

STATE LEADS IN PER CAPITA RETAIL SALES

Average Annual Purchases Put at \$575.73 a Person; Los Angeles Figures Are \$738.31

California leads all the states in annual per capita sales in retail stores, according to a new census tabulation issued yesterday by the Chamber of Commerce's bureau of foreign and domestic commerce. California, first with average per capita sales of \$575.73, is just ahead of New York State, with \$375.12, according to the Chamber's figures. Nevada is third with \$550.06, trailed in order by Washington, Massachusetts, Illinois, Oregon and Colorado.

L. A. Big Factor

Los Angeles, with retail sales of \$738.31 a person, is an important factor in California's lead, it was disclosed. According to R. D. Sangster, manager of the industrial department of the Chamber, California's high per capita stand can be attributed to these reasons: That there is a large year-round tourist population, whose spending adds greatly to that of the steady population-counted by the census. Also, that many wealthy Easterners arriving here to make their homes usually buy or build residences for which they must purchase materials and furniture. And finally, there is the general business increase caused by this region's great gains in industry in late years.

Any Woman Can Eat, Sleep if She Knows How to Do Housework, Writer Finds

Friend in Need



'Mother's Helper' Jobs Always Open, but Hard Tasks

PAY LITTLE

Most Unfortunates Steer Clear of Family 'Slaving'

"Any woman can eat and sleep, if she knows how to do plain, old-fashioned housework."

There is one answer to the unemployment problem, as Adela Rogers St. Johns, famous writer, found it when she assumed the role of a penniless, friendless girl in Los Angeles, searching for food, shelter and work.

Her revealing experiences, how she found friendship in unexpected places and help in others where help might have been anticipated, are told today in another chapter of her adventures, written exclusively for *The Examiner*.

By Adela Rogers St. Johns

"Don't go for any of those mother's helper's jobs. They're terrible. Don't pay enough to buy shoes and work you like a slave, and you don't get nothing to eat, and usually you got to sleep in the back porch."

Over and over, unemployed women told me that.

Over and over I saw women who looked hungry, whose once respectable coats were worn threadbare, whose hands were cracked with cold and wet, turn away from jobs like that.

"There are plenty of jobs," the workers in agencies and charities told me, "but the women won't take them."

I wondered why. I found out many things.

On the second day of my pilgrimage among the unemployed, after a night spent in the back seat of an automobile, I started again the weary round of employment agencies. I was still on my own, still not asking charity. You have no idea how you cling to that.



ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS (at top) in bedroom where she slept during part of her search as penniless girl for food and shelter.

BELOW, WRITER AND 'Ruby,' a friend whom she found and who shared her pitiful lot with one less fortunate.—Examiner photo

ESTELLE DIVORCE DISMISSAL FILED

Dismissal of Estelle Taylor's divorce suit against Jack Dempsey was filed yesterday in Superior Court.

Soon after Dempsey began divorce action against Miss Taylor in Reno, she sued Dempsey here, but a property settlement was reached after Dempsey was awarded a decree.

Attorney Joe Scott represented Miss Taylor, and Attorney John G. Mott handled Dempsey's case here.

Youth Collapses From Starvation

At the end of the trail of hope that led 19-year-old Charles Burch from Ryland, to California, was a collapse from starvation and lodging in the shelter of a jail.

Motorists saw him lying beside San Fernando road yesterday, a mile and a half north of Foothill boulevard. At Van Nuys Emergency Hospital, Dr. A. W. Swenson diagnosed his case as hunger.

Van Nuys police took up a collection, bought him a meal, gave him lodging for the night, and are trying to find him a job.

FIRE CHIEF GAINS AFTER OPERATION

Fire Chief Ralph J. Scott was reported gaining strength at Hollywood Hospital yesterday following an operation for appendicitis performed Sunday night. He had been ill for two weeks.

J. N. LEFEVRE TO WED

James Newton LeFevre, 24-year-old cowboy singer, and Miss Gladys Emmeline Harris, 21, yesterday filed notice of intention to wed at the local marriage license bureau.

Feels Unkempt Sneaks Into Big Hotel and Cleans Up in Washroom

I felt dirty, unkempt. I longed for a jar of cold cream almost as much as I longed for breakfast. A glance into a store window mirror showed me a lined, dirty face, rumpled clothes, straggling hair. Not much of a front. I didn't know where to go to clean up. The splendid doorway of a big hotel stood open. Like a criminal, I glanced around. Then I sneaked in. The doorman stared at me. I tried to give him glance for glance, to look as though I had business there.

After a moment, he winked. An old man, in a tall hat.

In the warm, white, sweet-smell-

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UNEXPECTED FRIENDS HELP WRITER SEEKING SHELTER

Cafe Proprietor Looks Glum, but Gives Her Food

(Continued From Page One)

ing dressing room, I made a sort of toilette.

Across the street was a coffee shop. I will never forget the man who ran that place. At the counter I ordered coffee and toast. I felt sure the girl would ask for my money first, but she didn't. A large man next to me had a side order of fried potatoes, with his ham and eggs. He left them carefully, when no one was looking, I sneaked them and ate them with relish. A big "15" was scrawled on my check.

With hands that trembled and heart beating hard, I walked to the desk. It is a strange thing, but you get that way. The first time I asked for money in the street, I thought I was going to faint.

I laid the check on the counter and waited. The man looked at me.

"I haven't any money," I said. Never have I seen such a look of disgust on any human countenance. With utter weariness he picked up the check, stuck it on the hook, said not a word.

"I'm sorry," I said miserably. "I'll pay you back when I get a job."

"That's only the two hundred and tenth of those I've got," he said. "Well—did you get enough to eat? I suppose you might as well owe me a quarter. Tell the girl to give you an egg and another cup of coffee."

All the time he looked as though he could cheerfully drown me. But I ate the egg.

Shame-Faced

Then He Takes Out Cigaretts, Gives Her Some

Then he did a funny thing. As I started out he called to me. Looking very shame-faced, he reached into his pocket and took out a dilapidated package of cigarettes. "Take a couple," he said, crossly. "You dames would get the cigaret habit so's you could be like men. The dames that come in here—sometimes they want a smoke as bad as food."

That is true. I found the "mak-fligs" the answer to the cigaret problem among the women. It only costs a nickel.

Ruby, who was to rescue me that night, to share her little with one more desperate than herself, made a remark upon that subject, for employment has made a philosopher of Ruby.

"When you're poor, you got to be good. The rich can do what they like. They got their own souls to look after. When you're poor, the whole darn world looks after yours for you. If you're not 'worthy' you don't get help from anybody. Maybe it's for the best, but, gee, you got to have a little fun once in a while. You know—you get sort of hungry for a little fun, too. And those charity blow-outs, they got it written all over 'em'."

The weary beat of employment agencies. From Second and Spring to Fifth and Towne. From Fifth and Towne to Ninth and Spring. From Ninth and Spring to Ninth and Olive. Back to First and Main. The payments must be worn with the feet of men and women who tramp that sad merry-go-round.

The free bureaus, those conducted by charity organizations, no matter how honest their intentions, have no more work to offer than anyone else.

It seemed to me that the women were wrong. For always, in the papers and on the board, were those words: "Mother's helper."

Many Answers

But Almost All Refuse Mother's Helper Jobs

young, ignorant and educated, that it might be well for the women of this city to take stock of themselves.

They have in their hands the greatest privilege God can give anyone at this time—the privilege of giving employment. Let them think for a long moment of the other women, who perhaps have had homes of their own, who have known the joy of family and cleanliness. It is a cruel and un-Christian thing to take advantage of the disaster that has befallen us, all Womanhood. If there is heart in woman for her less fortunate sister, believe me, girls, now is the time to prove it.

But the conversation on all sides began to weaken my determination to become a mother's helper. Perhaps before I descended to that, I would make a try at the high-class agencies. I could typewrite well.

From the crowded, dirty agencies where you shoulder your way through lines and mobs of waiting men, to the high class commercial agencies is like going from Seventh and Broadway to a cemetery.

Literally, they are dead. One girl, two girls, sitting quietly in oak chairs. Big rooms, with subdued lighting.

Agencies Filled

Have Thousands of Tried Girls on Their Lists

I did not find a single commercial agency in Los Angeles which would even register me.

You cannot blame them. One woman said to me, "We have over two thousand girls registered here whom we know well. We have placed them before. Fifteen hundred of them need work badly. We must take care of them first."

Only women who NEED work should be working. That is one of the first great things that could be done. Any girl or woman in a job who has a home, or a husband, who can adequately support her, should be dismissed. Any girl or woman working at a job which another woman could hold, who is doing her work for extra silk stockings or a new evening dress or even payments on a new car, should give at least half time to some woman who is hungry.

So much of the desperation today is hidden behind pride. I met good stenographers, high class dentist nurses, office girls, saleswomen out of work. Hiding their panic beneath quiet, well-bred smiles. That much we could do.

In one commercial agency a girl said to me, "There's an ad in the

Doorman Furnishes Depression Victim With Limousine

morning paper to sell box lunches. I'm going after it. I can eat one of the lunches anyhow."

I answered ads all day. I walked miles. The last commercial agency I tried was a small one. I told the woman there I would do anything and she sent me out on a job—which was already filled.

No Ego Left

All Look Same When Tired, Hungry, Dirty

I do not think I ever had much ego. If I had any, it is now a cold corpse. Not one of the people in employment agencies, in charity organizations, ever noticed me. Not one of them discovered in me any signs of anything different. Just remember that, you women who are today warm and comfortable. Take away your good clothes, your name, your position, and see the face the world presents.

As I started out in the late afternoon after my last job, a blonde woman in a green coat spoke to me.

"Say," she said, "I'm broke, too. I can't give you much to eat—the County Charities give me some groceries every week but I never have much left from me and my son—but I got a place to sleep. The rent's not paid, but I guess I can stick a few nights longer before they put me out. If you don't land anything, come on up to 148 North Edgeware road. Ask for Ruby. I'll give you a place to sleep."

When it grew dark I asked the doorman at a big hotel where North Edgeware road was. I was ready to drop. He looked at me a moment. Then he whistled up a chauffeur in uniform. "Your folks in there for the evening, ain't they?" he said. "Yep," said the boy. "Well, take this woman where she wants to go. She don't look like she could walk it."

So in a limousine I rode to Ruby's. I have accepted some stately hospitality in my time. But never hospitality that went as deep as Ruby's. She shared her bed, her fire, her food with me. She shared what little she had and shared it cheerfully, philosophically and kindly. She took me in out of the night, and did for me more than any other person I met upon my travels. She gave me advice. She told me something of the not-so-simple annals of the poor.

"It's hell," she said. "But what're we going to do? You can

FETE PLANNED BY EX-IOWANS

With a reception, dinner and entertainment, the Iowa Association of Southern California will celebrate the eighty-fifth anniversary of Iowa's statehood next Monday evening in the Alexandria Hotel.

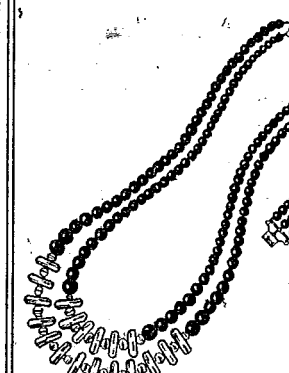
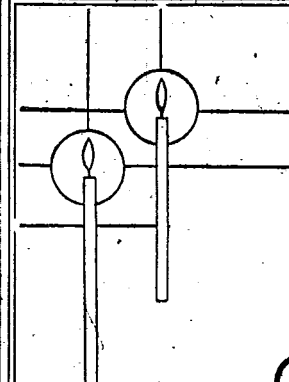
Henry W. Wright, chairman of the Board of Supervisors, will preside. Speakers will include James W. Foley, Harry Carr and Lieut. Gov. Frank Merriam. A musical program will include community singing and vocal and instrumental solos.

always eat—it's rent and fire that's tough. Gee, rent's tough. The charities won't help you on rent. And the gas bill. Maybe I'll get work."

The next day I took a job as mother's helper.

And eventually—a cold, desperate eventually—I came to Charity. Wait until you hear what one woman at the Community Chest said to me.

Miss St. Johns' interesting experiences in The Examiner tomorrow.



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