

# BOUGHT AND SOLD LIKE SLAVES OF OLD

## Stubborn Girl and Boy Who Wanted to Wed Her Disappear.

How young women are snared from all parts of the East to Atlantic City and there are taken into captivity and attacked, bought and sold like cattle, beaten or slain if they show a flickering of human independence is told in today's article, tenth in a series based upon an Evening Journal investigation of the reign of terror instituted by the politically powerful Atlantic City rum-vice-gambling ring.

A powerful politician in a disorderly house—drunk; a pretty young woman quarrels with him; she is shot by his gun; he goes free.

A fragile young creature, blue-eyed and flaxen-haired, trembling with fear, put on the block and bartered to the highest bidder like a slave in the old days.

Another slim and piquant brunette, scarcely eighteen, kicked to the verge of death and to obscurity by the rough heel of the hatchet-man, because she fell in love and tried to escape.

These are some of the highlights in the experience of one who for months was on the inside of the most notorious house in Atlantic City—the New World Cafe, operated by Riley's kidnapers of children.

The housekeeper for more than a year in Atlantic City's most notorious disorderly house today tells her experiences for Evening Journal readers, as a warning to mothers, fathers and young girls everywhere, and so New Jersey voters will know what conditions are tolerated by Atlantic County leaders.

These facts in her story subject to verification have been found true by the Evening Journal's investigation.

### By the Housekeeper

I went to Atlantic City in the early Fall of 1928 to recuperate from an operation. As I got over the illness some night club hostesses asked me if I would like to do practical nursing for a friend of theirs who, they said, was a cabaret entertainer. I needed the money and said I would.

They told me to go to No. 133 North Tennessee avenue and ask for Terry, where there was a cabaret downstairs, and Terry, whom I later found to be Terrence Riley, took me upstairs through some living rooms to a bedroom where there was a girl named Mary, suffering from a serious complication of diseases.

Terry said he'd give me fifty dollars a week if I would look after her and cook supper for the

Continued on Page 12, Column 1.