

GIRL IN GANG'S NET SPURNED BY MOTHER

She was just a schoolgirl when her father died and she had to leave her classes to find work. She lived with her mother, who always had led a helpless, sheltered life. Muriel could not stand it, watching her mother in the two furnished rooms to which they finally were reduced. She had to find something to do.

They lived in Philadelphia, but Philadelphia did not seem to want pretty schoolgirls in offices. The days went by, the little savings shrank to almost nothing, and there was no job.

A friend told Muriel that if one were pretty one could make good money as a cigarette girl in an Atlantic City cabaret. So Muriel went there, with only a few dollars over her fare.

RESISTS TEMPTERS.

So she wanted to be a cigarette girl, did she? The night club managers thought that a good joke. Why, girls paid money to land those jobs. If she could dance, nor, or sing. But she could do neither. Very well, then, they said, there were things a pretty girl could do—and earn good money, too. They made it plainer than that, and Muriel was horrified, sick with homesickness, sick with disgust. But she stuck it out, always hoping for that elusive job.

Her money disappeared. She owed room rent. She gave up breakfasts, and then came the day when she collapsed on the Boardwalk from weakness. She was so far gone she was grateful for the first person who came to her as-

sistance. He said he would help her, and it was a relief to find someone like that. She went with him.

PLOTTERS USE DRUGS.

It was a house in Mississippi avenue to which he took her, this Good Samaritan. A house filled with brittle gaiety. A house in which she drank something and went to sleep.

She did not know she had been drugged. Later came terrible horrors. They forced more drugs on her, forced her to take liquor. She screamed for hours sometimes, but there was none to heed. They made her write letters to her mother, telling her of the wonderful position she had, and they mailed them for her because she was not permitted to leave the house.

PLEAS PROVE FUTILE.

She pleaded with the men who came there, but they only laughed and said she was a queer little thing, pulling all that innocence stuff.

After two months she escaped

Back to Philadelphia; back to the blessed relief of her mother's arms. Muriel felt safe there. Here was someone who would understand, who would not laugh. So the whole sordid story came out and Muriel wept and clung to the one person left in the world who she trusted. "I'll never leave you again," she sobbed. "You see, mother, don't you? I couldn't help it. It was like being in jail."

SPURNED BY MOTHER.

The mother's face was stained with red, with the blush of a woman who has no mercy for those who leave the beaten paths. "Muriel," she said, "you lie! No

one has to do those things. You are not my daughter any more. Leave this house at once!

Muriel is back in that same house in Mississippi avenue. She is no longer a prisoner there. She is what they call a "steady." She is still beautiful, but she is a frozen cameo. She shows emotion only when some terrified newcomer cries out for her home, her mother.

Then Muriel laughs, and that laugh is not pleasant to hear.