

**EXAMINER OFFICES**  
 11th & Broadway  
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Part Two LOS ANGELES, MONDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1931 CC

**Your Battle  
 Gains Breath to  
 Gas Victim**

...ing of Asphyxiation in  
 Artificial Respiration,  
 Saves His Life  
 ...h he did not draw a  
 breath while nurses  
 over him for nine hours,  
 Taylor, 53, 11615 South  
 Boulevard, was not alive  
 at the Georgia Street  
 ...y found Taylor, victim  
 asphyxiation, in his automob  
 iled at 128th street and  
 He was hurried to the  
 where artificial respira  
 started and "carbogen"  
 administered. After nine hours  
 returned slowly and the  
 his strengthened.  
 ...h the man remained un-  
 late last night, physici  
 saved his life had been

**Where Hungry Are Cared For**



**ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS**, pointed out by arrow, with group of women getting tickets for the free meal from Government employment agency. — Examiner photo.

**'Penniless Woman'  
 Fed by Stranger,  
 Sleeps in Auto**

**Adela Rogers St. Johns Relates How She Spent First Night as 'Depression Victim,' Tramps Streets Fearing Man Would Accost Her**

Where can a homeless, penniless girl find shelter for the night in Los Angeles, when it is after midnight and she has no friends?  
 Adela Rogers St. Johns, widely known writer, found out when, to get first-hand information for *The Examiner*, she took up the role of a girl out of work and without money. What happened that night and in what strange place she found a refuge, she tells in the second chapter of her dramatic story; a chapter to be followed by others, telling of her meeting with an unexpected friend, of job-hunting, and of her experiences with charity organizations and private employers.

**Prosperity Ball  
 Announced**

...g a prosperity revival  
 to Florence Nightingale  
 of Honorables has an-  
 nouncing and ball at the  
 more, Saturday evening.

**Mary Rommel,  
 Pioneer, Dies**

...y P. Rommel, 79, pioneer  
 resident and church-  
 ed yesterday at her home  
 ee avenue, after a week's  
 was one of the organ-  
 First English Lutheran  
 ...rived by a son and four  
 Funeral services will be  
 ne Paris Mortuary, 860  
 street, at 2 p. m. to-  
 entment will be in Rose-  
 ters.

**Promoters  
 Ice Court Today**

... Los Angeles and San  
 financiers and oil pro-  
 near before United States  
 dge Paul J. McCormick  
 arraignment and plea.  
 ...harged with using the  
 fraud in connection with  
 of the Italo Petro-  
 of America, which  
 the hands of a Federal  
 equity.

**12-INCH PIPE  
 TRAPS GIRL, 3**

Three-year-old Helen Martin thought it great fun playing in a 12-inch steel pipe in her backyard at 921 1/2 West Eighth place last night—until she tried to get out.  
 And then she discovered that she was wedged in tight. And the harder she tried to free herself, the tighter she was held. She screamed for her father, H. Martin. He called the fire department.  
 "Looks like we'll have to cut the pipe with an acetylene torch," said one of the firemen.  
 "If we can get her to straighten her knees, we'll be able to pull her out," said Capt. Harry Griffin.  
 So with a broom-stick, Captain Griffin managed to push her feet down, straighten her legs and extricate her.  
 And from now on, Helen promised her mother she'll play outside of tight places.

**Jobless Girls**



HERE ARE unfortunate women receiving...

**By Adela Rogers St. Johns**

Were you ever alone in a city at night without money and without a bed?  
 Up until midnight, it is an adventure.  
 After midnight, it becomes the most fearsome and soul-shaking experience a woman may face.  
 Upon my first night as a member of the army of unemployed women, I found myself broke, without baggage and without a room. A poor, shabby creature, moving alone among crowds, in a sort of bright, pitiless glare that is worse than any darkness.  
 In every woman, young and old, pretty or ugly, is bred and trained a deep fear of the streets at night. Fear of insult and of attack.

**Wasn't Scared  
 But She Was; So "Big Liz" Reassures Her**

"You wasn't scared, was you?" Big Liz said to me the next day, as we sat side by side in line at an employment agency, and I told her of my strange night.  
 "At first I was," I said.  
 "Don't be nervous," she said.

charged with using the fraud in connection with ton of the Italo Petro-ration of America, which the hands of a Federal equity.

**Angians Will Hold Lake Park Fete**  
Westlake Park for picnic February 6 and 7, was yesterday to the Canadian association by the Board Commissioners. On Feb- association plans a re- and on February 7 an al goodwill program.

**WOMEN'S LEAGUE MEET**  
rs of the New Voters' ung people's political or- will meet tonight at re boulevard, it was an- sterday. Franklin Low- side.

## Your Home to Avoid Poisoning, State Warns

your homes!  
the warning sent out safe Industrial Accident and on file in the state erday.  
arge number of persons lives from running an engine in a closed gar- ventilation, many also y from defective heating n homes from the same on monoxide gas.

☛ This gas, it was pointed out, is not only tasteless but odorless. It is a product of incomplete combustion and always more or less present in automobile exhausts and almost any kind of heating apparatus.  
"Where proper ventilation is maintained, there is slight danger of carbon monoxide. Where ventilation is not maintained, the danger is always present, the Accident Commission warns.

## Jobless Girls Center Ready

Dedication of the Girls' Rendezvous, a downtown center for un- employed women and girls arranged by the Mayor's committee, has been set for 2 p. m. today.  
The center is at 643 South Flower street, in a building donated by Lee Phillips, and all furnishings and equipment have been given. A rest room, presided over by a dif- ferent hostess each day, and rooms where the girls may wash, iron and mend their clothing are fea- tures. Refreshments will be served daily. A trained social worker will have charge of the employment bu- reau.

HERE ARE unfortunate women receiv- ing their dinners. Arrow again points out writer of accompanying story, who, with others, is receiving bread.

## DRIVERS GIVEN YULE WARNING

"Give the Christmas shoppers a chance."  
Warning to this effect was ex- pressed by C. G. Chipchase, en- gineer of the Industrial Accident Commission. It is intended for automobilists who drive carelessly among the Christmas crowds in the busy streets in down-town areas.  
"See that you have good tires, that your brakes are working, that your headlights do not glare at night," Chipchase said.  
He also warned against the danger of accidents at lighted Christmas trees.  
"Keep inflammable ornaments off your Christmas trees, and save lives of your kiddles."

### MOTHER, GIRL MISSING

Police were asked yesterday to search for Mrs. Dorothy Bullen, 35, and her daughter Janis, 5, who left the family home at 1052 South Ridgeley drive in an automobile Fri- day morning.

## John C. Austin, Jobless Aid Head, Praises Series

John C. Austin, civic leader, former president of the Chamber of Commerce, and Chairman of President Hoover's Organization for Unemployment Relief in Southern California, yesterday wired *The Examiner* as follows:

"I have just read the first published installment of Adela Rogers St. Johns' story in today's *Examiner*, and I want to say both to her and to you that this story should drive home to the people of Southern California the human side of this problem of unem- ployment as nothing else can do.

"Until vivid pictures of local condi- tions are painted by known authorities from personal experience, we are all too prone to consider the problem from an economic and coldly mathe- matical standpoint rather than from the basis of human need and human suffering. Thank you both."



JOHN C. AUSTIN

AT THIS PLACE depression victims were treated by Mrs. Gifford, proprietress, with courtesy that nourished their spirits as well as bodies. —Examiner photo.

"You wasn't scared, was you?" Big Liz said to me the next day, as we sat side by side in line at an employment agency, and I told her of my strange night.  
"At first I was," I said.  
"Don't be scared," said Big Liz. "The easy way out' life has felt the depression just like ev- ery other business. When I was young, see, I worked for a dollar a week tending pigs and cooking for ranch hands, back in Illinois. And in them days, keeping your virtue was quite a strain, see? When your back started busting on you, you thought you'd sell out and go bad. And you could. Say, you can't sell out nowadays. You're safe as if you was in church."

All that night, while I walked the cold streets, not one man spoke an indecent word to me. I thought at first that my glasses and my funny clothes protected me. But I found out later that Big Liz was right. The oldest profession in the world is on the rocks just like every other profession.

Yet several men did speak to me that night.  
And one of them gave me a place to sleep.

Men are kinder than women. They are less suspicious. But I found, in my days of penniless job- seeking, that most people are kind. It is only organized charity that seems cold, that seems bound to bloodlessness and icy indifference with red tape.

Of all the things I experienced, the "pink ticket" of the County Charities was the hardest to bear. Gladly would I have traded it for the old yellow ticket of Russia. To meet a man alone in the dark

(Continued on Page 12, Cols. 2-7)

# Adela Rogers St. Johns Tells How Penniless Girl Finds Shelter

(Continued From Page One)

streets at night is nothing—nothing—compared to meeting the cold, suspicious gaze of most paid charity workers.

"Thank, first and foremost, is the privilege to be met in the situation of unemployment for women... Beneath the horrible strain of our present economic crisis, the organized charities are breaking down. We need a new Florence Nightingale to take an axe and break away the deadwood, the red tape, that stand between the unemployed woman and emergency relief.

If it hadn't been for a woman named Ethel M. Turk—may God bless her—I don't know what that comes later in the story...

## City Changes

### At 6 o'Clock Doors Close; Where to Turn?

At 6 o'clock, the city changes. Doors close. The crowds seem to grow less friendly, I was dirty, tired, hungry. And I knew of not one door that was open to me. Nor did I know where to turn in my extremity. The Community Chest when I used my last precious nickel to telephone, did not answer.

For I had clung to my dime. My last dime. You see that phrase often, lightly, easily. I'll never use it again. Not me. That dime felt good between my fingers—it felt warm. I kept it until after midnight.

At 6 o'clock I knew I was hungry. My insides ached. My head felt funny. But I was afraid to spend any money. The library was open and I went in there and read. It was warm. I counted over a hundred women, who looked hungry, too. Restless and hungry. They kept their eyes on their books or their papers. One or two of them dozed.

Suddenly it occurred to me to call the Community Chest. But it cost a nickel in telephone. In a small shop on East Fifth street I asked the man if I could use his phone. He stared at me. "Public phone in the drug store," he said.

## Y. W. C. A. Hotel

### Bright Lobby, Bellboys in Uniforms Owed Her

The Community Chest did not answer. Under the heading "Y. W. C. A.," I found the address of a hotel on Figueroa street. That might be a relief station. Again I walked. The blocks are so long. You try to pretend each time that you only have to go one block. It seems shorter that way. I walked into the lobby.

Bright, beautiful, with bellboys in daisy uniforms, ladies in evening dresses, Christmas trees. My shabbiness stood out against it like a ragged banner. Three times I walked across that lobby, trying to get up courage to speak to the clerk. Conscious of my old shoes, my old hat, my worn gloves, my empty pocketbooks.

That is the first step down, that feeling of shabbiness. It burns like a brand. You think people are staring at you, making fun of you, wondering how you have the nerve to be there.

In an employment agency I sat staring at the floor. The woman next to me shifted, gave me a hot look. Then, suddenly, with tears streaming down her face, she said, "Look at my stockings! Go ahead and look. Look at them. I've darned them and darned them—"

I hadn't even seen her stockings. But she wore them, with their holes and mended runs as Hester wore the scarlet letter. The badge of her shame. The shame of poverty, of unemployment. There should be no shame to poverty. But there is.

## Gets You Down

### Shame of Poverty Rubbed in by Charity Workers

It gets you down. The people who work to help the unemployed should remember that, always. To lose courage is to lose the battle. To feel charity rubbed into the sore wounds of your loneliness, and panic is the worst thing that can happen.

At 848 Plover street, there is a soup kitchen for women. The lunches are wonderful. You get a ticket from the Government employment bureau, you go there, and your body is fed. But more than that, your spirit is fed. You are treated as an equal. The day I was there a photographer came in to take pictures. Mrs. Gifford, who runs it, came in and spoke to the girls.

"You are my guests here," she said. "If you hesitate to have pictures taken, I will not allow it to be done. But there is nothing to be ashamed of in being caught in this great depression. And per-

haps when others see what we are doing here, we will get donations. But you are my guests—and you shall say."

Heads went up. A woman next to me said, gasping, "Isn't that wonderful?" It was. More wonderful than the food.

I went out into the night from that hotel trembling. It wasn't their fault. I shall tell you later of the work the Y. W. C. A. is doing. But somehow, somewhere, there should be an emergency station for women.

At nine o'clock, standing staring into a shop window, seeing nothing, a man spoke to me. My heart turned over with terror. I turned to look at him. A little old man, rather shabby himself, with kind blue eyes.

## Just His Pension

### Elderly Man Feeds Her; Sends Her to Mission

"I'm sorta lonesome, ten," he said. "You like to see a picture show?"

Swiftly I estimated the price of a ticket to a movie.

"I'd rather have the money," I said.

"Hungry?" he said. "Well, I wish I could do both, but I haven't got nothing but my pension and that don't go so far. Come on, I'll feed you."

Through the dark streets we walked. Through a part of town I

had never seen before at night. Things seem to be following us. My imagination ran riot. But he was such a little old man. I was so hungry. In a small break house, we ate. I wanted to keep within my bargain. For 15 cents I had pork chops and mashed potatoes, bread and coffee. Gee, it was wonderful.

"Thank you," I said and waited. "Where you going to sleep?" he asked. Now it was coming, I thought. For 15 cents. Even here, was one asked to "sing for one's supper?"

## Goes in Garage

### Young Man Lets Her Sleep on Auto Seat

"Whyn't you try the Christ Faith Mission?" he said. "They're good to girls down on their luck. You go up there."

I went. A dark building. Dark windows everywhere. The stairs were black. I was to know the beauty and the ugliness, the charity and the faith of that deep little mission later. But that night it was dark. Frightened, I went up the dark stairs, strange, dark, narrow stairs that might hold anything in wait. No one answered. I found out later that they close their doors at 9:30.

You see, you have to know the ropes of unemployment.

But if you ever need a bed, no

matter who you are, no matter whether your poverty is worthy or your soul unsmirched, go to the Christ Faith Mission. For their charity is like Christ's—for all.

Until 2 o'clock I walked the streets. I was afraid to speak to a policeman. What happened to "vagrants"? Was I a vagrant? What would they do to me for begging alone in the streets at that hour?

At 2 o'clock I saw lights across my dark path. I wanted a drink of water. The wide doors of a big white garage yawned. Perhaps there somebody would give me water. I put on a bold front. I would pretend I was just on my way home from late work.

A slim, dark young man in a white linen suit met me as I came in. I opened my mouth to tell my story—to keep up my pride.

"What's wrong, lady," he said. The lady did it. I broke! "Could you tell me—any place where—I could get a bed to sleep,

for nothing? I—I've been to the mission and I've been to the cheap hotels. I'm afraid of them."

He didn't bat an eyelash. No false sympathy.

"There's a limousine over in that corner. Got some good cushions. If you're out of it by 7 o'clock, you can sleep there."

I sought the back seat of that limousine as though it had been a bed of roses.

"Good night," said the tall young man. "Have a good sleep."

That was his last word. When I went out in the morning, ruffled, dirty, disheveled, but rested, he just nodded. And the next day I met Ruby. (Miss St. Johns tomorrow will tell more of her interesting experiences as a homeless, unemployed girl stranded in Los Angeles without friends.)

# PARK HERE

Rigid economy at the recreation ate a larger number and take care of the increased revenue yesterday in the department. Every time playgrounds down the city 431 cent a coat of 5.5 fiscal year. While attendance rapid rate the fell off \$7,612 previous year. During the year of the recreation from \$14,234,59

"it is so easy to THINK in your store" —said a

—and we thank you—it is one of the aims of our business to provide the calm service and the ease that makes shopping easy, even in the rush of Christmas plans—for it is thought which translates YOU into your gift, whether your expenditure be large

## Citizens' Cause

### Two Arrests

Citizens yesterday were responsible for two arrests.

Virgil Homer, 17, was held by Fred W. Frederickson and others at 807 West Tenth street for the offense. He was accused of attempting to break into a house. Walter W. Lewis, 6124 Seville avenue, Huntington Park, was held for the police at East Sixteenth and Santee streets. He was accused of crashing into an automobile there while intoxicated.

## Pola Negri Fast

### Regaining Health

Pola Negri, film star, is on the way to recovery.

Her physician, Dr. Leo J. Madsen, issued a bulletin yesterday which read:

"Miss Negri's improvement continues. The patient rested well last night and is taking nourishment. Her temperature is normal."

The actress last week underwent a major operation and blood transfusion.



### ACCESSORIES

- crease travel clocks . . . . . 7.50
- street and evening bags . . . . . 5.00
- costume jewelry . . . . . 1.00 to 10.00
- novel initial clips . . . . . 1.95
- choice umbrellas . . . . . 5.00
- exotic perfumes . . . . . 1.00 to 25.00
- initial apertzell handkerchiefs 3 in box 3.00

### STUDENTS' STORE

- bedroom slippers . . . . .
- fine tailored shirts . . . . .
- pyjamas . . . . .
- soft woolly sweaters . . . . .
- robes . . . . . 12
- neckwear . . . . .