

time to give them a jolt. In "dark" South America one country is making an effort to abolish its senate. —F. B.

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**YOUNGSTER TAKES POISON—
NOT ENOUGH PLAY IN LIFE**

The grim tragedy of a child in her playtime forced to work in a factory and to drudge at home caused Helen Nolan, 14, to swallow carbolic acid, when she lost her job and was afraid to go home and tell of it. She is recovering in the Washington Park hospital.

Helen is a drab little drudge with Cinderella dreams. Her hands are calloused and blistered and unlovely. Her face has the look of the child who has stared steadfastly on unlovely things and only her eyes tell of the dreams she dared to cherish until she grew afraid they weren't coming true and sought the place "where she wouldn't have to work any more."

Fate played with her in the beginning by making her one of the victims of the separation of parents. Helen's father, William Nolan, who lives with his mother and sister at 3116 S. Canal st., left his wife 10 years ago. He says they are not divorced.

Helen's mother is known as "Mrs. Shannon" and lives at 448 W. 28th st.

"I never could please my mother and my stepfather," Helen said, weakly, yesterday. "I don't know if my mother loves me but she whipped me all the time because I didn't do things that she wanted me to do the way she wanted me to do them."

A fragment of a dream fitted to her eyes. "Ih'n't it tough to scrub and scrub and to blacken stoves and to get whipped and to work at night when other girls are wearing nice dresses and have their mothers and fathers to make a fuss over them? Don't you thing that if somebody lov—" she halted—"somebody cares a lot about you, a girl can do a lot

of things that she gets awful tired of doing otherwise?"

With a little sigh, she dismissed the dream. "Mo mother and step-father told me I had to get a job and they whipped me because it took me a long while to get work—you see, I am not very big, even though I lied about my age.

"Then I got a job in a bindery. But my hands were sore from being scalded and I couldn't do the work fast enough." She smiled a rare, sweet smile that lighted up her weary face. "Gee, it hurt," she said.

"But I only made \$3 one week and I got a whipping for that, and last week I was fired.

"I couldn't go home because I knew I would get a whipping again so I went into a nickle show, and then I thought it out. It would be lots better off dead because then I wouldn't have to work anymore and I wouldn't need to care whether anybody ever loved me or not—out there."

So Helen bought carbolic acid and swallowed it and was picked up on the street by Mr. and Mrs. Orville K. Tucker.

This is Helen's farewell letter to her mother:

"Dear Ma: I am going to kill myself, so don't bother to look for me. Helen."

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Flowers of springtime,
Roses red,
Sweet mignonette,
Carnations,
Honeysuckle on the vine,
Jockey Club on the handkerchief
Are all
Exceedingly odoriferous,
But
They have nothing on
The hallway
Of a
"Light housekeeping" rooming
house.

—o—o—
Bud McCormick, on parole from jail, shot in leg by policeman. Refused to stop running.