

from school before the permitted age and put to work in a factory on a false affidavit, falls into some trifling trouble and loses his job. He gets the chance to act as a "lighthouse" or scout for a mature trader, who pays him well. Then he gets a girl of his own and by physical punishment forces her to go upon the street for him. Sometimes he becomes a waiter in a low saloon, and offers his personal chattel to his drunken customers; but generally he is unfitted by this time for any steady work. Occasionally he owns three or four slaves and "farms them out" to business acquaintances in other neighborhoods or other cities, and often he sells a girl into a house, either for a lump sum or for royalties on her earnings.

Where They Find Their Victims.

Wherever there is hard luck looking for better times, there you will find the white slaver looking for slaves. Wherever there is poverty longing for comfort, discontent sighing for relief, vanity whimpering for gewgaws, hunger gasping for food, there the white slaver comes to offer a descent down the Easiest Way. Sometimes he offers marriage, sometimes he offers only economic independence; but the thing is done, and, once done, blows and starvation perpetuate the slavery upon the ignorant, and threats of arrest and the certainty of public disgrace weld the shackles about the ankles of the more knowing.

There, in the briefest possible terms, is the situation. There is no word in my novel that is not the truth. The thing exists. It exists in your own city, your own town. It threatens your own flesh and blood. What are you going to do about it?