingness. And so we will take the first opportunity and draw the conclusion. Quite superfluous I said to you—for you know it as well as I—that our appetite is often spoiled by poor service. But why? Naturally, we blame the waiter. But in many, indeed in most cases, it is our own fault when we are badly served, if our appetite is spoiled, if our dinner comes to a forlorn, regretful conclusion. How is that? I find your question reasonable, but I must answer it by a counter question. Can you define exactly what the young man who is serving us is? What is his relationship to us? Is it not usually, he serves us? You see, what we can demand from others and of what we are entitled to. And how little the general public thinks of such things at all! Naturally, the waiter often does not know his own duties. And in both cases the result is horrible. It is almost incredible how sensitive, how impatient we are at table. And how strained and tense are the nerves of the people who serve us.

I can maintain with justice that the waiter is in a certain sense the slave and the downtrodden of the modern hotel industry. A little observation will convince even the uninitiated of this fact. But I am going to try to describe the position to you calmly and clearly, so that you, professor of sociology, may learn to know a new man in a new industry. This industry is really only a quarter of a century old.

Not every man possesses the power after life has opened his eyes and, laughing spitefully, has struck him in the face, blasting his youthful hopes and aspirations. Truly you are right when you say that it is a man's own fault when he goes under, but must we not consider his surroundings, his environment? Do we not bear a part of the blame? You do not believe that the environment has a special influence upon the courage of a young man? A man who stands between two fires does not have heavenly patience and consideration for the weakness and defects of humanity.

Nothing is more splendid than the struggle for life; it is life itself. For while we fight we hope. The fighter alone arises and moves. And so life is a continual arena, and that is the joy of the living, of the health. And the man who once emerges a victor from a mental or physical arena can never believe that he now is forever safe against the attacks of secret forces and the treachery of his neighbors. No, his enemies are ever making new attacks upon him. He must watch, must be ready.

You, too, my waiter friend, are entitled to the joy of living and not alone to your flaring wage. And so rise up and fight. Patronize a Fair. 430 Sixth Ave., Cor. St. N. Y. C. UNION MADE CLOTHING.

LEAD PIPE READY AS AN ARGUMENT

Armed Thugs Ready in Big Hotels to Teach Waiters Their Proper Business.

By A WAITER.

I was sent over yesterday afternoon at 1 o'clock on an employment agency with a letter addressed personally to the head of a big restaurant. When I arrived there I saw the proprietor first; then he called up his manager and he called up his assistant head waiter, and the latter asked me all kinds of questions—whether I am a union man, where I am working, etc. I told him I came from San Francisco, so he said I was all right and asked me to come back this morning at 10:30. There were about 12 men there, all together in the big room, and one by one they were questioned in a separate room.

What is left for her? When I was young—about 17 years old—I started to work with a young man who was a waiter in a hotel. He was a good fellow and we had a lot of fun together. But he was not a union man and he was not a good waiter. He was a real rascal and he was a real scoundrel. He was a real thief and he was a real liar. He was a real scoundrel and he was a real thief.

Now, after all my years of work, not any longer remain, but I will be able to give good reason for my refusal to work for a scoundrel. What is left for a scoundrel in life? Nothing is more splendid than the struggle for life; it is life itself. For while we fight we hope. The fighter alone arises and moves. And so life is a continual arena, and that is the joy of the living, of the health. And the man who once emerges a victor from a mental or physical arena can never believe that he now is forever safe against the attacks of secret forces and the treachery of his neighbors. No, his enemies are ever making new attacks upon him. He must watch, must be ready.

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Advertisement for 'WITH AVENUE' cigars. The ad features a logo with a star and the text 'WITH AVENUE' and 'GORK TIP'. It also includes the address '430 5th Street BROOKLYN'.

The New York Call

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE WORKING PEOPLE

Published daily and Sunday by the Workingmen's Co-operative Publishing Association, 406 Pearl street, New York. S. John Block, president; William Mally, treasurer; Julius Gerber, secretary. Telephone Nos. 9303-3304 Beekman.

Subscription rates table with columns for One Year, Six Months, Three Months, and Daily rates for Single, Family, and Club.

FOL. 6. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 12. NO. 164.

A SPECIAL ISSUE FOR THE WAITERS

This issue of The Call is specially devoted to the cause of the striking waiters of the New York hotels and restaurants, and gives some account of the shameful and intolerable conditions that have decided them, after years of silent suffering, to cast the hazard of their fortunes on the outcome of a strike.

The Call is the only English paper in the city which has done so. It carries on its title page the announcement that it is "Devoted to the Interests of the Working People," so that in championing the cause of the waiters—who are "working people" in every sense of the word, it is only fulfilling the object for which it was brought into existence.

Not a line of sympathy or explanation of their grievances has appeared elsewhere than in the Socialist press of the city. The other newspapers have taken the general position that the whole matter is a joke, the personal service of the waiters being regarded as a humorously contemptible occupation from which no serious complaint could possibly be entertained.

The dignified diners who accept this personal service as if it were a sort of natural reward for superior merit on their part, care nothing whatever for the welfare of those who serve them, and when the discontinuance of such service incommodes them, they, too, call lustily for the police, commend the most brutal methods of suppression of the strike and encourage the proprietors in their search for scabs and strikebreakers when their own comfort and convenience are disregarded by people to whose welfare they have never given a thought.

Against this view The Call, as a Socialist paper, protests. The shamefully abused waiters have no other place than in these columns to make public their grievances, but at least they have this paper. It stands by them as it stands by all workers under similar conditions, and as it will continue to do while it exists.

And while espousing their cause, it does not hesitate to point out to them that with Socialists in power in this city the outrageous treatment they have recently received would be impossible. On the other hand, the municipal authority of the city would, as far as it was controlled by a Socialist administration, be on their side. There would be no onslaughts by police on striking pickets, no arrests of men legitimately attempting to better their conditions, and no hotel proprietor would dare for one moment to force labor from unwilling men under the threat of police clubbing as was done yesterday.

And, besides, the banquet to the aristocratic Prussian naval officers would at least have been postponed until the waiters' grievances had been attended to. A Socialist administration, while not inhospitable, would place the welfare of the workers far ahead of that of the strangers within their gates. It would consider justice to its own people before courtesy to visitors. And in all probability it would in any case proffer scant courtesy to visitors who came into its premises loaded with a varied assortment of the most modern implements of murder and human destruction.

In conclusion, we may state that a large number of copies of this issue will be circulated by the people whose grievances and conditions of labor are exposed therein. We ask all readers, especially those of the working class, to consider carefully the matter presented to them in these columns and use their utmost efforts to assist the cause of their struggling fellow workers, the waiters, to secure whatever mitigation of their conditions can be forced from their exploiters; to take special notice that of the entire press of the city the Socialist portion is the only part that has definitely supported their cause, as it has supported the cause of all workers in similar cases, and, finally, to think seriously of the application of the Socialist principle of political and economic unity of the entire working class, which will make the slavery and degradation of capitalist class rule forever impossible in the future.

THE "HUMOROUS" SIDE OF THE WAITERS' STRIKE

It must be a most exasperating experience for many of the waiters on strike to notice the tendency of the capitalist press to feature their efforts for better conditions in a sort of contemptuously humorous fashion, as if the whole matter were too trivial and preposterous and the persons engaged in it too despicable to be taken seriously. Possibly there is something inherently ludicrous in the spectacle of one adult human being personally feeding another, but the person to whom the service is rendered is usually quite certain that he is contributing nothing to the humorous side of the situation, but on the other hand generally assumes that the attention he receives in this manner is in some way a tribute to his supposed personal importance.

A story is somewhere related of a landing party from a European warship, who, on the African coast, once encountered a native "King" seated under a palm tree near the beach. Behind him several women were boiling grain over a fire, while two other women were personally engaged in feeding the potentate. One of these female servitors held the bowl, which she now and then applied to the royal mouth, while the other, equipped with a large, wooden spoon, scraped up the dribbles of food that had fallen on the royal garment during the feeding process.

In this case it was clear enough to the visitors who it was that was furnishing the ludicrous part of the spectacle. The monarch, however, had no conception of how he really figured in the eyes of the European sailors. If there was anything contemptible and unglorified about the matter in his eyes, it was certainly not in himself, nor if anywhere, rather in those who were rendering him service. And probably every one of his male subjects would have agreed with him on that point. As for the women, in all likelihood they had no ideas whatever about the episode except perhaps the fear of not performing their functions to his majesty's satisfaction.

A VICTIM OF THE STRIKE



Conditions in the Hotels

COUNTY OF NEW YORK, CITY OF NEW YORK.

Deponent, being duly sworn, deposes and says: That he lives at... Borough of Manhattan, City of New York. That he worked at the Hotel Imperial as a butcher...

COUNTY OF NEW YORK, CITY OF NEW YORK.

Deponent, being duly sworn, deposes and says: That he lives at... Borough of Manhattan, City of New York; that he worked as a butcher at the Hotel Martiniue.

STATE OF NEW YORK, COUNTY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK, BOROUGH OF MANHATTAN.

Deponent, being duly sworn, deposes and says, that he worked in the Hotel St. Denis for about a month and learned the following facts about the manner in which the food is prepared and how the help is treated.

STATE OF NEW YORK, COUNTY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK, BOROUGH OF MANHATTAN.

Deponent, being duly sworn, deposes and says: That he lives at... Borough of Manhattan, City of New York and State of New York. That he was employed as a grill cook at Moquin's, downtown, also in the Borough of Manhattan, City of New York...

STATE OF NEW YORK, COUNTY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK, BOROUGH OF MANHATTAN.

Deponent, being duly sworn, deposes and says: That he lives at... Borough of Manhattan, City of New York and State of New York. That he was employed as a grill cook at Moquin's, downtown, also in the Borough of Manhattan, City of New York...

My Lady Dines

By JESSIE ASHLEY.

"They say there is a strike among the waiters," Jack said. "But I dare say it won't make any trouble. Shall we dine out as usual, Helen?" "Yes, dear. I would like to. We always do on our anniversary."

help, which he refused to do, and declared that he would report the fact to the Board of Health. The management, frightened at this threat, then ordered the stuff thrown away.

the last twenty years, have been the edge of most that is going on in the kitchen department of the hotels.

A Head Waiter on... I have been head waiter in the leading hotels in New York and outside...

THE "HUMOROUS" SIDE OF THE WAITERS' STRIKE. Continued from columns 1 and 2, this page.

instance there would be no less than three different points of view regarding the process. The New York waiter, however, is in no sense to be intellectually to the slave women feeding the African sovereign.