

LASTLY, THE KEYNOTE

condemning their erring fellow, they should beg his forgiveness.

You, respectable wife and mother, who draw your skirts away from possible chance contact with the painted woman of the streets, do you ever consider that "there, but for the grace of God," go you? Do any of us ever consider that every man child born into this life is a potential thief and murderer; that every girl baby is a possible prostitute: that it does not rest entirely with the individual himself to decide what he shall eventually become, but that we, by our indifference to the misery and sorrows of others, are helping to force many into a course of life which we condemn, and that all of us have our influence upon the lives of all others? Can you, looking upon the child of the poorest slum, imagine that it will voluntarily start out to tread a path of misery and squalor which shall end with death in the gutter, or squander the beauties with which it has been endowed in bestiality and filth, to rot at last in the potter's field? Do you, whose lines have been cast in pleasant places; who have since birth been surrounded by all that love and purity can devise to protect you from ill; who have been blessed with a healthy body and a sound mind