

4952 Forrestville av., and Sidney Kohn, same address.

The girl's name is Thelma Boyer. They called her "Mandy" down home in Ridott, Ill., where the biggest events in her life before she came to Chicago were the hayrack parties the church social center used to give.

But she got the Chicago idea in her head. And like other young people of small surrounding towns and villages, nothing would satisfy her until she got to Chicago—"the land of promise."

Mandy had an aunt here—Mrs. J. Cole, who lives at 4856 Fulton st. So she asked her folks if she could come here, live with her aunt and study stenography.

The Boyers finally consented. The girl got all her store clothes and left for the new life.

She started studying at Revilo's, which is on Wabash av. And after awhile she met a different class of girls from the kind that used to attend Mrs. Edwards' sewing class back home.

These girls dressed like the figures in the style books and resembled somewhat the girls in the musical comedies that once in a while struck the opera house in Ridott.

It was all very new to her. And she felt flattered when some of the girls used to stop long enough in their talk about "cabaretting" the night before to tell her how nice her "peachy" complexion was.

After a while they got to urging her to go out evenings with them. She said her aunt didn't want her to. But they kept telling her how narrow-minded her aunt was for taking that viewpoint. And after a while she got to believe them. That was downward step No. 1.

So she rebelled and did go out a few nights, during which she met John Pazen. Then something went wrong with her head and her heart.

She used to like the way he talked to her; liked the way he held her hands and liked the way he used to

tell her she was pretty. She got so she didn't go home quite as early as she did at first.

So one night when she was very late the aunt scolded her. And the girl, who had just been glorified by the man she liked, couldn't stand the unromantic calldown from her aunt. She packed up and left.

Some one told where she could get a nice room to herself over at 1309 W. Madison st. It was there she went in her girlish huff. That was downward step No. 2.

With the restraining influence of her aunt cast off, the rest of the story becomes much like all of the stories of the kind that have been written for ages.

She gave up her school. She forgot about the "worlds to conquer." She forgot that she had left Ridott "to make something of herself" and bring happiness to her mother.

She tripped from one cafe to another. She became surrounded with a score of admirers. Because there is a type of mankind that considers a pretty girl of sixteen just wonderful "game."

There were many wine dinners in the downtown cafes. Then a whirling taxi ride to some outlying place where the music was wilder and the wine seemed more exhilarating. And then—the hotel.

According to the information obtained by Detective Sergeant George McCormick, the girl was always a member of gay parties that beat a trail from the loop cafes to the new redlight districts on the far South Side and the Wilson av. district.

There is also a mysterious woman in the case. A woman who lives on the West Side and is said to be a member of a good family. The officer will not reveal her name. The police won't give out any information concerning her.

The girl is now in charge of Mrs. Jessie McGuire and Mrs. Gertrude Howe Britton of the Juvenile Protective Association. Acting upon their