

The Girl that Goes Wrong

A Sketch of Personal Investigations that led to the Writing of "The House of Bondage" and of Conclusions Drawn Therefrom.

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Nothing But the Truth.

THIS is not the sort of story that, until a few years ago, I used to try to write. It is not fiction at all. I wish it were. I wish with all my heart that these things which I have seen and these black biographies which I have verified were but the visions of a night of weeping, and that it might thus be true of this matter, as of some others, that "joy cometh in the morning." But the world—which means you and me—has not so decided. That which I testify is not "the whole truth," because the whole truth cannot, according to our present ideas, be set forth with impunity; the worst must be left to your imagination. And yet my testimony is, I assure you, "the truth, and nothing but the truth."

The Numbers of the Fallen.

Why, if it be so terrible, should I ask you to read it? I shall make that clear in a few words. In the fairly typical city of Chicago there are, not counting those who err in secret, twenty-five thousand known public women. The life of such women in such a trade—it is as sure as insurance figures—is only five years long. This means that, for Chicago alone, there must be secured five