

POSSES HUNT KIDNAPED OHIO CHILD'S BODY

Case Believed Parallel of Marian, Parker Tragedy; Girl 6, Lured Away by Man

Subway Tubes Searched and Gypsy Camps Raided; Police Believe Abductor Demented

CINCINNATI, Dec. 19.—(A. P.)—A parallel of the Marian Parker case—that was the theory police worked on tonight as they widened search for Marian McLean, 6, and her foreign-looking kidnaper.

Subway tunnels, gypsy camps and empty freight cars have been searched in vain for the McLean girl, who disappeared Thursday when induced by a tall, dark, hatchet-faced man to follow him down an alley. Police believe the abductor was demented.

Poor Circumstances
Unlike the Parker girl, daughter of a Los Angeles banker, the McLean child is of a family in poor circumstances, but police feared the latter had been slain, the same fate that overtook the California school girl four years ago.

Officers groped through the length of abandoned subway tubes, raided Gypsy camps, scurried through cellars and basements, searched every empty boxcar in the freight yards expecting to find Marian's body. The hunt was unsuccessful.

Police believed Marian would have been returned by now if alive, inasmuch as her kidnaper could not figure to hold her for ransom. Unsuccessful in the search, authorities were more than ever of the opinion that Marian would not be seen alive, a reproduction of the history of three other small girls kidnaped here in the last sixteen years.

Daughter of Millionaire Vanishes From School
PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 19.—(Universal Service.)—Virginia Penfield, beautiful blonde 19-year-old daughter of Clare J. Penfield, millionaire chain store operator, from Columbus, Ohio, is missing strangely from the exclusive Mary Lyons School in Swarthmore, Pa.

She vanished last Thursday, and at first was thought to have returned home prematurely for the Christmas holidays. But when she failed to arrive in Columbus, her father became alarmed.

Penfield flew here today, talked with the school authorities, and was closeted with police for several hours. Later, radio broadcast a description of the missing school girl to all parts of the nation.

How Jobless, Hungry Girls Live Told by Adela Rogers St. Johns

Famous Writer Pens Vividly Dramatic Story of Hardships, Rebuffs and Suffering Endured in Battling Wolf

What actually happens to a girl, penniless, alone and friendless in Los Angeles, when she tries to find work, food and shelter?

Adela Rogers St. Johns, famous writer, assumed that role to get first-hand information for *The Examiner*. She visited charity organizations, employment agencies, soup kitchens and free meal headquarters; met kindness, rebuffs, friendship and coldness. What she found she tells in a series of dramatic stories which throw a new light on the problems of the unemployed girl. Her own account of her first experience appears below.

By Adela Rogers St. Johns

The morning was cold against a red sky. Already my hands were stiff and comfortless in my thin pockets.

A new recruit in the army of the unemployed. Courage high, spirit undaunted. You hear about these things. Women out of work. Girls hungry. Old women begging for the roof of charity. You hear about them, but you don't know.

I know.
For I have been hungry, I have been cold, I have been without a bed upon which to lay a body weary and aching with fatigue. I have been lonely in the long lines of lonely women. I have burned with the never familiar shame of begging for bread I knew I could earn—if I had a chance. But that chill morning I was somehow without fear, I didn't quite believe. But I believe now, and you will believe, too, as you go with me.

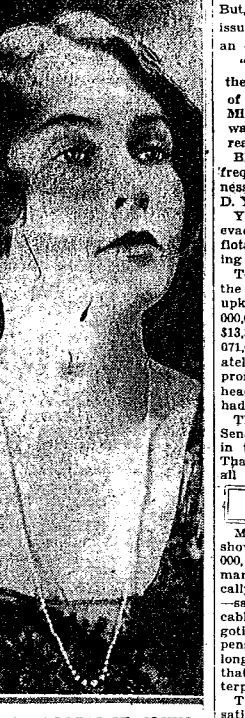
I didn't have a nickel. By the spirit of my compact to go as thousands of women today are going to seek work, I didn't have a friend among the million and a quarter people in the city of Los Angeles. I was starting from scratch, no money, no baggage, no friends.

I had to get work if I wanted to eat, to sleep, to keep warm. Not work next week, nor next month, nor when things "get better." Cold and hunger will not wait. Yet I was to discover later that both cold and hunger can be borne with a girl who is a things which happen to an unemployed woman which are so much worse than cold and hunger pale into insignificance.

Burning Feet
Your spirit bears the humiliation of asking charity. You grow used to the yearning for brightness and gaiety. You warm your icy loneliness your homelessness, at the beacon fires of kindness and sympathy which spring up all along the way.

But nothing, nothing, seems to take away the agony of asking, to feel that burning feet. Grotesque, isn't it? Feet that scream in protest every time they touch another foot of the miles and miles of pavement that lie between one employment agency and another, one breadline and another, one possible job and another, one charity organization and another.

There are ten thousand—twenty thousand—nobody knows just how many thousands of unemployed girls, and women in this city. With a brave grin—many of them are brave and kind—or with a bitter sneer, for they grow bitter as they grow poorer and sicker and listen to the purr of automobile tires and the clang of street car bells; they will say to you, "I'll be all right if my feet hold out."



ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

picture-horse. But it is the whole horror of unemployment concentrated in one true, ugly picture.

My feet grew to be a throbbing menace that swamped my courage, my efficiency, my attempt to be gay.

And I think as long as I live I shall remember the bleeding feet of the unemployed as I shall remember the newsboy who lent me an "extra" nickel for carfare to Hollywood when a woman in a fur coat had given me only 15 cents of the 20 I needed.

FINANCIER SEES GERMAN YOUTH REVOLT ON DEBT

Charles E. Mitchell Tells Senate Probers He Doesn't Think Nation Can Pay for 62 Years

BY B. C. FORBES
(Copyright, 1931, by Universal Service, Inc.)
WASHINGTON, Dec. 19.—Charles E. Mitchell, chairman of the National City Bank, told the Senate finance committee today the youth of Germany would launch a rebellion if saddled with war debts for the next sixty-two years.

"If America's youth be saddled with them, why shouldn't they rebel?" countered Senator Reed of Pennsylvania.

The banker called it "an impasse." Which means you get nowhere. That was about as far as the senatorial probers got today in digging into the sale of millions of foreign bonds to American investors. Every few moments the bond scent was lost and off the solons rushed to moratorium talk.

Must Face Realities
Mitchell, like Morgan's partner, Lamont, on the previous day, ducked "preaching cancellation." But, tired of sidestepping this side issue, he finally gave the Senators an earful.

"They asked me for it. I gave them the fundamentals, the vitals of the whole debt business," Mitchell remarked to me afterwards. "It's time to face the realities of the world situation."

Bluntly, this bank magnate who frequently covers Europe on business trips, doesn't believe the Owen D. Young plan will reach old age.

Yesterday, Lamont and Mitchell evaded talk of "profits" on bond flotations; they spoke only of "selling spreads."

Today, Mitchell mentioned that the National City Company, whose upkeep he put at \$6,000,000 to \$10,000,000 a year, made a "profit" of \$13,392,000 on a distribution of \$1,071,000,000 securities—but immediately explained this wasn't really profit, because a whole lot of "overhead" and other necessary expenses hadn't been deducted.

The moment the session opened Senator Johnson evinced interest in the "total net profits" earned. That has been his particular quest all along.

Taxation and Business

"WE MUST have insistent and determined reduction in Government expenses. We must face a temporary increase in taxes. Such increase should not cover the whole of these deficits or it will retard recovery. We must partially finance the deficits by borrowing." —From the President's message to Congress.

The President's recommendation is vague and general.

His words do not go to the heart of the situation. Possibly his thoughts do not go to the heart of the situation.

Taxation being a domestic matter and not an international one, it is even possible that his INTEREST does not go to the heart of the situation.

As a matter of plain and simple fact, ALL taxation is a burden upon business.

At the present time additional taxation is an ADDED BURDEN upon business; and it is reasonably obvious to any thinking person that this is not a time to put added burdens upon business and to INCREASE the depression or to RETARD the return of prosperity.

The nation did a wise thing in raising large sums of money when business throughout the country was exceptionally good, and in reducing the national debt vigorously and speedily; but the nation would do a foolish thing to attempt in bad times to reduce the debt at the same ratio that it had reduced it in good times.

As a matter of fact, the extreme reduction of the national debt during good times ought to make it possible and advisable for the nation to go through the present period of bad times without any reduction of the national debt at all.

Indeed, an intelligent policy for the country would be to INCREASE the debt at this time by borrowing and so relieve the Government entirely of the necessity of imposing ADDITIONAL tax burdens upon business at a time when business throughout the country is making a desperate effort to keep its head above water EVEN WITH THE BURDENS IT ALREADY HAS.

Increasing taxation in good times and DECREASING taxation in bad times would be a wise and far-seeing policy, probably more progressive than can be expected from a Government hobbled by convention and largely controlled by reactionary banking interests.

After his own vague references to taxation and a general recognition of the fact that even a temporary increase in taxes is likely "to retard recovery," Mr. Hoover proceeds to recommend in his budget message THAT CONGRESS ADOPT THE TAX PLAN OF SECRETARY MELLON, which is specific enough but largely in the wrong direction.

To finance the deficit for 1931-1933, Mr. Mellon proposes TAX INCREASES for the three-year period of more than \$1,333,000,000, and additional borrowings of only \$2,000,000,000 for the three-year period.

The ratio of Federal taxes to Federal loans during the late great war was about one to five. Surely the existing economic emergency is serious enough to return more nearly to that ratio than the Mellon plan provides for.

The trouble with the Mellon plan is that it is largely a BANKER'S PLAN. Mr. Mellon is a BANKER HIMSELF and he proposes a tax plan that will PLEASE THE BANKERS.

Hoover's Greetings

NEW YORK, Dec. 19.—Society's

LONDON, Dec. 19.—Unable to

It's Same Old Music

BY ARTHUR "BUGS" BAER

Johnston

SPEAKEASY FAD STORE BY WALES' PALACE ROBBED

It's Same Old Music

BY ARTHUR "BUGS" BAER

MORALE TO BE PAST

G.O.P., Democ to Break by Calling

Johnson Bloc Vote in Refu Battle Will

By Frase

WASHINGTON All the power of the Administration and of the Democrats and out of brought to attempt to one-year through the Christmas Tuesday.

Last-L

Although with the Senate is a the pledges sec the President House reservation or cancellations assurances that come before C Senator Hiram Johnson, leader with at least fighting them prepared to m to focus public propaganda at for bad cance There is no haste" on such the American in pointing out payments of member 15. He objection to a amount import through the Se two days of d

Leader

The anxiety tion to speed p torium was m finance comm inquiry into t boards and t announced th by a vote of 31 15 minutes' c ordered report vote. The only it was that nally of Texas. The attempt (Republican) of the moratorium ate was blocke objection sent calendar "and Monday under nounced. Hoov to take it up l abandoned the "most certainly through before cesa.

"Are we to hat on fro asked tronical "You know Smoot. "Well, that Johnson, slapp manner of a n triumph.

Johnston

Later Johnson referring to t and declaring t would be defea vote if submit People's John This vote i the moratori able reformati flo opinion. N efforts of the nation, the De tion and the the President, blamishment

Hunger, Rebuffs, Spur Needy Seeking Work

GRIM STRUGGLE OF GIRLS FOR LIVING BARED

Adela Rogers St. Johns Pens Dramatic Account of Many Rebuffs Met by Job-Seekers

(Continued From Page One)

first morning. It never occurred to me.

"I wanted work. Just a chance to earn my living. Of course, I didn't intend to be fussy. I'd take any kind of a job. But I was pretty cocky about it, in my secret heart. I would get work. Why not? I was young, strong, fairly intelligent and not repulsive.

As I walked along I grew into the role that was to become so deadly earnest before I was through. I imagined myself deep into my story.

I was May Harrison. No background. Nothing but my two hands and my own brain. Surely there was a place for me to do my daily labor and get my daily bread without the salt of life.

As long as I could, I would stay away from that. It seems a fundamental trait of all women to avoid begging. For I felt it deeply then, though I hadn't yet encountered the deadly, hopeless stare, the hatred of almost all organized charity which beats a dull pulse beneath the trouble and agony of the new women of the streets.

'Must Have Front'

The more fact that I wore old clothes, a pair of "horn-rimmed glasses, a hat of the fashion made famous by Marie Dressler as Minnie, and that benefit of make-up couldn't so deeply alter things. I was still ME.

Things like that alter the whole face of the universe. As Ruby said to me later—Ruby, who was my Good Samaritan in a dark hour when I was not liked and tears were close—"If you haven't got a front, sister, you're strictly up against it. Nobody you meet up with when you're broke and out of work has got time to look at nothing more than the surface.

You'll like Ruby, as I liked her. As I walked through the second street tunnel at 7 o'clock I estimated my wages.

I was May Harrison.

I had better go on with it. Los Angeles.

"Don't let 'em think, one fine-looking, middle aged woman, once the head distillation of a big hospital, told me when we met in the offices of a great charity organization, "He do anything, but you won't get help from anyone if you're a stranger here."

Sticks to Story

But that was my original story. I wanted to tell the worst of the thing that is going on here honest—our very eyes. So—I had been here but two months. I owed a month's rent, and so my landlady had put me out. I had used up all my money. I had no roof over my head and not the means to buy the cup of coffee I began to feel I wanted very badly.

I could cook. Not expertly, but well enough for the average American family. I would wash and iron (and did I wash and iron before I was through), sweep and muck beds, darn stockings, all those things,

Seeking to Earn Their Bread!



SCENE in one of Los Angeles' big employment agencies, showing group of women patiently awaiting an offer of work. Anxious and capable, some of them manage to obtain employment, but many meet with failure. Adela Rogers St. Johns, disguised as working woman, fourth from left.

best get jobs now—and most of them don't."

She didn't send me out.

Also, I figured that men were nearly always ready to buy food for a woman who was in trouble. Well, I found out a lot of things about men while I tramped the pavements looking for work. A lot of funny things.

There was nobody around at 8 o'clock in the morning. I wanted to buy a morning paper. I wanted a cup of coffee. But I didn't have any money. A moment's cold panic struck me. Not a nickel! In all American currency, there is no coin as important as a nickel.

Coffee. Car fare. Telephone calls. I went into a coffee house. I thought it would be easy to ask for a cup of coffee. The eyes of the blonde behind the cash register met mine. I didn't go to the counter. I went to the telephone booth and looked up a list of employment agencies and wrote them down with my stubby pencil. My whole equipment in life that morning consisted of that pencil, a toothbrush, a clean handkerchief,

She Goes to Park

Then I went out and sat in Pershing Square. There was no place upon me. The world had changed its face. Had become an enemy instead of a friend.

"An old woman, sitting beside me—seventy, wrinkled, old woman, said, "Up against it, kid?"

The inevitable salutation of the sisterhood of the unemployed.

"Up against it, kid?"

"I'm looking for a job," I said.

"Been looking two years," she said.

With a toothless grin she handed me the morning paper. And the grin widened as I turned to the want ads.

"Don't waste no time on those ads for saleswomen, unless you got money," she said. "You got to buy your stuff. You got three-four dollars?"

"I haven't got a nickel," I said. She grinned again. "Just as well," she said. "I was going to tap you for java and doughnuts. They're the most filling. Well, good luck. Better try to get on

of those jobs around if you got car fare to look for them."

I didn't have car fare.

In the first agency I tried I became familiar with the "board." Upon a blackboard in every agency are written down the jobs open.

I looked eagerly, my hopes leaping as I saw any number of them—maids, cooks, mother's helpers.

A tall blonde giggled as she saw my face light up.

"Don't pay any attention to those," she said. "That one's been there since before Hoover passed the first war debt. They just keep 'em there to make things look good."

In that first agency I got a walk-up right on the chin.

From behind the desk a tall old woman looked me over.

"Where's your references?" she said. "Got any?"

"No."

"Don't waste me time," she said. "I've got two thousand girls registered here that've got references from Mrs. Vanderbilt and Mary Pickford."

Down the long, narrow, dark stairs. Up another pair exactly like theirs. On the board, "Waitresses!" It seemed simple.

The man stared at me.

"Can't you read?" he said. "Don't it say 18 and very snappy?"

"If you can't read, don't come around."

As I turned away, a little sick, a pretty little Spanish girl spoke to me.

"Say, them waitress jobs are fierce. Last one I tried for they made me strip to my pants and brassiere to see if I could stand the uniform. I didn't get the job, neither."

A Kindly Woman

But the next woman was kind. Very kind. A big woman, with rings on her hands, a dark green smock buttoned over her portly figure, a cigarette in her mouth, and kind eyes.

"Something happened to you, hasn't it?" she said.

"Yes, I told her.

She flipped through a file.

"Here's a job at housework. Go out there. Never mind the commission. If you get the job, I'll

my card. My feet hurt a little. She looked at the card, not at me.

"That position's been filled for a week," she said, and shut the door in my face.

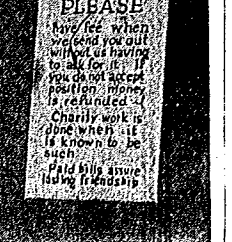
Slowly, I walked back to the car line. I had a dime left. I was hungry. The hours stretched ahead, long and cold and friendless.

I decided to walk back to town to save that dime. One slim, rather dirty dime. It stood between me—and I didn't know what.

I walked swiftly, then more slowly. My feet began to hurt. Long, long blocks. I asked two women for a ride, but they didn't stop. I got back to town.

When night came, I had no place to sleep.

(Further experiences of Miss St. Johns among the ranks of Los Angeles' unemployed women will be related tomorrow.)



PLEASE buy for what you need you out without us having to ask for it. If you can't accept our offer, please return it. Charily work is done when it is known to be. Maid Bill since having friendship.

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TAKING AN APPLICATION for employment in another of the city's larger agencies. Adela Rogers St. Johns (center) with little girl—almost a child—being questioned by secretary (left).

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"I'll go," I said.

"Got car fare?"

I shook my head.

Gives Her Quarter

From a worn and overstuffed purse she took a quarter.

"Here you are," she said. "Good luck, sister."

I spent a nickel of that for coffee. I went on a long journey and walked seven blocks to a small, strange, pink stucco house. A blonde woman with unkind hair

GEN

Cor. 5th & Stores in Bakerfield Fresno, Mod Stock

STILL TIME

TO OPEN AN ACCOUNT

R. J. JASTROW

\$24.85
18k Solid White Gold
Blue-White Diamond

NO MONEY DOWN

ARRANG for which you expect to pay more. Carved of 18k Solid White Very open pierced work. A ting much light, which the full brilliance of the perfect BLUE-WHITE Diamond Special, \$24.85. NO DOWN PAYMENT, 75c a week. No interest.

R. J. JASTROW

The bedroom suite shown above is the most complete furniture company for many years. Five-pl

...to all women to
...for I felt it deeply
...though I hadn't yet encoun-
...the deadly, hopeless state, the
...of almost all civilized chari-
...which is the only hope for
...the trouble and misery of the
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I could cook. Not expertly, but well enough for the average American family.

I could wash and iron (and did I wash and iron before I was through), sweep and make beds, darn stockings, all those things; thanks to a wise, old-fashioned grandmother.

I was expert with kids, big and little.

I was a fair typist, could type well, and fast and take dictation slightly. I couldn't add, but perhaps that wouldn't matter. I didn't. I was able to add everything I got hold of without trouble.

It seemed to me that was the average equipment of the average unemployed woman.

Later, a starchy, gray-haired, harassed woman at the Community Chest told me with a sigh, "My good woman, there are ten thousand cooks out of work in Los Angeles."

Must Be Experts

And the head of a large commercial employment agency shook her head and said harshly:

"No good sending you out unless you're very expert. Only the

best get jobs now and most of them don't."

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of those jobs around if you got car fare to look for them."

"I didn't have car fare."

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"Here you are," she said. "Good luck, stater."

I spent a nickel of that for coffee. I went on a long journey and walked seven blocks to a small, dreary, pink stucco house. A blonde woman with untidy hair came to the door. I showed her

SMART TIPS FOR THRIFTY SHOPPERS

BY **PEGGY MOORE**



LA PALMA CAFETERIA—The perfect setting for the family Christmas or New Year's dinner. Quality in delicious and satisfying foods. Charm in surroundings and service. Every visit a delight. 615 S. Grand, just off Wilshire. C. O. Manspeaker, Prop.

Suggestions for your formal for the holiday festivities: A blank waist gown is given a square yoke of fine buck, and the skirt catches distinction by means of French draping. A white crepe remains its light fitting to below the knees, then flaring to give low fullness. Yours for happy holidays. Peggy Moore.

ELZA BEAUTY SHOP is now specializing in beautiful, individual finger waves, 50c. Realistic croquignole or spiral wave waves reduced to 35c. Same old experienced operators. Insecto hair dyeing, \$3.50 up, done by expert of 20 years' experience. 512 Foreman Bldg. VA. 0142.

For the formal—a square décolletage, small puff sleeves and beaded bands at the normal waist line are new features.

GAY, DISTINCTIVE Christmas cards, all prices. Book & Art Shop, 5 Main Lobby, 354 S. Spring street.

LISS HOLIDAY SPECIALS—Our popular \$3 "Natural," now \$3.75. Our \$7 "Lustrous" wave now \$3.85. Distinctive haircut with shampoo, \$1. Shampoo with finger wave, 75c and \$1. All work under personal supervision of Mrs. Liss. 8 a. m. to 8 p. m. 309 Dewittier Bldg. MA. 3166.

WINNIE CONAHAN, formerly of Hill Street Woman's Beauty Shop, is now at 708 Haas Bldg., offering expert work, shampoo and finger wave, 60c; manicure, 50c; permanent, \$3.95. 9 a. m. to 8:30 p. m. VA. 6342.

WE ARE DELMONDO FOR A LIMED-JANE diamonds and diamond jewelry at unusually low prices to reduce our stock. Watch carefully. Anderson Jewelry Shop, Km. 209, Loew's State Bldg. TU. 4604.

Rajian slouches give the swank broad shouldered look

HAVE YOUR OLD JEWELRY made over, or new watches, settings, or diamonds at a saving. Peerless Platers, 239 1/2 S. Spring, upstairs.

FAMOUS KELLY WAVES—Require no finger waving; no knots or frizzes; will not discolor white or gray hair. \$5. 1233 Loew's State Building. VA. 9427.

GIFTS for Men and Women. Carving sets, pocket knives, fine cutlery at low prices. Unusual novelties. Steiner's Cutlery Shop, 210 W. 3rd.

SHAMPOO AND SHARP-RIDGED FINGERWAVE. 60c. Dora Dean, 607 S. Hill. Room 925. VA. 8681

Canton crepe is favored for formal shades of Pezalan green, Patau (purple-cerise), Ghel (purple, white and black).

Evening gowns are bucklean, some with straps.

A white satin evening gown with a neckline very high in front, very low in back, is shown. A brief white satin jacket to match has half-like fur sleeves.

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80c—LADIES' HAIRCUT—BY specialist, that's all I do. Chas. Kelly, 718 Loew's State Bldg. TU. 6356



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