

# RING MENACES WOMAN WITH 'RIDE' THREAT

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other girls. He said they were "entertainers," and it was a week or two before I realized what kind of a place it was.

## DEFERS PAYING HER.

Terry was very nice to me. After several weeks, when I did find out and asked for my salary, he said he couldn't pay me until the conventions in January, so I decided to stay. I didn't know then how serious it was.

Shortly after Christmas a man brought in Dot Smith, a very pretty girl from Philadelphia, about eighteen years old.

All the girls were brought in by men, who would buy and sell them and also take all the money they earned.

She was a talented dancer, very well bred, good-natured, and used to keep us all in high spirits.

## A POLICE OFFICIAL ENTERS.

On the thirteenth of February of this year we were all sitting around the table in the kitchen when a tall man, an official of the Atlantic City Police Department, according to his card, brought in four drunken friends.

In the succeeding events we were all told not to mention the presence of this police official, so all accounts just mentioned the four men.

This official told us that if his friends got nasty he would throw them out. I objected and said I thought they were dangerously drunk and should not stay at all, but he made us let them stay.

The men started dancing around with the girls and Dot slipped and fell down, striking her head and fainting.

Bill, the butcher, who used to hang around, was there and carried Dot upstairs and put her on a bed.

I loosened her clothing and bathed her face, and she regained consciousness after a few minutes. Then the other girls and some of the men came to see how she was. I went down stairs.

## DOT IS WOUNDED.

Fifteen minutes passed, and I heard a shot and a commotion. Mary Smith, who was in the room at the time of the shooting, and "Peaches," another girl and Blanche told me that Dot was shot.

The men, except Bill, all ran as fast as they could.

I found Dot on the floor with the wound behind her left shoulder blade. I fixed it up the best I could and told Bill to get a doctor.

Mary went back upstairs just to show me where Dot lay, then she followed all the girls out.

Bill got a doctor and he and I waited.

We, Dr. Scott and a cab driver took Dot to the Atlantic City Hospital. The nurse called the police.

## WITNESS ARRESTED.

The police and detectives arrested me. I was held in \$500 bail and Terry bailed me out.

Three of the visitors, we learned later, were Lester Branning, influential politician; Joseph Harbison and John Magill. After the shooting they sneaked back to the Ambassador, where they were staying, and where detectives found and arrested them hours later.

Branning at first gave a false name to police and denied his connection, but later on told them that he had dropped his revolver out of his pocket and that it had gone off when it struck the floor.

(Police records show that Branning made one curious statement. Although his story had it that he had not been with Dot Smith and had dropped the revolver as he emerged from the bathroom, there was one fragment of his testimony, which the authorities benevolently overlooked, when he said Dot Smith, after saying, "Well, I can't make any money here," then "got up off the other side of the bed.")

## A QUARREL.

# Grand Jury to Probe Atlantic City Vice Today

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., Jan. 14.—Atlantic City's reign of vice and viciousness will be called to the attention of the Atlantic County Grand Jury today, Supreme Court Justice Luther A. Campbell announced, following a three-hour conference with city and county officials.

Justice Campbell said the Evening Journal's startling revelation of conditions at the celebrated playground prompted him to call the conference and to make the expose the subject of his address to the Grand Jury.

"I have no statement to make at this time," he said today. "All those I have talked to have been sworn to silence. I will have something to say after my instructions are given to the Grand Jury."

A middle-aged man, came around to the house three days after the shooting.

## He said his daughter HAD MYSTERIOUSLY DISAPPEARED FROM THEIR GERMANTOWN HOME A YEAR PREVIOUS.

(Because of the failure of constituted authorities to avenge the killing of his daughter, Mr. Smith has been obliged to file civil suit, charging murder, against Branning.)

## ASKS TO BUY HER.

Another girl named Bob was brought into the New World Cafe by one man, and another man, who made a regular business of it, too, asked to buy her.

They sat in the cafe downstairs and haggled over the price. The first man said he wouldn't sell her for less than \$500.

Bob was about twenty-one, slim, with lovely reddish-blond long hair, and deep blue eyes. She looked terribly frightened, and just stayed in a corner, and didn't say a word.

I told Terry that I thought it was a shame, and he said it was their business, that they always did things that way, and told me not to open my mouth about it.

There was an electrical piano so the men had to talk loud. Finally the second man agreed to pay \$500, although he said it was an unusually high price.

So he paid over the cash and took her.

Two weeks later she disappeared mysteriously.

Helen was a sweet little girl about seventeen from a little town in Pennsylvania.

She was tiny—just a little over five feet, with small hands and features. Her hair was dark brown and bobbed and her eyes dark brown. She had a very sweet, helpful disposition and cheered up the other girls when they were beaten or robbed.

## RAID SMALL TOWNS.

Nearly all of the girls, as a matter of fact, were very well brought up, from nice homes in the small towns, mostly through Pennsylvania, but many from New Jersey, New York and other States.

Every now and then Helen

would be so badly hurt I had to nurse her.

Whenever this happened, the man who brought her there would beat her terribly. We used to hear her screaming and crying.

Many of the girls would come in with terrible bruises from the beatings the men gave them when they brought them to the place.

Josephine, a tall girl from Brooklyn, about twenty-three, was beaten nearly every day, but there was nothing you could do about it. Every now and then somebody would complain or try to get away, and the things that happened to them were so terrible the others didn't try it much.

## LURED FROM HAPPY HOME.

There was Marion, for instance, in the Riley's house at No. 142 North Ohio avenue.

Marion came from a little country village in Pennsylvania. She used to tell me all about it—the church and the little main street, and the different people who live there.

One of the men who travel around picking up these girls got her to leave home, and then beat her and brought her into this house and made her stay there.

She used to plan with me to escape and go with me to New York. I was planning to come back, then.

This man watched her very closely, and came every morning to get her money and see that she didn't get away.

I told her to try hiding out some of her money, to get a nest egg ready so she would be in a position to escape and get out of Atlantic City. I knew that if she couldn't leave Atlantic City the police would get her back into the house.

In a foolish moment, she finally told the procurer of her plan.

The man came to me and said:

## THREATENED WITH DEATH.

"If you don't want to get taken for a ride, keep your mouth shut to all of these girls, and keep your hands off my girl."

One night she met a college boy, named George, who worked in a boardwalk soft drink parlor. They

fell in love, and George said he'd help her escape and marry her.

He didn't have any money either. Then they finally got ready to go. The man who brought her there learned about it.

The next night Cappy Hoffman, the hatchet man, and two of his gunmen came into the cafe.

## GIRL AND BOY DISAPPEAR.

They took Marion into a room, and beat her and kicked her. She screamed and screamed, as long as she was conscious.

They they dragged her out. We never heard of her or of George again.

(Subsequent articles will further disclose the reign of terror conducted by political leaders in their rum-vice-gambling ring.)