

Grand Jury and a special commission of the United States Senate. Can you ask for more?

How My Interest Began.

My own interest in this problem began a good many years ago, and the story of it opens on a bitterly cold night—or, rather, early morning—in Philadelphia. I was at that time a reporter on a newspaper and I had been detained at my office until two o'clock. As I stepped into the street, I recall that I was nearly driven against the wall by the gale that was blowing. The sleet cut at my cheeks and the pavement was like the surface of a frozen pond. I noticed that the thoroughfare was practically deserted, and yet, just under a sputtering electric light, I was accosted by a lonely woman.

There was no mistaking her trade and there was nothing attractive about its practitioner. Her ringed eyes were hard, her rouged face was prematurely old and her red mouth was cruel.

I asked her why she was working so late and in such weather.

"I'm doin' it," she said—and I can still hear her hollow voice—"because I need some more money on my kid's boardin'-school bill. The bill's got to be paid to-morrow."

That woman told me her story, and I subsequently investigated it and found it true. She had been inveigled from a country town, taken to the city, and then, by the man that had said he loved her, turned upon the street. When her child was four years old, she had taken the little girl to a certain educational institution—not a charitable affair—and