

JOHN PERRIN, NOTED BANKER, DIES IN EAST

Heart Attack at Washington Fatal; Once Chairman of Bay City Reserve Unit

John Perrin, 74, of South Pasadena, nationally known banker and chairman of the Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco from 1914 to 1926, died in Washington, D. C., yesterday of a heart attack, according to dispatches.

Perrin, who was born at Ross-ville, Ind., studied banking in Europe after graduation from Yale in 1879. After nine years as vice president of the Perrin National Bank, Lafayette, Ind., founded by his father, he organized the American National Bank at Indianapolis.

He came to California in 1910 and was active in the organization of the Federal Reserve system, becoming chairman of its San Francisco unit in 1914.

Visited Europe

After his retirement, Perrin divided his time between his New York home and his winter residence, 1000 Buena Vista street, South Pasadena. A year ago he went to Europe for his health, and returned to America this month.

Perrin is survived by his widow, Ellenor Bates Perrin; a son, Herve E. Perrin of Pasadena, and a grandson, John B. Perrin. He was a member of the California, Mid-west Country and Valley Hunt clubs, as well as many eastern organizations.

Funeral services will be held in Indianapolis, his son said last night.

County 5-Day Week Urged

In a letter to the County Board of Supervisors, the Long Beach Central Labor Council advocates the early establishment of the six-hour, five-day, work week for all county employees, as a means of providing more persons with work. Similar expressions have reached the board from Los Angeles and San Pedro labor bodies, but no action has yet been taken.

LIBRARY CLOSED JAN. 1

All branches and the central building of the Los Angeles Public Library will be closed all day New Year's Day, it was announced yesterday by Everett R. Perry, librarian.

Crime Bandit, as Evangelist



JINKS HARRIS, one-time film cowboy and ex-convict, who is returning as evangelist to city where he was convicted for robbery.—Int'l. Newsreel photo.

He appears every Sunday in color in the section of the Los Angeles Examiner

'Please Buy a Flower'

ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS, at left, showing two taxi dance girls her wares in a dance hall. She found the girls sympathetic, but their earnings were so small they could not buy. Miss St. Johns sold artificial flowers while posing as an unemployed girl in gathering material for her interesting story.

—Examiner photo.



\$2 By Six o'Clock Cost of Avoiding Charity Maelstrom

Writer Tells How She Begged Money for Her Flowers

REBUFFS

Trials and Troubles of Girls Selling to Public Revealed

Today, perhaps, there are more girls and women engaged in that bleak and forlorn last resort of the unemployed—house-to-house selling—than ever before.

In the following installment, Adela Rogers St. Johns, noted writer, tells about these pathetic saleswomen, their pitiful struggles and rebuffs, from her own experience in the role of a jobless and penniless girl.

By Adela Rogers St. Johns

Two dollars.
By 6 o'clock.

I had to have two dollars by 6 o'clock to buy my box of artificial flowers. And those two dollars seemed to me more money than there was in the world. I didn't even have any fare.

But unless I wanted to be buffeted back into the maelstrom of charity, I had to get that money and take my long, desperate chance on selling things.

Panhandling is not a pretty business. You get the money, nearly always, you get it, especially if you ask for it in small sums. The desperate part of the business is to get up your courage to ask. It seems to be against every fundamental instinct. You walk back and forth. You see a nicely dressed woman and say to yourself, "I will ask her." You don't.

A man with a jolly face comes by. He will surely give you what you need—need—not want!

Why, you can tell to look at him that he wouldn't turn anybody down. He pines on, you follow two steps, and shakes back into the crowd. Better wait for someone else. Maybe he'd be fresh.

'Frightened Glance' and Then the Woman Hurries On

The first woman I spoke to gave me a frightened glance and hurried on. Ten minutes passed before that rebuff wore off—and my time was getting short, if I was going to get to that dance hall that night.

Do you know where I got it? From a nice looking store for her car. The whole two dollars, I couldn't believe it. Outside, it had begun to rain. In cold, nasty gusts. My shoes were wet and the shoulders of my coat clung. I stepped inside to get warm and I saw this woman. An old face, of white ivory, with terribly alive eyes. There were rings on her fingers, in heavy, old-fashioned settings. A lady—I knew it—a lady who had probably driven down Figueroa street in her carriage. There aren't many ladies left

(Continued on Page 12.)

SECRET AUTOS HERE FOR SHOW

Many new automobile models, several of them still "under cover," arrived yesterday for Los Angeles' nineteenth annual automobile show, to open Saturday, January 9, at Wilshire boulevard and Fairfax avenue.

The body designs and other innovations of the "under cover" models are being kept secret and will be unveiled for the first time at the show, it was stated.

Back to School, Boys and Girls

Christmas vacation ended, more than 300,000 school children and 10,000 teachers of the Los Angeles public school district will return to their classes today. Sessions are to be discontinued New Year's Day and resumed next Monday. The new school term begins on January 25.

Richard Dix Tax Plea Stated Today

Charged with income tax evasion, Richard Dix, motion picture actor, is scheduled to appear before United States District Judge Paul J. McCormick today for arraignment and plea. It is alleged by the Government that the actor is delinquent approximately \$33,026 on his income returns for the years of 1927 and 1928.

129 Autos in L. A. for Every Parking Space Downtown

If all the automobiles registered in Los Angeles should suddenly drive downtown and attempt to park, there would be 129 cars to every curb space.

This is the finding of Harvard University student engineers, who have just completed a personal traffic survey of fifteen large American cities. In comparison, they found that New York City has only fifteen registered cars for every downtown parking space.

Chaotic traffic conditions in Los Angeles and other cities will lead toward construction of large-scale self-contained buildings, the students predict. Such structures will "have everything"—the business man will conduct every item of the building's transactions without leaving the building.

Second-story sidewalks, arcades, two-level streets and mechanical parking stations are among immediate improvements noted.

Vet Entertainer Stricken in Act

Harry Robettas dangled by his teeth high above a stage at the Sawtelle Soldiers' Home. An aerial climb of cheer for the invalid veterans at a Christmas party.

As he swung perilously above the stage, against physicians' warnings, he was stricken with severe internal pains—but completed his act.

Yesterday arrangements were made to care for Robettas—also a veteran—in the Government hospital, for paralysis has resulted from his sacrifice.

POLICE MOBBED; CAPTIVE FLEES

More than 100 Mexicans from a Belvedere pool hall mobbed two deputy sheriffs and caused a prisoner to escape late Saturday night.

Deputy Sheriffs Gail and Allensworth answered a call to 4042 Brooklyn avenue to quell a fight. They found Margarito Miramontes badly cut over the left eye. He pointed out Roy Aguirre, 23, as his attacker. The officers arrested the suspect.

He broke and ran, but was recaptured and handcuffed. As he was placed in the Sheriff's car, more than 100 hoodlums assaulted the two officers. In the melee the prisoner escaped, still handcuffed.

The officers arrested Daniel Valdez on charges of disturbing the peace and aiding a prisoner to escape.

Miss Sepulveda Funeral Today

In the historic Plaza Church, where she was christened 82 years ago, funeral services will be held at 10 o'clock this morning for Miss Tranquilina Sepulveda.

Preliminary rites will be in the chapel of the Cunningham & O'Connor mortuary, 1031 South Grand avenue, at 9 a. m., to be followed by a requiem mass at the church, after which the body will be placed in the Mott family vault at Calvary Cemetery.

Pallbearers will be Thomas D. Mott, Laurence Vander Leek, Lorenzo Palanco, John O. Forster, Isidore B. Dockweiler, a friend of over sixty years, and John G. Mott.

By Percy L. Crosby

TO HEAR HIM TALK
WALK THROUGH THE

Only 363

FLOWER GIRLS' TRIALS REVEALED

'Nobody Wants to See You; Nobody Wants to Buy Your Wares, Declares Writer Telling Experiences

(Continued From Page One)

In the world. It is out of fashion. When you find one, you are lucky—as I was.

Only a quarter. That's all I asked for. Her keen eyes took me in.

'Something has happened to you, my girl,' she said. 'What do you want money for?'

I told her. Two minutes later I went out, thrilled as I haven't been in a long time, with my two dollars, in crumpled bills, clasped tightly in my hand. I never let go of them once while I walked back to Glendale boulevard.

Somehow the rain didn't seem so cold nor the mud, so slippery.

The soft swing of music. The gleam of a polished dance floor. Rose lights lowered—a taxi dance hall.

Girls—blonde and dark, tall and little—girls with brightly smiling faces—lined up in a long row. Gay and gallant. Having a good time. Bare shoulders above evening gowns. Little sport frocks. Chins up.

Ten cents a dance! I lined among them and enjoyed the movement and the light and the color—for a little while.

Not a Dancer

'I Went There to Sell my Artificial Flowers'

But it was not as a taxi dancer that I made my way among the throngs seeking so hard for pleasure and forgetfulness. That job was beyond me.

In the first place, I'm a rotten dancer and in the second, I'm beyond the age limit.

I went there to sell my artificial flowers. The flowers I had bought with my precious two dollars. Orchids of lavender silk. Gardenias of white satin. Crimson roses. All laid out alluringly in a big white box.

The proprietor of the Rose Room didn't want to let me in at first. It wasn't good business. The men who come to the Rose Room haven't a great deal of money to spend. They want to spend in on dances—and the girls need the money.

But my muddy shoes and my tired eyes appealed to him. He was kindly. He let me in.

During my days among the unemployed I had wondered about "selling things." "No jobs in the stores. All taken. Walk yourself blind, still there is not—cannot be—any place for you behind the counters.

But there is another kind of selling which women take on as a last stand against the panic of homelessness, in a last desperate effort to make the rent and the gas and keep a roof over the heads of those who must look to them for the sheer necessities of life.

Selling from door to door—from office to office—upon the streets.

HAVE to work. They are absolutely dependent upon their own efforts for their actual living.

And of that 24,000, 50 per cent, more than 12,000, have from ONE to FIVE dependants.

Remember That

'These Women Not Under Recognized Charity'

Remember that when you think of this problem.

Remember, too, that these women do not come under any recognized class in charity organizations. Theoretically, yes. Actually, no.

Those are the women who resort to selling candy from door to door. These are the women who sell artificial flowers in dance halls.

It was raining as I went into the Rose Room. I don't think that ever in my life I felt so discouraged and so utterly—unwanted. That's the word. Just unwanted.

To walk up to people and ask them to buy flowers—even such lovely flowers as I had in my big white box. To interrupt a man and a girl, heads close together at a small table, and ask him to buy her a flower. To speak to boys, standing alone, looking up and down the line to select a girl to dance with, and suggest that he buy flowers!

Yet, I tell you now, that I am not the only woman who has earned her living at a profession, who has been successful in the business world, who has sold flowers in dance halls and gone from door to door with packages of Christmas handkerchiefs in her hand.

As the music melted and flowed, I went through the room, selling. The girls were kind. They were more than kind. They took a look at me, my muddy shoes, my soiled gloves. One girl in a green jumper asked me to come into their dressing room. There were nine or ten girls in there, resting their feet, putting on new lipstick, combing their short hair.

Embarrassed

'They Looked But Were Too Poor to Buy'

I showed them the flowers. They stood around, plainly embarrassed. Some put on hard masks and stared past me. Some looked eagerly at the flowers. None offered to buy. It seemed strange to me, for they were so kindly and I was so obviously up against it.

A little dark girl in a red dress said hurriedly, "Look, you try to get the men to buy. We—gee, look, we can't afford it. Fifty cents? You know how much I made last week?"

I didn't. I had always, somehow, imagined that those girls, who looked so gay and bright, who smiled so constantly, who seemed so exquisitely dressed and so delicately made up, were rich. That

APPEAL COURT'S SLATE CLEARED

With only ten appeals pending on Christmas Eve, the Appellate Department of the Superior Court will start the New Year with a clean slate.

Superior Judge Victor R. McCueas made this announcement.

Holiday for L

Holiday drinking police for the day yesterday.

James R. Nichols, war veteran, burned, having fallen smoking a cigar.

BULLOCK'S WILSHIRE

COATS AND SUITS

—right now—with many months more for wear—lavishly furred coats—all less than HALF—were 125.00 to 135.00—now

—another group of furred coats—dark colors—lovely furs—were 165.00 to 350.00

—9 furred and unfurred suits—all smartly styled—were 125.00 to 250.00—NOW

(SECOND FLOOR)

CHILDREN'S FLO

100 girls' angora, light weight wool, silk frocks 4 to 16—were 10.75 to 25.00, now 5.45, 8

12 girls' astrakhan coats, were 25.00

20 girls' furred coats, were 35.00 to 39.50

13 girls' furred coats, were 65.00

50 baby bonnets, were 1.50 to 6.95, now 9

20 infants' sheer frocks, were 10.00 to 35.00

45 girls' felt hats, were 5.00 to 10.00, now

16 boys' knicker suits were 20.00 to 27.50

6 wee boys' coats were 15.00 to 17.50

who come to the rose room haven't a great deal of money to spend. They want to spend in on dances—and the girls need the money.

But my nuddy shoes and my tired eyes appealed to him. He was kindly. He let me in.

During my days among the unemployed I had wondered about "selling things." No jobs in the stores. All taken. Walk yourself blind, still there is not—cannot be—any place for you behind the counters.

But there is another kind of selling which women take on as a last stand against the panic of homelessness, in a last desperate effort to make the rent and the gas and keep a roof over the heads of those who must look to them for the sheer necessities of life.

Selling, from door to door—from office to office—upon the streets.

To each woman, her separate fear. To each her special hate.

Mine is selling—anything, anytime, any place.

Sacrifice All

Your Hates and Fears Go Out With Poverty

That's one thing you find out when you're down, if not quite out. Your separate fears and your special hates go out with your desires and your laughter—into the ash can. You sacrifice them all, before the onslaught of poverty. And so, naturally, your personality, that living force which makes you what you are and generate the power by which you do things, disintegrates.

I had to sell things, to "tide myself over." Every woman I met selling things, was doing it to tide herself over—until when or for what, God knows.

Nobody wants to see you. Nobody wants to buy anything you are selling. From door to door, from desk to desk, you go warily, faying that barrage of eyes. Angry eyes, suspicious eyes, impatient, annoyed, embarrassed. Never a welcome. They buy when they cannot get out of it, and that's all. They buy to get rid of you and you know it. Selling things is only legitimized pan-handling. Isn't it?

They Hate It

'One Makes \$22 a Week;
Another But \$3'

I met an old lady in rusty black, with the wistful eyes of a dog who expects to be kicked. She told me that she had made as high as twenty-two dollars a week selling candy. Another one told me she had never made more than three dollars.

Most women hate selling things.

So for the first few months they stick to their own trade, their own line of work. Then they are willing to take anything, if it pays enough. They turn down jobs to keep a whole bungalow court clean for \$35 a month—as I did, or for \$20 a month as a mother's helper. Eventually, they take these jobs and are glad to get them.

But the woman who has dependants—who has a mother, children, a sick husband—that woman CAN'T take a job that pays her so little.

Let me give you a few figures. They are semi-officials, but they are so close to right it doesn't need to bother you.

There are 24,000 unemployed women actually registered for jobs in Los Angeles.

Of those, 80 per cent—over 19,000

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I didn't. I had always, somehow, imagined that those girls, who looked so gay and bright, who smiled so constantly, who seemed so exquisitely dressed and so delicately made up, were rich. That they had an easy time of it, dancing, smiling, kidding with the men.

"Well," said the dark girl, "I made five dollars and forty cents."

A tall blonde laughed. "Baby, you had a good week," she said.

"And you have to buy clothes—"

I said, and stopped.

Over half of those I talked to had someone else dependent upon them.

I sold eight flowers that night. Two to some of the girls, the rest to men.

As I came out of the entrance at midnight, I saw one of the girls talking to a man, a big man, older than most of those I had seen dancing.

"I'll dance with you," said the girl, "and I'll eat with you. And that's ALL I'll do with you. See? I'm still getting by."

From 8 to midnight, or 1 o'clock. Dancing—dancing. Not easy money. And not much money. But there are thousands of girls trying to get jobs in the taxi dance halls. They are good places to work. But they, like every other business, are overcrowded. If we had dances here on Sunday nights—those girls would make a living instead of a starvation wage. And there is a lot of difference between dancing on Sunday night and walking the streets on Sunday nights, believe me. These are the girls who will be able to take up the oldest profession if they don't continue to "get by" on their four or five dollars a week.

What is to be done about this situation?

Can it be met? Is it hopeless?

What measures can we all, as citizens, take to aid the unemployed women? What steps can be taken by the already organized and empowered groups who should be ready to meet this great emergency?

It isn't hopeless. It can, in a large measure, be handled.

From my own experience, from the things I have told you, the things I have found out as a member of the army of unemployed women, I have seen certain things which can be done.

Tomorrow I'd like to tell you about them.

Sunnyvale Base Will Get Giant Gas Tank

Sketches of the new Navy dirigible base to be established at Sunnyvale, near San Francisco, received here yesterday, revealed plans for erection of the largest low-pressure helium holder in the world.

Bids will be invited this week in Washington for the holder, which is to stand 175 feet high, with a diameter of 150 feet and a capacity of 2,000,000 cubic feet.

- 100 girls' angora, light weight wool, silk
- 4 to 16—were 10.75 to 25.00, now 5.45
- 12 girls' astrakhan coats, were 25.00
- 20 girls' furred coats, were 35.00 to 39.50
- 13 girls' furred coats, were 65.00
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- 45 girls' felt hats, were 5.00 to 10.00, now
- 16 boys' knicker suits, were 20.00 to 27.50
- 6 wee boys' coats, were 15.00 to 17.50
- 14 boys' coats (2 to 12), were 17.50 to 25.00
- 9 rowe overcoats, were 40.00 and 60.00
- 100 boys' shirts, broken sizes, were 1.50 - 2.00
- 120 boys' blouses, were 1.50 to 2.00
- 15 prs. boys' gloves, mittens, were 1.50 - 2.00
- 33 dolls, were 6.00 to 27.50, now
- small groups of books for children—great

(FOURTH FLOOR)

STUDENTS' ST

- 12 english tweed overcoats, were 55.00
- 25 suits, sizes 35 to 42, were 55.00, reduced
- 100 prs. golf hose, were 3.50 to 5.00, now 1.00
- 100 rayon under shirts, sizes 28 - 32, were 1.00
- 50 prs. tuxedo and plain tip shoes, were 10.00

(STREET FLOOR)

ACCESSORY RO

- 50 imported petit point bags, made entirely by hand—originally 75.00 to 135.00, now less
- imported enamel dressing table accessories
- lamps, picture frames, novelties—were 5.00 to 350.00, now reduced to
- 75 french evening bags, now half and less, 7
- 22 lovely blouses, were 15.00 to 25.00, now
- 21 smart blouses, were 12.50, reduced to
- kerchiefs—prints, initials, pastels, now
- french lisle hose, were 1.00 to 1.75, now

(STREET FLOOR)