



THE THREE DEMONS—COMMANDED BY THE DEVIL.

These ravenous demons come forth to destroy the innocent and weak. Faced by Enlightenment, at last they must battle for existence. The Devil awaits the outcome.

# FIGHTING THE DEVIL'S TRIPLE DEMONS

STARTLING REVELATIONS—REVOLTING SOCIAL CONDI-  
TIONS—GROSS EVIL FORCES HITHERTO UNHEARD OF  
NOW AT WORK—VICE ORGANIZED WITH DEVIL-  
ISH INGENUITY—THE YOUNG MENACED AS  
NEVER BEFORE—DRINKING AND PAN-  
DERING NURTURED BY CORRUPTING  
SOCIAL CUSTOMS—HUMANITY  
OUTRAGED AND  
AROUSED.

THREE BOOKS IN ONE  
☞ ☞ ☞ VOLUME ☞ ☞ ☞

## THE TRAFFIC IN INNOCENT GIRLS

Protect your Daughters and Sisters

## RUM'S RUINOUS RULE

Save your Brothers and Sons

## THE SINS OF SOCIETY

Guard your Homes and Honor

By ROBT J. MOOREHEAD  
And other well known students of social conditions

*PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED WITH STRIKING PICTURES*

THE BRADLEY-GARRETSON CO., Limited  
BRANTFORD, ONTARIO



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ALITUR VITUM VIVITQUE TEGENDO  
(Vice is Nourished and Lives by Concealment)

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## INTERNATIONAL MORAL REFORM SOCIETY

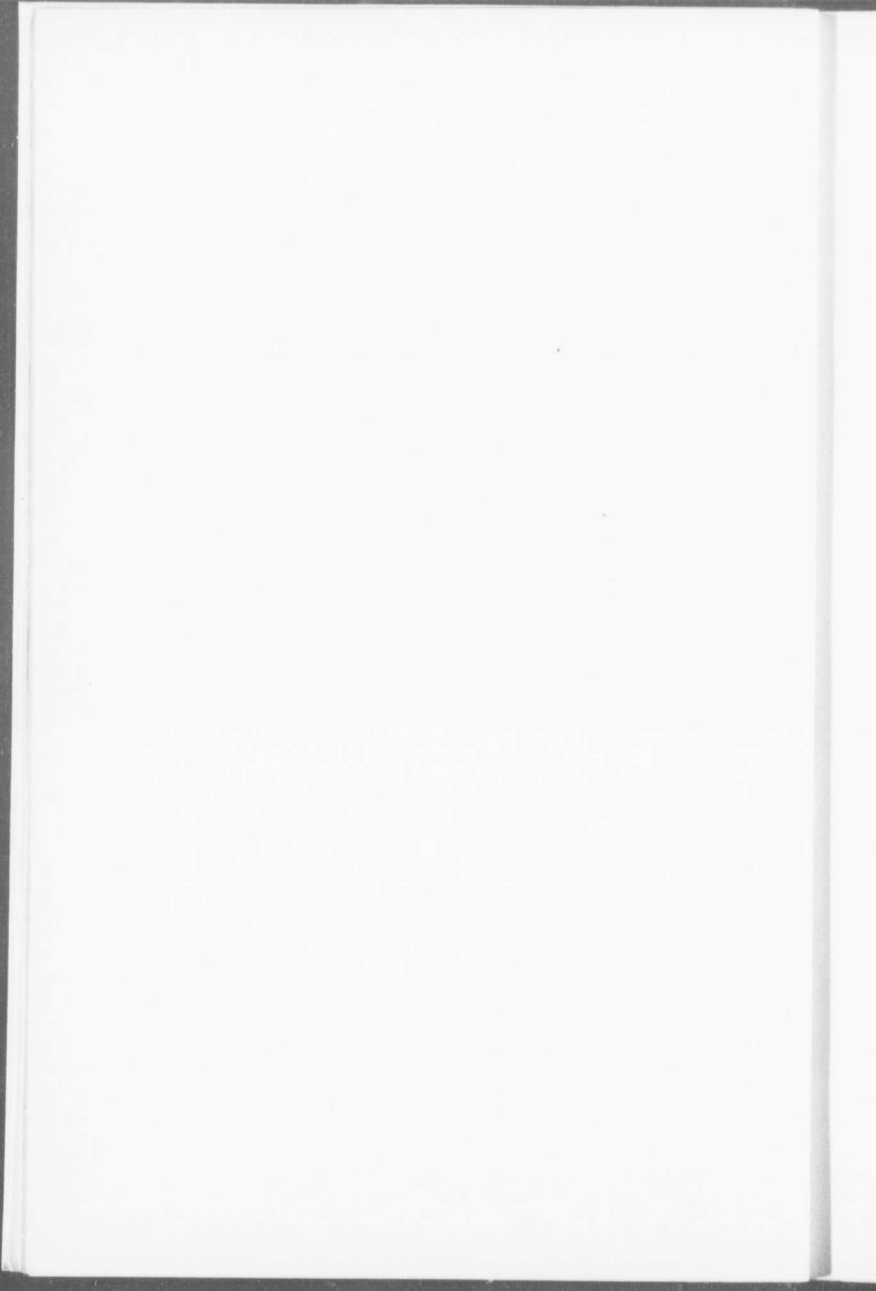
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### MEMBERSHIP PLEDGE

I hereby agree to use my influence for the suppression of all vicious habits and harmful customs, both public and private, and especially the three outstanding vices, the drink traffic, the social evil and the sins of society. I further agree to aid as I may have opportunity every good influence or organization engaged in exposing and fighting these evils.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Date \_\_\_\_\_ Address \_\_\_\_\_



## TO THE WOMEN OF AMERICA

DEAR LADY.—Daughter of America!—you are young and beautiful,—your eye is bright, your features are fair, and your form is lovely,—and now your heart laughs with gladness, and your face beams with joy. Bright-eyed, beautiful one—would you preserve the brightness of your eye, the lustre of your beauty, the loveliness of your image, and the joy of your heart,—and save yourself from the whirlpool of misery? Then beware how you receive the visits of the youthful lovers of the tippler's class,—beware how you accept the hand of the moderate-drinking young man, who "*will* take a glass when he pleases";—beware, lest you bind yourself to a dram-drinking young man, the first half of a drunkard, by the sacred chain of wedlock! Yield not to the solicitations,—confide not in the promises,—have nothing to do with, or to say to, the drinking young man;—but cast him from your presence, turn him away from your companionships, and avoid him as you would a viper—for, be assured, no youth who indulges in habits of drinking spirituous liquors as a beverage is worthy to take the wedding-hand of any young lady. Beware, then, whom you trust. Remember that on your *choice* is suspended a life-time of happiness. It may all be turned to wretchedness and woe.

True, the custom of society does not allow you to *select* a partner, but they *will* permit you to *reject* the proffers of him—vile wretch!—who would deceive your heart, ruin your hopes, destroy your beauty, and rob you of bliss: and remember that the woman is little to be envied who will accept the hand of a moderate drinker, which she must do voluntarily, for life,—for in doing *that* she buys her ruin at great cost. Nor can the treasure thus wasted by your own hand, be again redeemed to enrich your heart and bless your life.

The history of the past confirms the truth of these state-

ments. History is a collection of facts. The facts which it presents on this subject are terrible as an army of specters. They tell of disappointed love, of blighted hopes, of pale forms,—of poor, broken-hearted, disconsolate women, whose prospects were once as bright as are yours; but alas!—*they lost all by wedding drunkards instead of husbands.* Here they made the fatal step. Here they wildly risked all,—here their very hearts were crushed, and all their beautiful hopes were blasted for life. So it may be with yourself. Here, all may be lost.

O! woman,—young, beautiful, lovely woman!—beware how, and to whom you give your heart and yourself, when you commit your destiny to another,—beware then, lest you but throw yourself away! Trust not the breath, when promise comes heated with the poison of liquid fire. Be assured if you trust *that*, you hang all of hope, of beauty, and of blessing for life, over the boiling gulf of a fearful, and inevitable ruin. Beware, then, of yourself, for you make your destiny in choosing that which must control it. Choose not uncertainty, nor yield your affections and yourself into hands that would mar your beauty and destroy your peace. You cannot control all things. Some you may, and others avoid. Your love *can* control the emotions of the man to whom you have entrusted your happiness in life, but it cannot control his course. That is directed by a malignant power which is beyond your reach. Your influence will be of no avail. He who drinks at all has bound himself to a demon and he will obey that demon's summons. He will ruin your life. Mate not with a drinking man!

## BOOK I.

### TRAFFIC IN INNOCENT GIRLS.

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#### THE HORROR OF THE WHITE SLAVE TRAFFIC IN INNOCENT GIRLS.

VAST EXTENT OF THE FRIGHTFUL BUSINESS—THE DIABOLICAL  
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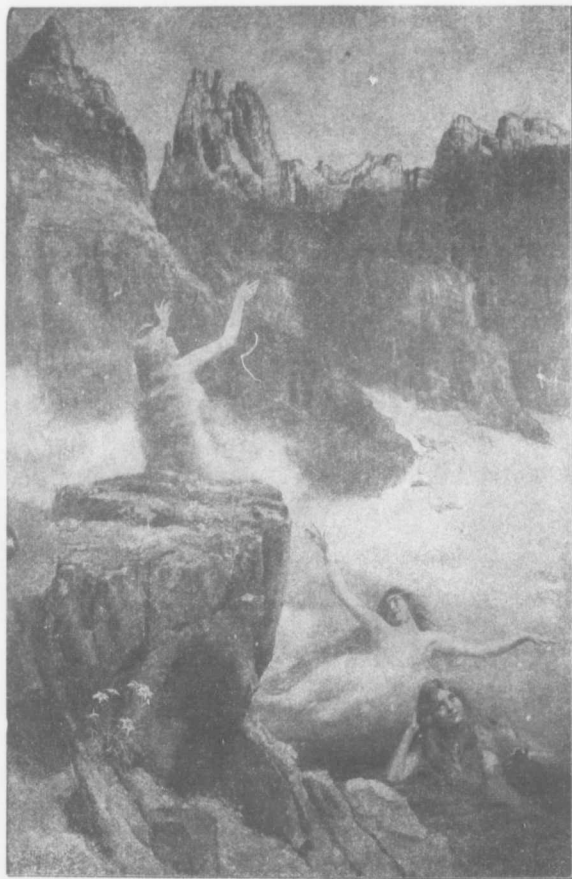
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#### THE CADET—DEVIL OCTOPUS

An Octopus is an Immense Fish with many arms, with which it catches its prey. The Panderer 'Cadets' are like the Octopus.



THE APPEAL.

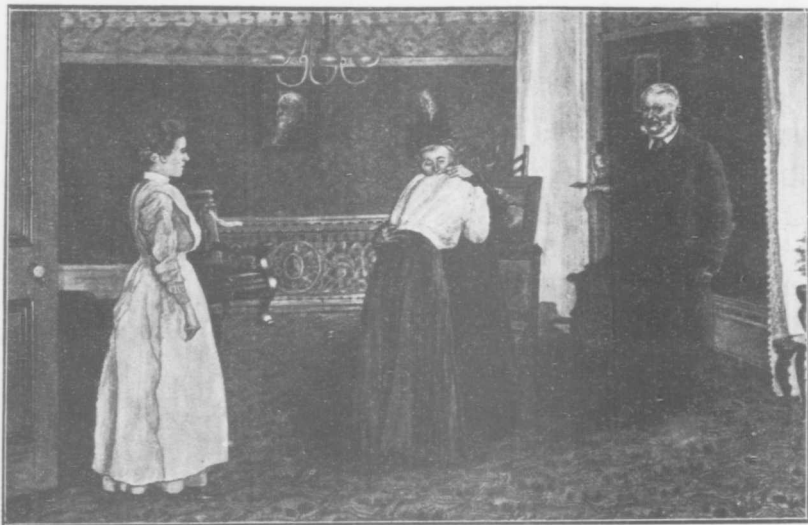
The appeal of the unfortunate ascends to Heaven. The call for succor is in our own ears. Are we deaf?



**MICHAEL CASTING OUT THE GREAT DRAGON.**

"And the great dragon was cast out, that old serpent, called the Devil, and Satan, which deceiveth the whole world:" Rev. 12-8. So we are battling to cast out greater dragons now. With God's help we shall win!





A CANADIAN GIRL RESTORED TO HER FRIENDS

BY COURTESY OF THE (CANADIAN) WAR CRY



#### THE COUNTRY GIRL IN PERIL.

There is enticement for the country girl in the city. The picture tries to show the wicked whispers which may reach her, the false, alluring whispers. She must never, never listen to them.



**DEATH RATHER THAN LIFE.**

The girl has been ruined. She is crazed and desperate and seeks death in the black waters rather than endure the life before her. Do not blame her; pity her!



**ENTICING PATHS DOWNWARD.**

The most flowery paths may lead downward and close to precipices. It is shown in the picture. To what depths may not a villain be leading the young woman?



#### THE BLOTTED LIFE.

Look at her! The lost girl reading a letter from home in her room in the house of shame. What thoughts must come to her, what shame, what agonized longings, what despair!



**THE LEAF OF PROMISE.**

She has found a four-leaved clover. May its promise of a pure and happy life be true.



**CUPID'S WHISPER.**

The fancy about Cupid, the God of Love, is a very pretty one. Had we but some way to make the love he counsels always pure!



**YOUTHFUL INNOCENCE.**

It is in the very innocence and confidence of the fair young girl that danger lies. We must guard her as we guard our lives.





**YOUR HOROSCOPE.**

What shall the future be. It all depends upon yourself.



**SEEKING THE LIGHT.**

The picture shows it happily. She has prayed for the light and it has come to her. There is much in it. Prayer assuredly brings strength.



#### THE MAN VAMPIRE.

Here is the wretch who feeds on the profits of vice. He clutches the ill-gotten gold in one hand while his skinny other hand reaches surreptitiously for more. He may even pose as respectable, but he is a fiend.



**THE CONTRIBUTION BOX.**

The fifty dollars went into the church treasury. They came from the rentals of brothels. The farce!



**"GO AND SIN NO MORE."**

Christ knew! He said only, "Go and sin no more," and rebuked the jeering crowd. Shall we also jeer? No! A thousand times no! We must Help.

## BOOK I.

### THE HORROR OF THE WHITE SLAVE TRAFFIC IN INNOCENT GIRLS.

#### CHAPTER I

VAST EXTENT OF THE FRIGHTFUL BUSINESS—THE DIABOLICAL SHREWDSNESS OF ITS ORGANIZATION—HOW IT IS CONDUCTED—WHAT THE FOUL THING CALLED A "CADET" IS—HOW THE YOUNG GIRL IS ENSNARED AND WHAT HER AWFUL LIFE BECOMES—DREADFUL DETAILS.

(Stanley Waterloo, the well known Author and Editor, prepared the first four chapters on the subject "Traffic in Innocent Girls" treated in this book. He made a thorough study of conditions, searched the records of the U. S. district courts and consulted with the ultimate authorities. What he found is given plainly. The chapters tell the story. They relate facts which were carefully verified by court records.)

How few there are who know the real character of the infamous so-called "White Slave" traffic. Nothing surpassing it in villainy, cruelty and shameless immorality has ever existed in the world! Its victims are the pure and unguarded; its agents creatures so far below the human level in their crafty vice that no punishment conceivable can be too great for them!

The time existed when houses of prostitution had their ranks filled only by those who had been unfortunate and had, seemingly, no other recourse, or those whose inclinations were naturally dissolute. This is no longer the case. The shocking business of procuring has been commercialized! Young girls are captured and sold into harlotry, despite them-

## 18T TRAFFIC IN INNOCENT GIRLS

selves, and none, however virtuous of mind, is safe from the slaver. It has become a business in which men, adroit, well-seeming, but vile beyond all conception, thrive savagely. The bodies of the innocent are put upon the market at prices ranging from \$25 to \$500.

The methods of this fearful trade are almost beyond belief, as daring and deliberate as they are always cunning and deceiving. They are of two classes, including the importation of girls from foreign countries or from one state into another, and the enticement and forced debauchery of girls from the country anywhere or of the more ignorant and guileless in the cities. The net is thrown widely. The foul trade has become not only systematized but internationalized!

What is the process? Here it is, in all its bald and shocking repulsiveness. Let us take first the case of the good girl in the city, of relatively poor but decent family but with no particular attainments of her own. We will call her Mary. It becomes necessary that she should contribute to the family's support and she casts about for something to do. She must sell what her labor is worth, and she has no specialty. She does not want to go into a factory where she knows she will lead a monotonous life among a lot of other girls with no opportunities and no prospects. The big department store appeals most to her imagination. There will be light and glitter; there she will see the styles, there she will meet the host of customers, including well-to-do young men. Who knows? Girls have attracted attention and married well from department stores! She is human, with all a young girl's hopes and fancies and feelings. She is pretty, with an engaging way, and finally gets the place she seeks among the underpaid army of her class who thus wait upon the public.

Mary is delighted. The shifting scenes enthral her. She looks with admiration upon the other girls, so many of whom are dressed more stylishly than she, and listens with admiration when she hears some among them speak of their "friends,"

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whose gifts they may display. It is all exciting and Mary is, in a vague, indefinite way, most hopeful. She begins paying more attention to her dress. Nearly all her petty salary she must surrender at home, but she saves what little is left and in a pitiful effort tries to imitate "the styles." Then, at last, her time comes with the rest. A customer, a man, is drawn by her pretty face, and addresses her, and, eventually, an acquaintance is formed. She accompanies the man to supper—which is her first mistake—and he seems a very fine man indeed. He says he is well off and, after several suppers, begins to make love to her. She responds, in time, and then, one evening he asks her to go with him to a hotel. She is horrified and will have nothing more to do with him. The next day she tells the story to a companion clerk, but she tells it to the wrong sort of girl and is only laughed at. "You've got to be 'good,'" she is told. "Do you expect men to do things for girls for nothing?" And that is all for the time, but Mary wants to dress better. The moral atmosphere gradually affects her. The same man returns, or another takes his place, and the next time, it may be, Mary goes to the hotel. The rest is simple, if the seducer, as is in many instances the case, be of the White Slavers. A supper prolonged too late, a drink perhaps drugged, foolishly taken, and Mary is engulfed in the black vortex!

The case of Mary is, however, of the mildest. It is not that of the regular White Slave business in its utter glaringness. It is not to the native-born and honestly-raised city girl that the greatest danger comes. It is among the unsuspecting foreign and the innocent country girls that the tigers seek their prey. Ghastly facts in special cases are those which tell. Can anything in all history of bestiality and crime equal what follows in this chapter? Here is the startling and miserable story of two good girls, taken from the records of the United States district attorney in Chicago and given in their vileness, without variance or exaggeration. The names are



## 20 T TRAFFIC IN INNOCENT GIRLS

slightly changed because both unfortunates are still alive. First as to the foreign traffic.

There lives in a little village near Paris, France, a family of laborers which included, until a relatively short time ago, a pretty young girl seventeen years of age. She was beautiful. It became necessary for her to earn her living and she went to the city. There she found a place at menial labor for a few sous a week and, later, a place as nurse at a wage which would amount here to about four dollars a month. When she was out with the child one day a man named Jules Delacroix managed to ingratiate himself with her and, in the end, told her of an opportunity he knew of for more remunerative employment for her. He was a Frenchman from Chicago, a "cadet," as these male traffickers in white human flesh are called in the slang phrase, but of this the poor girl of course was ignorant. The result of it all was that she left her place and accompanied him to a house where she found another girl who, like herself, had been promised a good situation. There was a delay of some days and then came the announcement from the man that they had much better accompany him to America where household employment was secure at wages far beyond anything known in France. The girls finally consented and the trip was made. At New York a difficulty was encountered. The immigration authorities would not admit the man and the two girls without an explanation. He was perfectly ready. He asserted that he was an acrobat and that the two girls were his assistants in his acts. In support of this he displayed his posters—note the diabolical system and ingenuity of the White Slavers!—on which he and the girls, with their various performances, were advertised, all under their proper names.

They were admitted and the man Delacroix and the girl whose story is told here came on at once to Chicago. At first they went to a cheap hotel, but soon there came another man—this was the "cadet's" employer and the proprietor, with

## TRAFFIC IN INNOCENT GIRLS 21T

his wife, of two houses of prostitution—who offered the girl what he said was an excellent place, at good wages.

What followed was so revoltingly terrible that description is impossible in any language that can be printed. It was horrible! It surpassed all ordinary crime in that it was foul and bestial beyond degree. Understand that this girl was still as pure and as virtuously inclined as on the day she left her father's house. She was taken to this house of prostitution on Dearborn street and made a prisoner. Struggle as she might she had no choice but to submit to her awful fate. She was ravished. Resisting, she was beaten so frightfully that her body was scarred for life! She was subjected to the foulest indignities. That her spirit might be utterly broken, that she might become accustomed to all things, she was compelled to submit to the embraces of negroes. With her own husband as a subject of illustration, the "madam" of the vile place went through the extreme of loathsome, pervert acts and the prisoner was compelled to imitate her. There was no limit to the unearthly degradation. The girl was deprived of the money she was compelled to earn by giving up her body and was not allowed clothing of a sort in which she might escape. So she was kept a miserably suffering prisoner until she became so affected with a contagious disease that she became valueless for the purposes of the place. Then, by some means, admission was secured for her into the Cook County hospital, and she was abandoned. Later, fortunately, came retribution. The girl's case attracted attention and action was taken by the United States district attorney. The keeper of the house of prostitution was arrested and convicted and sent to the U. S. penitentiary at Leavenworth, Kansas, for a term of two and one-half years, and the "cadet," the importer, was sent by the New York authorities to serve a term of four years in the prison at Atlanta, Georgia. These convictions were, unfortunately, the exception. Panderers to lust are still seeking new victims and "cadets" by scores are still looking for them everywhere.

## 22T TRAFFIC IN INNOCENT GIRLS

Even more pitiable, because of the greater intelligence of its victim, though perhaps less brutal in some of its details, is the story of a bright young girl who came to Chicago from one of the small towns of Illinois, not far from Bloomington. Her family was one of good standing in the community; she was a high school graduate possessed of some accomplishments, was prepossessing in appearance and full of pride and ambition. The narrower life of the town afforded no room, she thought, for the development of her aspirations and she came to Chicago to take up the study of stenography, attending a business college with that end in view. She did well until the time of vacation came and then was, as she thought, fortunate in securing the place of ticket-seller for a concession in one of the big spectacular summer gardens. Here, too, she was satisfied. The work was not too exacting and she formed a host of acquaintances, many of them exceedingly pleasant ones. Among these was a man of excellent appearance who paid her special attention, inviting her to little suppers, which she accepted in accordance with the free and easy custom of the place, and in every way proving himself a devoted and earnest admirer. She learned to like him and, finally, when he proposed marriage, she accepted him. They were to be married at an early date and in the interval before the time set for the ceremony, she, in her trustingness, yielded to his solicitations. The evening before the date of the marriage he suggested that she accompany him to the house of a friend of his who kept a boarding and rooming house, where they would spend the night and would be married in the morning. She awoke the next morning to find herself alone, and with her clothing gone! Calling out in her alarm, she was confronted with an exorbitant demand for the rental of the room and for alleged supper and wine consumed. She was in a house of prostitution, a prisoner and at the mercy of her keepers! The man had disappeared and she never saw him again. He was a "cadet!"

## TRAFFIC IN INNOCENT GIRLS 23 T

The girl so recently the belle of a small town, a young woman of Sunday school and school training, beautiful and ambitious, was a prisoner who had been ruined. She was forced in her utter despair and recklessness, into a life of shame. More intelligent than her associates she became more desperate and abandoned than even they. Her life, to her, was ended. Her piteous story was revealed following the raiding of the house on Armour Avenue of which she was an inmate, and every effort was made by the authorities to find the procurer, but without avail. Next, an effort was made to reclaim the young woman, but it proved an utter failure. She would not listen to the suggestion of a return to her home or a change from the life she was living and which she was seeking her utmost to hasten to its end. Her pride, her shame, the utter hopelessness of her future all combined to fortify her in her resolve. A decent burial somewhere was now the limit of her hope. All endeavor to reason with her was finally given up as hopeless and she was left to herself. She is still, somewhere, a member of the underworld.

The horror of these cases, but two out of thousands, can be done but scant justice here. Justice could not be done such accounts in any words that might be used. Innocent lives have been ruined, sordidly, cruelly and for the most revolting purposes. To think of what makes up the unhappy remnant of those lives is a thing more dreadful than to consider the last days of a leper. There comes a time, inexorably, to a prostitute when she is no longer attractive enough to be of value in a resort of any pretensions—for even these dark places have their grades—and when she must go forth to shift for herself as best she may. She has served the purpose of the White Slaver, and has no longer even a shelter. She is, it is possible, still young, but her life has aged her swiftly and the look of the hag is threatening her, to be concealed as far as possible by paint and powder, which sometimes, in her dire poverty, she even cannot afford to buy. But the animal in-

## 24T TRAFFIC IN INNOCENT GIRLS

stinct for life is not yet gone and she must eat and have some sort of a roof above her. She is hungry and thirsty, generally with the awful thirst of alcoholism, for it is almost inevitable that the harlot shall become a drunkard, if not as a requirement of her vocation, at least that she may forget at times the misery of her condition. She is a weak creature driven to the wall, diseased, usually, and not infrequently even mentally affected. Before her are suicide or the struggle to exist a little longer, though it is not worth while. She has but one recourse. She must bedizen herself as best she can and finding somewhere a cheap apartment, there sell herself for what she can to men as debased and poverty-stricken and low as she. It is all beyond any sane and healthy conception! The very odor of the trade and its occupants is in her unclean room. As to her unfortunate self and others such as she has become, no description will suffice to make the picture.

Not long, though, does such picture last in any single instance. Death comes swiftly to end the suffering of such as these.

And such is the work of the White Slavers who are securing for the now commercialized unholy traffic, not girls of disposition originally vicious, but those most innocent and unsuspecting, those designed by nature to become gentle and virtuous wives and mothers! The procuress still plies her seductive arts, but she has become, relatively, a smaller factor in such crime since the traffic is systematized and men have largely taken her place. The "cadets" are of various types. Groups of them, flashily dressed young ruffians, of more or less presentable address, at least pleasant enough to prove attractive to the thousands of ignorant girls, many of them of foreign birth, who are employed in such places as the big factories and packing houses, haunt the resorts in their vicinity and form acquaintances among the girls with the same sinister object and the same results as have been described. With girls such as these the consummation is swifter

## TRAFFIC IN INNOCENT GIRLS 25T

and more brutal than among classes more intelligent. Too much wine at last, or, it may be a drink with "knockout drops" in it, and the end is reached. The victim, ignorant and helpless, submits to her new condition with such stoicism as God may have allowed her. Of these cases few come to light because less outcry is made concerning them. Endurance is an attribute of the unresourceful poor. Scores of the class of "cadets" referred to here are known to the authorities but it has proved difficult to convict them, so shrewd are their devices and so often do they change their habitations.

It has been asked why it is that the "White Slaves" do not oftener escape by one means or another, if they are in horror of the life into which they have been forced? The answer is very simple. They are not always kept behind bolts and bars, it is true, but there are a thousand influences to keep them silent in their prisons. Foreign girls are threatened with what will happen to them through the mysterious "law" of this country if they dare to complain and reveal themselves, and with the native-born pride, shame and other forces are at work. Not infrequently a "cadet" is regularly connected with some house of prostitution and may still retain part of the time his relationship with one of his victims. She is owned by him and "the madam" in common and must obey their commands. Sometimes the "cadet" rules by fear alone, and punishes his property when she is recalcitrant, by brutal physical assaults upon her.

Such is what is called the "White Slave" traffic. It is a thing so monstrous that it has nothing to equal it in the story of present crime. It is something calling to High Heaven for its abolition and for the punishment of those engaged in it. It is something to set boiling the blood of any decent reasoning human being, man or woman, and impel to action against the worse than murderous moral perverses who are engaged in a traffic criminal beyond belief. What punishment could alone fit such a menace to the community as the "cadet"

## 26 T TRAFFIC IN INNOCENT GIRLS

or his employer? The only fitting penalty would seem to be nothing less than death. Yet the trade still flourishes!

Humanity has risen in protest against this foul traffic, a startling development of the last few years, and civilized nations have already taken steps toward its suppression. At a meeting of representatives of the powers held in Paris some time ago a course of international action was agreed upon which has already resulted in much good in preventing the importation of White Slaves from abroad, while our own Congress has a stringent additional act imposing upon those engaged in the traffic between states a penalty the limit of which is a five thousand dollars fine and five years' imprisonment. These regulations can accomplish much good but of course they extend to but a part of the evil. The only complete remedy lies in constant and relentless investigation and prosecution by the United States authorities in each state. The cause of Christianity, the cry of the pitiful, and a regard for all that pertains to the public, demand it. There is but one word for the White Slavers—Extermination!

## CHAPTER II

### ONE INNOCENT LIFE'S APPALLING WRECK

THE STORY OF HELEN—BUT ONE AMONG THOUSANDS OF THE EN-  
SNARED—THE GOLDEN-HAIRED CHILD IN THE GARDEN—HER  
DEVELOPMENT INTO SWEET YOUNG WOMANHOOD—THE CITY,  
THE "CADET" AND THE ENTRAPPING—THE CRAZING LIFE OF  
SHAME—THE MADHOUSE.

It was mid forenoon and a little child was playing in a garden. It was a beautiful little flower garden, such as is often seen in the front yards of prosperous country towns, a garden with an abundance of delightful blooms, but the rarest of all, the one most wonderful among them was the child herself. She was a bonny, golden-haired little creature, and the fond mother, looking from the porch, felt all a parent's pride and adoration and thanked God, almost unconsciously, that such a blessing should be hers. She called to the merry being, whose hands were full of posies and who now stood watching the humming honey-gathering bees with great intentness and curiosity:

"You must come in now, Helen, dear. Don't you know you have two more letters to learn today?" And the child came running laughingly into the house.

Not a wonderful picture it may be. There are a thousand such, but none, surely, could surpass in charm and loveliness and promise this of the little girl in the garden, a child of beauty, developing in such a home, under tenderest protection and devoted care into what charming young girlhood and perfect womanhood might bring. And the child was worthy of the fair surroundings of her growth. Bright, almost beyond her years, she was as gentle of disposition



## 28 T TRAFFIC IN INNOCENT GIRLS

as she was clever of perception, and that both her parents were absorbed in the life of their only child was not a thing to wonder at. She was all they had! More than all else they lived for her and, as she grew in years, did not regret it.

It may be that there is no happier or better place in the world to live in than the pleasant country town. At any rate the little Helen found it so from her earliest recollection until she became a girl of years sufficient to become a pupil in the public school, and then she found no difference. Her active mind had pleasant occupation and the affection of schoolmates was only less appreciated than the love she had at home. In her studies she became surpassing and as she emerged from slender girlhood into budding womanhood her standing grew into acquirements and accomplishments to command the admiration of those who knew her. She had a host of loving friends; she was beautiful, gentle and good. What life could be more full of promise than that of this fair girl?

But Helen, modest and unassuming as she was, had her ambitions. Why should she not? She had learned much and, with her acquirement of what she considered some knowledge of the world, came aspirations. The town seemed very small. How much brighter, how much more satisfying must the great city be, and how much greater must be its opportunities for work and recognition! She consulted with her father and mother. They did not want to part with her. That she should earn her own livelihood was not an absolute necessity, though they were far from wealthy and the maintenance of a young lady is not an inexpensive thing, if she is to have all the advantages for which she naturally yearns. Their first desire, however, was their daughter's happiness, and they yielded, finally, to her wishes. She did not want to become, even in the slightest sense, a burden and she felt confident that in the big city she could soon find a place in which she could sustain herself and perhaps do more

## TRAFFIC IN INNOCENT GIRLS 29T

than that. Besides, it would not be like a real separation. Would she not be home on frequent visits? She was full of hope and self-reliance. There was but one thought, only half-confessed, even to herself, that had a somewhat deterring influence. It was impossible that a girl of eighteen with attractions such as possessed by Helen should be without admirers and among these was one, fully deserving and with a future full of promise before him, to whom she had been somewhat more than attracted. Still, she was young and full of dreams and she was not quite certain. It was not necessarily to lose him to go away for a time, and she was certain of his devotion. There might be some other man in the world whom she might meet who would still more appeal to her heart. She was just human, a young and lovable and innocent girl, with all a girl's undeveloped fancies and ideals. She wanted to see for herself, and the glamor of the city was upon her. What could such as she imagine of its falseness and its cruelty!

So Helen, innocent and pretty, and accomplished, in her way, went to the city. She was given sufficient money to provide for her wants for six months at least and was soon established in a respectable boarding house which her father, who accompanied her to the city, had found for her. She soon became at home there. The people who occupied the other rooms and whom she met at table were pleasant to her and the landlady was solicitous for her, as landladies usually are when the rent is promptly paid. She began at once to seek for occupation and, as it chanced, was not very long in finding it. She, with better fortune than usually comes to those who reach the city, replying to an advertisement, secured a place as clerk in a music store, her by no means slight ability as a player and her attractive manner no doubt affording the secret of her luck. She entered upon her work with earnestness, feeling more than ever assured of her success in life. She would devote herself to music as much as

### 30 T TRAFFIC IN INNOCENT GIRLS

possible, would earn advancement, and there was no telling what might come to her. She would demonstrate to them at home that she had been right in leaving the little town. She was happy and, perhaps, a little proud of herself. She thought she had a right to be.

So the time passed; Helen became a valued clerk in the place where she was employed and more than popular in the boarding-house where she lived. She received much attention from the young men there, all of whom were of good standing and inclinations. She received, as acquaintance progressed, many invitations to the theatres and other places of entertainment which she often accepted, as was proper and pleasant under the circumstances. She was becoming acquainted with the ways and scenes of the city and, though she was unaware of it, her beauty not infrequently attracted the attention of strangers.

One night two men were standing in the lobby of one of the theatres, between the acts, looking over the audience. One of them called the attention of the other to a remarkably pretty girl in the parquette. The one addressed became immediately interested when he saw the face. He asked the first man if he knew who she was and received an answer to the effect that he did not, but that he knew where she was employed because he had seen her in a certain music store. The next evening when Helen left the store she was followed by a young man who thus learned where she lived.

#### THE NEW BOARDER.

A new boarder, well recommended, came to the house the next week. He announced himself as a stock broker and gave abundant references. The landlady was rather proud to have his patronage. He was dressed somewhat more carefully than were most of the other young men and there was a certain air about him. He was perfectly at ease in all he said and did and had a certain fascination of manner,

hard to describe, but none the less with effect upon those with whom he came in contact. In a word, he was handsome, with a partial dignity and the air of a man of the world, to which was added an entirely personal and snaring charm. He acquired a swift popularity, in the boarding-house, with the lady occupants especially, and there was, it may be, a trace of envy in the hearts of some of them when, after a little time, his delicately rendered attentions centered themselves almost entirely upon Helen. She, like the others, had not escaped the attraction of the man, and, being not entirely different from other young women, felt flattered and thought a little more about him. He was not obtrusive in his attentions, but they were as constant as they were well chosen and, within a short time, they were on terms of relative intimacy. He asked her to accompany him to the theatre and she accepted, as she had with others she had known longer. It seemed proper enough, and the evenings thus spent with him were among the most enjoyable she had ever known. What she could not know, what she did not know, was that the organization for sin in the great city is something devilish. It has its organized allurements and its instruments. It is a forest haunted by wolves!

They became many, these evenings at the theatre, and Helen came to look upon herself as one no longer unsophisticated but quite capable of caring for herself under any circumstances. She was inclined to belittle the importance of the warnings which had been a part of her country education as to the city's dangers. Had she not enjoyed herself, and had she suffered any harm? They could not quite understand things in the country, that was all. She was content. She could not know that in her very change of view a danger lay.

More and more devoted became the attention of Mr. Laurier and more and more did Helen derive enjoyment from them. Her thoughts drifted toward the coming evening and

## 32 T TRAFFIC IN INNOCENT GIRLS

were less concentrated upon the duties of the day, though this she did not realize and would have become alarmed had she conceived its extent. There was nothing naturally trivial in her nature. She was only a too confident girl walking in a strange country of which she imagined she knew the pathways well enough to avoid the pitfalls. Her guide, too, was astute and, to her, seemed careful. He was considerate in every way, watchful for her in little things and most interesting in his conversation. It was a relief to be in his society. He was entertaining and often alluded to the folly of those of narrow views, who must, necessarily, not find life worth living. He knew the effect; he knew that gradually he was changing all her point of view. He was wrecking the foundations of her former beliefs. What was going on was the very disintegration of what made her sweet and virtuous character.

For a time, the theatre or, perhaps, a concert, was the only recreation of the two. The entertainment was followed by an immediate return to the boarding-house, and the most critical could find no fault with Laurier's demeanor, though it gradually became more intimate in the degree that he perceived Helen had learned to believe in him and to unconsciously accept his views and count upon his society as the finest part of her daily life. Then came the time, one night, when the performance had been a long one, that he suggested a little supper before the return home. She hesitated, for this seemed to her verging somewhat upon the more careless life of which she had read and heard, but she finally consented. The light supper, taken at a restaurant of the best character, was most enjoyable, Laurier was at his best, and she felt the better for the entertainment. She rather wondered why those who could afford it did not always so indulge themselves after the theatre. The talk she had heard about the suggestiveness of late suppers down town must be foolish, in short but another expression of the mistaken views taken in the country, where

## TRAFFIC IN INNOCENT GIRLS 33T

they could not comprehend things as they really were. After this, a supper after the performance became a matter of course. If, sometimes, after the necessarily rather late return home, Helen did not get sufficient sleep, it was a matter of trifling consequence. The recreation, she considered, did her good.

There were other restaurants, fashionable ones, too, differing from the one first visited, in being more glitteringly attractive. There were brighter furnishings, alcoves where comparative isolation could be had, and flowers and music. These were the ones now visited and Helen could not deny the appeal to her fresh senses. It was all delightful. She was getting "broader" views! She even consented readily when Laurier, who assured her that he never drank to excess, asked her permission at the little suppers to indulge in a cocktail or two. He told her that drinking them was hardly drinking at all and that they were harmless in every way.

### LOST!

Finally, at the beginning of an exceptionally fine supper which he had ordered, her thoughtful escort asked Helen if she would not try a Manhattan cocktail herself, but she refused him in sudden alarm. No, she would never drink a thing intoxicating! He but laughed good humoredly and complimented her on her attitude. She must, however, try a little glass of claret, which was a wine, it was true, but not intoxicating. It would do her good. She was still firm, but the man's influence was strong with her and he prevailed. The claret came and its cool piquancy of taste and unfamiliar fragrance was very pleasant to her. She drank the small glass of it and felt no effect. Assuredly wine was not so dangerous, after all! Within a fortnight she was persuaded to taste champagne and, at last, a cocktail. She learned to drink them.

Dimly Helen realized that in yielding to what she thought the harmless enjoyment of life she had gone too far. But her

### 34T TRAFFIC IN INNOCENT GIRLS

perceptions were not so keen as they had been; her conscience was less alert. Even her expression had somewhat changed. Such association, such unconsciously absorbed new ideas and such diversion of her mode of life, could not but have produced their effect. The indulgence at the suppers could not but have results, invisible perhaps as yet, upon both body and soul. The deadly patience and ingenuity of the man with whom she had such constant close relations were attaining their object. She was not, despite all she had learned, as capable of protecting herself as she was when, a pure, unsullied country girl, she had first come to the city. She still maintained her correspondence with her parents and with some of her friends, but her letters to her father and mother were no longer the outpourings of her heart and the relation of her experiences, and those to friends were but forced efforts. She had lost the lively interest in her employment which at first distinguished her and, in consequence, was less appreciated. Her many aspirations, if they had not entirely vanished, had all weakened and she had less of force of character. What unrevealed pangs she may have suffered, what pangs any girl must suffer when she recognizes the failure of her dreams, the departure of her ideals and what in place seems hollowness—for, changed as the craftily directed influence had made her, she must have undergone such suffering—may not be told, for there are mental tragedies which cannot be even guessed at. Helen but drifted into a sort of apathy, lightened only by the pleasures between dusk and early dawn. The suppers were often prolonged.

#### THE MADHOUSE.

There can never be told the full story of a woman's downfall. What utter dementia must exist when she risks the dulling of her senses against all knowledge of all acts, or what sudden reckless madness may seize upon her when the perceptions are still acute, is one of the hopeless mysteries.

## TRAFFIC IN INNOCENT GIRLS 35 T

There came an evening when Helen, drinking in her heedlessness more than she had ever done before, did not return to her home. To her landlady, the next evening, she explained that she had spent the night with a woman friend, which explanation was accepted pleasantly enough, but with a ghastly apparent shade of toleration. Helen had for some time ceased to occupy the lovable regard in the house which her freshness and beauty and goodness of heart had at first commanded. Her too evident absorption in Laurier—who had remained at the place for no great length of time and now only called for her—had worked to her disadvantage. The change in her demeanor had its effect and the lateness of her occasional coming home had set wagging the ever-ready tongues. She felt it all and the situation become unbearable. She moved to another place, and, from that, moved soon again. All relations with those whom she had lately associated were thus broken. They knew nothing of what had become of her.

Only a loving father and mother in a country town now knew, or thought they knew, all about their only daughter's life. To them her letters came regularly full of love, describing her advancement in the store and telling of her happiness and well-being. But the store no longer knew her; the address upon her own letters was not the true one, and the name by which she was known to those about her was not that upon the letters which her parents addressed to her and which reached her indirectly. There were other beautiful girls there, though none, for a time, so beautiful as she, in the magnificently appointed house in which she lived and there was a life there the tale of which may not be told. None there, for her brief hour, too, so alluring as Helen, none other in such demand or of such value as a tempting chattel of the city. As for Laurier, the devil, the "cadet," no petty sum was his reward for such a prize as she. Had he not spent time and money and exercised all his infinite subtlety through months<sup>1</sup> of patient waiting until the seeds of nightshade he



### 36 T TRAFFIC IN INNOCENT GIRLS

had sown had grown and borne their fruit, and was not he the very prince and leader among his craft! She never saw him now.

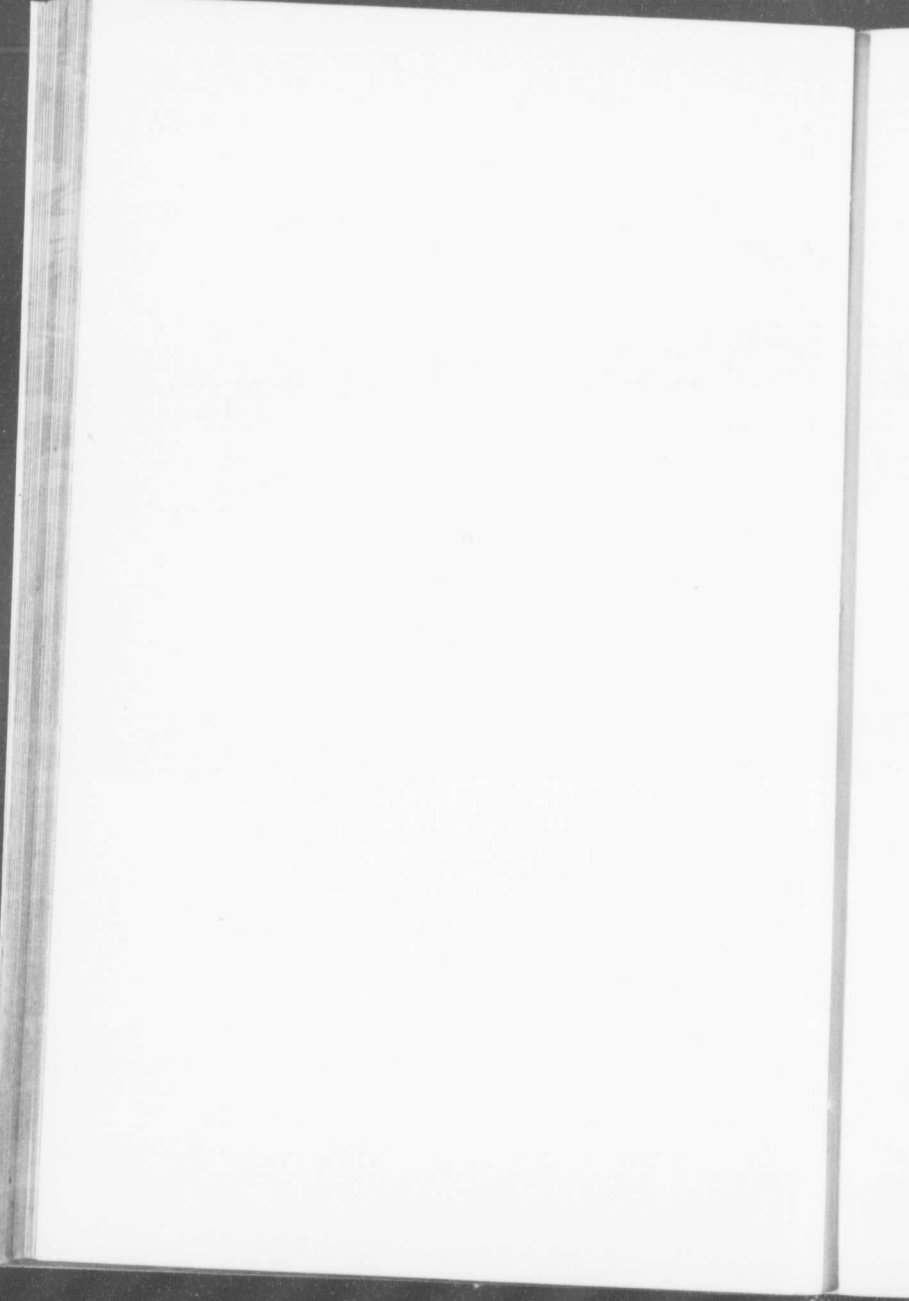
The pitiful false letters to Helen's home—letters induced by a desperate hope of prolonging her parents' ignorance and so their happiness, and by a wild desire for an occasional knowledge, though only in words, of the life she once had known—continued for some months and then ceased suddenly. There came no explanation. There was alarm at once, and suffering and frantic grief were followed by a long search in the city which ended hopelessly—and that was all. No trace of Helen after her departure from her last known boarding place, was ever found by the seekers. Her change of name had sufficed to hide her safely from the world, so few had known her before that in the city. The little home in the country town now shelters a swiftly failing man and woman of middle age, whose life has had been made desolate. The mystery, so far as they are concerned, has never been solved.

There is a limit to what a human being can endure. To the sensitive soul may come an agony beyond all succor. There comes a time when the heart must break and when all is suddenly over. It may be through the mercy of a good God that the mind gives way. The time came to Helen. Her lot was too hard, too appalling for her strength. The dreadful reflections which were with her day and night seemed killing her. Then came overwrought nature's desperate remedy from torture for this girl, once so sweet and innocent to whom had come such a pitiable fate. Walking up and down her gaudily furnished room of infamous happenings, seeing again in her mental vision the loving father and mother, the little house, the garden and all the pure and fair surroundings, choking in the foul atmosphere about her, denied in her self-abasement even the relief of tears, she, all at once went raving in wild delirium. Then something snapped in her brain, or so, at least, it seemed. She could not know. She had gone mad!

## TRAFFIC IN INNOCENT GIRLS 37T

She was relieved forever from the horrors about her, but, though a living, breathing creature, she was henceforth to be, as uncomprehending as are the unknowing dead. She was a hopeless lunatic!

A woman, well dressed and of exceptional beauty still, though bearing the marks of dissipation on her face, was found wandering the city's streets one night and could not be identified. Later it was learned whence she had come directly, but no one there knew her real name or knew her place of birth. She had, it was decided, become suddenly and incurably insane. Today her condition is unchanged. She is an inmate of one of the state asylums, but no longer a woman either in thought or action. She ever, the attendants say, imagines that she is a little child again and often that she is playing in a garden where are flowers and bees, and birds with which she chatters. Once, it is said, she was recognized, but the gray-bearded old man who knew her, sent no message to the aging man and woman in the country town. He was wisely merciful.



### CHAPTER III

#### THE VILLAINY OF THE GREED FOR GOLD

NO LIMIT TO THE HUNGRY GREED OF THE TRAFFICKERS IN YOUNG GIRLS—EXPLOITS OF A SINGLE FIRM OF THOSE IN THE INFAMOUS TRADE—A LUXURIOUS HIDING-PLACE IN THE COUNTRY—THE "CLEARING-HOUSE" IN THE CITY—\$1,500 FOR A GIRL!

There is no limit to the villiany of those who encompass the ruin of girls and grow rich upon the proceeds of their lives of shame, and there is no limit to the crafty completeness of their organization. Take, for instance, the vicious record of the man Alphonse Dufaur and his wife, or mistress, as the case may have been. These two were experts in their dreadful business and left behind them a trail of sin and suffering and sacrifice of hope and life checked far too late by the intervention of the law. The two, with their slaves, occupied a house at 2321 Armour Avenue, Chicago.

In this place in Armour Avenue was conducted the chief "business" of the couple, who were the heads of importing procurers and "cadets." Here were detained a constant supply of from fifteen to twenty girls and here they were forced to live a life the acts of which, were so unnatural and debased, so far beyond all telling, that no suggestions of its awful quality may be conveyed in printed words. Not a mere resort of the openly shameless among men, the outcasts of society, was this. There was no brazenness nor carelessness in making known the nature of the resort. Its frequenters included the rich degenerates, those whose jaded senses and warped desires must be unnaturally stimulated and encouraged, no matter by what means, and it was seen to that their tastes were gratified. The utmost, the most abandoned in all

## 40T TRAFFIC IN INNOCENT GIRLS

degrees of wickedness the human mind conceives was here indulged in. It was money that was sought!

The investment was not trifling. On the bank of the Calumet river, near Blue Island, a suburb of Chicago, the Dufaurs had erected a bungalow, or country place, of large size and elaborately furnished. There were a chef and other servants and a motor boat for excursions on the water, a boat which might be used for other purposes, if need be. Yet, though a fine resort when they desired for the keeper of the city prison and his companion, the place upon the river had other definite uses. It was a shrewdly thought of adjunct of the foul trade. As the slave-owner of old times found it to his interest to keep his chattels in good condition, so these owners of human flesh found it to their profit to keep in such health as their disease-inviting vocation would allow the unfortunate girls in the house of evil in the city. Their beauty must be preserved as far as possible, for upon the degree of their good looks depended largely the money they might bring in, and upon their health must depend the length of time, never very long, which they would last in the life they were leading. A serious problem this, for the drink and drugs resorted to by the outcasts, in their wretchedness, could not but have their effect, and, more threatening still, were the chances of contagion. The ghastly estimate of the authorities is that, in course of time, no less than ninety per cent of the inmates of these houses became the victims of syphilis! So the country house was, on occasion, transformed into a hospital and, there the creatures to be sold again were restored as might be and once more put on the market.

Still another use had this house upon the river. Sometimes occasion rose when the panderers were under apprehension; it might be that some encounter, or, possibly, a tragedy in the Armour avenue house had attracted undue and dangerous attention and that the police were becoming curious; or that the Federal authorities were suspected of having

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received information, or that it became necessary that some girl of whom her family or friends had found a trace be suddenly concealed, or it might be from any other cause, but the hiding-place in the country had a constant value. Very complete was the machinery of the foul business. It was necessarily so, aside from immediate contingencies, for, periodically, Dufaur and his companion, sometimes accompanied by an employe whom they trusted, made trips abroad in search of new victims and it was advisable to have a place of retreat for those having charge of their affairs in the interval and who might not be always so adroit as they. The fact that three persons went abroad together was attributable to a business reason; they could work together in Europe and returning, perhaps separately, each could bring at least two girls under the guise of sisters and, as they were well supplied with money, the immigration authorities could not refuse them admission on the ground of pauperism. These trips were, of course, not frequently necessary, since vacancies in the supply were partly filled from pretty American girls who might be found among the less sophisticated in the city or inveigled from the country towns. It was all expensive, but what mattered expense when the returns were so tremendous? And here comes in a startling and revolting but miserably convincing showing.

What were sometimes the profits of the unholy traffic? Here are the proofs. They are figures, almost unbelievable, of the gains reaped in the traffic, incontrovertible because from Dufaur's books, showing the income and the extent to which each one of the lost inmates of his place contributed! Could there be anything more frightful, more pitiable, more outrageous to every sense of human decency than what is suggested in the complacent summaries of this greedy criminal, which show a net income of over \$50,000 a year!

What a showing is such as this! What evidence is it, plain and convincing in all its horror, of the vast profits of

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organized enticement and prostitution and of the devilish astuteness and completeness of its methods? As to the end of the course of the Dufaurs in Chicago, it is unfortunate that it did not terminate in fitting retribution. The nature of their business was discovered by the Federal authorities, overwhelming proof was had against them and they were indicted on the gravest charges. Their bail was fixed at \$25,000, which they supplied at once,—What was \$25,000 to those who were making \$50,000 a year!—and promptly fled the country, doubtless to pursue their business elsewhere. Such is the story of the operations of one combination of the White Slavers!

But the account of a single firm of enslavers gives only a vague idea of the scope and completeness of the organization throughout the country. In Dearborn street, Chicago, was a resort, a sort of hotel, known as the Bouillon Duval, which was practically a kind of "clearing-house" for the infamous business. Here the proprietors of houses and their agents and the various grades of "cadets" would meet, and here girls would be bought and sold and different forms of contract made. The details were brutally shocking. The prices to the procurers must be agreed upon and proprietors, from some motive of policy, might make exchanges with each other. Prices varied according to the estimated quality of the goods. A beautiful girl was valuable; one, known simply as "Harriet," brought \$1,500 on one occasion, and prices ran all the way from \$250 up to such a figure as the first or even more than that. What reading, what sort of facts are these for the God-fearing and decent American man or woman!

### THE "CADET."

Great variation was there, necessarily, in the character of the girls so bought and sold. They were from different classes in the community and had been allured or entrapped

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as the case might be, by different types of operators. The more delicate and intelligent and attractive, those very likely to be from the country towns, were usually the victims of men of outward good appearance and plausibility, while the often pretty but lighter class, the recruits from the more or less ignorant working girls, either foreign or native, from the manufacturing districts, were the spoils of "tough," flashily dressed but shrewd members of this sort of youth who constitute the city "gangs." Of these there exist a great and increasing number, degraded beyond redemption and existing in a manner vile beyond all words. There are two classes of the "cadets." One consists of the mere betrayer, he who secures his victim, sells her and then has done with her; the other is of a grade if possible even lower in the scale of humanity. He has no sense of pride or shame. He sells his prize for what she may earn for him and another, that is, the proprietor of a house, and has the privilege of occupying a place as a hanger-on! His special duty is to see to it that his serf earns all the money in her power, and his reward is that he shall get one-half of it. He beats the girl if she be not obedient to all his wishes and conducts himself as her master and tyrant in every way. In some instances such a "cadet" as this has succeeded in luring more than one girl into the life and has even been known to have more than one in the house in which he practically lives! In other cases he distributes them about and puts his services at the command of the different keepers in turn, receiving his share of the profits in each case, spending money lavishly and flaunting himself imposingly in the resorts of his kind. Among all animals, quadruped or biped, there can be no other more utterly debased and unspeakable than he.

The story of the work of these agents of the underworld in every large city of the country, with the indescribably sad details in thousands of cases, might be continued without end. There is no phase of sin or suffering which is not included in



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it and fearful chapters are being added to it daily. Sometimes, in spite of all precaution, children are born to the unfortunate inmates of the brothels, children of unknown fathers, sometimes blind, in almost every case diseased, and destined during their brief lives in the county hospital or elsewhere, to become a burden on the community. What recourse have the inmates of the prisons of the criminal money-seekers? As has been said elsewhere it is made a question of wonder why it is that if the inmate of a house of prostitution abhors the life she is living, she does not, somehow, by some means, make her escape from it and throw herself upon the mercy of the charitable and good? But how can she escape? How many of these girls have clothing of their own with which to appear upon the street, and how many of them are allowed to retain a cent of money in their own possession? To venture out thus, possibly hungry, half clad and forlorn and friendless, in search of the indefinite, is something beyond the fortitude of the ordinary human being, to say nothing of the foreigner who is ignorant of the country's ways, or of the deluded and ignorant American girl of the working class. Then, too, though it is against the law to restrain a girl because she is in debt, she is made to believe the contrary and it is seen to that she is always in debt. She is forced to drink, because she must assist in the sale of wine, and so she is made gradually to become a drunkard. She is helpless in a host of ways. Besides, she is made in many instances, even in the ostensibly "better class" of houses—as if there could be "class" in places such as they!—a prisoner in fact. Taking Chicago as an example, the houses, before a recent police administration, though often made attractive enough in their front appearance, had, in the rear, all the physical aspects of a state or county prison, with their locked and guarded doors and windows iron-barred so that escape by means of them was made a thing impossible. And, beyond, and above all—and especially does this include the better born and more intelligent—against the

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earthly salvation of the girl once degraded are her pride and sense of utter hopelessness. What, at its very best, has the world any longer to offer her? She has, as society is formed and will fix her status, whatever she may do, little to restrain her from utter desperation. In almost every case, the girls forced to appear as witnesses by the Federal authorities and questioned as to their attitude and hopes have revealed this pitiable and awful but explainable state of mind. They look blankly and with fearful resolution on the hollow future. The life instinct is still in them—they cannot avoid it—but, almost without exception, they have declared that they must now live the life until their attractions fail and that, then, it is their intention to commit suicide. Think of a young girl begging tearfully the advice of an officer of the government as to which will be the best way for her to end her life when the time shall come, by the lake, or by poison or the pistol! The white slavers, in their lust for gold, have done that which cannot be undone. They have done their work as thoroughly, as it has been done savagely and widely. It is not surprising that a clamor has arisen throughout the country for their ruthless hunting-down or that there is a demand for harsher penalties in the laws against them. It is a rare thing when those charged with the prosecution of outlaws of any class do not become, in time, so familiarized with the nature of their crimes that a degree of indifference is bred and the acts committed lose some of their appallingness, but the case of the white slavers has afforded an exception which is a credit to human nature. The Federal officials who have been engaged in the work have but become more bitterly and grimly earnest. The revelations made to them have aroused their manhood to more than blood heat and they have become crusaders. How could they help it!

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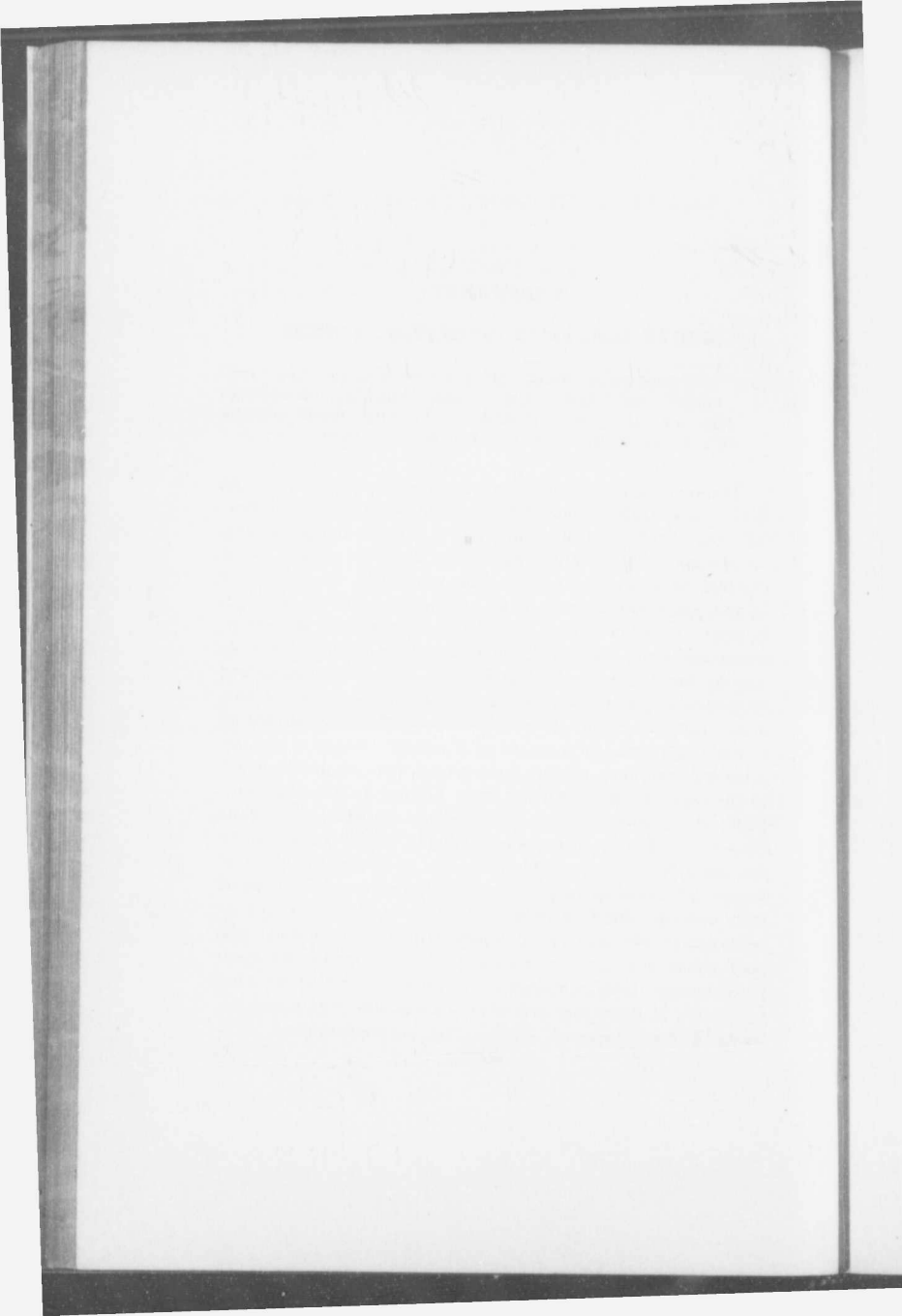
### THE LAW.

There have been obstacles in the way of prosecuting the panderers who have organized themselves for the sake of gain and made of beguilement and prostitution a world-wide scheme of traffic, but the whole world is arousing itself at last. The international agreement which exists regarding the importation of any girl for purposes of prostitution and the laws of the United States on this subject have been made especially severe while United States officials have had imposed upon them more strictly the duty of having such laws enforced. Until 1910 there was no law to prevent the transportation for immoral purposes of women and girls from one state to another, but congress has now made the law in that respect a far-reaching one. It declares the act a felony and imposes a sentence in case of conviction of a maximum punishment of a fine of five thousand dollars or five years' imprisonment, or both, in the discretion of the court. The punishment should be heavier still. The greatest factor, however, is the new element of public enlightenment and aroused public opinion and consequent stern demand that the evil of evils shall be utterly suppressed. It has had its effect even upon the police forces of the different cities, forces in many disgraceful instances, if not secretly in league, for gain, with the traffickers in human beings, at least induced to show indifference.

But back of all lies the true remedy. It is in the home and in the training of the girls of the country themselves. Truths, awful it may be, but truths glaring and necessary must be taught them so that observance of the rules they indicate must become a part of the very being of every girl who would lead a virtuous and happy life. The city is a snare. No unprotected girl is safe in it. The villiany of greedy, gold-seeking men has made it so. No man, young or old, is to be trusted unless his character is fully known. No human being, of either sex, can take a drink of any intoxicant of any sort

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with wisdom. No girl or woman can ever touch a drink of any liquor, even if it be of the alleged most harmless kind, without putting in jeopardy her body and her soul. Let these stern facts but be regarded and the tempters and traffickers will miss their quarry and the innocent will not come to miserable ends in houses of prostitution. The condition of our lives is plain enough. Dissolute living, drink, the White Slave evil, are the triple demons walking arm in arm. Right training to right ideas will make them harmless. They are needlessly existing monsters.



## CHAPTER IV

### WHITE SLAVERY'S PROMOTING FORCES

WHAT THE BEAUTIFUL YOUNG GIRL MUST ENCOUNTER—THE "PRO-CURESS," THE "CADET" AND OTHERS SCARCELY LESS DANGEROUS—MEN OF HIGH STANDING GUILTY—THE UNDERPAYMENT OF EMPLOYEES—WHAT SHOULD AND MUST BE DONE.

The most frightful thing and the most alarming about the White Slave traffic is that it has become a system, one powerfully organized of groups operating it may be independently, but relying upon and aiding each other brazenly. A girl in the clutches of any one of them has practically no chance of escape, since the agents of all of them are on the lookout to make her enslavement permanent. Their eyes are everywhere and upon every girl, including those already fallen as they do the innocent. No Black Hand, no secret organization for evil of any kind is more silent or insidious or, in the end, more ruthless. Other houses are informed of the advent of a new white slave in a house of ill-repute. When a girl, by some accident, may escape, she must be captured and returned to the house from which she fled. Detectives are employed. With the understanding which exists between the white slavers of different cities, even if a girl escape from one to the other it is as easy to retake her as if she remained at home. Particularly helpless is the girl who has been enticed from abroad. She is usually in this country for three or four years before she can talk intelligently with an American. She may abhor the life she is living and sometimes get completely away. Still, she does not know where to turn or what to do and, in nine cases out of ten, is captured again and delivered to her "owners." Then comes her punishment!

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So it is only in a less degree with the American girl who has become a victim. The grasp of the devilish "organization" is the same with her as it is with the others and almost as effective in retaining her, notwithstanding her better acquaintance with the world about her. She is kept, if possible, a closer prisoner than the other girl, and if she appeals for assistance she is likely to be arrested upon some false and trivial charge by an agent of the syndicate and thrown again into its clutches. It is not content with the ruin of young girls; it must utterly destroy them!

We have great companies for managing railroads, for steamship lines, for manufacturing the things we eat, the clothes we wear, for the production, in short, of all things for the benefit of humanity. But think of a huge corporation, a "syndicate" with a big capital and business methods just like those of the others, organized only to RUIN YOUNG GIRLS! Can such a thing be in the world! Can we allow such soulless brutes as form this organization to exist? They have no right on this earth!

### WHO IS RESPONSIBLE?

What are the conditions which make the awful business of the White Slavers possible? A writer in Pearson's, one of the leading magazines, and one devoting much attention to this grave subject, describes the situation. He says tellingly: "When a girl goes to work, she faces three obvious temptations.

1. The Procuress. This is an insidious evil, one most difficult for an unsophisticated girl to know until it is too late. One day one of her woman customers, handsomely dressed, expresses a warm interest in the young girl behind the counter. The girl, poor, struggling to make a neat and pretty appearance on wages which are not even sufficient to buy the necessities of life, is flattered and dazzled by the vista that

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opens before her. Her new-found friend asks her to call some Sunday or some evening, and she leaves an address that to the girl seems to be in a fashionable part of the city. If the girl calls, if she is weak, if her soft desires for ease and luxury for one moment get the upper hand, she is doomed. She joins the army of prostitution.

2. The Cadet. Or one day a young man speaks to her. He is versed in superficial manners that her unformed taste pronounces grand. She flirts a little. He asks her to a dance, or he takes her out some evening to a moving-picture show. Perhaps he promises marriage; perhaps he uses one of the black arts of seduction; perhaps neither is necessary. If she falls she becomes a member of the same army, under a different banner.

3. The Man Higher Up. Or soon she finds that all hard and disagreeable tasks are falling to her. She has more than her share of work; however well she may perform her extra duties she does not advance. Then one day the floor walker, or the chief clerk, or the department manager explains to her, perhaps bluntly, perhaps attractively, how she may advance, or how she "may make a little on the side." She enrolls under another banner—but it is the same army.

"Many, many of the girls never fall, never falter. They march on valiantly true to themselves, shunning the pitfalls, scorning the temptations. Yet these temptations are always there, ever ready, ever insistent; the procuress, the cadet and the man higher up.

"And yet neither the procuress nor the cadet nor the man higher up represents the class to be here considered. They are but secondary manifestations of a great sore spot in our civilization."

Now comes the search for the "sore spot." What is one of the causes which makes less difficult the work of the procuress or cadet? Let us consider the matter with regard to its naked facts.



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### THE EMPLOYER'S EXCUSE.

How about the employer who does not give the girls who must work for him or for somebody else enough to live on. Here is added information from the source already quoted:

A writer, contributing material for this article, stood in a room in Chicago with an employer, looking on 600 girls at work.

"What do you pay these girls?" asked the writer, and added, sarcastically, "Five dollars a week?"

"No! No!" quickly responded the employer, resenting an implied affront. "Only a small number of these girls get as little as five dollars. The average wage of the 600 is seven dollars a week."

He spoke proudly, as if to imply that he was no slave-driver, no unjust tyrant. He considered himself a very fair man, a generous employer. Yet the National Consumers' League, after an exhaustive and accurate study of the question, has announced that it is impossible for a working girl in a city to live on less than eight dollars a week, if she supports herself, and has the necessities of life.

Now let us look at the employer's side of the question for a moment. I have talked with many of them; I know their attitude, their "reasons" for this wage tyranny.

"That is all the girls are worth," the employer says. "They are stupid, careless, ignorant. If they show unusual aptitude they may advance. I have women I pay as high as \$5,000 a year. I have many that get from fifteen to thirty dollars a week, but the run of them are worth only what they get—a few dollars a week."

"Very well," I replied. "But suppose it were difficult to get girls to work in your store, suppose your competitors were bidding for their services, would that not raise the wages?"

He laughed. "The unskilled girl is a drug on the labor market. We can always get more than we can possibly use. The supply far exceeds the demand."

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"Then it is simply because you do not **have** to pay any more. Is that the reason of low wages?"

"Yes," he replied.

"Do you ever consider what a girl **needs**, instead of what you can get her for?"

He looked at me blankly, almost as stupidly as one of his green girls looks at her first customer. "No," he snapped. "We pay the market price." He added, proudly, with the self-satisfaction of a business man in good standing, "And we pay it."

The law of supply and demand, then, rules the wages of working girls at the present time. The French have a more accurate term to express this economic law. Offer and demand, they say. That is surely what it is. The girls "offer," humbly, beseechingly, trustingly, often thankfully. The employer "demands" rigorously, utterly.

"Why not make your profits a little less—they would still be generous—and give the girls a little more?" I asked an employer whose pay-roll concerns over 3,000 women every week.

He replied frankly and patiently: "The whole structure of our business world would be disrupted. I might pay a few cents more per week, but a few dollars more to each woman each week would eventually mean that the wages of every working woman in this town would rise, and that would lower our margin of surplus."

"You mean your profits?"

"No, surplus. You must understand that every big business must have a pretty good-sized sinking fund, a reserve, a sort of sheet anchor. We must always be ready for emergencies—panics, suspended credit, bad business."

"But your dividends are enormous."

"Only a fair return on the capital invested."

But what matters it that the business aspects so present themselves. They should be changed all along the line. Is

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it more important that a few men should become rich than that thousands of pure girls should be saved from degradation and miserable deaths? Will the widely advertised donations of such men as these to charitable causes be counted an offsetting virtue? Hardly! The idea is revolting. They cannot purchase forgiveness that way, either in this world or the next!

### WHAT IS THE REMEDY?

But, what shall we do about it? Shall underpaid girls, by very force of circumstances, continue to remain the easier prey of the White Slavers? Something must be done, else civilization is a failure and the law of Christianity in its observance but a farce! The article in question considers this:

"For centuries we have tried Christianity. 'Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you.' With these eminent merchant princes Christianity has failed, although most of them are deacons and trustees in the church.

"For the last twenty years we have been trying to get at the trouble by legislation, but the millionaire somehow always escapes the law. For instance, about twelve or fourteen years ago New York passed a law providing a few protective measures for women and children in department stores, and creating salaries for fourteen inspectors to enforce the law. The inspectors were appointed and seemed to be competent and efficient.

One of the first things they did was to make trouble for one of our great "philantropists." They were thoughtless enough of his 'surplus' and 'profits' and his 'charity percentage' to require that his basement should have pure air and plumbing, that children working for him should be fourteen years old and have working papers, that seats should be furnished and that the women employes should be allowed to use them when not actively engaged in their work.

"The 'philanthropist' was annoyed. The law was popular

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and had recently been enacted at the close of a spectacular public investigation. He could not hope for its repeal. At that time no court had yet annulled the child labor law.

"However, election time came along; he was a generous contributor to campaign funds; his party won; he was appointed President of the Board of Health. Thus the 'philanthropist' came into control of the fourteen mercantile inspectors. In a few weeks their salaries were stricken from the budget. A little later the 'philanthropist' Health Board President resigned.

"Meanwhile this 'philanthropist,' with fifty-seven of his competitors, had agreed with the National Consumers' League, in return for their indorsement, that he would pay not less than six dollars a week to all women clerks at least eighteen years old, if these clerks had had one full year's experience.

"Things looked brighter. But listen. A painful phenomenon occurred. Instead of growing older with the lapse of time the women clerks in these stores steadily grew younger. An ever-increasing proportion of them were found to be (on the books) at less than eighteen years of age. Yet, even six dollars a week is not a living wage.

"Therefore it is that the trend of the times seems to be toward some sort of legislation that will institute a minimum wage law. We must approach this problem of a minimum wage law cautiously, and later consider the objections to it; but as a proposition for the relief of the conditions outlined above, it seems the only solution.

"Minimum wages! Suppose that we make it illegal for anyone to pay less than a certain amount for labor. Unconstitutional, say the judges. Illegal, say the lawyers.

"But they are doing it in England, and the larger part of our jurisprudence comes from England. In London, in February, 1909, there was established the first minimum wage board. It is composed of selected committees of employers and em-

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ployees who meet, confer and agree on rates of wages in all trades and employments that concern women and children."

Such are the suggested remedies. Well, we must try them or others swiftly, and, if they fail, still others. Social conditions and business conditions must be changed, if they are dragging a generation down to infancy. Our innocent girls must not be forced into harlotry! There is some manner in which all the assisting causes can be removed and it must be done. The whole fearful business, new in its conception and huge in its organization, is beyond all that has taken place before in the criminal history of the world: If we do not crush it out forever, at once and ruthlessly, we are criminals ourselves; we are but cruel, careless savages!

## CHAPTER V

### CANADA'S WAR ON THE WHITE SLAVE TRADE

By Rev. J. G. Shearer, D. D.

EXTENSION OF THE EVIL THROUGHOUT THE ENTIRE DOMINION—  
INNOCENT GIRLS LURED TO RUIN IN THE UNITED STATES—  
CONNIVANCE BETWEEN IMPORTING GANGS—DANGER AT THE  
COAST CITIES—SOME PITIABLE CASES—EVILS OF SEGREGATION—  
WHAT SHOULD BE DONE.

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THERE IS A WHITE SLAVE TRAFFIC IN CANADA.

The day has passed for proving the existence of a traffic in girls for immoral purposes. It has been demonstrated beyond a doubt. All the world has been convinced of the truth of this terrible statement. Hon. Edwin W. Sims' estimate, announced through the megaphone of the press, that 15,000 foreign girls, and 45,000 native born are the victims every year in the United States and Canada, has reached the ear of the world and aroused the indignation or terror of all who have hearts to feel. And a multitude is asking "What can be done to suppress the cruel business, punish the heartless traffickers, and rescue their victims?"

THE INTERNATIONAL TREATY.

One thing alone should satisfy us of the existence of the terrible traffic, namely the fact that more than twenty Governments—our own being one—have signed an international treaty, in terms of which each has entered into covenant with all to co-operate in detecting and punishing the traders in innocent or foolish girlhood and in restoring their victims to

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their own country and friends. Even individual Governments do not, without reason, sign treaties for any purpose. Official and diplomatic inertia is proverbial. Only an unusual need, a need fully demonstrated, a most urgent need, can result in well nigh all the nations of the world binding themselves together in a great common effort such as that undertaken in the Treaty for the Suppression of the White Slave Trade.

### H A S   C A N A D A   H E R   S H A R E ?

But we Canadians, ready though we are to believe almost anything of the great cities of the United States, the Mother Land, and the rest of the world, are loth to believe that such things can by any possibility be going on in Canada. No wonder we are hard to convince. The trade is so despicable, so cruel, and one would suppose so difficult.

### C A N A D I A N   G I R L S   I N   A M E R I C A N   B R O T H E L S .

Everyone knows that for many years a constant stream of Canadian girls have crossed the border to earn their living as writers, nurses, teachers, stenographers, ladies' companions, seamstresses, domestic helpers, etc. Success in unusual degree has crowned their effort. Their integrity and industry and ability have been rewarded with generous remuneration. Stories of their success are widely known. This makes the work of the procurer the easier. His promise of an easy life and otherwise incredibly large wages are believed. Deceptive advertisements are answered. The innocent victims go blindly into a bondage worse than Hell. Once within the door of the house of shame, escape is well-nigh impossible. Locked doors, barred windows, withheld street garments prevent escape, while drugs and brutality do their debasing, enslaving, crushing work. Even if the street could be reached, who will give refuge? To whom can a girl from the house of vice go? Who will believe her? She is an utter stranger. There are good

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Samaritans aplenty, but ere she can discover one such, her captors are on her trail, she is accused of stealing her employer's clothes, or brazenly branded as a daughter of shame, and cunning tempters besiege her. The chances are many to one against her escape and restoration. Will she in any case turn her steps homeward with a foul stain upon her reputation? Heartbroken, though free, many such have gone back to the evil life as the only thing open, determined now to go the pace and die, but never to let mother and friends know of their experience. Five years, on the average, ends it. Vice, drink, drugs, and disease do rapidly their deadly work. Quick, cold-blooded murder were merciful by comparison!

Others are first seduced, then half willingly go, this seeming to them a less evil than facing the shame at home. Still others are wooed, won and wedded in cold blood by heartless slavers, then inveigled or forced into the segregated colonies in the great American cities.

Mr. Clifford G. Roe, of Chicago, Assistant U. S. District Attorney, after investigating in Boston, Mass., says in *Woman's World*: "Taking the biography of one hundred girls in disreputable houses at random, it was learned that about one-third come to Boston, from Canada, mainly Nova Scotia."

### CONCRETE CASES.

A scoundrel bearing a French-Canadian name is at this writing in prison in Buffalo for endeavoring to force his 21-year old Toronto bride into a house of ill-fame, intending no doubt to be her "cadet" and live at ease on her "earnings."

Two other young villains from Ottawa were recently convicted in Ogdensburg of procuring for immoral purposes two foolish girls whom they had induced to go from the Dominion Capital "for a lark," and are now doing time in the Federal Penitentiary at Atlanta, Georgia.

These are sample instances of recent occurrence. Many others might be given.



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NOW BEING DEPORTED BACK TO CANADA.

The American authorities, with commendable energy are both legislating and enforcing the laws against procuring and prostitution. Their Federal Law directs that any alien woman found living the life of shame, within three years of the time of her entry into the States, shall be sent back to the country from which she came, as an "undesirable."

A recent Pittsburg, Penn., dispatch, announced the deporting back to Canada of nearly a score of Canadian girls discovered in raids upon the segregated area of the Steel Metropolis.

Two other Canadian girls, whose friends thought they were in honorable employment in New York State were a few weeks ago returned under this law to the Ontario village where their paternal home is.

These also are but samples of many available instances. And we may expect many more in the future. What shall we do with these, our own Canadian daughters, who went out from their homes pure, strong, hopeful, and are thus sent back as "undesirables"? We must be ready to give them refuge, and in mercy, love and patience to reclaim, and by the grace of God, save them.

CANADA RECEIVES AS WELL AS GIVES VICTIMS.

Canada is to-day the Mecca of the immigrant from all lands. Its lands are wondrous wide, its grain and sand and rock are indeed golden. Men are wanted. So are women— young women—for domestics, waitresses, wives. Here then is the slaver's golden opportunity. Men and women (!) hunt and bait and ensnare them, even as the wild things of the forest are hunted, baited and ensnared. It is easy to do. The true stories of demand and opportunity and success that the mails bear back to every land make the deception of victims and immigration officials and Moral and Social Reform agents, alike easy.

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AN OFFICIALLY AUTHENTICATED INSTANCE.

The Dominion Police are responsible under the Treaty for the Suppression of the White Slave Trade for giving effect to the Treaty so far as Canada is concerned. Colonel Sherwood, the Commissioner in command, is thoroughly capable and equally anxious to do his duty. In a letter to the writer, under date November 9th, 1909, he says:—

“In reply to your letter of yesterday, I may say that the parties of whom I spoke who were engaged in the White Slave Traffic with headquarters at Belgium, were Armand Lechien, and a woman Alsie Lechien, who masquerades as his wife, otherwise known as Alzir Hennart, born in France, but of late years living at Liege, Belgium. They would appear to have been engaged in debauching and bringing young girls to this Continent for some years back. It is shown that in 1903 they brought some into the Yukon, one of the girls at that time being under 15 years of age.

“The particular case with which we had to do was the importation of Philomena Jongen, who was brought out by way of St. John, N. B., in 1908, and taken to a family near Stettler, Alta., to await a convenient opportunity to take her across the line. This was done later on in that year when she was taken to a ranch in Montana, kept by one Jules May (Maille) and later taken to Denver, where she came under the notice of the officers of the Immigration and Naturalization Bureau who apprehended her and got her story, resulting in the arrest of May (Maille), who for his participation in the matter was in July last convicted and sentenced to four (4) years in the Federal Penitentiary at Leavenworth, Kansas, and in addition to pay a fine of one thousand dollars (\$1,000), and indictment was also found against Mrs. Lechien, but both she and her male companion have so far evaded arrest, but the officials, both of the United States and Canada have been warned to be on the lookout and have been furnished with descriptions and in the event of arrest they will be rigorously prosecuted.”

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### WHAT THE IMMIGRATION CHAPLAINS SAY.

The Immigration Chaplains at Atlantic ports see many instances of foreign girls which they have reason to believe are victims of this damnable traffic, but it is extremely difficult to detect or prove this to be the case. White Slave Agents are closely watched wherever suspicion is aroused, and no such get access to the wharves. But who can guard unchaperoned girls after they leave the wharves and start on their overland journey? The Chaplains report that many such never reach their destination as declared to the Immigration officials. What happens to them? How easy for a Slave Agent of either sex who can talk their victim's tongue, to win her confidence, a lonely stranger in a strange land, and persuade her to change her plans and go with the Agent to an inviting situation among her own country folk!

Letters from anxiously inquiring parents in the Old Lands about daughters from whom they have not heard, tell their own tale confirming the suspicions of the Chaplains. Who can even imagine the horrible tragedies hidden, shall we say mercifully, by this mantle of mystery? Verily the "Black Slave Trade" of other days was humane by comparison with this inconceivably heartless traffic of the 20th century, with unintended satire denominated "White"!

### WHITE SLAVE MARKETS IN CANADA.

But Canada is responsible for furnishing her share of the demand for as well as of the supply of the victims of the White Slave Trade. We are not without our vice markets in the form of Red Light Colonies with or without the "red light" as the business sign. Such colonies "segregated" or "tolerated" are said to be a "necessity" for men—that is for human males—and essential to the "safety" of good women and girls who otherwise would be assaulted by the said males.

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Of course if prostitution is a necessity, and must be tolerated, then a "supply" of prostitutes must be furnished. Hence on this theory the White Slave Trade is justified or at least must be "tolerated" since it simply supplies the "victims"! "Segregated" or "tolerated" colonies are an essential adjunct of the "business." Only in such colonies can the "victims" be hidden and securely held. Anywhere else an unwilling victim can easily enough reach the eye or ear of respectable citizens who will give refuge or find it.

Judge Stewart, of Des Moines, Iowa, in which the "segregated" district was abolished in the Autumn of 1908, writing in the New York "Vigilance" of January, 1910, says:—"We now have two indictments for participating in the White Slave Trade, in our Courts, in which two negro show boys induced two white girls to come to the city, ostensibly for theatrical purposes, but really for the purpose of prostitution. Our officers observed them, and the girls being only about 16 years of age, were taken into custody, as they were being taken to a place to be ruined. They came from a small town 100 miles out, and were returned to their parents, but will be called as witnesses for the State. Had there been a 'Red Light' district here, as formerly, it would have been almost impossible to save the girls. People in respectable streets were afraid to give them lodging.

### VICTIMS USUALLY FOUND IN TOLERATED OR SEGREGATED AREAS.

It is not surprising therefore that victims of the Trade are reported almost exclusively in Canada from those centres where the business of vice is permitted. The slaver baits his victims everywhere, in the rural village or town, or in the cities where the business of vice is uniformly suppressed. But he or she invariably heads for a city where prostitution is allowed, to dispose of the victim. The writer after careful investigation covering two years, has found no exception to this

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rule. Victims are reported as ensnared in the prairie, old Ontario, rural Quebec, and the Maritime provinces. They are in every case reported as taken to such cities as Halifax, Montreal, Winnipeg, mining camps of New Ontario, or certain centres in British Columbia, in all of which are found colonies of vice more or less openly "tolerated" or more or less "segregated" by official action or inaction. In no case coming under his notice, or of which he has been able to trace, has a slaver taken his victim to a city where "suppression" is the policy of the authorities, even if in some instances the policy is not very vigorously carried into effect.

### WHITE SLAVES IN WINNIPEG AND THE WEST.

The White Slave Trade finds its victims on the prairie whence they are taken to Winnipeg, to British Columbia, or to American cities where prostitution is "tolerated" in "segregated" areas. One of our most respected ministers tells of instance after instance. Others are able to duplicate them. One victim was found and rescued in Winnipeg. Several others disappeared and have not been found. One daughter of the Parsonage, now fatherless, from across the Line, was rescued and restored to her mother from a resort in British Columbia. Another, the beautiful and accomplished daughter of a wealthy American merchant, was restored to her parents from New Westminster. Similar cases varying in details are reported from the other Coast cities.

### WHITE SLAVES IN NEW ONTARIO.

Though the policy of the Ontario police is "suppression," the business of vice finds temporary foothold in the mining camps from time to time.

A slaver, a negro, from Hull, P. Q., was engaged in victimizing French-Canadian girls of the factory class, and dispos-

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ing of them to a Madame in the New Ontario camps. The Moral and Social Reform forces, with the aid of the Dominion Police, were instrumental in intercepting a "consignment" of four girls at North Bay, and restoring them to their parents, but because of the laxity of the law, were unable to convict the criminal who was making commerce of the human face and form.

### WHITE SLAVES IN MONTREAL.

A special dispatch from Montreal to the Toronto Globe of date November 28th, 1909, says:—

"David Raspinsky, found guilty of criminally assaulting several little girls on Vitre Street, this city, was sentenced to fifteen years in St. Vincent de Paul Penitentiary. Mr. Justice Trenholme was very severe in passing sentence, and said Raspinsky should be executed for the offence, but he took his 65 years of age into consideration and gave him fifteen years.

"Little children under fourteen years of age had been kept in his house and outraged in a most brutal manner by Chinamen, at the instigation of Raspinsky."

Rev. Arthur French (Anglican) of Montreal, has a record entitling him to the respect and gratitude of his countrymen of all faiths. He has been instrumental almost single-handed in compelling the authorities to abandon the policy of "segregation" and "toleration." He has also, with the help of some elect women been successful in rescuing, reclaiming and restoring to respectable life, between 50 and 100 White Slave victims. His plan is to compel the authorities to raid the houses, then offer refuge to the inmates desirous of leaving the life. He says there is little hope of rescue work except under the policy of "suppression." In this, His Honor, Recorder R. Stanley Weir, D.C.L., entirely agrees with him, as he states in his able article published by us and entitled "The Social Evil—Toleration Condemned."

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Mr. French gives the following cases which are verifiable from the Police Court records:—

"A woman named Mrs. Lemaire (nee Ethey) had been for some time known to the police, and served a term of imprisonment, after which she professed to be reformed, and succeeded in making some of the authorities at the R. C. Women's Jail believe that she was keeping a Rescue Home. Instead of that it was a rendezvous of the worst sort. We secured her conviction and imprisonment for keeping a disorderly house; she was also sent up to the King's Bench on the charge of procuring a girl; she was committed for trial by the preliminary Magistrate, but acquitted only on the technical point that, in the specific case brought, the girl in question had been a prostitute and was in prison for the offence. It was a very iniquitous case. The woman had actually written to Ottawa to bring about the girl's deportation as a means of having a hold over her. The sympathy of the Magistrates was thoroughly with the prosecution. The victim was rescued and is doing well."

"A woman and her husband, named Peterson, were sent to jail. The elder of two girls came and told me of their heartlessness. The younger declared that she had been taken to a house by this woman and two men, and debauched. She eventually became a regular prostitute and went to live with the woman. We sent this girl home to her people in Ireland; the elder has been in a situation for months, doing thoroughly well, and will return to her home in Ontario at Christmas; she had been living an evil life for some years, and is still an attractive girl."

### WHITE SLAVES IN HALIFAX.

The Agent of the Society for the Protection of children in Halifax and others, are authority for the following instances occurring in that historic and beautiful city, which has been cursed throughout its history with a large "tolerated" and

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more or less "segregated" colony of vice, from which might be brought to light many an awful tragedy.

1. The first tells of an exceedingly narrow escape. An innocent looking advertisement appeared in a newspaper, for a domestic servant—work light—wages liberal. An unsuspecting country girl saw and took the gilded bait. She came to the Capital with no information but the street address of her future mistress. On arrival she found it necessary to inquire the way. The railway official happened to know that the address was of a house in the "Red Light" district. The terrified girl was handed over to the S. P. C. officer and taken care of. One trembles to think how many similar lambs may not have thus escaped the slaughter.

2. The second is one of many that might be told. An attractive and very young girl, the daughter of well-to-do New Brunswick parents, left home to earn her living in a Nova Scotia manufacturing centre. She in due course attracted the eye of a procuress from Halifax, who told her a fairy tale of easy work, pleasant life, and large wages, in the Capital. The unsuspecting victim went straight into one of the gilded dens of the "Red Light" district. There the curtain drops upon her tragic life, until the place was raided, and she found herself a criminal before the bar of Justice. (Who were the real criminals?) Being convicted, she was remanded for sentence. Her father was communiated with, and overjoyed to learn of the whereabouts of his dear lost daughter, came at once, and was allowed to take her home with him.

### A HAIRBREADTH ESCAPE.

An excellent illustration of how the purest and most innocent girls may be entrapped and enslaved is given in the following incident. A winsome young lady from a rural village that might be named, was on her way to visit a girl friend in a well-known city. She was not expecting her friends to



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meet her. A well dressed, respectable looking matron in the train managed to get in casual conversation with her to learn the circumstances. She was most kind, said she lived quite near her young companion's friend, and invited her to go up with her. They took a carriage. The woman insisted on the girl going in with her, then prevailed upon her to stay for tea, invited her to stay over night. It would be such a pleasure, and her friend was not expecting her anyway. This, however, being refused, she invited the girl to make use of an upstairs room in preparing to leave, then coolly turned the key upon her. She was perplexed and alarmed, but helpless. No response met her knocks and calls. By and by the door opened and a man entered the room. He was a commercial traveller. He knew the girl by sight. He had sold goods to her father. He was not heartless. He told her she was in a house of ill-fame. She was horrified and ready to collapse of fright. He sought to devise her deliverance. This was not easy without exposing his own wrongdoing. A clever scheme enabled him to get permission of the mistress to take her out for a drive. He left her at her father's door, after exacting a solemn promise easily obtained, that his "beneficiary" would protect his own reputation and hers. What if almost any other patron of such a place had been the first to visit her?

Incidents like this surely demonstrate how easily the unsuspecting girl fresh from the security of the family circle may be victimized by smooth-tongued, unscrupulous wretches of either sex, and put beyond doubt the need of faithfully warning all girls of the perils threatening them when they journey unchaperoned to any large city. These dangers are many times greater when girls go to the city to remain and earn their living amid new surroundings, and are compelled to make their home in the less expensive boarding houses, and to find amusement on the streets or in the cheaper places of entertainment, as well as to be exposed to various insidious temptations from employers and work-mates.

WHAT CAN BE DONE TO SAVE THE GIRLS?

These appalling facts are set out not to pain or excite the public, but to point out some lines along which effort—united, energetic, prompt and persistent—should be made in waging war on this terrible traffic.

These lines of effort have already been indirectly indicated in what precedes. It will be enough to enumerate them here in the closing paragraphs for the sake of definiteness and emphasis.

PUNITIVE EFFORTS.

1. Punitive effort is not only defensible but necessary. Only the fear of punishment will deter procurers or procurerses, or "cadets" or the hardened "madames," who are keepers of dens of infamy. They are not only not entitled to consideration at the hands of society. They ought to be relentlessly pursued and prosecuted in the interests alike of social welfare and for the sake of those whom they have so cold-bloodedly victimized, and in many cases procured and sold and held as slaves.

Moreover, as Mr. Recorder Weir, Rev. Arthur French, and every one experienced in direct dealing with those who have for any reason been led to make commerce of sex, have said over their signature, it is only when the law is being enforced rigorously against them that there is any use offering refuge to these wretched girls. It is only when in sore trouble that they are open to the ministry of mercy. Experience almost uniformly demonstrates this. I do not apologize, therefore, for making this my first suggestion—rigorously and uniformly enforce the law making procuring and prostitution criminal offences.

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### REDEMPTIVE WORK.

2. But Redemptive effort should always accompany punitive effort. The hearts of all true followers of Jesus should yearn to rescue and restore and save the women—and the men—of the underworld. Whether they have gone in voluntarily or under the coercion of cunning or force, we must open to them the door of hope and extend to them the hand of help and deliverance.

To this end there ought to be in every city or district some house of refuge whose door is ever open to the penitent Magdalene, whether her sin has been secret or open.

Moreover, there ought to be in every Province some institution under Christian care, to which the impenitent can be sent under the authority of law, and given a chance under fair conditions to get free from the bondage of the life of vice.

### PREVENTIVE WORK BEST OF ALL.

3. But Preventive effort is more important than either Punitive or Redemptive. This needs no arguing.

What can we do to prevent the daughters of Canada or other nations living among us, getting into the life of shame? That is the question of questions in this connection.

The following suggestions are offered:—

(1) It would seem that while something is being done, more is required by the Dominion immigration authorities in discovering and bringing to justice those engaged in victimizing girls of other nations, and bringing them into Canada, or through Canada to other countries, for immoral purposes. The matter is being brought now by the Moral and Social Reform forces to the attention of the Dominion Government. The United States Congress has recently voted \$50,000 for a similar purpose.

(2) Let preachers, pressmen, teachers, parents, and moral reformers persistently proclaim the single standard of morals—holding the man equally with the woman responsible

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in all cases of social vice, whether open or secret. For every fallen woman there is at least one "fallen man." Why ostracize the one and continue to honor the other?

(3) Warn women and girls of the perils to which the young are exposed. Most victims are utterly ignorant of danger. The pulpit, the platform, and the press may and ought to lead in sounding the note of warning. Literature like this should reach every home in the Dominion. Could not the sympathetic women's organizations undertake the task?

(4) In every large city or industrial centre, Travellers' Aid Work should be systematically and faithfully done. It should be made impossible for any lone girl to arrive at any city railway station or on any wharf without being offered the protection and guidance of a sister woman recognizable by her costume or badge.

(5) Christian and social workers in every city should make up and advertise a list of inspected and safe and comfortable boarding houses for girls and women wage-earners. This is vital.

(6) Though it may be difficult and delicate and often unpleasant work it is becoming absolutely essential that the young of both sexes be instructed in the purpose and problems and perils of sex, including information as to the awful penalty nature imposes, in the form of social diseases, such as syphilis and gonorrhoea, well designated the Black Plague, upon those who violate her laws of sex, and not only upon the guilty, but upon the innocent and pure with whom these guilty afterwards wed.

(7) To give any sort of general effect to the above suggestions, organization is essential. What is everybody's business is nobody's business and will not be done.

In every centre therefore there should be a Moral and Social Reform Council, and in connection therewith a Social Purity Vigilance Committee.

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### CANADA'S WAR ON THE WHITE SLAVE TRADE.—*Continued*

*By Rev. J. G. Shearer, D. D.*

Since the preceding pages were published over a year ago many things have transpired in Canada, as well as in other countries, confirming the statements made, illustrating the methods of the criminals engaged in this most deplorable of all trades, and demonstrating on the one hand the close connection of the "toleration" or "segregation" of the vice of prostitution with the White Slave Trade, and on the other the possibility of successfully prosecuting and putting out of business the heartless traffickers.

#### AMERICANS ENERGETIC IN LAW ENFORCEMENT.

Canadians highly appreciate the energy shown by the United States authorities in the enforcement of their laws against White Slavers of all nationalities attempting to import from Canadian territory young girls intended for exploitation in the slave markets of large cities in the form of "tolerated" or "segregated" colonies of commercialized vice.

Many instances have occurred in 1910 of successful interception of these cold-blooded criminals. Two young men from Toronto were convicted in Buffalo and are serving terms in the Penitentiary at Atlanta, Ga.

In November a woman named Roland was deported back to Ottawa after having served a term of eighteen months in Auburn, N. Y., for engaging in the White Slave Trade in Watertown, N. Y.

In a single county in the heart of Western Ontario at the present time are three young women who have been sent back as 'undesirable' because discovered living an immoral life within three years of crossing the frontier. These however were 'desirable' immigrants when they entered the States and were betrayed and enslaved over there.

B.-G. Special

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### CANADIANS EQUALLY ENERGETIC.

Americans will equally appreciate the activity of Canadian authorities in enforcing the Criminal Code of Canada and the terms of the Treaty for the Suppression of the White Slave Trade. The City of Victoria, B. C., on October 31st, which was Thanksgiving Day in Canada, closed up its colony of prostitution consisting of ninety-two women. Forty-two of these were on that day deported to Seattle, Wash., as "undesirables."

An American is now in gaol in Winnipeg awaiting trial on a charge of importing and locating in the vice district of that city two young girls of sixteen and seventeen years of age from Crookston, Minn.

A woman named Mees was in October returned to New York from Winnipeg. She had been induced to come in as 'cook in a boarding house' which turned out to be a house of ill-fame in the heart of the segregated vice area.

Others have been sent back to England, Norway, Sweden, Austria and other European countries.

Such instances could be almost indefinitely multiplied.

### A DRAMATIC INCIDENT.

One of these is worthy of special mention. He was a splendid specimen of physical manhood, tall, well-proportioned and not ill-featured. He sported diamonds many, wore the best of clothes, had plenty of money on his person as well as jewels, gold nuggets, etc. He was discovered by the Immigration authorities 'tending bar' in a Vancouver Saloon. He was brought to.....at his own expense and there stripped of his glory and wealth and put in a cell awaiting deportation. When brought before the Immigration Agent, a conscientious Christian man, he complained bitterly of his treatment and asked if he might not be relieved of the steel 'bracelets' on his wrists. The Agent denounced his cruel wickedness and contemptible conduct, whereupon he asked

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the Agent why he did not put shackles on his feet as well. The Agent turning to the guard in charge in anger said, "Put them on!" And on they went and he suffered this indignity and pain until beyond the jurisdiction of the Agent concerned!

### SEGREGATION IN WINNIPEG.

From pioneer days until 1904, Winnipeg had a segregated vice district. Out of respect to the insistent call of the Christian conscience, this district was abolished in 1904. The Police Authorities, however, were not in sympathy with the policy of suppression, and allowed those engaged in the business of vice to scatter throughout the City until there arose a call for some new policy. This call came largely from those who had always been advocates of segregation. In April, 1909, the Board of Police Commissioners instituted a second segregation district, the Chief of Police, under the authority of the Board of Police Commissioners, going to the Queen of the Harlots and allowing her to locate the district and gather the women of her kind into it, and directing these to a particular Real Estate Agent who was a friend of his to negotiate the purchase of property. In the Autumn of 1910, a vigorous agitation for the abolition of the segregated district was begun, a policy of publicity being determined upon. The writer of these pages gave an interview in the City of Toronto charging the Police Authorities of the City and the License Departments of the Provincial Government with the permission and encouragement of Criminal Vice, and thus with making no serious effort to enforce the law, vice being forbidden by the British Common Law, the Criminal Code of Canada, and the City By-Laws, and the sale of liquor being forbidden by the Provincial Liquor Law. The Winnipeg City Council and Police authorities smarting under this turning on of the light, called upon the Lieutenant-Governor-in-Council to appoint a Royal Commission to investi-

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gate the charges made. His Lordship, Mr. Justice H. A. Robson, was appointed Commissioner with the fullest possible powers and the widest scope. He could summon, swear, and protect witnesses and compel the production of records and documents. The investigation covered the last week of November and the first week of December. The Report of the Commissioner was published on the 14th of January. Substantially all the charges made were held as proven, though the newspaper headlines over the interviews in question were condemned as false or exaggerated.

The following extracts from His Lordship's Judgment will not only be read with interest, but be profitable for consideration and reference as laying down the only attitude that can possibly be justified in those who are charged with responsibility for the administration of justice and the enforcement of laws:

"It is hardly necessary to point out that the enactment of the criminal law rests with the Dominion Parliament and that the administration and enforcement of that law in each province is the function of the respective provincial governments. No provincial authority may alter or suspend the criminal law of Canada.

"Nowhere can there be found any suggestion of authority in the police commissioners or any member of the force for withholding the enforcement of any law in any area of the city or against any class of offenders.

"I can approach the matter and deal with the facts solely in the light of the law applicable to the matter as declared by the powers in whom that jurisdiction is by law vested.

"That law does not authorize anything but entire suppression of the offense. No policy, by whatsoever name it may be known, which involves any conditional or unconditional toleration of this crime, or immunity from punishment therefor, has any recognition by the law of Canada. The provincial and municipal legislation on the subject in the present case both emphasize this.



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"The facts disclosed by the police commissioners of 1909, and the chief of police, show that in that year there was brought about by them a condition of affairs at variance with the principle of the common law above quoted, and the statute law of Canada, as found in the Criminal Code, and contrary to the spirit of the provincial legislation as found in the city charter, and of the city by-law referred to.

"The result of the matter was that in the area selected, there was a conditional license to commit a continuing offence. In view of the law as above stated, neither the police commissioners nor the chief of police had authority to permit such a state of affairs. Their duty was to see to an unremitting enforcement of the criminal law in all parts of the city.

"Referring to the question of straw bail, the judge says: Such miscarriage of justice is not the fault of the law. It is the fault of the administration of the law. It is not to be wondered at that under such circumstances the women have become defiant.

"The evidence was adduced by counsel for the members of the police commission, with a view of showing that wherever such houses congregate the same conditions apply and that it is not due to lack of police protection. This, of course, depends on the extent of the police protection. One of these witnesses said that at one period his neighborhood was so policed that they were not bothered.

"In justification of the policy of passive segregation, reference was made to another city, where it was said that condition prevailed, and that it was 'so successful and quiet there that nobody thinks or knows anything about it.' The evidence on this inquiry shows that in this experiment the result was directly the opposite. No matter how strict were the regulations imposed on the women, they were of no effect in preventing disorderly and abominably offensive conduct in the neighborhood.

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"The state of affairs described by them (residents) as existing since the establishment of the segregated area was shocking. I will not here use the language necessary to describe it in detail.

"The evidence showed that notwithstanding repeated and forceful complaints by the residents, the nuisance continued unabated, conditions not being so bad in the winter months. These sufferers are not wealthy. In some cases all their property is their home.

"That such a state of things should have existed and so continued is a reproach to any civilized community. It is the indisputable duty of civil society to protect its members in the enjoyment of their rights, both of person and property. It is impossible to say how serious is the evil influence on the surrounding community cast by the presence of those evil resorts. The example of conditions tolerated here set before the foreign element is most pernicious. That vice should be flaunted before young children in the manner described by the residents is deplorable. Nothing could be more likely to produce the 'Juvenile offender.'

"From the fact that the city receives substantial revenue from licenses to sell liquor, it would not seem out of place that its police force should, by special officers, if necessary, unite with the provincial police in the prevention of illicit liquor selling.

"Notwithstanding that the law provides a much heavier minimum for subsequent (liquor) offenses, increasing as the offense is repeated, this was never imposed, the penalty inflicted always being the minimum for a first offense. The maximum penalty for third offense is \$1,000.

"There is no adequate explanation of the imposition of the minimum fine in what is probably the worst class of offenses of illicit liquor selling that can be found. The traffic was no doubt continuous and could not be stopped by penalties which it was not difficult for the offenders to satisfy.

Had the city's police department interested itself in this

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phase, even at the expense of special officers for the work, there is no doubt there would have been immediately obtained results which would have gone far to reduce the nuisance to which the illicit sale of liquor in the area gave rise.

"Even although as is said, this evil can never be wholly eradicated in any city, there is no doubt that once these offenders are subjected to a rigorous application of the law, the nuisance will be reduced to the lowest possible point. But the whole system must be made equally strong. Prison doors must not be opened to straw bail or because of technical objections.

"In the result, I have to report:

"1. That the charges as to vice in Winnipeg appearing as **headings to the newspaper items** in question are not true.

"2. As to the charge made by Dr. Shearer, so far as it condemns the condition of things in Winnipeg in regard to the question of social vice, I have to report that a policy of toleration of the offense in question in a limited area, with regulations as to conduct, was adopted by the police commissioners, that such an area was accordingly established by immoral women; that since October, 1909, there was no attempt to restrict the increase of houses of vice in the area, and the number of houses of this class grew from 29 to 50.

"3. That illicit liquor dealing has been general and continuous in the houses in this area, and that, as already particularly shown, the law regarding the same has not been properly enforced.

"4. That the result of the above state of affairs has been the disturbance of peace and good order in the locality, a menace to morals and great depreciation in value of property of the neighboring residents.

"5. That the above conditions were not brought about by the corruption of any police authority, and that the occupants of the houses referred to do not pay for police protection.

"(Signed) H. A. ROBSON."

## CHAPTER VI

### "SUCH A BARGAIN!"

TEAR-STAINED LEAVES—OUT OF SIGHT—ANOTHER MOVE—EN-  
SLAVED—DIRT MEAN—A BASE PROPOSAL.

Most people delight in good bargains. In every city in the land there are bargain hunters,—men and women who watch the advertisements, and when they see a "marked down sale" or a "fire sale," or an "annual clearing sale," forthwith they lie themselves away to their "Sweet buy and buy," until their purses are lightened and their tastes and whims are satisfied. Seldom indeed do they pause to ask whether they really get bargains, and if so, what makes them. No doubt there are now and then *bona fide* sacrifice sales, when goods a trifle shop worn, or out of style, are sold at cost of manufacture, or less. But if clothing, ready made, in good condition, is sold for less than it can be purchased in the bolt and made up, some one suffers. Who? Not the merchant, for he has his profits, or he could not continue in business. Nor yet the manufacturer, for he must have his cent per cent on invested capital, as well as wages of superintendence. Who then? The pinch must come somewhere; who suffers? The working people suffer, the men, women and children who bend all day and far into the night over their whirring machines, stitching their meagre lives into the garments they make,—they suffer. And how? In ways we wot not of; in ways that stagger belief; in ways that make the heart sick, and the blood run cold with horror.

#### TEAR-STAINED LEAVES.

We have taken a few tear-stained leaves from the lives of these workers, to show how upon every such bargain is the smell of fire and brimstone. Did the thoughtless purchaser but know at what terrific cost all this boasted cheapness comes, she would drop the garment over which she gloats, as if it were infected

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with a deadly contagion,—as indeed, many times it is! For there is always and evermore the weird Nemesis upon the trail of any injustice or outrage. Society may permit the villainous wrong for weary days and years, and not suffer, but all the while wrath is being stored up against the day of wrath, and when finally the vengeance comes it is all the more dreadful for the long delay. In their blindness and ignorance, men seem not to know why they are smitten; but if they would only look in on the lot of "the other half," if they would only acquaint themselves with the way that other half lives, or rather does not live, more than half their days, then they would only wonder why the punishment had not come swifter and heavier. The familiar lines,

"Man's inhumanity to man,  
Makes countless millions mourn,"

were never more aptly used than to describe the woes of the world's workers, in this free republic of America.

It is passing strange with what irony of fate misfortune sometimes pursues a man. John Anderson had been a well-to-do merchant in a small country town, a stockholder and director of the bank, and a prominent and influential citizen of the place. But in the crisis of '93 the bank failed; he was grievously wronged by an absconding partner and when the smoke of the crash had cleared away, the once prosperous merchant and capitalist had nothing.

"Well, we can begin all over again, Jennie," he said hopefully, to his faithful wife.

### OUT OF SIGHT.

And begin again they did; but things never went right. He seemed to be down on his luck. Whereas once all he touched turned to gold, now, all he touched turned to liabilities. He kept up a manful struggle for a time in the place where his fortune had been made and lost, but finally packed up and left, his little family, with their unstinted affection, being his whole resource. They moved to St. Louis, and there in the whirl of the city's life,

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they dropped out of sight, and were soon forgotten by their former friends.

At first they rented a four-room apartment in a quiet, decent neighborhood, and sought to continue life among people of the same class with themselves; but this was far from an easy task. Employment at decent wages was hard to find; and situations were of uncertain tenure. Many a man in John Anderson's circumstances, but with half his native energy and pluck, succumbed to what seemed irrevocable and unavoidable, and became a public charge, subsisting on the charities of the city. But Anderson fought against the tide with an energy born of desperation. Casting up his little accounts one evening he said, dejectedly.

"Wife, I don't for the life of me see how he can make both ends meet." Then pausing a moment, he asked in a lower tone, "Are the children all in bed?"

"Yes, John dear," his wife replied, instinctively closing the door that led to their sleeping rooms, and drawing her chair up nearer to his.

"You know I never was good at figures, John, but perhaps I can help you"; and Jennie Anderson smiled faintly.

"Well, here you are; my total earnings last month were but thirty dollars. I had to pay \$2.50 to the Employment Bureau, besides car fare more than half the time; that leaves us net, \$26.50. Now it is a short sum; rent, \$16.00; groceries, \$8.00; medicines for Julia's sickness, \$4.50; shoes for Harry, \$2.00; total, \$30.50."

"But perhaps you will do better this month, John."

"That is precisely what I thought a month ago, wife, and you see how it has turned out. At this rate we'll soon be in the poor house; and who is there to care?" he added bitterly. "If anybody is fool enough to think the world is full of goodness and kindness, just let him get behind the procession once, and he'll soon be undeceived. There isn't a man in this town but what has a cold shoulder for the fellow that's down, no matter how he came to be down. Plenty of glad hands when you can pay as you go,

## 82T TRAFFIC IN INNOCENT GIRLS

and every fellow's knees are oily when you've money to lend. But let your purse get empty and your clothing a bit threadbare, and then see!"

No telling how long he would have run on in this strain of bitterness if his wife hadn't interrupted him.

"But John, John, we've got our health yet, and you used to say that all in the world a young man could ask for in the way of capital was good health and average ability."

"That's all right for a young man, but when a fellow's hair begins to turn and his shoulders to stoop they look at him a minute, then ask, 'How old are you?' and the jig's up!"

Mrs. Anderson was silent. She remembered the halcyon days of their youth, when a benignant Providence smiled upon them; when with a loving heart, under sunny skies, all radiant with hope, she gave her hand to stalwart John Anderson, envied by her whole group of friends. What had they done to merit such reverses? Who can tell? Does merit always win in the world of business? We have heard of "the survival of the fittest," but the right sort of census taking in some communities not to say in most parts of the modern business world would show that the law there is, "the survival of the slickest."

It was useless to continue the discussion. The couple went wearily, dejectedly to bed. But it was near morning before John Anderson lost consciousness.

### ANOTHER MOVE.

After breakfast, he announced his intention of giving notice to their agent to vacate the flat, and move into cheaper quarters. Julia, a young woman of eighteen, flushed a little, and started to remonstrate, but catching a warning glance from her mother, said nothing.

"I was thinking of the same thing myself, John," she remarked, "and I shall be glad to do anything to cut down expenses until the tide turns. I know the children will, too."

TRAFFIC IN INNOCENT GIRLS 83 T

Harry, not yet old enough to understand the situation fully, joined in,—

"Sure, it's all right. Movin's fun, any way; ain't it, Sis?"

And so in the course of a few days, they found themselves in a less desirable neighborhood, one family in a tenement house which sheltered at least a score of others.

For several days after their removal, John Anderson failed to find work. After he had left the house early one morning, Julia and her mother had a long, earnest talk. This is the way it ended. The mother is speaking:

"I can't think of it, Julia. You will be thrown into such company! It isn't at all safe. You have no idea of the dreadful things that happen in those factories."

"Yes I have, mother. I have thought it all over, and there is simply nothing else to do. We can't all stay here doing nothing, while poor papa is tramping the streets hunting for work, and lying awake half the night worrying because he doesn't find it. Fortunately I am strong and well now, and I'm sure I can do something. You know I learned to run the machine before I was fifteen, and I've had quite a little experience since our misfortune came."

"You are a noble girl, and it is quite like you to make such an offer, but I do not believe your papa will hear to it."

"May I if he consents?"

"Yes dear."

Julia went back to her own little room, and the mother sighed. Why should her daughter have to go forth into the streets hunting for work, while many a fair girl out on the avenues was positively surfeited with enjoyments? She really hoped that John Anderson would withhold his consent.

"Julia—my child—go to work in a factory for some Hebrew sweater? Never!" exclaimed the fond father, when the plan was unfolded to him after supper. But that was the first revolution of feeling. The daughter knew all too well the true state of



## 84T TRAFFIC IN INNOCENT GIRLS

affairs, and with womanly adroitness she pressed the matter, meeting one objection after another, until she gained a reluctant consent.

### ENSLAVED.

The night that followed brought not a wink of sleep to John Anderson. Over and over he revolved one plan after another for escape from the fate that had imprisoned him. But he was as powerless as any slave. Indeed, was he not a slave? and had not his whole family gone with him into slavery? Of course slaves must toil, and the girl with her good figure, her pretty face, and her dainty ways would be welcomed into the ranks. More than one employer would gladly make a place for her, if he had not one ready out of which some poor woman had fallen, a victim to the nerve-wrecking struggle for bread. Sleep on, Harry, sleep on; it will be your last night of boyish rest before long, for the Juggernaut is upon you too. The street has a place for you, and cannot spare you much longer for the school.

Sure enough, Julia found a place the first day out.

"It is such a nice place, mother, and the man treated me in such a gentlemanly way. I know I shall like it. I am to go to work Monday."

So there was one more Sunday between the girl and her new career. Again with an unsullied heart she heard the chime of the church bells, and sat in the little chapel listening to the prayers and the sermon. Her fresh, sweet voice rose in the cadence of praise, and smiling and happy, she returned to their humble home. All the rest of the day her mind was busy with plans for the future. She would show her father and mother that a girl was not to be despised. She would save every penny she earned, and get them out of that horrid place! Such thoughts were entirely becoming; they honored her, but proved how densely ignorant she was of what awaited her.

The first day in the factory passed by pleasantly enough, except for the fact that it was very warm, and the bad air gave her

a headache. She had to confess, too, when closely interrogated by her mother, that she did not like the appearance and manners of the employees. "But then you know, mother dear, they are just plain, hard-working people, and never have had any refinement. You mustn't expect too much."

And the mother tried to be comforted, but she sat long after her daughter had retired, worn and weary, trying to understand the problem. She tried to keep a brave face before her husband, but when he was gone, and Julia was gone, and Harry was out on the street, the tears fell unchecked, sobs choked her customary song, and her soul shivered with nameless dread.

At the end of the first week, according to agreement, Julia reported at the cashier's desk to receive her pay. The fellow handed her an envelope, marked \$2.00. Julia looked surprised.

"We always keep back half the first week's wage, you know," explained the cashier. "Move on, and give the others a chance."

The poor child "moved on," wondering why the firm should keep half her wage. But at the end of the second week, she had a still more humiliating experience.

"Your work isn't up to standard, yet, Miss Anderson, so your pay is a little short." Julia started to protest, but those behind were pressing forward, and she was soon shoved away from the desk, and went on home, feeling dejected indeed. If her work wasn't up to standard, why didn't the forewoman say so, and give her a chance to do it again? She didn't believe the cashier; she would see the proprietor himself.

One of the girls who had a machine near hers seemed to be of rather better character than the rest, and sometimes they ate their lunches together. Julia ventured to ask her about the shortage in her pay envelope.

"DIRT MEAN."

"Oh, they always do that," explained Hester, with a toss of her head; "they call it 'seasoning' the hands. We come in green, you know, and have to be broke in. Of course in some cases it's

## 86 T TRAFFIC IN INNOCENT GIRLS

all right, because they are careless or else they can't do very good work, and have to learn, but it ain't so in your case, if I'm any judge. Your work has been as good as the best from the start. Did you ever work anywhere else?"

"Only at home; but I learned to sew several years ago."

"Well, I think it's just dirt mean for 'em to dock you, but there's hardly a week goes by but what two-thirds of the force suffers just that way. And the more fuss you make, the worse it is for you."

What a world! There they were, girls and young men, working side by side in the closely crowded factory, bending over their machines, eager, alert, moving backward and forward like automats, flesh and blood become part of that great mechanism of steam and steel! Julia was at first shocked by the rough language they used, but in time she grew accustomed to it. She found it harder to become accustomed to the easy, coarse manners of the operatives, and never joined in their rude jokes.

Of course she suffered on account of her reticence. "Thinks she's better'n we are!" sneered one of the ringleaders in mischief, a tall, black-haired Irish girl. "Jes wait till she's been here as long as we have. Bet old man Brown brings her to time." The third week wore to its close, and brought slight improvement in her pay envelope. It contained \$3.50; she was docked fifty cents for "wasted material." She knew she hadn't wasted a thread, but having learned that it was better to submit, she said nothing, hoping that the following week her envelope would have the full amount of her wages.

### A BASE PROPOSAL.

One evening the foreman sent for her. "Have a chair," he said, not ungraciously, as she stepped into the little office. Presently he turned from his desk and looked her square in the face. He was a short, heavy-set man, slightly bald, with a florid complexion, thick lips, and heavy jaw. His eyebrows were very light, and his ears protruded, giving him rather a sinister appearance.

"Well, gettin' on purty well, air ye?"

Miss Julia assented, as she did not know what else to say.

"I jest thought I'd have ye step in, and tell ye that I've got a promotion for you,"—the girl's face brightened—"that is, ef we kin come to terms." And the slave driver paused to eye his victim a little more closely. The poor girl shrank beneath his gaze. What could he mean? Presently he went on.

"Yes, ef we kin come to terms. O' course I caint give no girl a nice, easy place, unless she'll be good to me, you know." And his thick lips parted in a sardonic grin that was meant for a smile.

He was warned by the expression of the girl's face not to be abrupt. "Wouldn't ye like to hev more wages 'nd less work? Most o' the girls here ain't any tew well off. Some of 'em has folks at home they like tew help, 'nd when they're likely and try to please, why, they get on all the easier. But o' course it's volunteer; we don't compel 'em. Now I've hed my eye on you, sence you first came to the shop. I said to myself, says I,—That's a mor'n likely gal; I b'lieve she'll come right tew the front. And here ye air, almost afore ye knowed it, yerself." And again the grin. Rising from his seat, he reached around over the girl's shoulder, and closed the door. "Now don't git scared, honey," he said, reassuringly, and patting her arm, "they's jest us two here, and we kin have a nice little talk all tew ourselves, and no one'll be any the wiser. You've got a mighty purty hand," taking it in his, "and a purtier face. Reckon ye hain't never been kissed?" And with that, the fellow threw his arms around her, and tried to draw her into his lap. But Julia Anderson was aroused. She struck the wretch with her clenched fist full in the face with such force tht he released her immediately and clapped his hand over his eye.

"I'll have you arrested as quick as I can find an officer," she exclaimed, in a transport of fear and anger; and turning she fled from the room and down the stairway, pale and tearful. But as

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THE INSULT.

"Ye hain't never been kissed?"

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usual when an officer is needed, none was in sight, nor did she find one all the way home. It was a long walk, and she had time to think. How unnerved she was! What a horror she had undergone! Could anything be worse? Yes, there were lower depths of infamy to which men might sink. Oh, that she had never gone into the factory! To be insulted by such a wretch! her whole womanly nature revolted.

When she reached home, she was so weak she could scarcely stand. Her mother was alarmed. "Julia, dear, what is the matter?"

Sinking into the first chair, the girl covered her face with her hands, and sobbed convulsively, unable to articulate a word. And the poor mother could only wait, until anger and grief had somewhat spent themselves. Then Julia told her mother, with many breaks in the narrative, what had occurred.

When she finished her story, the mother's face was hard as flint. She did not speak at all for several minutes. There they sat, in their poor home, the little clock ticking the hours away, faces clouded, hearts hurt and heavy, dazed with horror. The girl could not go back to work for Brown & Co. She should not go to work anywhere! And yet,—and yet, what were they to do? John Anderson's hard luck and harder labor, whenever he found any, were telling on him; he could no longer support his family, without assistance. Well, who could? How many laboring men are able to earn a living for their families, unless their meagre wage is supplemented by the earnings of wife or children, or both?

After talking it all over, the mother and daughter decided that it would be unwise to tell Mr. Anderson anything about it. There was clearly nothing he could do, and it was useless to aggravate him into an assault on the brutal foreman, and no end of their trouble. They could swallow their grief and shame. He—the demon incarnate!—had failed in his purpose. The fair girl still held her life unsullied, and perhaps in some other place, she

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would be free from molestation. But where? What guaranty could they have that one factory was any better than another? Oh, the misery of it all!

When John Anderson came home that night they told him that Julia was worn out, and would give up her place in the factory for a few days' needed rest; that after having had some experience, it would be quite easy to get another place, and she would be better and stronger for the rest. Anderson trusted his wife and daughter implicitly, and did not notice the evasive answers returned to two or three rather pointed questions.

A few days afterward Julia was returning from the grocer's when she noticed a couple coming toward her who seemed to be under the influence of liquor. She shrank aside as they passed her, and shuddered as she recognized the foreman from the factory of Brown & Co., and one of the girls whose machine was only a little way from the one she had operated. Together she saw them go into a house of questionable character, as she hurried on, sick at heart.

"I know now," she thought, "how Brown & Company make so much money, and yet sell so cheap!"

And with a throb of gratitude, that no matter what might be before her, she was well out of a place at once so slavish and so vile, she went home. Better ten thousand times poverty, with its denials and hardships, than such a fate.

But what of the poor girls who are dragooned into the lair of the beast? No doubt there was a time when they too were horrified; when they revolted; when they sought to free themselves. But either by cunning or by force, they were enmeshed at last, and now they tramp the wearisome round, and one by one drop out of the ranks and disappear.

The Consumers' League is an association formed where it will do the most good,—as its name implies, among those who buy. And this League investigates factories and stores. No factory that does not provide decent and wholesome surroundings for its

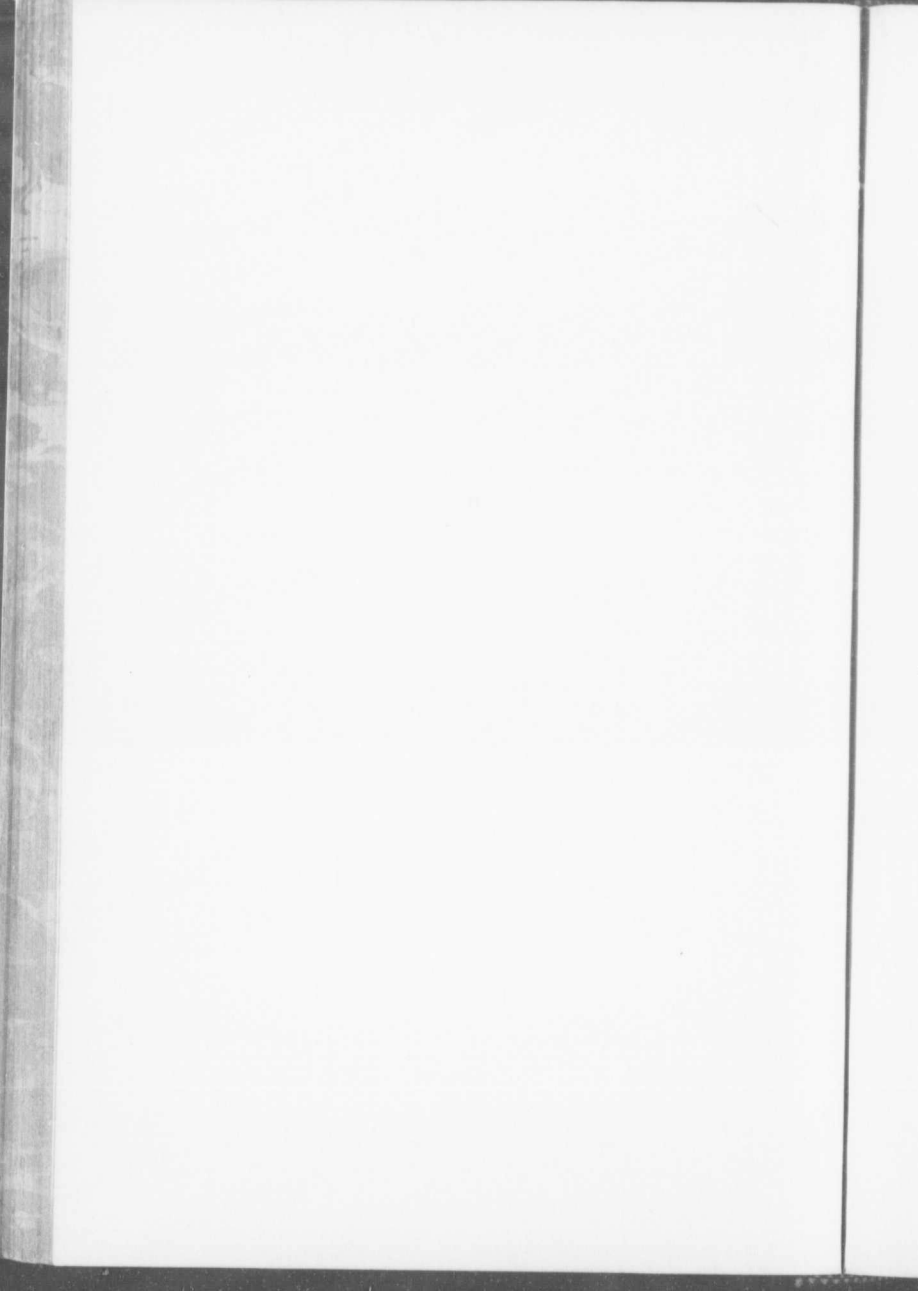
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workers can use the label of the Consumers' League; wherever you see that label, you may know, no matter what price the article bears, that it was manufactured without sacrificing a human body or soul.

“Women! who shall one day bear  
Sons to breathe sweet Freedom's air,  
If ye hear without a blush,  
Deeds to make the roused blood rush  
Like red lava through your veins,  
For your sisters now in chains,—  
Answer! are ye fit to be,  
Mothers of the brave and free?

Is true Freedom but to break  
Fetters for our own dear sake?  
And with leathern hearts forget  
That we owe mankind a debt?  
No! true Freedom is to share  
All the chains our brothers wear,  
And with heart and hand to be  
Earnest to make others free.”





## CHAPTER VII

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### ON THE BRINK.

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WAS IT A HAPPY MARRIAGE?—THE WAY OF THE WORLD—THE  
SHADOW OF TROUBLE—LAW EVADED AND JUSTICE DE-  
FEATED—RELIGION A SHINING VICE—"A LOVELY SERMON"  
—PROUD OF HIS DAUGHTER—CAUGHT IN A TRAP—A  
SHOCKING DISCLOSURE.

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When George Dudley and Anna Shackelford were married, everybody seemed to be very much pleased. And there was no reason apparent why they should not be pleased. The day was perfect. It was early fall. The golden haze of the Indian summer filled the air. The lightest of breezes stirred the foliage of the trees, and whispered dreamily among the late blooming flowers. On that eventful morning, the sun rose clear and shone lovingly upon the fields and gardens, and even looked with tender compassion upon the pavements and roofs of the crowded city.

In the home of the bride, all was confusion and bustle. The servants caught the contagion of activity, and moved about their appointed tasks with an astonishing celerity. Finally, the hour approached. One carriage after another drew up in front of the hospitable old mansion of the Shackelfords, daintily gowned women and men in conventional attire alighted, and the broad door opened into the wide hall, across which the guests went tripping to the rooms assigned, where wraps were deposited and toilets retouched. It was a gay and festive crowd. There were few who did not know both the contracting parties intimately.

#### WAS IT A HAPPY MARRIAGE?

Young Dudley was a well-built man physically, with a well-stored mind. He came from a family that had always occupied front rank in the social and business life of the middle West. His grandfather was Congressman from one of the best known

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districts in Kentucky, and no man ever stood higher in political affairs, or was more generally beloved by his constituents. The magnetic qualities of this sire had been bequeathed to son and grandson after him. George's father did not have any taste for public life, but was passionately devoted to business. And his passion found expression in the successful establishment and conduct of a great manufacturing plant. Dudley Senior did not rest content with the methods in vogue in the making of carriages when he came on the scene. His naturally creative mind enriched his business as it might have enriched science or art, had he turned in either direction. He was fond of studying men; and he never failed to detect in any man the qualities that peculiarly characterized him. He could tell by a glance at a stranger, whether the man had anything that would make him valuable in any department of the Dudley Company, and if he thought he had, it was not long till the stranger was duly installed where his energy and talents would be most productive. This faculty of reading men, of mastering men, is one that is absolutely indispensable, nowadays, to any large commercial success. It is not the man who can do ten men's work, but the man who can pick out ten competent men and set them to work and keep them at it, that is going to rise into commercial prominence. No man can become rich by his own unaided efforts, unless he has a genius for invention, or is an originator in some department of human enterprise; and even then, he will find it necessary to supplement his qualities with the shrewdness of the man on the street, or he will simply make others rich, while he lives in comparative poverty.

With such parentage, it is not at all strange that George Dudley was a man of fine parts. Nor was there anything whatever in his mother's side of the equation, to reduce or discount these fine qualities. She was a woman with that rare beauty and grace which belong to the typical daughter of the South. Natural charms had been cultivated, her mind had been trained, and

her whole career had been one that as far as possible under present conditions, fitted her to be the mother of men. The false and foolish ideals of society warped her mind somewhat, and prevented a symmetrical development of its faculties, but she was a superior woman, nevertheless, one who would command respect in any circle because of her strength of personality. She was a most excellent helpmate for Richard Dudley, a wise and careful mother, and an ornament to society.

A daughter older than George had married three years prior, and of course came home to be present at the marriage of her big brother. The wedding was one of those tasteful, impressive, beautiful weddings that leaves everybody smiling and happy. If it be true that "all the world loves a lover," why shouldn't weddings be happy? There is a kindling of human sympathy that adds fuel to the fires of devotion, and a feeling of pride in many hearts that leaves all in a complacent frame of mind.

After a short wedding journey, the young couple settled down in a home of their own, a few streets from the parental roof tree. George went into business with his father, and applied himself to the art,—for it must be remembered that modern business is an art—with becoming diligence. He was able to move among the best people of the city. He had held membership in several clubs before his marriage, and social opportunities were not few.

The years had passed in a quiet, uneventful fashion. Their home was furnished with a touch of original taste here and there, but in the main, it was conventional, as furniture factories decree that modern homes shall be. Three children came to them, and brought the usual burdens of care and responsibility, as well as the usual delights. The oldest was a girl, and bore the name of George's married sister, whom she resembled somewhat; the other two were boys, full of force and fire, and showing ample signs of being able to take care of themselves in this work-a-day world.

George Dudley, of the Dudley Company, was a fine illustra-

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tion of what may be done in the establishment of families, and the maintenance of a great business. The traditions of the Dudley family were his to cherish. He felt that he was honorably begotten; but he also felt, and it must be admitted, with some measure of justice, too, that he was himself a credit to his distinguished ancestors. When in the natural course of things, his father passed away, and he became the head of the great business interests that had grown up around them, this feeling of self-gratulation increased.

### THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

But there was another side to the life of this man. He felt, and justly enough, that a man who worked as faithfully and successfully as he did, deserved and needed recreation. And from the very first, he had not denied himself any pleasure, counted legitimate by men in his position. There were all the opportunities afforded by his clubs, his horses, his occasional vacation tours abroad, and then, added to these, a set of habits that did him no credit. It was customary for a group of men, more or less associated in broad business interests, to meet once or twice a week for a quiet game of poker. They thought it delightful, after a hard day's work, to sit together and play, and refresh themselves with their favorite liquors. What could be more natural?

And they also arrogated to themselves the right to seek pleasure in the company of women not of their own households. They were quite circumspect in this, always careful to avoid a scandal, and the places they visited and which each of them practically supported, were elegant in all their appointments. The house of which Mr. George Dudley of the Dudley Company was the main stay was only a few blocks from his own home. The street was not the most fashionable, but it was occupied by respectable people, and the neighbors never suspected the character of the house to which he paid frequent visits.

Once upon a time, Dudley came near getting into trouble. His wife employed a young English girl to nurse their youngest

through a spell of typhoid fever. She had the fresh, ruddy complexion of her countrywomen, a plump, round figure, teeth white as pearls, and a wonderfully sweet voice. Her youth and beauty made her attractive, and immediately the head of the Dudley Company saw her, he felt that here was one who could minister greatly to his pleasure. He returned home early one evening when his wife was away, and went to work to carry out his plans. He felt that he was himself irresistible; that a man with his position, to say nothing about his personal charms, had but to indicate his wishes, and almost any woman on earth would yield to him.

The next day, the little nurse left her mistress. She was somewhat agitated, but would give no satisfactory reason for her departure. The sick child was better, and she felt that she had stayed as long as she could.

"But hasn't it been pleasant for you?" inquired Mrs. Dudley anxiously. "We have tried to make your work easy, and Mary has relieved you every day."

"Oh, yes," was the hesitating reply, "it has been pleasant enough, but I can't stay any longer. I must go."

So without further parley, she left.

#### THE SHADOW OF TROUBLE.

A few days afterward, a woman who was superintendent of a working girls' home was interviewing one of the prominent lawyers of the city.

"What evidence have you that Mr. Dudley made any improper overtures to the young lady?" the lawyer was asking.

"Evidence enough!" exclaimed the matron; "the girl's own testimony is enough to convince any one in his sober senses. You know yourself that children and fools always tell the truth."

The lawyer smiled. Yes, he did know it. Hadn't he lost one of the most important cases of the term on the testimony of a child? He had tried hard enough to have the testimony ruled out, on the ground that the child could not comprehend the nature of an oath, but the evidence went in over his protest, and he was satisfied that

it was the most conclusive of all that was submitted at the trial. Yes, children do tell the truth. Then the lines of his shrewd face grew hard and tense; the lawyer began to assert himself.

"Well, now, what do you want, Mrs. Willman?" he asked, in hard, metallic tones.

"What do I want?" came the reply, in indignant treble. "I want justice done! I want that man punished to the full extent of the law. A man in his position ought to be made to pay the penalty of his crimes, just like any low, dirty tramp. Just think of it! It is infamous to allow such men to insult and debauch defenseless girls, and just because they are rich and influential, wink at and conceal their crimes."

"But I understand this particular young lady escaped without being harmed?" And the lawyer looked up inquiringly.

"To be sure she did! But she might not, and would not, had the old reprobate dared to use force. There they were in his own home, practically alone, and the poor child's only defense was her innocence. She was horrified, and when he saw she would resist and probably make an outcry, he let her alone, like the contemptible coward he is."

"Well, if the girl was not harmed, what grounds for action has she?" continued the lawyer, with the lawyer's persistency in sticking to the point.

"I'm not saying she will bring action. She would appear as prosecuting witness, I believe, in a criminal proceeding properly brought."

"But what would it avail?"

"If George Dudley were convicted of attempted criminal assault, it would at least avail to satisfy the demands of justice, seems to me."

"But suppose he should not be convicted?"

Mrs. Willman looked at her interlocutor in surprise.

"Not be convicted?" she echoed. "Not be convicted, in a case as plain as that? Why, such a thing is incredible!"

## LAW EVADED AND JUSTICE DEFEATED.

"Now see here, my good woman, it is very evident you have had but little experience with judges and juries. Suppose you go ahead and swear out a warrant against this man. The trial is set. You appear with this girl as the only witness. The other side swears it is an attempt at blackmail—that it is part and parcel of a plan to extort money from Mr. Dudley. Remember, you are in a criminal court, where juries are sometimes packed, and judges themselves are not always impeccable—then what? In the first place, your action fails, and you go out with absolutely no satisfaction. Not only so, but your young lady has been discredited, and you have made more or less trouble in that man's family. It goes without saying that you have not punished him in any other particular whatever. His business standing remains unimpaired, for you must remember, business men stand by one another in affairs of that sort, and in a comparatively short time, as far as he is concerned, the thing is over and forgotten."

Mrs. Willman's face was a study. She was deeply troubled, for she had made the poor child's trouble her own, as people of sympathetic natures always do. She brooded over the young women committed to her charge with more than motherly devotion, and if they suffered for any reason, she suffered with them. More than once she had been the good angel of deliverance to girls sorely tempted. And even when they went astray, her compassion never failed; for she held, and rightly, too, that at least in the majority of cases, they were not to blame. They were injured and innocent; they were victims, not criminals. Although she had been engaged in her present position more than a year, she had seldom had any occasion to consult a lawyer. And the disclosures of this interview were the first shock her ideals of justice had undergone. She was chagrined; she was exasperated; for the words of the lawyer, spoken in all earnestness, had their weight. He was not trifling; and she saw in a moment that what he said was undoubtedly a fair statement of the case. She remembered how she had



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heard it intimated before that courts, especially the lower criminal courts, made a mockery of justice especially when wealth was implicated.

"It is a shame, to think that our laws cannot be enforced, even to protect innocent and helpless girls. What are laws and courts for, anyhow?"

The lawyer smiled again. He had long been accustomed to the state of affairs which he had just described, and took things as they were, without attempting to improve them.

"Well, that is a hard question. If you will watch the course of affairs, I think you will find that they do administer justice, in many cases; that is, they enforce the laws against the most dangerous classes in the community. Life and property are safer for them, even though—"

"But isn't a man who will be guilty of such infamous conduct in his own home more dangerous than any ordinary criminal?" exclaimed the woman with vehement indignation.

This time the lawyer frowned, and answered rather impatiently,—

"I do not think so; on your own report of the case, nothing was done of a criminal character,—that is, deeply so. Nor do I believe either that particular gentleman or any other in his class would do any wrong. The other party would have to be willing. I think you will find that there is some weakness in your own sex as well as in mine. As a general thing a woman carries her fate in her own keeping; she is sufficiently shielded, as long as she cares to be."

"I wish I had the high opinion you seem to hold, of these genteel patrons of the brothel,—for I am sure they are nothing else. But if you insist that a criminal action would be useless, I suppose I may as well abandon the effort to bring a rogue to justice." And she rose as she spoke, and began putting on her wraps. The lawyer turned to his desk and took up some papers.

"Yes, I assure you it would be quite useless, in this case.

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Juries are made up of men, you must remember, and they are not inclined to be severe on one of their own sex, especially where the evidence shows no overt act of criminality." And his caller left the office.

Must it always be so? Must a man be shielded and defended and permitted to walk through fire scathless, just because he is rich? In how many lands is it not so? Under what sky is justice administered without fear or favor? There is no flag that floats, there is no constitution written, there is no king or potentate reigning on the round earth, under whose administration cruel wrongs are not committed and infamous outrages consummated, under the forms of law. And then, the conventional and hypocritical defenders of a succession of farces wonder that there should be such a thing as anarchy! They are the real creators of anarchy. Shakespeare's lines find their endless fulfillment and illustration in the proud cities of democratic America, as well as in the crowded halls of autocratic Russia:

"In the corrupted currents of this world,  
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice;  
And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize itself  
Buys out the law; but 'tis not so above;  
There is no shuffling, there the action lies  
In his true nature; and we ourselves compelled  
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,  
To give in evidence."

Why, so far from being the temples of justice, our law courts are often devices organized and conducted for the express purpose of defeating justice. They become part and parcel of political machinery, and are unblushingly prostituted to serve the ends of some dominant party. And if the press dares to lift its voice in indignant outcry, immediately the coward court takes refuge in a citation for contempt; Contempt of court indeed! why, the courts themselves are in contempt. Nay, rather, as Ruskin says, they are "below the mark of attack and beneath the level of contempt!"

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### RELIGION A SHINING VICE.

And so the shadow of trouble was lifted, and the criminal was permitted to go on in his appointed way. It was only a short time after this escapade, when the community was somewhat stirred by the story, printed in several of the daily papers, of two young girls who had been kidnapped and kept for immoral purposes in a low dive in the city. The Salvation Army happened to have a very efficient force just at that time, and the officers took the matter up with vigor and despatch. The men and women who were guilty of the outrage were arraigned for trial, and the cause of the helpless and the wronged was espoused warmly by all classes of respectable people. The ministers were asked to preach sermons bearing on some phase of the question, and take offerings for the maintenance of the work of rescue and reform. The Dudleys were members of a fashionable church on one of the principal avenues, and their minister was a most accomplished scholar. There were all the organizations usually affected in the modern church, and among them, a group of members who were auxiliary or honorary members of the Salvation Army. They arranged for an officer of the Army to be present on the day of the appeal, and present the cause to the congregation, after the sermon.

Dr. Dorsey was unusually eloquent that day. If he had known more, however, he would have said less. At least, he would have said it differently, and some things he would have added which found no place in his sermon. When will men who stand forth in the community as religious guides, as teachers of morals, learn to be disciples indeed of the Nazarene, and go forth among men, studying their needs at first hand? When will they cease to be the hired echoes of traditional conceptions and the defenders of ancient and obsolete dogmas? If that is the service the churches wish, doubtless there will always be men who are willing to furnish it. It is just another illustration of the argument of this book,—money talks! Money goes into the market, and buys

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anything, from the body of a woman to the soul of a judge or a minister. We are not of those who believe that "every man has his price"; far from it; there are incorruptible men, unpurchasable judges, men who would scorn and loathe the bribe-giver, but there are men who can be bought for almost any kind of service, and under the pressure of economic necessity, comparatively good men will lend themselves to ignoble uses. Our readers will not care to hear all that Dr. Dorsey said: a few of his remarks will help them to understand the situation:

"It is well that we should listen to the cry for help that comes to us from the submerged and unfortunate classes. We are taught by our blessed Master to be merciful in our dealings with them, even with those who are vicious and low. He came to heal and to save men, and he did not disdain to help even the lowest. To be sure we cannot go among them and mingle with them. But when in their sorrow and need they appeal for help, surely we can listen to their cries and extend them the help they so much need.

"If these poor creatures would but remember their early training, if they were but faithful to the church, they would never have found themselves in such desperate straits. But they went astray; they yielded to temptation; or perhaps they had some incurable hereditary taint in their very blood, and hence we ought to pity them. It is indeed fortunate for all such that there are men and women in the church who are wise enough to understand them, and generous enough to give them aid. Where would they be, but for the pillars of the sanctuary? And you who are generously opening your purses are blessed in the giving. The emotions that rise in your hearts are entirely noble and praiseworthy. For while you do not belong to them in any way, and they have no claim upon you other than that of simple humanity, yet you are lending them a helping hand, when without it they would surely sink.

"The church has ever been the rescuer of the lost, the refuge

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of the wandering, the champion of the oppressed. Her walls are fragrant with praise, and her altars redolent of worship. You who sit in these pews are the salt of the earth, without which there would be naught but decay and corruption. Our enemies may reproach us, but we stand nevertheless as the bulwark of civilization. Whatever is being done to redeem fallen men and women is being done by the church and her members. Is not this fact plainly evidenced by her prosperity? God would not bless a church that was not doing his will. But when we find her aisles crowded, her temples rising rich and beautiful on every hand, and the best people of the community within her portals, we may rest assured that God is favoring her.

"And so we are glad today to lift up a timely protest against wrong done in our city; we are glad to extend help to the needy, even to those who have miserably fallen; we are glad to prove that we have sympathy for them in their dumb sorrow, and that the church is still as she has ever been the helper of all who look longingly toward the path of virtue."

The eloquent divine said much more to the same effect, but this is enough. It was one of those discourses that makes people contented with themselves; and its peculiar weakness and viciousness lies in the fact that it is half true. The good people see only the truth in it; the wicked,—well, it doesn't matter very much about them! But now imagine George Dudley and his family sitting immediately in front of the sacred desk, listening to a sermon like that! Dudley was a trifle uneasy, but when the Salvationist arose to make the appeal for funds, he took out his pocket book and selecting a fifty dollar note, dropped it into the contribution basket with the air of one who had done his full duty to rescue the fallen. And the night before he had spent several hours with one of his *inamorata*!

The devilish hypocrisy is relieved somewhat when we remember that it is rare. Not many men can live a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde life. There are some in every community; there is the pos-

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sibility of such a career in every man. Those who have adopted the dual life, and are maintaining it in all its hideous corruption, must be rebuked and recalled, for the sake of society, first, and also for their own sakes. And yet, when a man becomes linked to a harlot, there is but little hope for him; there is more hope for her than for him. And this is true according to the teachings of the Nazarene. Publicans and harlots go into the kingdom before Pharisees and hypocrites. Some one has said, "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned." Whether that be true or not, it certainly is true, it must be true, if there be a hell, that there is in it no corner so hot, no pit so deep, no woe so immedicable, as that which furnishes the punishment for these polished, polluted, rich, genteel rakes of the modern world.

How long will it take for a church supported by hypocrites, by men who make religion a shining vice, to do all that Dr. Dorsey declared the church willing and able to do, or actually engaged in doing? What changes and purifications must the church undergo, to make it in very truth a harbor for the shelterless and unfriended? Suppose the little English nurse had appeared, just as Dudley was putting his contribution in the basket, and denounced him to his face, before the congregation! What a sensation it would have made!

### "A LOVELY SERMON."

As the people filed out into the vestibule and stepped into waiting carriages, there was perceptible above the rustling of soft silks and the tread of many feet the hum of eager conversation.

"Wasn't that a strong sermon?" one good lady said to another.

"Yes, yes, but then you know Dr. Dorsey always preaches well. I think he is such a lovely man!" was the somewhat imbecile reply.

"Well, well, Colonel, how did you like the sermon this morning?" and bluff old Captain Wilkes grasped his old comrade's hand warmly.

"It had my warmest approval," said the Colonel. "I do not ordinarily enjoy sermons of that sort, but once in a while I guess they are necessary."

"Yes, they are, for a fact, especially at a time like this, when the city seems to be drifting into the hands of the unwashed. It isn't altogether easy and delightful for a minister, I fancy, to speak out on such subjects. Of course he uses fine language, but all the time he knows we understood what he is driving at."

By this time, as the two turned to walk down the avenue to their club, they were joined by another gentleman, well known in city politics. He was not at all slow to let them know that he disapproved of such preaching.

"Dorsey could have contented himself with a reference to the matter down on ——— Street, and then let the Salvationist ask for a collection. I don't see that there was any particular need of threshing all that straw over." His tone was petulant and complaining.

"Oh come now, Major"—he wasn't a Major at all, but his prominence in politics seemed to demand some sort of hand'e to his name—"you mustn't go back on the preacher. He does as well as he knows how. And this is the first time since I can remember that he has preached a sermon touching on city conditions, and he has been with us now for four years."

"Well, perhaps we can let this pass, but he'd better go back to his theology and his gospel, or he'll find that his stay won't be another four years, by any manner of means."

"Perhaps," said the old Captain slyly, "perhaps some of us old codgers had better put him on, so he will know some of our tricks. Then he would be able to preach, as the old folks used to say, "with the spirit and with the understanding also."

The Colonel laughed outright, but the politician winced. They were men of the world, these three, whose wives and daughters were in the church, and while they contributed more or less to its support, they did not allow their relationship of brother-in-law

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to religion to interfere in any important particular with their mode of life. They enjoyed the world. They were sometimes seriously inclined to be religious, but not often. It was much like the rough old rhyme concerning the devil:

“When the devil was sick,  
The devil a monk would be;  
But when he got well,  
The devil a monk was he!”

### PROUD OF HIS DAUGHTER.

In George Dudley's home there was very little discussion of the sermon. Other topics soon engrossed their attention. The oldest daughter was nearly grown, and the time was drawing near when she must appear in society among the blushing debutantes. There was much to think and talk about, as the happy day approached, and all were deeply interested in her plans. She was a girl of unusual loveliness, not only in face and figure, but in character as well. Even her father was proud of her, and while he said but little, yet in his inmost soul he admired her extravagantly. He thought her the most talented girl in the city, and was laying great plans for her rapid advancement in the world,—that world which he felt he had mastered. How little he was aware of the degree to which the old world had wickedly mastered him! Marie was a student at a young ladies' seminary in the city, preparing for a famous school in the east, where she would receive the finishing touches considered necessary to fit her for her world and her career. One morning she was ready to start for the seminary, when her mother called her, and asked her to go out of her way on a little errand for her. She smilingly consented, and tripped off down the street, as fair a vision of girlish loveliness, it must be confessed, as one will often see. Without noticing, she went past the corner where she should have turned to go to her destination, and soon found herself on a street with which she was not at all familiar. Glancing about, she discovered that it was nearer to go straight on around the block than



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to retrace her steps. As she was passing a house about the middle of the block, she noticed an old negress scrubbing the steps. Hardly had she gone by when she heard her say,—

### CAUGHT IN A TRAP.

"Oh, Miss, yo' dress is all open down behind. Step right in heah, honey, an' I'll fix it for yo'."

Marie turned and stepped quickly inside. To her surprise, she was met by a white woman, who hustled her off upstairs, thrust her into a room, and locked the door. The poor child was bewildered and frightened nearly out of her wits. What did it all mean? She had heard stories of kidnapping—perhaps these people would hold her for a ransom. She wrung her hands in an agony of fear and apprehension, and cried out, hoping someone would come to her. But she was caught in the trap. The mistress of the house immediately dispatched a messenger with a note to her chief patron. The messenger found him in his private office. Obedient to instructions, he was admitted at once, as he was accustomed to being admitted, and handed the note to the gentleman. He read it hurriedly:—"I have just what you want, the most charming mark you ever saw in all your life. Hurry up and come before she spoils her pretty face with her tears. Jane."

The gentleman thanked the messenger, and slipped a gold coin into his hand. "I'll be there within the hour," was all he said. But the messenger understood, and bowed himself obsequiously out. The merchant took up some papers and scanned them hurriedly. Walking to the desk of his chief clerk he said,—

"Henry, I wish you would go over this matter for me. The letters explain themselves, and I am sure you can find what Jones & Co. want. It seems that some of the cars we shipped in last week have gone astray. Run them down as fast as you can, and then notify them by wire. I have an engagement which will take me out of the office for a few hours, and will expect you to meet Knowles when he comes." The clerk nodded assent, and took the letters.



ENTRAPPED.

"O, Papa! I knew you would come!" cried the child, rushing into his arms.

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Returning to his private office, this man of weighty business gathered up some memoranda, and placed in a secret drawer in his safe. Then closing the great iron door, he locked it carefully, and picked up his shining silk hat. Just then the door swung open, and Middleton, one of his friends of the Exchange, dropped in. He held his hat in his hand for a moment, but greeted the caller politely, and declared he was glad to see him.

"I'm afraid I've interrupted you on important business," said Middleton, apologetically.

"Not at all, old fellow,—that is—well, it can wait a bit, I guess, although to tell the truth I have a pressing engagement. But sit down, sit down." And he pointed to a comfortable leathern chair near the end of his desk.

The two conversed in low, earnest tones for a few minutes, Middleton doing most of the talking. The other gentleman was uncomfortable and restless. He looked at his watch; Middleton arose to go.

"I'll call again tomorrow," he said.

"Just as well finish it today. I did look at my watch, but I assure you it was wholly involuntary."

### A SHOCKING DISCLOSURE.

So constrained his friend remained, but only a few moments longer. Finally, when he withdrew, the merchant manufacturer heaved a sigh of relief, seized his hat, drew on his gloves as he walked, and was soon out on the street hailing a cab. He gave the driver his directions briefly, and told him to drive at a good stiff gait. You must not think that this genteel fellow went direct to the place intended. He was not so simple. The cab started off in the opposite direction, drove rapidly a half mile down the street, stopped in front of a fashionable saloon, and waited while this busy man stepped up to the bar and ordered his drinks. Then making a circuit of several blocks, he drove around to the street intended, reaching it from the street just beyond.

The cab waited at the door of the house only long enough for

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the rider to alight and enter, then drove on and waited at a corner several blocks away. The porter handed him the key to the room in which Marie was imprisoned, and smiled,—such a smile as distorts the faces of fiends incarnate. Hurrying upstairs, he applied the key, with nervous fingers, opened the door, and entered, closing it behind him.

"O *Papa!* I knew you would come!" cried the child, rushing into his arms. "They have shut me up in this horrid place, and nobody would speak to me or tell me what they meant. I was going by," she continued, convulsively, "and—and—"

"There there, child, never mind telling about it now." For the poor girl was absolutely unnerved by her hideous experience.

Yes, his procuress had entrapped a rare "mark" for Mr. George Dudley, none other than his own child!

And why not? It must be somebody's child; why not his, as well as his neighbor's? Why not his, indeed, rather than the child of the poor man, friendless and without influence? If men must give themselves over to careers of devilish infamy, why should they not be compelled to limit themselves to females whom they have begotten?

It takes such a shock as this to awaken a man to the full enormity of his crime. Indeed, he is fortunate, and society likewise, if an incident like this avails to arouse his lethargic conscience. There may be a brief recoil from the downward course, but the chances are that the man will recover his passion, and think of it only as an unfortunate incident, and pursue other victims with fendish cruelty. For when unbridled passion usurps the throne of manhood, there is no infamy impossible.

The reflection that as he had debauched other men's daughters so might others debauch his, seems never to have entered the mind of this rich roue. He had been content to go on in the primrose path of dalliance, sacrificing one after another to his swinish passion, without fear or compunction, holding that it was

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his right, his high privilege, as a successful man of affairs. And was not this feeling of self-justification the result of masculine egotism? And who is any more responsible for it, as it rages among all males, than the poor dependent females, who feel their dependence, and would by all gentle arts cajole and propitiate the favor of the males?

"The way to a man's heart is through his stomach!" What a satire on man! And how this low and contemptible estimate of the male seems to have been fostered through the centuries. The old saw gives us the key to this life; it is a life of the flesh, a life pitched on the low plane of things carnal and voluptuous. Why should women disturb themselves about finding the way to a man's heart? No matter whether the way be an ignoble one or not, it is because woman is economically dependent, and she must so win her bread and butter. There is a distinct, logical, and inevitable relation between such acts of high-handed infamy as this chapter records, and the existing form of social organization. As long as we continue to sexualize industry, we will find sex industrialized, and the male wallowing in the perpetual ooze and slime of impudicity.

## CHAPTER VIII

### THE SOCIAL, EVIL.

IN MODERN CITIES—IN DAYS OF OLD—SOLD INTO HARLOTRY—  
MRS. CHARLTON EDHOLM'S TESTIMONY—PALL-MALL GA-  
ZETTE EXPOSURES—THE WORLD'S FAIR OF 1904—GAINING OR  
LOSING?

"Prostitution is not an evil peculiar to any age, country or civilization," says a thoughtful modern writer. And any student, even the most superficial, will bear out this statement. Every now and then the people of some city will become aroused to the enormity of the vice and some good preacher will inaugurate a crusade against the scarlet women. There will be a temporary commotion, the display of some startling pulpit pyrotechnics, a rumble and rattle of the sensational press, more or less grumbling and swearing among the police and other city officials, a few changes or removals among the *demi monde*, and then when the spasm of virtue has spent itself, the resumption of the usual order, with midnight carousals, and the endless carnival of the nether world.

#### IN MODERN CITIES.

In 1858, when Dr. Sanger wrote upon this subject, the number of prostitutes living in the city of New York, from information given by the Chief of Police and obtained from other reliable sources, was estimated at 6,000. In 1893, at the World's Congress on Social Purity, held in the city of Chicago, Hon. Elbridge T. Gerry stated that he and Superintendent Byrnes, of the police department, had compared notes with exactly the same result, and that, viewing the matter from two different standpoints, they agreed that the then number of prostitutes in New York was at least 40,000. This estimate was disputed at the time, as being too high. In an article in *The Arena* for March, 1896, Rev. F. M. Goodchild says:

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"It has been declared that in New York city there are between 40,000 and 50,000 such women. That would make one habitual prostitute for every nine mature men in the city. As it is estimated that every fallen woman means on an average five fallen men to support her, it would appear that more than half our men are regular contributors to the brothel, which I should hesitate very much to believe. Eight years ago the Superintendent of the Florence Night Mission estimated that there were then 15,000 prostitutes in New York city. The number has not increased by more than 10,000 certainly, probably not by more than 5,000. An army of 20,000 such hapless creatures is ghastly enough not to need exaggeration."

This writer evidently never did any original investigation, nor did he stop to think that the brothels of the city are not wholly dependent upon residents. There is a stream of visitors, mostly male, passing through all the great cities constantly, and enough patronage might be developed thus from outside the city to increase materially the number of such resorts.

"Chicago's Dark Places," a volume prepared by a carefully selected and organized corps of men and women of wide experience in dealing with these classes, says,— "There are several sections in Chicago almost entirely devoted for whole blocks to houses of prostitution. One of these localities is known as the Black Hole, and it does not belie its name." The details given of the ways in which young girls are victimized and enslaved in these vile places and of the hard pressure brought to bear upon dependent working girls, making them an easy prey to the seducer, are harrowing in the extreme.

"But this shameless vice is not confined to the slums. One section of the south side is mentioned in which sundry localities are devoted entirely to houses of ill fame. The major portion of these houses, says the commissioner, are "gilded palaces." They are elegantly decorated and elaborately furnished, and to these the visitors generally come in carriages, fourteen carriages

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having been counted at one time on a single block. The reports upon the lower types of theaters, concert halls, and museums, are remarkable chapters, showing a close and direct connection between these so-called amusements, strong drink, and social vice. In one of them, in exterior a cheap theater, the commissioners, in a circuitous way, were introduced to girls in decolette costume, who invited them downstairs, to see the can-can danced by twelve naked young ladies. The exhibition consisted of a most disgusting dance performed by over a dozen girls in a state of absolute nudity, and ended, when the dance was over, with open and personal solicitations from these abandoned women. In this vile place, where was also a bar, which did a thriving business, they found on their arrival, some ten or twelve men, most of them respectable looking, some of them young and some old, all in eager expectancy awaiting the arrival of the 'ladies.' The reports on the dives and obscene pictures, books and advertisements are striking exhibits of the numerous and ingenious ways in which the young of both sexes are systematically corrupted, and vice promoted."

Of Philadelphia it is said,—“There are not less than 1,000 houses of ill fame in the city, and as many as 5,000 women live among us by the sale of their bodies.” These figures were compiled ten years ago, and are suspiciously small, even for that time. They would probably have to be doubled now. The witness adds, “I wish I might have confidence that the estimate is too high; but nearly six years of observation make me fear that the figures are much too low. This does not include, of course, the vast multitude of poor girls whose labor yields scarcely enough to keep soul and body together, many of whom fall victims to the lecherous men who are always on the watch for new cases.”

In St. Louis, the writer had occasion at one time to make a careful investigation of the prevalence of this scourge, and the results were appalling. The population of the under-world in this fair city is probably between that of Chicago and Philadelphia,



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and in form and depth of depravity, in consummate wickedness and Sodomitic bestiality, it is second to none. The work of the procurer and the solicitor is promoted with the usual subterfuge and success; the hospitals overflow with the victims of debauchery, and the yellow, turbid Mississippi receives its tribute from the despairing souls that make populous the under-world. And yet, no result was more apparent than this,—the taking of a census of these poor creatures is simply beyond the bounds of possibility. The statements usually made upon this subject are always liable to error. It may be safely said in every instance that they are unreliable. And whether they seem large or small, depends largely upon the personal opinion and feeling of the writer or speaker. In the very nature of the case, it is a shifting population, and no doubt varies not a little from time to time. But it is always large enough and active enough to constitute a plague spot, an ulcer, a dreadful menace to the community.

### IN DAYS OF OLD.

The destruction of the world by the flood was due to the infamous wickedness of the people who then inhabited it, and there can be no doubt that the most flagrant wickedness of that age was licentiousness. But it was not long after this awful punishment till the same vice began again to assert itself. Among the early Assyrians there was a total abandonment to unchastity. Their kings reveled in the grossest sensuality, and sunk reason and conscience in debaucheries.

"No excess of vice," says Dr. Kellogg, "could surpass the licentiousness of the Ptolemies, who made of Alexandria a bagnio, and all Egypt a hot-bed of vice. Herodotus relates that "the pyramid of Cheops was built by the lovers of the daughter of this king, and that she would never have raised this monument to such a height except by multiplying her prostitutions."

Cleopatra's name will forever stand as a badge of infamy. She bewitched and seduced two masters of the world, and her dazzling beauty was surpassed by her indescribable lewdness.

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The poison of the asp which brought her to the grave is but a type of the moral virus which her career had injected into the society of that age.

In Gibbon's Rome we read of Theodora, that "her beauty was the subject of more flattering praise and the source of more exquisite delight. Her features were delicate and regular; her complexion, though somewhat pale, was tinged with a natural color; every sensation was instantly expressed by the vivacity of her eyes; her easy motions displayed the graces of a small but elegant figure; and either love or adulation might proclaim that painting and poetry are incapable of delineating the matchless excellence of her form. But this form was degraded by the facility with which it was exposed to the public eye and prostituted to licentious desire. Her venal charms were abandoned to a promiscuous crowd of citizens and strangers, of every rank and of every profession; the fortunate lover who had been promised a night of enjoyment was often driven from her bed by a stronger or more wealthy favorite; and when she passed through the streets, her presence was avoided by all who wished to escape either the scandal or the temptation. The satirical historian has not blushed to describe the naked scenes which Theodora was not ashamed to exhibit in the theater. After exhausting the arts of sensual pleasure, she most ungratefully murmured against the parsimony of nature."

History tells us with apparent fidelity to truth of the corruptions practiced in ancient times which unfaillingly led to degradation, disease and destruction. We also learn that history repeats itself. It shows that when vice was allowed to exist or was countenanced by a government, a large part of its people were wont to fall in on the downward march, governmental decay following. It is so with the individual. Vice smiles while it kills. It whispers honeyed words while it poisons. It cajoles honor while it leads to shame. It sometimes elevates above the normal before it drags its victim down to the depths of dishonor.

History records that some ancient religions were gross. The

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ancient cities, the ancient monarchies, seem to have reeked with corruption. Says one writer, "Tyre and Sidon, Media, Phœnicia, Syria, and all the Orient were sunk in sensuality. Fornication was made a part of their worship. Women carried through the streets of the cities the most obscene and revolting representations. Among all those nations a virtuous woman was not to be found; for, according to Herodotus, the young women were by the laws of the land, "obliged once in their lives, to give themselves up to the desires of strangers in the temple of Venus, and were not permitted to refuse any one." These religious debaucheries were continued into the days of St. Paul, and later; some say until the fourth century, when the temples in which they were prosecuted were destroyed by Constantine.

Among the Greeks, who are so often held up as models of culture, whose philosophies are to this day the wonder and delight of the learned, there were infamous degrees of lewdness. They celebrated the worship of Bacchus and Phallus by processions of girls half nude, "performing lascivious dances with men disguised as satyrs." Bourgeois says "Prostitution was in repute in Greece." The most distinguished and learned women were courtesans, and even Socrates himself would in these modern times be called a libertine.

The story of Roman infamies surpasses even the tales of her triumphs. It is said of Julius Cæsar that he was such a rake as to have "merited to be surnamed every woman's husband." Equally notorious and shameless were Antony and Augustus. The vice which deluged the court submerged also the populace, and was stimulated by the erotic songs of such poets as Ovid and Catullus. "Tiberius displayed such ingenuity in inventing refinements in impudicity that it was necessary to coin new words to designate them. Caligula committed the horrid crime of incest with all his sisters, even in public. His palace was a brothel. The Roman Empress Messalina disguised herself as a prostitute, and excelled the most degraded in her monstrous debaucheries. The Roman

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emperor Vitellius, as is well known, was accustomed to take an emetic after having eaten to repletion, to enable him to renew his gluttony. With still grosser sensuality he stimulated his satiated passions with philters and various aphrodisiac mixtures."

And yet, with this midnight of debauchery before us, we are shocked to reflect that the worst has not been told! Neither can it be. The fearful infection permeated whole empires, till they fell from very rottenness.

### SOLD INTO HARLOTRY.

Whatever may be true of the ancients, it is easy to ascertain the alarming truth with respect to the moderns. It is one turbid stream of debauchery, flowing down the ages, laughing at penalties and conventions, breaking through all barriers, and sweeping generations into its awful maelstrom. The corruption of European capitals is the veriest commonplace in the tales of travelers, as well as of residents. The oldest and greatest centers of civilization are seething pools of sexual corruption. In Paris, places of amusement and, indeed, all places of public resort, are thronged by courtesans, on the lookout for victims; "and in numerous picture-shops which line the Rue di Rivoli, the most obscene pictures and photographs are exposed for sale, with practically no attempt at secrecy.

"In Stockholm, government statistics show more than forty per cent of all the births to be illegitimate, and in Vienna the state of morals is no better, and venereal diseases are so nearly universal that a physician of wide acquaintance with the inhabitants of this great German metropolis, has declared that three-fourths of the entire population are syphilized. In Naples, lasciviousness stalks abroad at all hours of the day and night. Women sell their souls for a few farthings, and the debauched people vie with one another in imitating the horrible obscenities and sexual sins of the Roman Sodom and Gomorrah—Herculaneum and Pompeii—and that with the terrible judgment which fell upon these dens of iniquity daily before their eyes,

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while just above them still towers the stern old Vesuvius, from whose fiery bowels were in olden times poured out the vials of the Almighty's wrath, and in which are still heard the mutterings of a day of wrath yet to come."

Not long ago a gentleman not given to exaggeration, especially with reference to matters in which the reputation and standing of his own nation are concerned, declared stoutly that New York is the wickedest city in the world! That was doubtless a hyperbole, but it is a straw, indicative of the drift of the current. And why should not American cities, surge and foam with the corruptions of the old world, when American law-makers are stolidly indifferent to any rational check on foreign immigration? It is a fact well known that the criminals and vampires of old world cities come to these shores; they stream across our threshold, and settle here and there in the large cities, and form communities of corruption and outlawry. They grow by accretion, and by gaining recruits from the population around them. Men discontented, disappointed, despairing, the defeated and the spiritless, women who have been outraged, and from whose souls the last flickering ray of hope has faded away into Cimmerian darkness, help to swell these communities. And then they corrupt and infect the very air, till the municipality is honey-combed.

It is declared by all who have investigated the subject with any care, that there is an organized traffic in girls carried on around the world. A number of years ago the House of Representatives in this country had a Committee appointed to investigate the question of foreign immigration in New York, and to them the President of the Woman's National Industrial League stated that "syndicates exist in New York and Boston for the purpose of supplying fresh young girls from immigrants arriving in this country, for houses of ill fame; their agents go abroad and assist in this nefarious business. Immigrants arriving in New York furnish 20,000 victims annually."

It is easy to see what a fruitful source of supply for the

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brothel foreign immigration may be. The agents are practically immune from detection, or from prosecution if detected; for who among the ignorant and friendless foreigners would prosecute? And when we remember that there is often connivance between the courts of lower rank and many of these criminals and helots, we need not be surprised at the situation. Think of the multitudes of girls, turned aside from lives of respectable poverty and honest toil, to feed the fires on the altars of Venus!

There is one consideration which alone encourages these human vultures in their traffic; the outraged victims of their trade are too deeply humiliated and ashamed to cry out. What have they to gain by it? If the arrest and prosecution of their betrayers could give them back their virtue, then there might be some incentive. But when it would only advertise their own shame, and when the possibility of any condign sentence is all too remote, they may well pause. In every land under the sun, this nefarious trade is carried on, and girls and young women are bought and sold like slaves.

There is probably not a large city in the land in which men may not be found, of wealth and social influence, who are the steady patrons of these syndicates and procurers. They have their agents out for fresh victims all the time, and when they weary of one, or find that she has become diseased, they pass her on down the scale, and demand another.

### MRS. CHARLTON EDHOLM'S TESTIMONY.

Mrs. Charlton Edholm, author of "Traffic in Girls and Florence Crittenton Missions," said at a Congress which met in Baltimore, "I stand here in the presence of God to say that of the 230,000 erring girls in this land, three-fourths of them have been snared and trapped and bought and sold." Suppose this is an exaggeration; it is only the exaggeration of a fearful and hellish evil. Discount it fifty per cent, if one dare discount the testimony of a specialist that much, and we still have three-eighths, only a little less than half. What a picture of masculine depravity!

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What must be the moral turpitude of him or her who thus traffics in virtue, and robs life of its whole charm, and the future of its hope. "They are neither man nor woman,

They are Ghouls!"

Statistics show that the average life of a prostitute is five years. Take this fact, together with the immense number of them, in this and in other lands, and then estimate if you can, the volume of the traffic that goes on under every flag. We hear of Turkish atrocities; and they are as real, as vindictive, as heinous, as the most sensational correspondent can make them appear, no doubt; but are there not Turkish atrocities in every land?

The head of a well-known University Settlement in an Eastern city names a prominent fashionable avenue lined with the apartments of the kept mistresses of business men. And there is no doubt that if the same gentleman were to carry his investigations into other cities, he would find a similar condition everywhere, the only difference being in the number of such houses or apartments, and that would doubtless be according to population.

### PALL-MALL GAZETTE EXPOSURES.

The whole world was startled at the disclosures made a few years ago by the *Pall-Mall Gazette*, of London. At the very center of the modern world's influence, in the very thrones of her power, such a shocking state of morals was exhibited as would not have been believed, except on incontrovertible testimony. Wealthy men, profligate princes, and other royal personages, as well as the professional debauchees, were found among the promoters and patrons of vice.

Familiar as the story was and is, we cannot forbear quoting a few paragraphs, as in and of themselves the best possible exhibition of the modern Sodom. "In ancient times, if we may believe the myths of Hellas, Athens, after a disastrous campaign, was compelled by her conqueror to send once every nine years a tribute to Crete of seven youths and seven maidens. The doomed

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fourteen who were selected by lot amid the lamentations of the citizens, returned no more. The vessel that bore them to Crete unfurled black sails as the symbol of despair, and on arrival, her passengers were flung into the famous labyrinth of Dædalus, there to wander about blindly until such time as they were devoured by the Minotaur, a frightful monster, half man, half bull, the foul product of an unnatural lust. The labyrinth was as large as a town, and had countless courts and galleries. Those who entered it could never find their way out again. If they hurried from one to another of the numberless rooms, looking for the entrance door, it was all in vain. They only became more hopelessly lost in the bewildering labyrinth, until at last they were devoured by the Minotaur.

"Twice, at each ninth year, the Athenians paid the maiden tribute to King Minos, lamenting sorely the dire necessity of bowing to his iron law. When the third tribute came to be exacted, the distress of the city of the Violet Crown was insupportable. From the king's palace to the peasant's hamlet, everywhere were heard cries and groans and the choking sob of despair, until the whole air seemed to vibrate with the sorrow of an unutterable anguish. Then it was that the hero Theseus volunteered to be offered up among those who drew the black balls from the brazen urn of destiny, and the story of his self-sacrifice, his victory, and his triumphant return, is among the most familiar of the tales which, since the childhood of the world, have kindled the imagination and fired the heart of the human race. The labyrinth was cunningly wrought, like a house, says Ovid, with many rooms and winding passages, that so the shameful creature of lust, whose abode it was to be, should be far removed from sight. And what happened to the victims, the young men and maidens—who were there interned, no one could surely tell. Some say that they were done to death; others, that they lived in servile employments till old age. But in this alone do all the stories agree, that those who were once caught in the coils could never retrace their steps, so in-



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extricable were the paths, so blind the footsteps, so innumerable the ways of wrong-doing.

The fact that the Athenians should have taken so bitterly to heart the paltry maiden tribute that once in nine years they had to pay to the Minotaur, seems incredible, almost inconceivable. This very night in London, and every night, year in and year out, not seven maidens only, but many times seven, selected almost as much by chance as those who in the Athenian market-place, drew lots as to which should be flung into the Creton labyrinth, will be offered up as the maiden tribute of Modern Babylon. Maidens they were when this morning dawned, but tonight their ruin will be accomplished, and tomorrow they will find themselves within the portals of the maze of London brothel-dom. Within that labyrinth wander, like lost souls, the vast host of London prostitutes, whose number no man can compute, but who are probably not much below 50,000 strong. Many, no doubt, who venture but a little way within the maze, make their escape, but multitudes are swept irresistibly on and on, to be destroyed in due season, to give place to others, who also will share their doom. The maw of the London Minotaur is insatiable, and none that go into the secret recesses of his lair return again. After some years of dolorous wandering in this palace of despair,—'for hope of rest to solace, there is none, nor e'en of milder pang,' save the poisonous anodyne of drink,—most of those ensnared tonight will perish, some of them in horrible torture. Yet, so far from this great city's being convulsed with woe, London cares for none of these things, and the cultured man of the world, the heir of all the ages, the ultimate product of a long series of civilizations and religions, will shrug his shoulders in scorn at the folly of one who ventures in public print to raise even the mildest protest against a horror a thousand times more horrible than that which, in the youth of the world, haunted like a nightmare the imagination of mankind."

Mr. Stead found not only that the polite man of the world would scornfully ignore his revelations, but that other men, even in of-

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ficial life, would attempt to silence the ruthless innovator, and if possible thrust him into ignominious imprisonment. He classified the crimes which his exposures brought to light, as follows:—

1. The sale and purchase and violation of children.
2. The procuration of virgins.
3. The entrapping and ruin of women.
4. The internal slave trade in girls.
5. Atrocities, brutalities and unnatural crimes.

The astounding revelations of the Pall-Mall Gazette aroused a sentiment of indignation among those who ought to be the custodians and conservators of public virtue. A committee was appointed in due time to investigate the alleged exposures, and upon this committee were persons of no less distinction than Cardinal Manning, Archbishop of Canterbury, with others of equal rank. They reported,—“After carefully sifting the evidence of witnesses, and the material before us, and without guaranteeing the accuracy of every particular, we are satisfied that, taken as a whole, the statements in the Pall-Mall Gazette on this question are substantially true.” What an admission! and coming from such a source, from men whose heads and hearts would incline them to soften the harsh outlines, if that were possible, for the sake of their city’s reputation; for the sake of the cause of religion, the religion of Christ which has been at work on this decadent old world now for nearly two thousand years; and for the sake of our common humanity.

In her address as President of the W. C. T. U. at the convention which met in Philadelphia several years ago, Miss Frances E. Willard said,—“The effect upon our minds of such unspeakable disclosures as those of the Pall-Mall Gazette, and the horrible assurances given us by such an authority as Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell, that we should uncap perdition in the same direction were the hidden life of our own great cities known, has so stirred the heart of womanhood throughout this land, that we are, I trust, ready for an advance. Had we today the right wo-

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man in this place of unequaled need and opportunity, we could be instrumental in the passage of such laws as would punish the outrage of defenseless girls and women by making the repetition of such outrage an impossibility. Women only can induce lawmakers to furnish this most availing of all possible methods of protection to the physically weak. Men alone never will gain the courage thus to legislate against other men. Crimes against women seem to be upon the increase everywhere. Three years ago the Chicago Inter-Ocean gathered from the press in three weeks forty cases of the direst outrage, sixteen of the victims being girls. In the majority of cases, where the gentler sex is thus hunted to its ruin, or lured to the same pit in a more gradual way, strong drink is the devil's kindling wood of passion, as everybody knows."

"Men alone will never gain the courage to legislate against other men!" What a discriminating statement! The trouble is, that it would be exceedingly difficult to find a legislature anywhere in which there are not men who patronize this hellish traffic. They would act on the defensive. The hyenas who indulge their passions by means of this trade would move heaven and hell, especially hell, to stop any attempt at reform, and the cry would be raised, "Let him that is without sin pass the first law!" The men who are themselves involved, who have been or now are enmeshed in the nets of harlotry, would not dare to move, or support a movement. Recall the history of the age-of-consent laws, in the various States.

Some years ago in San Jose, California, an awful revelation was made by one of the local newspapers. An alert reporter saw a white child playing in a Chinese laundry,—a little girl. Investigation disclosed the fact that a regular business was going on of rearing female white children for brothals, both Chinese and American. It is not hard to pick up waifs, illegitimate children, or the offspring of drunkards, or orphans; a whole territory could soon be populated by such flotsam and jetsam of humanity, gathered from single cities. And when the days of utter helplessness

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are past, a child can be made to earn in some small way, her living, till she is sufficiently matured for the sacrifice. Girls at the most tender age, ten or eleven years, have been brutally devoted to the trade.

Chinese, with their pagan notions, their stolid and sensuous natures, are not the only people engaged in this strange and inhuman industry. It is a business which finds its promoters in many places throughout the world, and forms one of the saddest, maddest possible pictures of human depravity. And yet there are men like Col. Ingersoll who go tramping around telling the world there is no hell! Let them read some of these pages, and they will be convinced that if there is no hell, it is an awful oversight on the part of the Creator, and that a petition ought to go up at once to the throne of Infinite Justice for the establishment of one.

### THE WORLD'S FAIR OF 1904.

St. Louis, U. S. A., is the seat of a great World's Fair, in the year of grace 1904. These lines are written in December, 1903, and already the indications are apparent on every hand that the emissaries of evil are swarming into the city. They are flaunting their banners and building their entrenchments and carrying on their high carnival, and getting ready for still greater abandon. The countries of Europe are to be scoured, if necessary, to find victims for the brothel. The tide of foreign immigration is to be strained. Rural regions are to be invaded with greater boldness than ever.

There are those who look on and smile serenely and say,—“It has always been so, and it always will be so!” But there are not wanting men and women of sterner stuff, who stand aghast at such revelations, and are exclaiming with white lips,—“Such enormities of vice and crime are against nature! they are the spawn of hell! they must and shall cease!” A holy conspiracy ought to be formed among all the forces that make for righteousness, and this citadel of flamboyant iniquity attacked and overthrown.

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### GAINING OR LOSING?

It is hard to tell, as one sits on the beach, whether the tide is advancing or receding, from any single wave. Moment by moment the eye rests upon the tumbling billows, and finally, it is easy to say whether the tide ebbs or flows. So it is in this matter of human welfare. It is impossible to say, from the waves of any single generation, whether we are gaining or losing. But if we sweep under review a cycle of generations, it is easy to note a difference. And we are glad to report that in spite of present-day demoralization, in spite of the unnameable infamies that stain our history, civilization is advancing, at least in this respect.

Notice how abrupt and irremediable is the fall of a man, no matter how brilliant and powerful, who once stands disclosed as a debauchee. Recall the sad ending of the carer of Breckenridge, of Kentucky. And he is but a signal example of the whole class. Society will smile and welcome the libertine, and condone his offences, until it is known to a certainty, known to the world, that he is foul and leprous, and then, although consciously tolerating other probates, society frowns upon him.

And we believe that the majority of people now on earth want to do right, and want justice done. There are doubtless multitudes to whom the pleasure of illicit amours is of greater weight than the woe and want and torture of thousands of helpless victims. There are men who are accomplished seducers, and are proud of it! They are lost beyond all hope of redemption; they are thoroughly depraved; there is not the vestige of a conscience in their whole obese anatomy! They are more dangerous in a community than lepers, for lepers would be quarantined. But unfortunately we seem to have no way whatever of establishing a moral quarantine. But there are multitudes who have resisted the tides of sensuality and devilry that beat and surge even in their own veins, and having kept themselves pure, are ready to help purify from every taint of corruption the society in which they live.

The number of the righteous is daily increasing, for good

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examples are as contagious as bad. Virtue, as well as vice, grows by contact. It is said that one could not enter the room where the statue Apollo Belvidere was exhibited, without unconsciously standing more erect. And unconsciously, people assume a more erect moral attitude when they come into the presence of virtue. We are gaining, not losing! But if we are to keep what we gain, we must not sleep. In this matter of personal and social purity more than in any other, "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." Parents must be vigilant; teachers must be vigilant; preachers must be vigilant. All who are friends of humanity, all who hold to lofty ideals and look toward brightening skies must be vigilant and active in this warfare against corruption.

" 'Tis weary watching, wave by wave,  
And yet the tide heaves onward;  
We build like corals, grave by grave,  
Yet pave a path that's sunward.

We're beaten back in many a fray,  
Yet newer strength we'll borrow;  
And where the vanguard rests to-day,  
The rear will camp to-morrow."

The mere fact that in the investigations so far made, a large percent—in most cases, the largest—of prostitutes enter the business direct from homes is deeply significant. No one can study the subject without being convinced that the evil is deepseated and widespread. And the fact referred to demonstrates several things; first, that the home is not such a harbor of safety that vigilance can be altogether relaxed. It matters not whether it be the home of the rich or of the poor, it must needs be guarded.

One thing at least is certain,—we cannot lessen or eradicate an evil by ignoring it. All it wants is to be let alone, and a familiar method of evil-doers is to attempt to beat off reformers by throwing mud on them. If they can be made to appear odious, then their efforts will be in large measure, neutralized. If they

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can be stigmatized, then the people who make a commerce of sexual vice flatter themselves that they will go on unmolested.

It ought to appear, before you lay this book down finally, that many marriages are but little removed from prostitution; that some are not at all removed; that many of the practices within the marriage relation are of a sort with those that are without. And these facts should establish a new feeling in men's hearts. "Neither do I condemn thee," said One of old to the Magdalene; "go and sin no more." A spirit of tender sympathy and right good will should take possession of every woman and of every man; and the submerged and the outcast should be made to realize that they have friends and helpers on every side.

Of one thing be assured, it pays to do right. And nothing else does pay. When a man boasts of his illicit amours, he ought to be pilloried, then and there. He is beneath contempt! He is so vile that for him and his class the Devil no doubt provides a dark corner of ooze and slime into which they are thrust and locked up forever, lest they disgust hell with their vileness!

## CHAPTER IX

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### DEPTHS OF DEPRAVITY.

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SUFFERINGS OF THE LOST—WHY WOMEN SIN—RICH MASTERS  
AND NEGRO LOVERS—A DOUBLE CRIME—JEALOUSY GIVES  
WAY TO DEBAUCHERY—A NATIONAL CRIME—NOTHING  
BEYOND.

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It is impossible to speak in terms of exaggeration of the depths to which men and women descend in this awful inferno. There is no bottom; for when the heart sickens and the brain reels with the awful disclosures, lo, there are new infamies uncurtained, which chill the blood and appall the understanding. The aid of all the fiends in the under-world must certainly have been invoked to invent new devices and to propose new methods of sexual indulgence. The first chapter of the book of Romans in the Christian's Bible mentions things that are scarcely credible; and yet, there can be no doubt that they were actual occurrences in Corinth and Ephesus. And from the vast mass of material that has come to hand in the preparation of this book, it is not by any means incredible that the same nauseating facts are current today as they were when Sodom and Gomorrah lifted their walls defiantly to a frowning heaven, and filled the earth with the taint and slime of their unnamable sin.

This utter abandon to vice in all its protean forms is no doubt part of the terrific punishment which outraged nature visits upon the wilful and persistent transgressor. If he will dare, then he must suffer; if he will venture so far, then she will show him, by the dulled and finally decayed moral sense, by the perversion of passion, by the prostitution of desire, she will show him that he ventures at his everlasting peril. No man can play the tragedy of infamous deviltries and not descend to the devil's depths of woe.



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And always and evermore he confronts this awful fact, in the lowest deep, there is a deep still lower; in the nethermost hell, there yawns the smoking abyss of still another, and below that, another. Dante's Inferno is outdone ten thousand times for the man or the woman who ventures to prostitute divine powers.

There is no form of sin which hastens so swiftly toward its bitter Dead Sea fruit. In many of the foolish, frivolous, vain doings of this foolish race, the pleasure of transgression abides for a long time, and the penalty is long deferred. But in fornication, the suffering, the revulsion, the remorse, all come by a short cut, and furrow the heart of the transgressor as with hot ploughshares.

### SUFFERINGS OF THE LOST.

No pen can portray the awful sufferings of the women who go down into the social inferno. At first, they find fair reward for the sale of their bodies; but prostitution is the only trade that pays most to the apprentice. The income diminishes as burdens and sufferings increase. "The girls suffer so much," says General Booth in his thrilling book, "In Darkest England," "that the shortness of their miserable life is the only redeeming feature. Whether we look at the wretchedness of the life itself; their perpetual intoxication; the cruel treatment to which they are subjected by their task-masters and mistresses or bullies; the helplessness, suffering and despair induced by their circumstances and surroundings; the depths of misery, degradation and poverty to which they eventually descend; or their treatment in sickness, their friendlessness and loneliness in death, it must be admitted that a more dismal lot seldom falls to the fate of a human being."

Health is wrecked. The slightest hereditary taint of disease is rapidly developed by the life these poor creatures lead. Consumption is common. Girls have been found on the streets trying to allure their victims while themselves suffering from hemorrhages. And there is a train of foul diseases induced by the business itself, communicated by their male patrons, for which there

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is no cure but death and the grave. The roses soon fade from the cheeks, the light dies out of the brightest eyes, and the pallor of the face and the shrunken, emaciated form tell all too plainly the rapid progress of incurable and deadly disease.

General Booth tells of the cruelties under which these pitiful wretches suffer. He describes a case, as typical of the whole class, remarking that the devotion of these women to their bullies is extraordinary. The girl he describes was the daughter of a police sergeant. "She was ruined, and shame led her to leave home. At length, she drifted to Woolwich, where she came across a man who persuaded her to live with him. The girl living in the next room to her has frequently heard him knock her head against the wall, and *pound* it, when he was out of temper through her gains from prostitution being less than usual. He lavished upon her every sort of cruelty and abuse, and at length she grew so wretched, and was reduced to so dreadful a plight, that she ceased to attract. At this he became furious and pawned all her clothing but one thin garment of rags. The week before her first confinement he kicked her black and blue from neck to knees, and she was carried to the police station in a pool of blood, but she was so loyal to the wretch that she refused to appear against him. In desperation, she was going to drown herself, when our Rescue Officers spoke to her, wrapped their own shawl around her shivering shoulders, took her home with them, and cared for her. The baby was born dead,—a tiny, shapeless mass. This state of things is all too common."

There is in every large city a lowest hole, a place to which these outcasts gravitate one by one. They begin with youth and health, as inmates of a more or less "swell" resort. They are taken care of here, after a fashion, and if they have sufficient vigor and constitution to withstand the inroads of disease and the paralysis of drink, they serve quite a term here. Then they pass on a grade farther down, and receive the attentions of men if possible more depraved. They tarry a short time on these successive planes of

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their descent, and finally reach a place like the famous "Dusthole" of Woolwich. The women living there are so degraded that even abandoned men will not accompany them home. Soldiers are forbidden to enter the place, or to pass along the streets, and pickets are stationed in the vicinity to prevent them. The street is not half so filthy as are some of their rooms. Filth and vermin abound to an extent which cannot be described; it must be seen to be understood.

Of course many of them are carried to the city hospitals when ill, but there they inspire disgust. In the very nature of things, they cannot receive the treatment accorded to others. And they are often discharged or they slip out themselves before they are cured. Then they ply their vocation again as long as they can, and finally, many of them, cast off by God and man, afraid to fling themselves into the river, afraid to drink poison or to use a revolver, lie in some dark hole and literally rot to death, supported by the charity of their former associates on the street.

"It is a sad story," says General Booth. And truly, is there anything sadder? The very thought of the inevitable end of a career of debauchery ought to be enough to deter any man or woman from entering upon it. But sad as it is, the story "must not be forgotten, for these women constitute a large standing army whose numbers no one can calculate. All estimates that I have seen purely imaginary. The ordinary figures given for London are from 60,000 to 80,000. This may be true if it is meant to include all habitually unchaste women. It is a monstrous exaggeration if it is meant to apply to those who make their living solely and habitually by prostitution. These figures, however, only confuse. We shall have to deal with hundreds every month, whatever estimate we take. How utterly unprepared society is for any systematic reformation may be seen from the fact that even now at our Homes we are unable to take in all the girls who apply. They cannot escape, even if they would, for want of funds whereby to provide for them a way."

## WHY WOMEN SIN.

It is not strange if, appalled by these statements of the swift and fearful vengeance that pursues the transgressor, the reader asks the question with bated breath, "Why do women sin?" and sure enough, why? There are many answers, from many sources. And yet, differing as the authorities sometimes do, there is substantial agreement. Many a girl falls from sheer innocence. She has been reared in total ignorance of the functions of the body she possesses. She does not know any more about sexual functions than a kitten. She may be wholly devoid of passion. But when some designing wretch approaches her, and fondles her, and carries on his loving pretenses, she yields to him, and at last, often under promise of marriage, gives herself up to his embraces. She is sometimes practically hypnotized; again, she is drugged. The seducer has many ways of plying his devilish art, and when they all fail, he does not scruple to use force and fraud.

A case in point is the story of a poor girl who was found in a crowded city searching for her lover. It seems that she was an innocent country girl, living midway between two villages with an aunt. Her own parents were dead. By evil chance one day, a runaway stopped in front of their vine-clad cottage. The driver was thrown to the ground and seriously injured. With gentle hands the country people bore the gentleman into their living home, and cared for him during many days of illness and convalescence. The young girl was often by his side and he found that her company did much to relieve the tedium of the slow hours.

At last he was well enough to return to the city and to his business. But before leaving, he had accomplished her ruin. He proposed marriage, and loving him as she did, the lonely girl consented. And then the hypocrite had his own way with her. When she told her story in the city, she did not seem yet to realize the full enormity of the wrong he had done her, nor the significance of the act.

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"Why," she said, simply, "he said that that was what it meant to be engaged!"

When you see one of the lost women of the street, you cannot tell whether she is most to be blamed or to be pitied for her woeful estate. Many of them are as much the innocent and unsuspecting victims of crime as if they had been shot or stabbed by brutal assassins. Here are a few cases taken almost at random from the registers of Rescue Homes:—

E. C., aged eighteen, a soldier's child, born on the sea. Her father died, and her mother, thoroughly depraved, assisted to secure her daughter's prostitution.

P. S., aged twenty, an illegitimate child. Went to consult a doctor about some little ailment. The doctor abused his position and took advantage of his patient, and when she complained, gave her twenty dollars as compensation. When that was spent, having lost her character, she went into the business. The doctor was looked up, and finding that someone was on his trail, he decamped.

E. A., aged seventeen, was left an orphan very early in life, and adopted by her godfather, who himself was the means of her ruin at the age of ten.

Another girl was discharged from a city hospital after an illness. She was an orphan, homeless and friendless, and of course obliged to work for a living. Wondering as she walked down the street where to go and what to do, she met a girl who came up to her in a most friendly fashion and soon won her confidence completely.

"Discharged ill, and nowhere to go?" said her new friend. "Come home with me. Mother will lodge you, and when you are quite strong we'll go to work together."

She consented gladly enough. Indeed, she piously believed that this friendly offer had come in answer to prayer! But soon she found herself in the lowest part of the city, in a brothel. She had been deceived, and yet she was powerless to resist. Her pro-



**DECEIVED AND DESERTED.**

"Why, he said that was what it meant to be engaged."

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testations were all in vain, and having been forced to give up her character, she became hopeless, and stayed on to live the life of her false friend.

A hundred cases taken from the records of one of these Homes for the fallen show the following analysis of causes:— Drink, 14. *Seduction*, 33. Wilful choice, 24. Bad company, 27. Poverty, 2. And of this number of girls, 23 had been in prison.

The commercial features of the traffic are no doubt an allure-ment to some. Where girls work hard in crowded factories, and find that after the year's slavish toil, on account of occasional sick-ness, and other unforeseen expenses they have saved nothing, they grow discouraged. And they hear of the large gains that come to bad women. They are told of the easy life they lead, the men that they have who are enslaved by their chairms, their finery, etc., and thus crowded on one side and allured on the other, they yield. The founder of the Salvation Army says,—“Even those who del-iberately and of free choice adopt the profession of a prostitute, do so under the stress of temptations which few moralists seem to realize. Terrible as the fact is, there is no doubt it is a fact that there is no industrial career in which for a short time a beau-tiful girl can make as much money with as little trouble as the profession of a courtesan. The case recently tried at the Lewes assizes, in which the wife of an officer in the army admitted that while living as a kept mistress she had received as much as \$20,-000 a year was no doubt very exceptional. Even the most suc-cessful adventuresses seldom make the income of a Cabinet Min-ister. But take women in professions and in businesses all around, and the number of young women who have received \$2,500 in one year for the sale of their person is larger than the number of wo-men of all ages who make a similar sum by honest industry. It is only the very few who draw these gilded prizes, and they do it for only a short time. But it is the few prizes in every profes-sion which allure the multitude who think little of the many blanks. And speaking broadly, vice offers to every good looking

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girl during the first bloom of her youth and beauty more money than she can earn by labor in any field of industry *open to her sex*. The penalty exacted afterwards is disease, degradation and death, but these things at first are hidden from her sight."

To the same effect is the testimony of a gentleman connected with one of our great western dailies, in America. He declares that the groundwork of the evil is economic; that when a girl goes to the house of infamy to submit to a caress, she does it for the money she will get. It will be remembered that in another chapter, the same statement is made by other high authorities; and this is the contention of this book. Prostitution, with its baleful fires, is but one consequence of the economic subjugation of woman. If she were free, if there were many callings open to her sex, do you for a moment think she would under any conceivable circumstances take the fiery footpath of shame? There can be no severer indictment of our civilization than that in a sentence of the foregoing paragraph.—"It is a fact that there is no industrial career in which for a short time a beautiful girl can make as much money with as little trouble as the profession of a courtesan." Whose fault is it? No one, familiar with the schools and educational processes of this modern time, can for a moment doubt that there is as much talent often in the girls of a class as in the boys. Why are they not able to hew out their own careers? Because of the tyranny of the ages. Because of the subjugation of one whole sex to careers determined by her sex. Sex is the breadwinner. Sex gets the girl honorable marriage, as it is called sometimes when it is anything but honorable. And having by long ages of sex specialization exaggerated the sex functions and tainted the blood of the race, we find ourselves in a very hell of vice and infamy.

No diagnosis of this dread social disease will ever be complete that fails to take into account the industrialization of sex. That is precisely what this disease, disorder, is,—sex industrialized, sex made profitable, sex made to win bread. And that is



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what marriage is, even though it may be accompanied by pure love and steadfast devotion, and that is what it must continue to be, until woman is reared for the battle of the bread-winners with some other equipment, able to enter the lists herself, and win her way.

### RICH MASTERS AND NEGRO LOVERS.

When once on the downward way, there seems to be no convenient or possible stopping place. Women who have abandoned themselves to careers of endless shame seem to become crazed, as likewise do their paramours. A city detective informed the writer some time ago that the poor creatures in the bad lands, after working through the hours when business is brisk, join negro lovers who have been waiting for them, and hasten to rooms on another street, where they keep these black devils; that the keeping of negro lovers is quite a fad among the demi monde, and they rival one another in furnishing them with swell clothes, jewelry and diamonds!

"The woman we call the nigger's meal-ticket," he added, and then paused.

"And what do you call the negro?"

"Oh, he's her skunk!"

An appropriate name, truly. But what an example of depravity! And as if this were not enough, it is said that even kept mistresses of rich men, after they have entertained their masters, and are satisfied that office duties or home duties have taken them away, are known to indulge in the same pastime! There is no apparent thought of infidelity; why should there be? When one is infidel to herself, how can she be true to any man? Is not the man himself infidel?

And yet it cannot be doubted that if such an end had been depicted for one of these creatures at the time of her first sin, if she had been told that her feet would descend to such an infamous depth of debauchery, she would have recoiled in horror. Who shall set bounds, when the flood gates of passion are flung open?

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Who shall say where Sodomie debaucheries shall have their final end? Let the horrible truth be told, until male and female all over the land shall rise and smite this vice, and declare that in none of its forms shall it be permitted longer to blight and ensnare and destroy!

What would be the feelings of one of these rich masters, could he be confronted with satisfactory evidence of his mistress' infidelity? He furnishes the money which pays for her apartments, her food, her fine clothes, her diamonds, her medicines. He furnishes all this money, and lavishes it upon her without stint. And she uses it, not for herself alone, but for her sable lover also. So he has the satisfaction,—or would have, if he knew it—of keeping two people alive by the bounty with which he indulges his passions.

### A DOUBLE CRIME.

As if one crime were not enough, another, and another is often added. A man lies at this moment, as these lines are being written, in jail in a western county, accused by his own daughter of having debauched her. There is the testimony of the daughter, and the poor babe itself in evidence! Be it said, however, that he denies the accusation, and in the name of outraged humanity, pray that the daughter has wrongly accused him; for surely, a lie in such a case, is as nothing in blackness of moral turpitude, compared to such an offense against reason, against the sanctities of the home, against natural feeling and even animal instincts!

But are such cases rare? The memory surges upon us as we write, of a far off section, where an unnatural father was accused of just such a crime. He was lodged in jail, but was released on bail. His trial came on, and it soon appeared that judge and jury had either been tampered with, or else had made up their minds to release the man, and clear him from the heinous charge. And so one Sunday morning, when a quiet stillness held all the air, and the bright sunshine and the music of singing birds

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and the fragrance of the flowers conspired to make the earth paradisaical, and the vibrant bells called the worshipping congregations together, it was announced that the accused and unnatural father had been found hanging from the limb of a tree on his own farm!

Some of his own neighbors and acquaintances, unable to bear the thought of his escape from punishment, unable longer to endure his infectious presence in their midst, assembled at an agreed meeting place, and went together to his home, and led him out and hanged him.

Vice and crime, no matter what form they take, are seldom alone. They march in black battalions; they move by brigades; they are rarely seen single spies. And this worst of all the vices is no exception. It marches on, and rank upon rank, moves its mighty host over the fairest places of earth. Abortion and infanticide are second only in command. Suicide and murder follow hard after. Incest, and all the abominations known to Rome in her decline and Paris in her naked shamelessness can be counted by the observer.

### JEALOUSY GIVES WAY TO DEBAUCHERY.

A man who seemed to be happily married, suddenly left his wife and child. It was soon discovered that he had eloped with another woman, a friend of both, who had been spending a few days with them. No trace of them could be found, beyond a station where they had taken the train. They went to San Francisco, and settled down to live together. The man was insanely jealous of his paramour, and could scarcely bear to have her out of his sight. He watched her day and night. No one else was permitted to come near her. And so things went on for a while, but soon the temperature began to change. The man failed to find employment readily, at good wages. Finally, he began to bring men home with him. And to make a long story short, he ended by compelling the woman to entertain others besides himself. And then he settled back, and determined to live at ease

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on her earnings: and when she did not suit him, when for any reason she fell short of what he thought she should produce in her abominable traffic, he abused her roundly.

At one moment, for one short period, a jealous and watchful lover; then, after having satisfied himself, a depraved and inhuman master! the change is not so revolutionary as it at first flush appears, nor is it an unfamiliar story, with those whose duties have led them into contact with the fallen men and women of the land.

### A NATIONAL CRIME.

One can scarcely pick up a daily paper without reading of an assault or a rape somewhere. North and South alike, negroes are arrested, accused of this devilish crime. And the story is a familiar one, how again and again they have been hanged, or burnt at the stake. Why? Is it a deterrent to others? Does lynching prevent the recurrence of such crimes? Some say no; others say yes; but whether yes or no, the crimes go on and on, making a record of shame for the enlightened citizenship of America.

Where do we hear of any rational remedy for this fearful offense? If prevention is better than cure, in things remedial, how much better still is it, in things that once done, have evil consequences absolutely irremediable. Our courts are brought into disrepute; officers of the law are discredited; communities are shocked and shamed; and for years after, the memory of diabolism lives and lingers, and the haunting ghost of the double tragedy will not down.

Is lynching a national crime? Hardly that, for it is a crime known to other nations. And for this one infamous offense, there are many to say that lynching is not only just but salutary; that it is the only way possible to deal with the black demons. May the day hasten when the crime which causes it ceases to be committed by any man of any color.

It would be interesting to pause and inquire to what extent

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the barbarism of the past has tainted the blood of the African. Whatever may have been his condition morally in his native wilds, we know that his enslavement brought demoralization. Virtue was little more regarded, indeed, could be little more regarded, among negroes than among cattle. And so the libidinous taint has spread and grown, until the black man and the mulatto alike are often dangerous characters in the community.

Vice is no respecter of color. We do not by any means, in this book, enter into the old question of moral responsibility for the existence of slavery in America. As long as it was found profitable for Yankee ship-owners to kidnap and sell the negroes, and likewise profitable to employ them on plantations, slavery existed. The negro of today presents a study indeed, and it is a serious question in certain quarters what to do with him.

Mormonism is another illustration of the downward tendency of modern times. It throws the sanctions of a religious cult around all the horrors and infamies of polygamy. It adopts polygamy as a part of its creed, and makes sexualism serve at the altar. Like Mohammedanism it promises an eternity of sexual enjoyment. And the way it is sending its representatives to our National Congress, and invading our cities with its propaganda of lubricity is enough to arouse the conscience of the American people, and put us on guard for the safety of our institutions and the perpetuity of the home.

### NOTHING BEYOND.

Is there anything which vice will not attempt? Is there any sort of partnership too low for it to become allied with? And is there no stopping place in its downward road to ruin? None, absolutely none. The records of all nations may be searched for an exception, in vain. In the armies of Venus march liars, drunkards, perjurers, assassins, rapists, abortionists, buggers, murderers, hypocrites, pimps and bawds. It is a motley array; it is a sickening sight; it is a hellish horde. And no profession, no calling, no occupation is or can be exempt from its attacks.

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Men who have entered into life with high prospects and splendid opportunities, the children of integrity, the hope of the world, have been besieged and wounded and slain by these armies of vice. Men whose high calling it is to stand before immortals and proclaim the unsearchable riches of the gospel of redeeming love plunged into the abyss. It was their duty to stand between the living and the dead; to plead with men to be reconciled to God; to war against sin of every sort; to smite off the fetters of vicious habits; to batter down dungeon walls and bid the oppressed go free. But from this high and holy office, they have gone to her whose house takes hold on hell, not knowing that the dead are there.

When we consider the state of society as it is today, and the conditions of life that surround most ministers, the wonder is not that one occasionally falls, but that more of them do not. But always the fall of a preacher creates a widespread feeling of horror and disgust. We turn from the story, sick at heart. The downfall of such a man simply illustrates the common weakness of our common humanity, and the tremendous strength of this passion. It shows that we all stand in slippery places, where it is easy to fall, and hard to rise again. It shows, too, how terrible is the depravity of the age, and how infinitely mean is devilish lust.

Read again the record. Call the names of men good and great whose careers are dark with the taint and crimson of debauchery. See how the tallest and the strongest have fallen. And then, "let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall!" Lay to heart the sad lessons of history; hear the bitter outcries of the helpless girls who tonight enter, dragged by cruel fiends, the endless labyrinths of shame in American brotheldom. Look upon the army of the toilers; and ask yourself,—how many of them are being scourged into dishonor and death? How many are driven by gaunt hunger and nipping need?

And then know, as in your inmost heart you must know,

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that there is nothing beyond this monstrous evil. It calls to its aid men's love of gold. The madames and their male helpers are in the business for the profits they can make. They form an unholy conspiracy with the gin-shop, another business which preys upon the weakness and appetite of men. Drunkenness and prostitution are twin evils. "Why, do you think I could engage in this business without the drink?" exclaimed a woman in horror. It requires the deadening power of the drink to prepare the woman for her filthy work, as it often does to prepare the man for the act of prostitution.

Lips that have been hallowed by prayer become stained and blistered with blasphemy. Torrents of foul language taint the very air, all vibrant with shuddering horror. Hell itself is moved and mocked by the infernalisms of the brothel, by the excesses and perversions of the debauchees. Depths of depravity! immeasurable depths! Set on the brow of every sexual pervert the mark of Cain, for he is a murderer, and his fellowmen should flee before him! Over every saloon and every bawdy house set a red flag; for they are houses of anarchy, of pestilence, of subversion and overthrow!

And then read this black-lettered story again, and see if its hieroglyphics of endless pain and immedicable woe may not be translated. Can it be possible that it is all a story simply of moral depravity, of voluntary, wilful dereliction? Have men and women chosen such a dark descent from pure perverseness and wrong-headedness? It is unreasonable to suggest it. There must be some terrific pressure, crowding them into the inferno. And when the story is translated, and men begin to read it they will see that all this slime and moral putrescence is due, directly or indirectly, to the maladjustment of social and economic forces. They will see that they are responsible for the Niagara of woe; that they have it in their power to turn this Stygian darkness into day; and when they make this discovery, they will not stand on the order of their doing it; they will do it at once!

## CHAPTER X

### CAN THE CURSE BE REMOVED?

WHAT ARE THE CAUSES OF UNCHASTITY?—PROPOSED REMEDIES  
INADEQUATE—A SUPERFICIAL DIAGNOSIS—UNDER-DRESSED  
WOMEN—THE ROOT OF THE EVIL—POVERTY A CURSE—  
SETTING THE SLAVES FREE—BEGINNING AT HOME—A MOR-  
AL REVOLUTION.

A vice which is flamboyant and defiant, which makes a mockery of virtue, and flaunts its gaudy symbols upon well nigh every public thoroughfare, laughing at restrictive and prohibitive laws and challenging the officials of the State and city as well as the moral sense of the community, must have very strong cause for its existence. The mere nature of the social evil is enough to warn us in advance that we must look deep into the structure of society for its roots.

#### WHAT ARE THE CAUSES?

It is folly to doctor symptoms. If the cause cannot be reached and removed, then there is no hope of a cure. Dr. Sanger in the book referred to in the preceding chapter, out of 2,000 cases, attributes 525 to destitution, 513 to inclination, 258 to seduction, 181 to drink. But other writers differ from this classification. There can be no doubt that in individual cases, these may be the procuring causes of the woman's downfall; but there must be an underlying cause, supporting these, and lending them their force.

The Massachusetts Bureau of Labor has made the most thorough statistical study of this grave subject. Original investigations were made in Brooklyn, Buffalo, Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Indianapolis, Louisville, Newark, New Orleans, New York, Philadelphia, Richmond, St. Louis and San Francisco,—fourteen different cities, covering the entire continent, and hence embracing practically all possible conditions and causes. In the



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report of the Bureau, the statement is made,—“Statistical science can only be employed to show the results of the lives of the people; it cannot show the inner motives which lead to results.” There will be no debate among thoughtful people as to the power of motive. It is all the difference, many times, between success and failure, between learning and ignorance, between righteousness and sin. But is it not possible that motive itself may be supplied by circumstances, by environment, by associates? In this study of the Massachusetts Bureau, we read,—

“Observation is not sufficient, and personal interviews might lead to difficulties greater than those belonging to observation alone. The force of statistics in such conditions is rather negative than positive, and this negative quality is brought into use here. It is often flippantly asserted that the shop girls recruit the ranks of prostitution. Of course such a charge cannot be entirely removed when applied to any class. The only question here is, Does it apply to the class against which it is brought?

“A few statistics of a negative character have been collected relating to prostitution. This partial investigation has been made as to how far the ranks of prostitution are recruited from girls belonging to the industrial classes. It should be distinctly borne in mind that this partial investigation was applied only to what may be called professional prostitutes; *for no statistical investigation can disclose the amount of immoral conduct of any class of people.*” We emphasize this statement, because in a work of this character it is deeply significant. It is by no means easy, in any American city, to ascertain the exact number of professional prostitutes; much less the number of moral lapses in the community.

“Hence,” continues the report, “that quiet, unobserved, unobtrusive prostitution, which exists in all communities, has no place in the present consideration. The number of women giving information as to their occupation before entering upon lives of shame was 3,866. The largest number coming from any occu-

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pation has been taken from those doing housework, hotel work, and cooking; this number, 1,155, being 29.88 per cent of the whole. The next largest number, so far as occupation is concerned, ranks with the seamstresses, including the dressmakers, employees of cloak and shirt factories, etc., this number being 505.

"A fact which strikes one sadly is the large number who enter prostitution directly from their homes. This number is 1,236, being 31.97 per cent of the whole.

"It cannot be said, therefore, so far as this investigation shows, that the employees in workshops are to be burdened with the charge of furnishing the chief source whence the ranks of prostitution are recruited. The experience of the writer in making an examination in many cities, both in the United States and in Europe, sustains the statement, but more strongly than the figures here given, that working women do not recruit the houses of prostitution."

This testimony must be borne in mind; for there are some hysterical advocates of the conventional career for women, who are crying out against her invasion of industry, on the ground that it throws her into temptation; that she must sooner or later succumb. It is refreshing to read this refutation of the charge, while at the same time remembering that there may be working girls and women who depart from virtue, though they may not become professionals.

"Nor does the investigation show that employers of labor are guilty of reducing their employees to a condition of prostitution, as is so often alleged. Only in the rarest cases can one meet with a whisper that this is the case. And these whispers, followed to their source, have rarely disclosed any facts which would lead to the conclusion that employers make bargains based on the loss of character of their employees."

As corroborative evidence, the writer of this book recently met a prominent business man who told of a bright, capable salesman making application to him for a situation. The gen-

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tleman needed just such a man; but the applicant spoke deprecatingly of his former employer, and he determined first to find why he was discharged. It developed that the young man had found somewhere a smutty rhyme, and had given it to one of the young lady stenographers to copy. She resented the insult and when it was reported to the head of the firm, he said,—“Certainly this house is under obligation to protect you from insult, and guard your character from aspersions. About the only reparation we can make in the present case is to give the young man his time.” And he was immediately discharged.

“Working women are not street walkers. They could not carry on their daily toil and walk the streets too. A captain of police expressed the matter well when he said that people who charge the working women with walking the streets at night for evil purposes do not know what they are talking about. Night-walkers are, all of them, hardened professionals. The prostitutes, some of them, may have been hard-working women, but no working woman ever walks the streets as a prostitute. This captain said that when a girl falls from virtue, she has first to graduate as a ‘parlor’ girl, and then serve some time in a still lower house, before she is hardened enough to take to the streets.”

The foregoing report does not include any women or girls who are occupying rooms by themselves. If such an investigation were made, the results would no doubt be materially modified. In his thrilling book, “If Christ Came to Chicago,” Mr. W. T. Stead quotes the testimony of Dora Clafin, the “Madam” of a house of ill fame; she says,—

“Prostitution is an effect, not a careless, voluntary choice on the part of the fallen. Girls do not elect to cast themselves away. They are driven to the haunts of vice. The more distinctively womanly a girl is,—and I mean by that the more she has of beauty, delicacy, love of dress and adornment, feminine weakness—the easier a mark she is for the designing. And the designers are not wanting.

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Girls, I say this emphatically, are not seducers. They have innate delicacy and refinement. I say honestly that I do not believe that one woman in 10,000 would cast herself at the feet of lust except under duress or under the force of circumstances. The recruiting grounds of the bagnio are the stores, where girls work long hours for small pay; the homes that have few comforts, and practically no pleasure; the streets, where girls are often cast, still unknown to sin but in want and without shelter; in a word, places outside the levee, where distress and temptation stand ever present as a menace to purity and rectitude; behind every effect there is a cause. In the case of prostitution, the real cause lies not in the girl who falls, but in the social conditions that make the fall easy, and the men who tempt to the step and furnish the money to support degradation after the step has been taken. Before reform in the levee is possible, there must be reform in the home, on the mart."

### POVERTY A CURSE.

Poverty is often a procuring cause of vice. The fact is, extremes meet. Luxury and idleness, arising from boundless wealth, produce vice in its rankest growth, and these find in poverty, a poverty which grinds and taunts, the other half of the equation. In stores, factories and offices, salesgirls, working girls and typewriters are drawn or lured by the lack of money or the desire for more money.

"The money returns," writes F. M. Goodchild, "furnish a very great temptation to girls to part with their virtue. Some fall because they cannot find work; some because they do not wish to work. Many a girl who is strong and healthy and comely and lazy, learns that there is a market for such as she; that she can earn more in a night by sin than she can in a week or a month by work, and she sells herself accordingly. The peculiar temptation to a woman is that her virtue is a realizable asset. This vice costs a man money; to a woman it yields money. Mr. Booth says that the number of young women who receive \$2500 in one year for the

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sale of their persons is larger than the number of women of all ages in all businesses and professions, who make a similar sum by honest industry. In sin the prizes come first; in honest callings only after long and painful toil. Even in the common houses on Bainbridge Street, at a fifty cent rate, girls often make \$20 or more a week."

But it ought to be said in every such statement of the actual or possible earnings of vice, that while a few women may have wealth squandered on them, they are the rare exceptions. If truth were told, there is no manner of doubt that the rank and file make less than they could in honest industry. Often the haunts of vice, so far from being resplendent, are the abodes of squalor and wretchedness. They are even filthy and revolting in the extreme. Girls have been known to forsake honorable bread-winning callings for the brothel, only to find when too late to retreat, that they have indeed made a brimstone bargain; they have sold honor and virtue, and received less than the poor paltry wage which rewarded them for arduous toil.

And then besides, the remuneration of a woman in this hellish business can continue but a short time. Dissipation and disease make awful inroads on the most vigorous constitutions, and it is but a few years till the poor outcast lies on a pallet in a city hospital, and from thence is carried out to Potter's Field. Let all dreams of wealth and luxury in careers of profligacy be dissipated. Look the future as well as the present, sternly in the face, remembering that "virtue is its own reward." Fallen women have starved to death. Their occupation is affected, like any other, by the condition of the times. Better starve with honor, than live in luxury, a reprobate. But if it is starvation in addition to reprobation, what woman in her right mind will entertain the amorous solicitations of a lover?

"It is true," says W. D. P. Bliss, "that an enormous amount of prostitution is due to the economical conditions which often make it next to impossible for a single woman to earn a decent

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living, and throw thousands of women on the streets, and bring immorality within easy reach of almost any man."

### UNDER-DRESSED WOMEN.

Why is it that fashionable attire is almost invariable meretricious? Why should women expose their persons upon the ball-room floor and upon the stage? With the libidinous blood of generations throbbing in their veins, men are sure to find their passions aroused by the slightest encouragement. And this encouragement they can find in any high-toned gathering, in any theatre. A gentleman who made a tour of the bagnios in one of our large cities declared that in the parlors, he did not find a single prostitute dressed or rather undressed with more abandon than in the parlors of the wealthy and the aristocratic; neither did he find any more suggestive pictures upon the walls.

To quote a keen and observant student of sociology,—“The stage, the concert hall and the ball bear a large responsibility. From the spectacular play and from the ball, with the under-dressed women at the one and the under-dressed women and the wine at the other, men hurry to the brothel. It by no means follows that the cure lies in the abolition of the theatre or the dance, though some think so, yet the part in this matter played by the present stage and fashionable society cannot be denied.

“The supreme social cause of prostitution, however, we believe, has not yet been mentioned. This is the crowded tenement. When boys and young girls have no attractive home, and no healthy playground, they *must* be on the streets. A child cannot be kept in the house all day, and live. When a girl comes from school or from a store, to the crowded living room or flat, and finds the narrow quarters redolent with the steam of washing and the fumes of cooking, she must, in the cities, go on the street for fresh air. There bad company captures more girls than in any other way. Not many girls, we are convinced, sell themselves *for the first time* for money; after the first great downward step, money directly plays its part, but the supreme social cause of pros-

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titution we believe to be the bad housing of the poor, resulting from low wages, and the poverty of the great masses in our cities."

### INADEQUATE REMEDIES.

The remedies commonly offered, it will at once appear, from the foregoing statement and illustrations, are altogether inadequate. Medical writers excoriate parents for allowing their children to grow up in ignorance; ministers and religious teachers generally deplore the lack of moral restraint; good disciplinarians attribute the fall to a defective home training; and so every doctor looks at the patient from his particular view point.

All these are helpful; they are efficient, but not sufficient. Neither will it be enough to abolish the theater and the dance; eliminate amusement, and reduce all life to a monotonous humdrum. These are not only insufficient; they are, some of them at least, positively harmful. The bow must be unstrung occasionally, or it will lose its elasticity. The high tension under which men toil today must be relaxed at times, or life will burn itself out prematurely. But as a thoughtful reading of the authors quoted above, and of other careful writers upon the subject, will show, the problem is in its last analysis, economic as well as moral. Hence all purposed remedies that do not touch in some way upon the economic question, must of necessity be superficial and inadequate.

It will at once be remembered that this agrees with the main contention of this book, viz., that we have sexualized the economic relation, and industrialized sex. Whatever economic reform is advocated, it will at last be found necessary to recognize woman as a factor in industry.

### SETTING THE SLAVES FREE.

If women are prisoners of poverty, if they are hemmed in and restrained by artificial and traditional barriers, they ought to be set free, whether they suffer materially therefrom or not; but when it is apparent that not only a whole sex suffers from this unreasonable subjugation, but the race suffers, and a weight of de-

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pravity crushes pure spirits into the nethermost hell, then the condition is infamous, and the wrong cries aloud for correction.

The attempts that are being made to deal with this great evil are puerile in the extreme. Cities have tried license; they have tried segregation; they have tried moral suasion; they are spending time and money in asylums and refuges; but all the while the tides of corruption devastate the fairest places on earth, and sweet lives are sacrificed in an awful holocaust of ungovernable passion, because they will not open their eyes to the age-long injustice under which woman writhes.

There are many good women who will resent the intimation that any of their natural rights are abridged. They belong to the well-to-do classes; they are reared in homes that are well organized, homes in which kindness and love reign. They scarcely know the meaning of deprivation or denial. In all that goes to make life full and rich, they are fortunate. But they cannot be unaware of the suffering of their less fortunate sisters, and if they know of them, they cannot be indifferent to them. They should take advantage of their fortunate condition to assist the weak and the down-trodden, and precisely this is what many of them do.

Brush away the fantastic barriers that keep one entire sex in bondage. Place in the hands of woman whatever implement she is able to use; train her to deftness and skill in its use; then pay her for her work what it is actually worth, for all labor is necessarily asexual. When we do this; when girls as well as boys are taught and trained to be independent bread-winners; when the old notion of woman's sphere as being distinctively and exclusively reproduction is finally and forever abandoned,—then we may look for a fairer day, a day of hope, a day of deliverance from the servitude of the centuries. And such a time is coming, and even now every slave's chains slacken. It is a toilsome path, and the feet that pioneer the way are torn and bleeding, but they are making it smooth for those that come after them.



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### BEGINNING AT HOME.

All true reforms begin with the individual. No reformation, no matter how broad, can make headway without the constant appeal to the individual heart and conscience. If every woman would take care that the one who lives in her house and walks in her footsteps is right and lives right; and if every man would do the same, the problem would be solved. Not all men and women will suddenly correct their habits and mend their ways. But the reader can do it. Each can begin at home, and make the best possible use of the means at hand, until finally better means are offered.

A social and industrial state the most ideal nevertheless waits on individual initiative. Collective righteousness will never be more than the aggregate of the righteousness of individuals. A single corrupt person can contaminate others, and spread the contagion of vice like a pestilence through the best ordered communities. And this being true, why not here and now resolve each for himself, to take care of at least one person on this green and brown earth, and see to it that his ways are ways of righteousness and peace?

As a matter of course, it is evident to all that here we approach the realm of religion, than which there is no more powerful factor in human life. We only wish that churches and ministers were not so negligent of a theme so vital as this. It is confessedly difficult to discuss the question in all its bearings before a mixed audience, but what is to hinder its discussion before separate audiences of the sexes? Much can be done before the mixed audience.

A writer in the Westminster Review says,—“One aim most if not all schemes of reform have in common, and that is the establishment of an equal standard of sexual morality for both sexes. On all sides it seems to be agreed that the existing dual standard of morality is, or will be, doomed, now that society, and especially the female portion of it, is becoming so keenly alive to its evils. It is also felt that unless masculine morality is raised to a higher



AN INNOCENT LIFE'S APPALLING WRECK.

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level, feminine morality may fall from the exalted position it has held for so long, as it awakes to the full value of the fact that its purity is only playing into the hands of the impurity which it encounters in the other sex. The proposed paths toward the desired goal are very wide apart." But they have this common principle of a high standard of morality for all.

Women can themselves materially change, if indeed they cannot revolutionize, the existing sentiment on this subject. It is the merest commonplace that women are cruelly severe with their erring sisters; even kindred are harsh and unnatural; the fall of a girl or a young woman seems to excite their loathing; but toward the seducer they show a very different feeling. They are indifferent, or they extenuate his fault, or they overlook it, and receive him into their homes, and allow him to marry some pure girl, and make her the mother of his children, thus bringing beings into the world cursed with lecherous appetites. Why should they write the offense of the chief criminal in the water, and that of the chief sufferer on the rock? It is an outrageous blunder, a cruel injustice! But as long as women hold this position, it is not at all likely that men will request them to change it. They are the beneficiaries of this false and foolish sentiment, and they are quite willing to accept it, and no doubt many of them will do what they can to foster it. The deliverance is with women themselves.

But if the supreme cause of prostitution is in poverty, we must reorganize industry so as to abolish poverty. This contention of modern reformers needs to be supplemented with the principle which underlies the chapters of this book,—that woman herself is economically dependent, and that sex has been industrialized. When this is once clearly seen, then we may hope for a much more rapid advance in industrial reform.

### A MORAL REVOLUTION.

Does someone say that all this contemplates a moral revolution? Precisely; and why not? When things are wrong side up they ought to be turned upside down. Revolution is just the



THE DISGRACE CRUSHED HER YOUNG HEART.

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thing. We shall never rise above the present stage of civilization until we lay hold of the radical injustice from which the race suffers, and end it. Justice is better than courtesy or chivalry; justice must precede charity. A just form of social and industrial organization will eventually be evolved. We are as yet only candidates for civilization.

At the Baltimore Congress some of the resolutions adopted were as follows: "That chastity, a pure, continent life alike for men and women, is consonant with the best condition of physical, mental and moral health.

"That prostitution is a fundamental violation of the laws of health, is degrading and destructive to the individual, a menace to the home and to the nation.

"That State or municipal regulation of prostitution is morally wrong; is worse than a sanitary failure; is cruel and unjust to woman, and creates a shocking traffic in girlhood."

If it be said, "These things can never be; they are contrary to human nature," we reply, then human nature must undergo a metamorphosis. It must be transformed; it must be revolutionized. And the agencies are at work. On the one hand are the forces of destruction. Disease marshals its black cohorts, and smites to kill. It declares that men and women who are unsound morally shall suffer physically, and shall not live out half their days. It slays them by the thousand, and it leaves their unfortunate offspring impotent. Society, too, lays the criminal and the vicious classes under ban. The church utters her solemn warnings, and brings to bear her divine authority and offers her heavenly reward. And so upon the right hand and the left, behind and before, there are triumphant forces working for the redemption of the fallen, the rescue of the lost, and the removal of this curse.

## CHAPTER XI.

ASTOUNDING REPORT BY A DISTINGUISHED VICE COMMISSION—  
FEARFUL CONDITIONS REVEALED IN CHICAGO AND OTHER LARGE  
CITIES—FIVE THOUSAND WOMEN'S SOULS CONSUMED EACH  
YEAR—THE ENORMOUS PROFITS OF THE PANDERERS—A REVE-  
LATION WITHOUT A PARALLEL!

A revelation has come in Chicago which has startled and aroused to pitiful indignation, not that city alone, but the entire country. A commission of prominent citizens, appointed by the mayor, made its report, after months of careful and thorough investigation, on April 4, 1911. It is the most startling and alarmingly convincing report on such a subject ever made. Its figures and its disclosures are something almost incredible—but they are indisputable. The personnel of the commission was such as to make assurance absolute. Among its members were Hon. E. W. Sims, United States district attorney; Dean Walter T. Sumner, famous student and sociologist; Hon. Harry Olson, Chief Justice of the municipal courts; John L. Whitman, Superintendent of the House of Correction; Julius Rosenwald, President of Sears, Roebuck & Co.; Rev. F. W. Gunsaulus, Director of Armour Institute and over twenty others, as widely known officially or in the business world. It was a body the statements and summaries of which may not be questioned or disputed. It was one of the most finely constituted and strongest commissions ever acting on any subject.

The appalling facts and figures of the report are here summarized in their dreadful proportions. The report shows that in Chicago over 5,000 additional girls and women are consumed in its dens of vice. It reports on the thousands of rooms, in brothels, flats, apartment houses and infamous hotels, where the loathsome business is going on. **IT GIVES LOCALITIES AND ADDRESSES.** It shows how the saloons and dance halls and houses of prostitution are connected and how the youth of both sexes are seduced into evil. It gives the profits for a year of the unholy combination—\$15,699,449—nearly sixteen million dollars!—made up of the profit received by the owners of property used for resorts, the keepers and the inmates amounting to \$8,476,689; the

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profit from the sale of liquor in disorderly saloons, \$4,707,000 and the profit from the sale of liquor in resorts \$2,915,760!

**THE INQUIRY WAS EXTENDED TO OTHER LARGE CITIES AND THE RESULTS SHOWED THAT CONDITIONS IN THEM WERE AS BAD OR WORSE THAN IN CHICAGO!**

**There is no safety for an unprotected and UNTAUGHT girl in any large city.**

In all its details the report is clear, hard and convincing. It gives facts and figures in simple detail and has supplied the authorities with names and addresses to substantiate all it says, almost incredible as the showing may appear. It is the report, unexaggerated, of a group of distinguished citizens whose statements must be accepted literally. It is not too much to say that the whole world will be, to an extent, affected. Causes, conditions and suggested remedies will be considered with a more vivid and it is to be hoped, a more effective interest by the community everywhere.

Throughout the report the commission, as it should, gives attention first to causes. How is it that the youth of either sex can fall so often a prey to the conditions shown to exist? The answer is given with the facts. The innocent and untaught have very little chance. The streets are haunted by those who seek their destruction. The unsophisticated girl in the city is not safe anywhere. She is incapable of self-protection. Why is this? The commission gives the answer, almost harshly:

"The subject of 'supply' should bring forward, most prominently, too, the fact that the supply comes largely from bad home conditions and lack of recreational privileges. In a large number of cases investigated the home conditions caused the downfall of many a wife and daughter.

"Statements are often made, and in some instances warranted by facts, that the excessive demands upon the mother because of a large family of children, without sufficient income or help to care for them is also the occasion for many neglected children going astray.

"The statement is also made, and supported by facts, learned from long and faithful experience in caring for dependent and delinquent children, that more delinquent girls come from small families where they are spoiled than from large families where there may be poverty, but a sort of unconscious protective union of the children shielding one another."

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Always, it will be seen, the danger to the girl comes from the lack of home training of the proper kind, of the home education which should have taught her the exact nature of the world's pitfalls. It will be hard enough at best, difficult and desperate for her, despite a sufficient training, if she be submitted to contact with the city's evils. Consider these pitiful extracts from this great commission's reports, extracts as chilling in their necessarily bold wording as they are absolutely sound in deduction:

"Hundreds, if not thousands, of girls from country towns, and those born in the city but who have been thrown on their own resources, are compelled to live in cheap boarding or rooming houses on an average wage of \$6. How do they exist on this sum? It is impossible to figure it out on a mathematical basis. If the wage were \$8 a week and the girl paid \$2.50 for her room, \$1 for laundry, and 60 cents for car fare, she would have less than 50 cents left at the end of the week.

"That is, provided she ate 10 cent breakfasts, 15 cent lunches, and 25 cent dinners. But there is no doubt that many girls do live on even \$6 and do it honestly, but we can affirm that they do not have nourishing food, or comfortable shelter, or warm clothes, or any amusement, except, perhaps, free public dances, without outside help, either from charity in the shape of girls' clubs, or friends in the country home. How can she possibly exist, to say nothing of live?

"Is it any wonder that a tempted girl who receives only \$6 a week working with her hands sells her body for \$25 a week when she learns there is a demand for it and men are willing to pay the price? On the one hand, her employer demands honesty, faithfulness, and a clean and neat appearance, and for all this he contributes from his profits an average of \$6 for every week.

"Her honesty alone is worth this inadequate wage, disregarding the consideration of her efficiency. In the sad life of prostitution, on the other hand, we find here the employer, demanding the surrender of her virtue, pays her an average of \$25 a week.

"Which employer wins the half starved child to his side in this unequal battle?"

What a showing is that! As will be seen, the commission comes back to the problem of a living wage for workers—the problem which must be sternly solved some time—and gives one of the reasons where so many thousands of tempted girls are yielding. But it tells of a host of other perils, perils even to



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those who are not yet suffering for the necessities of life, perils not extending to young women alone, but to the youth of either sex. For the young man the tempting saloon, with its lights and music and its death cup, attracts on every side. The creatures of the saloons are after him, persuading him, alluring him. He is part of the game. The saloons and the social evils are as one in object.

### THE PROBLEMS.

A remedy for these frightful evils is the great thing to consider, and to this the commission gives its attention. The remedy includes two things and two alone. Hunt down the panders and the evil saloonkeepers and—above all—teach the young what peril awaits them!

But the report of this great commission, stunningly effective as it is, does not tell all. It cannot. There are darker backgrounds to the appalling picture. The statistics of ruin and degradation given in this report, horrifying as they are, fall far short of giving even the complete figures relating to the social evil in Chicago. Here is set forth only what may be called the business side of the vicious life in a great city. The number of acknowledged and confessed women of shame "annually consumed"—the number of hotels, flats and houses dedicated to vice, and of low saloons used to collect, harbor and distribute the victims of lust—all of these money-making concerns whose chief asset is human flesh and blood—appear, and claim attention. It must be remembered that all of this information relates to the last chapter in the tragedy of thousands of lives—the end of a story in public disgrace, a story which is just beginning now, in as many thousand of obscure lives, where secret vice arranges the prelude to the infernal horrors of the brothel and the street. The whole story of the crime factory is, necessarily, unrevealed.

The indispensable commodity in the manufactory of vice is girls. The victims have but a short life, ending in hospital and the potters' field. Fresh material from homes of city and country is looked for and secured every day in the year. Most unfortunate girls do not go at once into the brothels, usually they dally outside of the doomed doors for a time with illicit lovers, and only when discarded and ruined in morals and in health, often the slaves already of liquor or drugs, they enter the life of public shame to run a quick race with Death.

Among these victims are girls so young that they are called

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children. Their fate is too pitiful to be dwelt upon. The misery which these young creatures endure can only be faintly imagined. It is a life to every woman, of agonized horror, say what you will. In these cases especially it is proper home teaching which might have saved them.

"The investigators of the commission found that the girls in the vice districts are more addicted to the use of morphine than cocaine. The startling discovery also was made by the investigators that in many cases doctors traded in the drugs and supplied the girls with the poison." As showing the conditions elsewhere and from outside the report, statistics show, says Dr. Hamilton Wright, of the Opium Commission, that *in our country there is as much illegal use of morphine, opium and cocaine per capita as there is in the Chinese empire!* To think that there are in Chicago five thousand women who have reached or are fast reaching this last stage of degradation is a stab to the comprehending mind and the pitying heart.

The report of no commission can give a full idea of what precedes the destruction of the innocent or follows the fate which any child or woman may be lured into this quagmire of death in life! The steps downward are almost imperceptible to a young girl, unless she has been fairly, ruthlessly taught the stern facts of life. The life of girls who sell goods in the stores or work in offices and, most of all, of idle girls who are permitted to go about city streets without proper attendance, is beset with snares.

### THE REPORT OUTDONE.

In other chapters of this book have been related incidents showing the devilish ingenuity of those making the conditions on which the commission makes its report. Others, absolutely startling in their nature, may be added here to advantage:

A father brought to the city with him his fourteen year old daughter. The farmer was on a business trip, and he wanted to give his little girl a treat. He bought a box of candy for her and a seat at a cheap theater. After the play the father met his daughter at the door, and he observed her flushed face, and her evident interest in an elderly and respectable looking woman who she said had sat by her during the performance. The stranger had explained some of the points of the "show" to the girl and had given her a new box of candy to carry home with her. The story is too long to tell here, but in that candy box was the city address of the apparently respectable theater neigh-

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bor. A correspondence began between the young girl and the woman, and within three months the girl secretly left home, went to the city, and was lost from her family forever. Without doubt she went straight to the stranger who had attracted her during the two hours at the theater. Apparently a harmless, elderly woman, the stranger was practicing her frightful "business," luring young girls into the horrors of shame, vice, disease and early death—a death the least of all the evils named.

Even the plague has been outdone. From the centers of vice in the great cities spreads a physical plague which is only a symbol of the moral putridity from which it sprung. The women of the vice districts go quickly to their graves. The men who support those districts go out into the world and scatter the seeds of vice and of disease broadcast over the land. This phase is almost too horrible for these pages, but it must be touched. Young women and young men must be told something of the truth which hides behind the figures and statistics of disease and death and in close connection with those of commercialized vice.

In a small Chicago hospital, which is dedicated to good works, a poor young woman brought this spring, her dying baby. At the moment when the mother came with her little wailing bundle, the medical director was absent, and there was no physician in the house. The child was received, provisionally, until the Doctor could see it, and the mother was told to come again that afternoon, and she went away, leaving her address—the place she named was in a district inhabited by none but very poor people.

When the physician saw the poor little infant he was stricken with horror. The small mite of misery and disease was hurried out of the place. Then every article in the room where the child had been laid, the bed, the bed clothes, the small rug and the clothing of the nurse who had taken the child, were burned. The room was fumigated. A panic reigned in that hospital! The plague had touched it! The plague born, fostered and bred by vice!

Vice had fastened its cruel punishment perhaps on an innocent young mother, and certainly upon an innocent baby. The small wailing atom was the direct fruit of the frightful passion-flower of vice. The effects of the vice "business" do not stop with the guilty. As always, it is the innocent that suffer, and suffer most, "even to the third and fourth generation."

Statistics show that the life of a woman once embarked in

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the business of vice is, on the average, five years. But the misery, the shame, the disease, the effects of that life, when and where do they end?

Something to be remembered and something to be borne in mind constantly, for its force is overwhelming—is the dictum of this report that the \$15,000,000 a year profits in vice is controlled largely by men, not women. *These men profit from the ruin of 5,000 souls and bodies, annually, of women!*

The evil hotels of the city, and the disorderly saloons are named as influences powerfully contributing to the success in business of the vice contingent. The streets are a recruiting ground, the stores and the parks contribute.

*Parents, Protect Your Daughters!*

How shall our children be made ready to meet the temptations, the insidious attractions of unknown, unsuspected ruin? Everyone, and especially young people, must have recreation. It is of as much importance as occupation in human life. Your daughter and your son must enjoy relief from the monotony and drudgery which rules the day of nearly all city dwellers. And there is plenty of innocent recreation, but everywhere, in public and private, the serpent trail of sensual license is close to the girl, fathers and mothers, that you love more than you love your own life. How can you protect her?

Tell her the truth! Yes, in all its degrading horror—at least in essentials,—you must let your daughter know what the pleasant path, taken without thought, may end in. The restaurant supper, offered by a man who kindly invites a young girl to sit at the table with him,—the automobile ride,—the visit to the theater,—all these may lead at once to ruin. But, again, they may not. Parents must teach their girls to *discriminate*. To know when they are in danger.

*Knowledge is power.* The girl who has been taught the truth will know how to rebuke and to shun ever after the man or the woman who offers her a glass of beer, or any form of stimulating drink. It is the first rule of safety to never drink any kind of liquor, in any public or private place. This simple rule would have saved hundreds of thousands of women from ruin. The reason is plain. The girl, unused to drink, loses modesty, restraint and self-government, often at the first glass of beer. So apparently simple a thing as that has led to downfall in uncounted cases. And the beer does not have to be drugged either. It is alcohol which ruins! And in beer is alcohol.

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The girl in the city must know where the paths lead, when she sets her foot in the common ways. And how can she know it if she is left to chance for protection? She must be put on guard by her parents. Nothing else will avail—nothing but the truth, the truth, which, indeed, will take the glory and the bloom from the young ideal of life. But the harsh truth, and nothing else, will do.

The reality of the peril? Here is another almost unbelievable, but true, incident in illustration: At the railway stations the protective organizations have placed agents, women who look out for girls who are just entering the city. These beneficent agents assist the girls to find respectable boarding houses and decent employment. Taking advantage of this Christian custom, the vice beasts are known, in more than one instance, to have had awaiting trains at the railway stations, women in the religious garb of Catholic sisters, to lure away young girls of the Catholic faith! The attempts to impersonate the agents of the Young Woman's Christian Association and the Jewish Woman's Protective Societies had failed, because these regular agents were known to the railway station authorities. So, occasionally, the black-habited mock "sisters" are employed in their inhuman business. They do not take this method often enough to be "spotted" and arrested, but the scheme, when it is worked, succeeds. *There is no protection except self-protection*, knowing the perils which beset her, any right-minded girl is safe. *Ignorant and innocent, she is never safe!*

The White Slavers are the most dangerous miscreants in the world today. They have no pity, no remorse. Their business is the ruin of souls and bodies, and they have each begun with their own!

The intelligence, the foresight, the Christian charity and the stern justice of the world is needed to check and to finally destroy these creatures. It will take time. But, meantime, parents must do all in their power to save their own children and all the children within their circle of influence.

The report of the Chicago Commission, a report to be trusted absolutely as to its facts and bearings, must prove a tremendous force for good. Never before has come such a revelation as this, one so far extending and indisputable. It will call the world's attention more alarmedly to its greatest horror. It must work for unlimited good because it is as authoritative as it is alarming. Its stern importance cannot be over estimated.

## CHAPTER XII.

# A PRIEST'S EXPERIENCE.

BY REV. FATHER L. MINEHAN.

THE priest's duties bring him, beyond all others, into the domain of conscience. It is his mission to deal not only with the outcroppings of sin, but to trace its sources. He knows full well that in the cure of moral as well as physical diseases it is not enough to remove the external sores; the fountain head of the malady must

be attacked. Hence he has a rooted distrust in the efficiency of merely repressive measures.

Not that he undervalues these; they are as necessary as cautery and the knife in dealing with gangrenous growths, but he feels that such measures do not after all reach the source of the trouble.

Hence when he is brought face to face with the horrors of that horrible blot on humanity, the "social evil"—when he finds in every great city thousands of women whose lives are devoted to the satiating of men's lust—when he learns that this army of beings, whose very name one shrinks from writing, whose God-given beauty and intelligence are created for the noblest, but used for the vilest

purposes, is recruited in a large measure, not from willing but unwilling victims, whose unsuspecting honesty and innocence are taken advantage of by the most artful and infamous methods—he at once asks himself: What is at the bottom of all this?

Is the procreative instinct which the Creator has implanted in man for the noblest purposes, and which properly directed brings out some of humanity's grandest traits, so ungovernable as to render "segregated areas" and "red light districts," with all their unspeakable degradation, a necessity?



REV. FATHER MINEHAN,  
*The Popular Canadian Priest.*

To the question thus plainly put few, I trust, will have the hardihood to give an affirmative answer. A bold unhesitating "Yes" would be so insulting to all that is decent in man's nature that even the advocates of the licensing of vice would shrink from so clear a declaration, and take refuge in something less compromising.

On this particular point the priest can speak with an intimate knowledge such as no other human being can claim. I am not now defending systems, but stating facts. And one undeniable fact is that the priest knows the inmost recesses of man's heart, its weaknesses and temptations. And from years of experience I can say that I have met multitudes of men in every walk of life—men full of vigor physically and mentally—who were clean in thought and word and action.

Since then, the intimate knowledge gained by years of dealing with the inmost secrets of the soul enables me to indignantly trample upon the plea that the "social evil" must be tolerated, or at least winked at, on the ground of necessity, how, it may be asked, do I account for its prevalence. To my mind the root of the whole business is a perverted view of sexual relationship.

Away in the centuries long past—in those Middle Ages so ignorantly looked down upon at times, because they had not "red light districts" and other modern improvements—the system of chivalry prevailed. The highest knight in the land was bound to champion the cause of the humblest woman in distress. At times chivalry went to quixotic lengths. Human frailty was in evidence then as at all times. But it made reverence for woman an outstanding feature of society.

Then some four and a half centuries ago came that outbreak of Paganism known as the Renaissance. Pagan literature, Pagan architecture, and alas! Pagan sentiments regarding woman, became fashionable. Unfortunately, these gained a hold on our literature, and have to a large extent influenced it ever since.

Take, for example, our poetry and romance. In how many instances is the individual who can win "maiden's love, ruin, and leave her," set forth in the most attractive light? How many of all the moonlight meetings, passionate partings, vows of eternal constancy, fond embraces, and all the rest which form the stock-in-trade of the playwright and the novelist contain the slightest allusion to the sacredness of love, to the wondrously tender and beautiful laws of life for which the Creator intended it to be the motive power to the tremendous responsibilities to society it involves?

The glamour of romance and sentiment is woven around situations which anneal simply and solely to passion, and in which prudence,

purity and responsibility are ignored. I am now describing the better class of romances and not noticing those which professedly pander to sensuality.

In this, as in other respects, literature is the mirror of society. The "old maid" is the favorite butt of jest and mock sympathy, her own sex being in many cases the worst offenders. What is the significance of this attitude? Simply that the whole mission of woman is to catch a husband, and that no matter what she may achieve in other lines, unless she succeed in this, her life is a failure.

In other words, the sex function of woman is made everything. Her dress, her training, her thoughts are concentrated on the one goal of capturing a mate.

Such a condition cannot fail to injuriously affect the relationship between man and woman. When the latter's sole mode of making a livelihood is by the barter of her womanhood it is not to be wondered at that under the stress of poverty or unhappy home conditions she in not a few cases, comes to regard her sexual attractiveness as a marketable commodity.

This venality, this parasitism, this helplessness on the part of woman inevitably reacts most hurtfully on man. Whatever be his character, whether he has ruined other girls or not, he is welcomed to the home of the mother who has grown up daughters to get off her hands. She is told that his reputation is not of the best, but he has engaging manners and a good salary.

Young men "will sow their wild oats." "The same standard of morality cannot be expected from them as from girls!" And thus an innocent girl is sold by her mother to a profligate, only to discover that her life is wrecked.

Is it any wonder that, finding his lapses condoned and his society sought after in this venal way, man's pride and sensuality should be swelled, and that he should regard woman as a possession instead of a companion, having rights as sacred as his own, and demanding on his part a fidelity such as he expects from her? Can we not find in this dependence, this acknowledgment, that there is one social standard for him and another for her, an explanation of the degradingly filthy way in which woman is spoken of in the workshop, and in the club-room?

It is enough to make us blush for manhood to realize that every allusion to sex relationship made on the playground by boys, and in the office and workshop by young men, is far more likely to be impure than pure.

What is the remedy for this state of things on which the "social evil" lives and thrives? In the first place, the emancipation of



woman, which phrase I use in the sense of independence, enfranchisement. I want to see woman strong and independent enough to be able to say: "I am not compelled to sell myself to you for a living. I am ready to accept you as a companion, and exact from you physical and moral soundness even as you demand the same from me." I wish to behold woman having a more decided voice in making the laws by which she is governed, and I have no doubt that her influence at the polls will be used effectively for the rooting out of the "White Slave Traffic" and the "Red Light Reservation."

Above all I desire a system of educating public opinion such as has done so much to rid us of the incubus of the Liquor Traffic. Let the curse of impurity be shown up as the curse of drink has been. Let the sacredness of those laws which govern the beginning and development of human life be set forth in a manner suited to age, and let the results of violations of these laws be blazoned discreetly yet effectively. Let love—the light of home—be glorified, but at the same time, let its sacredness and responsibilities be enforced. Let war be declared on erotic literature, and let clean-minded writers enter upon the crusade of replacing slushy sentimentalism by productions which will be elevating as well as attractive.

Let a determined effort be made to discountenance the vile conversation with which the atmosphere of the club-room and the workshop is at present too often tainted. Let the same systematic effort be devoted to wiping out the den of infamy and its feeders, the bad book, the suggestive postcard, the unhealthy play, that is now directed against the unlicensed groggery.

Under such treatment, in my opinion, the "social evil" and its kindred vices will follow in the wake of the duel and the dram-shop. And the inspiration necessary for such a campaign will be found in its highest form in the words of the great Apostle: "If any man violate the temple of God, him shall God destroy. For the temple of God is holy, which you are." I Cor. 3: 17.

## CHAPTER XIII.

# THE TRIPLE DEMONS IN CANADA.

By MISS L. W. BROOKING,

SUPERINTENDENT ALEXANDRA INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL FOR GIRLS,  
FORMERLY SUPERINTENDENT OF "THE HAVEN,"  
TORONTO, CANADA.

TO the worker who is giving life and strength in the fight against these triple demons, there is very little time to do anything except face and grapple with the daily and hourly problems presented in the marred and ruined lives of those who are the victims! But once in a while, when in the silence of a quiet hour the consideration of the whole awful situation is forced upon mind and heart—one feels constrained to cry, "How long, oh Lord, how long, shall these horrors be, in what we confidently call our *Christian* country."

During several years spent as Superintendent of the Toronto Haven and Prison Gate Mission, and now as Superintendent of the Industrial School for Girls in Toronto, I have had wide opportunity to see, and to live with, the victims of about the best (or *worst*) work, that this blackest trio can accomplish; and it may be said without the smallest exaggeration, that the English language fails in its power to describe their ghastly success!

The Toronto Haven was established some thirty-five years ago, with the object of giving a fresh start in life, to women who had been serving a term, or terms, in jail or Reformatory.

The majority of women thus admitted had been committed for drunkenness, and as the years went by, it was found that nearly all the women coming from prison, were what might be termed *chronic inebriates*—spending their lives between jail, Reformatory, and Rescue Home!

Some of these had been victims of the hereditary curse—others had come from good and respectable families—but had through drink, fallen as low as the lowest. No one reading this dark story need say, "This does not concern me," or "My family is safe!"—for the annals of any such institution prove that into *any* home, however happy and prosperous, however well guarded and shielded, one or other of these demons may find an entrance.

One of our regular habitués, at present retired from the world at Government expense, on account of more public indecency than even a city slum can stand, is a woman of excellent education and queenly bearing—so much so, that amongst her present associates of the "underworld" she is known as "Lady —." This woman came of good parentage, and has brothers in positions of honor and trust. She was married to a professional man of good standing—the honored mistress of a well-known home—with two children, one son now at College, ignorant, I am thankful to say, of his mother's present life.

She told me she began her downward course, by following one of this demon's usual routes—the "pick-me-up," at a time of weakness and depression after her husband's death. She has ended, where she will *lie*, or *steal*, or *advertise* her *own* person to get the price of a drink!

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She has times of awful depression, of ghastly heart-break and bitterest remorse,—she has times of strong effort after reformation—but she is in the chains of the demon! And though she may let better things have temporary sway, the chains are *too strong* to break, and the struggler is over and over again *drawn down*, like a swimmer in a maelstrom, the circles growing shorter and shorter, swifter and yet more swift, till the surely coming day, when the victim, only one of *many* I might describe, will be drawn *under*!

Some years ago a woman was picked up off the streets, drunken and degraded, and brought to the shelter of the Haven. When cleaned up and closed up—clothed and in her right mind once more, she was evidently a person of education and refinement—though very reserved about herself and her history.

One of the regular inmates, making her home there as a widow, lonely and blind, had been the wife of a British soldier, who had followed her husband to many countries and seen many vicissitudes. She often entertained her companions by her stories of other days. One evening she told of a reception that had been given by some army officer in India, to a visiting British royalty. After this recital, she of the refined ways, came to the office, saying she could bear herself no longer, and must unburden her sad heart! She herself had been a guest at the very reception described by the old servant! And here they met in the Toronto Haven—the work of the demon of strong drink!

The social glass of wine was the bait used in her case—her husband had been very patient, and done all that was possible to help and reclaim her, but to no avail. Here she was at last a piece of human flotsam, drifted into the haven of a Prison Gate Mission!

Another most pitiful case shows the horror of an heredity of evil. A man good and true, an honored church officer, had a fragile wife. Her physician ordered stimulant as a regular tonic, and she rapidly became a victim of the habit. Her husband pitied and forgave, and strove loyally to hide her failing from their little world.

This went on for some years. After their youngest child was born, the mother's strength failed, and in a few years she died—an inebriate, having been shielded from exposure to the caste by her faithful husband. After his years of secret sorrow, he devoted himself to his children. But the end of this coil was not yet reached, for the cherished youngest daughter was barely grown to womanhood, when she developed the fatal appetite, and the clutches of the demon were felt to the second generation!

The father did what he could to shield, but as usual in these cases, the poor girl became impatient of all restraint, and was soon *lost* to those who loved her. One day, long years after, a thin, haggard, worn and degraded woman was tracked to the Haven by the poor old father, who loved her, and if those who uphold the sale of intoxicating liquor could have seen that meeting, and could have entered, for one hour, into that old father's torture, we should not need to plead so unavailingly for temperance legislation.

I wish I could say that the last days of this old hero were brighter, but I cannot. He went down to the grave at last, knowing that the daughter, yet so dear to him, was a drunkard, and a woman of the streets!

Still another case shows this Demon's use of a mistaken early training. An old-country clergyman and his wife died in early life, leaving their young children to be brought up by relatives. All were well educated and bid fair to do well in life.

One—the youngest daughter—was in the care of relatives who went into the brewery business, and in their house a barrel of ale was ever "on tap." As a child, her little silver mug was filled with the others. This educated girl eventually sank lower and still lower, until she, too, came to the shelter of the Prison Gate Mission. She kept largely to herself, aloof from the others, and was still able to earn her living as a laundress, but to abstain from the drink that had brought her to this, was beyond her power.

If the mothers who flavor their sauces with brandy and use wine in their cooking, or ale for a household drink, could see this poor woman as I have seen her, coming to me in the middle of the night, with filthy clothing, dishevelled hair, and drawn and haggard face, they would surely hesitate before giving their own children the same impetus.

But the Demon will make use of *blind tools*, in doing his most successful work, though no one in God's universe need remain blind on this subject, for it has come to this, that ignorance is a *sin*?

But one more illustration of the Demon's capabilities for wrecking a home. In one of our Canadian towns, lived a bright, respectable, happy young couple. The husband, a good capable fellow, the wife bright, pretty and loveable, the two children beautiful darlings. Sickness and death came to the young husband, but he did not leave his little family unprovided.

The wife was heartbroken, for she had always leaned on her husband. She took to drink. Soon the little *all* was gone, the home had to be broken up, the husband's relatives took charge of the little girl: to protect them from their mother! When I knew this woman, still young, with only a remnant of her former charm, but with a *remnant still*, a noted character in the "under world," well known in Police Court circles, coming in off the streets, a physical and almost a mental wreck—she said to me with bitter tears, that no one in the town of ——— would ever believe that she was once the happy Mrs. ———, who with her husband and children so regularly attended church, and was known and respected in Christian circles!

I could go on with a hundred such illustrations of the power of this Demon—but must emphasize another phase of the dark story.

The Demon of *impurity* is always to be found in the trail of the other, and often working independently. I would beseech every father and mother in the land to face and make attack upon this Demon, with no quarter given—for *no one can say*, "My son or my daughter is *safe*." As the child of the slum said to her companion, "You are *borned*, but you're not *deaded* yet," and many a pure-minded boy is exposed to the vilest tuition, and many an innocent and also *ignorant* girl has found herself at the gates of hell—and no one living possesses a sure and certain safeguard that he *and his* shall escape the taint!

Sometimes the first indication that a parent has of any danger, is the awful discovery that the mischief is done. There is a family in Ontario—the well brought up family of a minister—their only

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daughter away at a reliable school, and the first disclosure was a letter from the head of the school stating that the young daughter would, before long, become a mother!

While at the Haven, a young girl of *fourteen* came to me with a tale of shame—she was in bitter need and “dared not tell her mother,”—“Would I take her in?” I did so, and that same hour sent for her mother. When she heard and saw what I had to disclose, she fell senseless on the floor at my feet! I have had to write to many a parent breaking the news of a sorrow worse than death, and often before the parents realized that their daughter was more than a child.

I remember one old father whose dear and faithful eldest daughter had been deceived and led away, and entrapped by a well-laid scheme till she despaired and was on the verge of taking her own life, when led to Christian care.

Some weeks later the father came to me with face haggard and worn. He said, “I have lost my daughter, and have reason to believe she came to this city. I have been looking for her all over Toronto—can you help me to find her?” I said to him, “Yes, I can. I have her here in safety.” I brought her to him, and he took her to his heart with a yearning cry of “My little girl! Did you think your old daddy would forsake you?”

Two young girls—giddy, but no worse, were invited to ride in an automobile by a man who was known to be the friend of a young fellow, well known to their parents. This man took them to a “friend’s house,” which turned out to be a suite of rooms in an apparently respectable apartment house. An impromptu supper was set before them at which wine figured largely. They were *kept there all night*. One, by making a desperate fight, and because of the fear of exposure resulting from noise, preserved her purity.

In the morning they were given a little money and advised to go to Buffalo. Being under the care of Christian workers they were rescued before getting out of the city, and the den was brought to light, into which dozens of careless or reckless young girls had been coaxed for the pleasure (?) of this man and his friends. The rooms were engaged and furnished expressly for this purpose, though ostensibly for office purposes.

A club room in another city, kept up by several prominent professional men was used in precisely the same way, not for professional prostitutes, but for the undoing of the unwary.

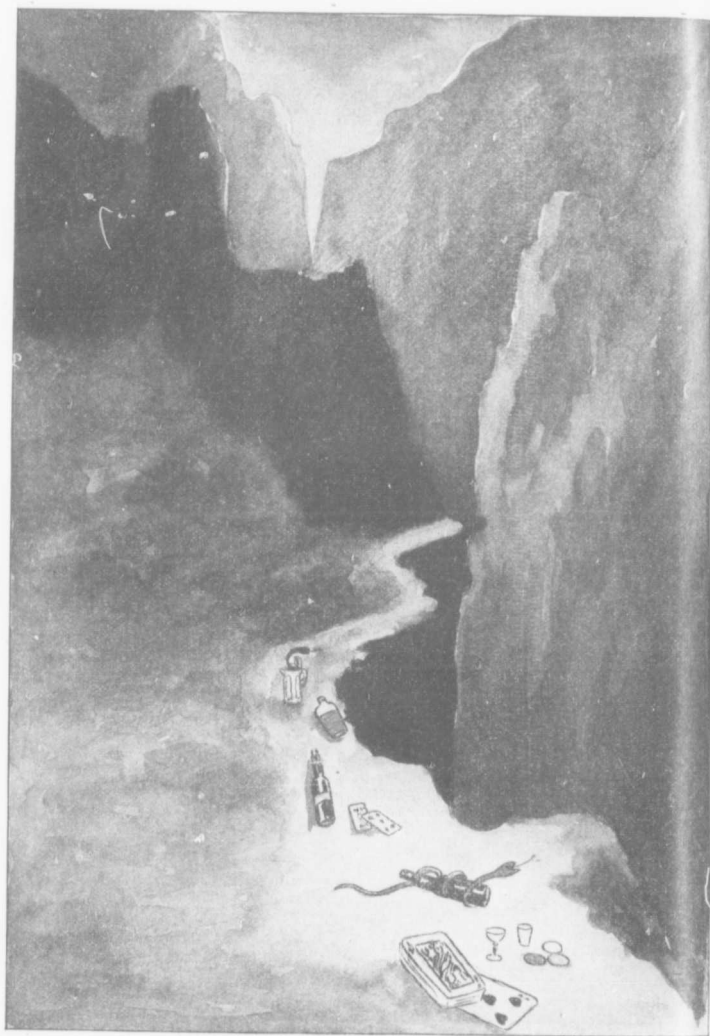
So long as parents refuse to believe in the ghastly dangers of this day and generation, and so long as men and women, good and true, refuse to put on the *armor of purity* and join in the fight against the opposing demon, so long will these horrors be. And *just so long* there will be a supply of victims laid on the altar! And *just so long* the canker will spread—and spread not only *down*, but *up*.

The denizens of the “Underworld” were not by any means all, or even nearly all, *born there*. Hundreds of them come from happy and respectable homes! The first wrong step taken, the down grade is easy. If *your* home is safe, what of your neighbor’s? When the Lord shall say, “Where is thy brother?”—the old answer, “Am I my brother’s keeper?” will avail us as little as it did Cain of old.



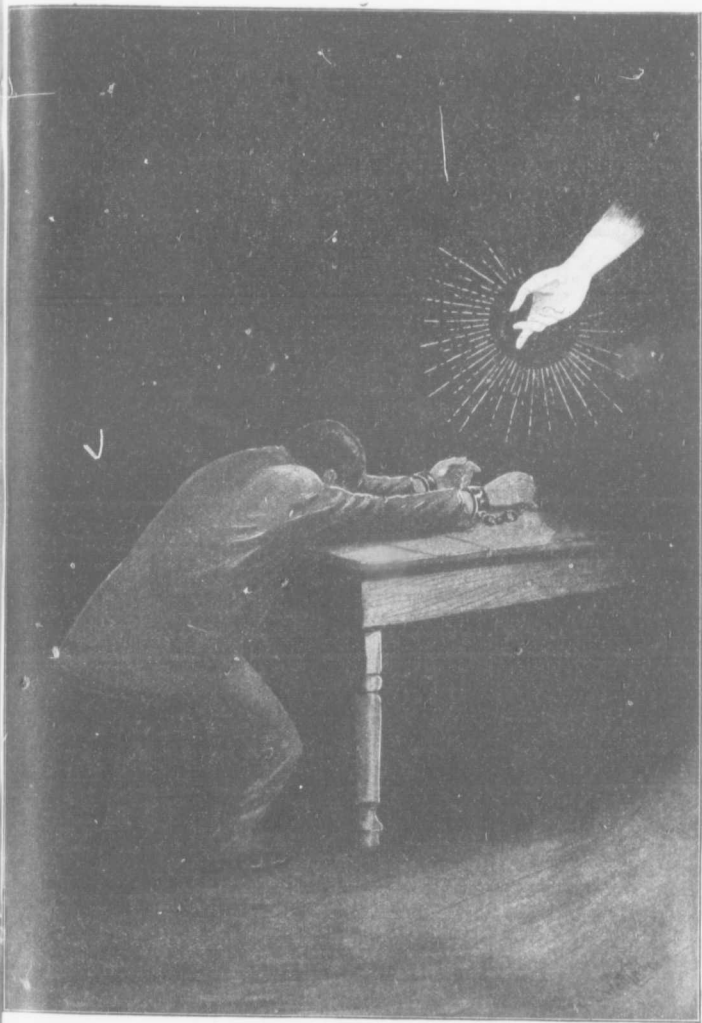
**"SANTA DIDN'T COME TO OUR HOUSE."**

Of course, Santa Claus did not come to the poor child. Alcohol kept him away. Her father is a drunkard.



THE ROAD TO DEATH.

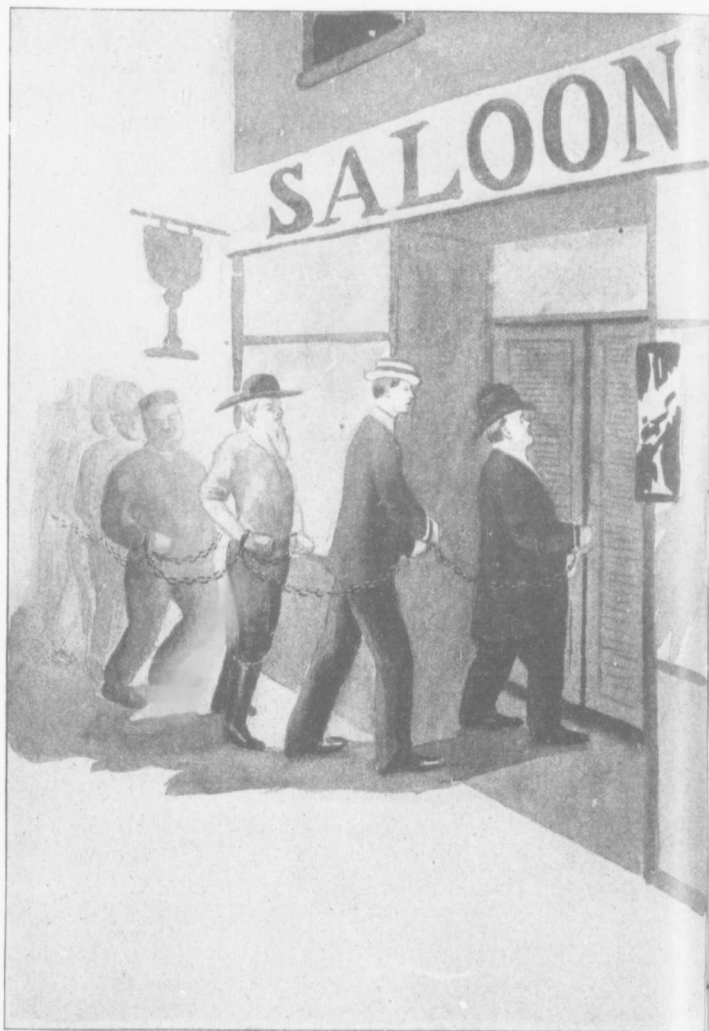
The signs are plain enough along the road. Regard them.



**"LET HIM BREAK HIS BONDS."**

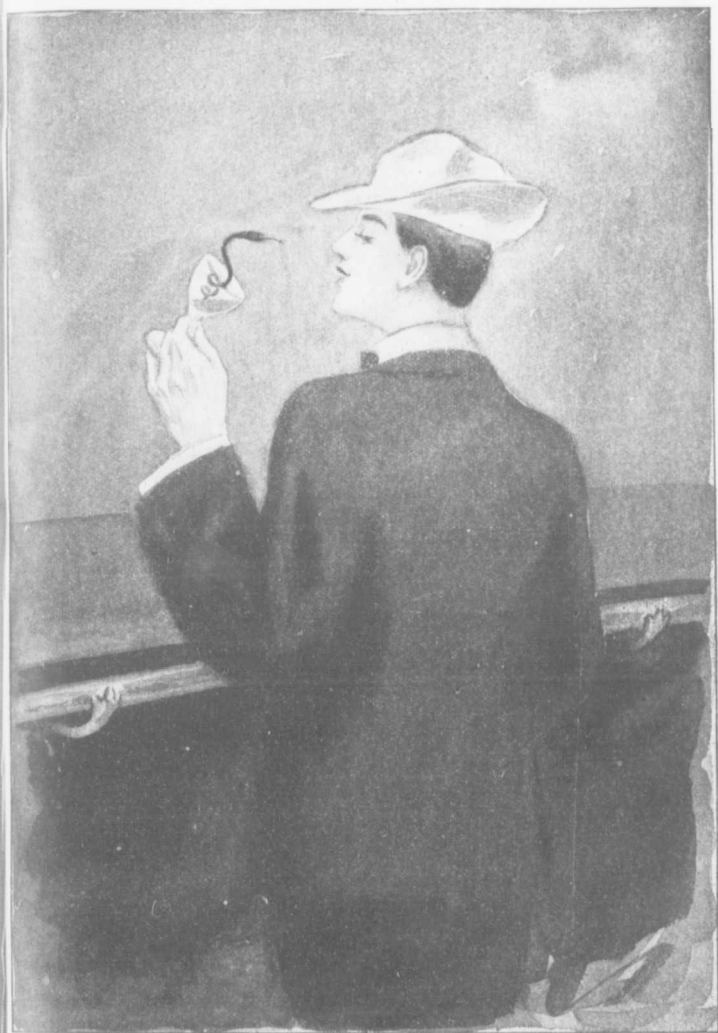
God has given him the strength if he will but use it. The shackles of vice may be broken.



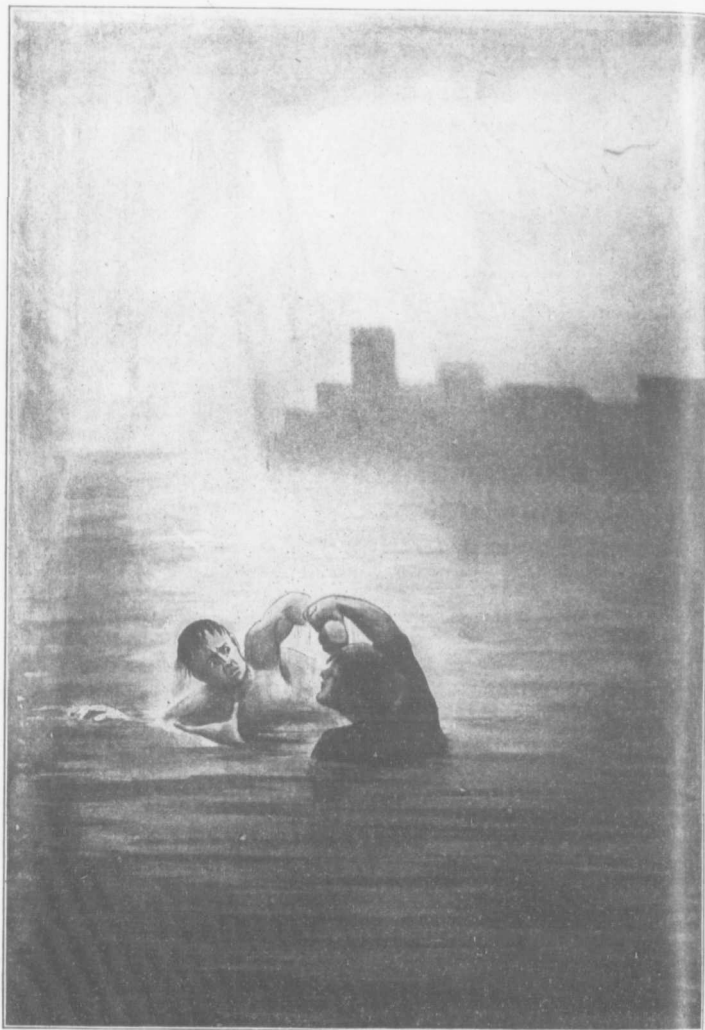


THE CHAIN-GANG.

As fettered as convict laborers are the drink victims drawn by the fetters to the saloon.

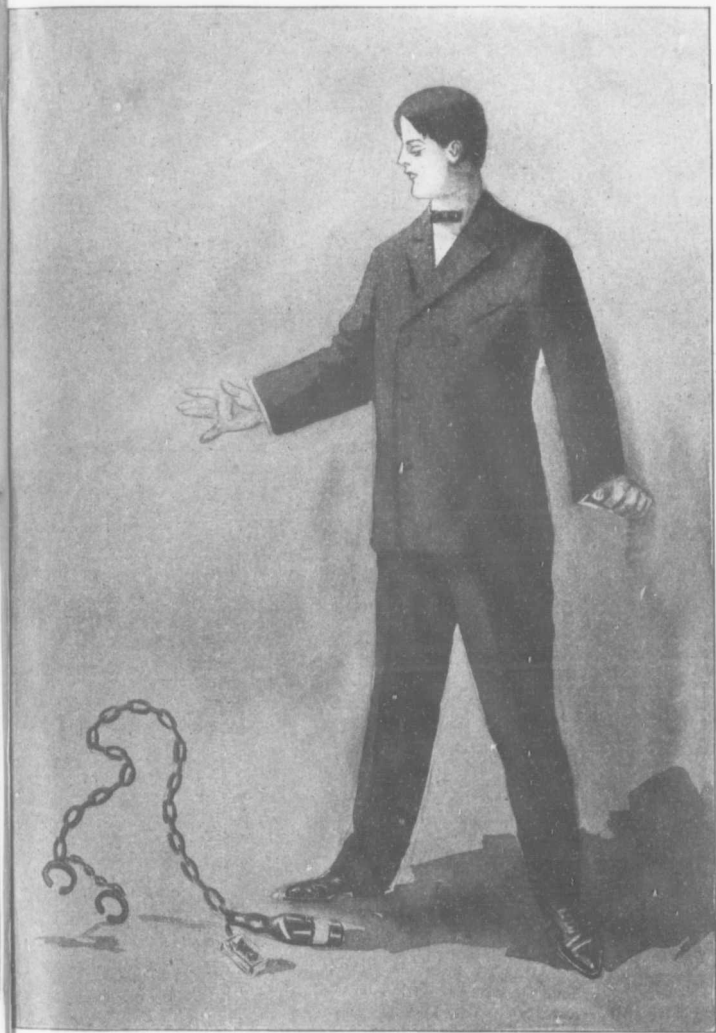


**"IN THE FIRST GLASS LIES COILED A DEADLY SERPENT."**  
Who would swallow a visible serpent in the glass? But it is always there.



**THEY LIVED DIFFERENT LIVES.**

Two men appear struggling in the water. With one the desperate effort is to save the drowning; with the other the struggle is to end his own life. The picture tells their story. One has lived rightly, the other wrongly.



**HIS SHACKLES BROKEN.**

Better be led by a loving mother's apron-string than be fettered by the chains of vice.



**VICE MUST DEBASE.**

There is no escape from the effect of vice in any of its forms. The debased Chinese in the opium "joint" and the convicts in stripes in the picture below them show it alike. Yet vice lives!



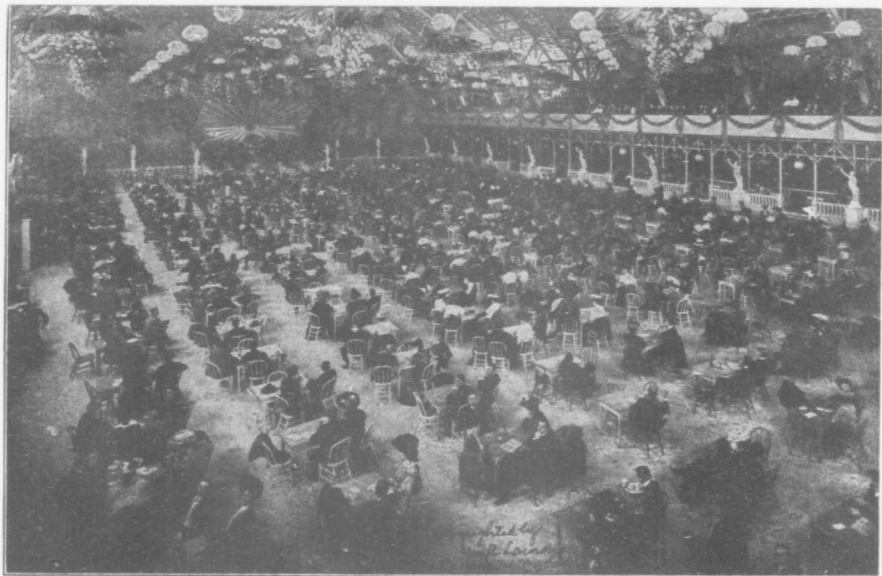
#### TWO SORTS OF ROBBERS.

What difference is there between the gamblers shown in the upper picture and the "hold-up" man shown in the one below? Another's money is what is wanted in each case—another's for nothing!



#### PLAYING CRAPS.

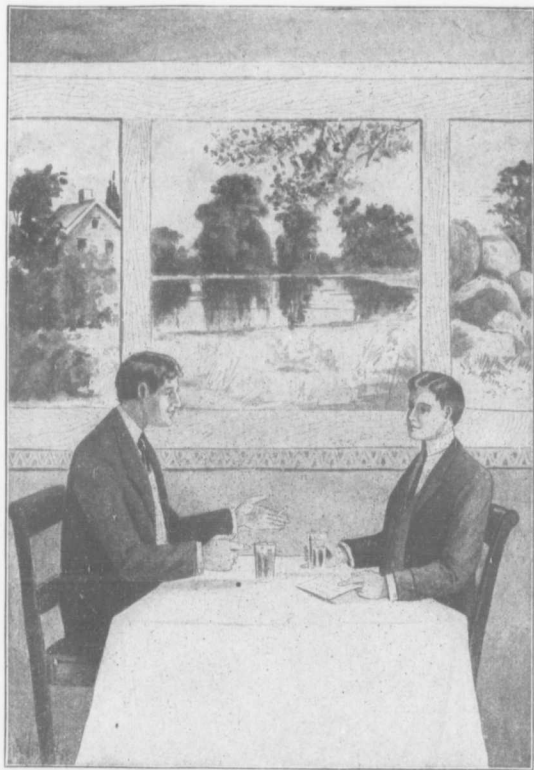
The picture is a photograph of men throwing dice on the sidewalk in playing the gambling game known as "Craps." It is but an outbreak of the vicious instinct which cares not where it shows itself. What vice is not shameless?



THE SUMMER GARDEN.

Glittering in the cities and towns are the summer gardens, with their light, their music and their drinking. Through them and from them are pathways leading to the Places of Lost Lives.





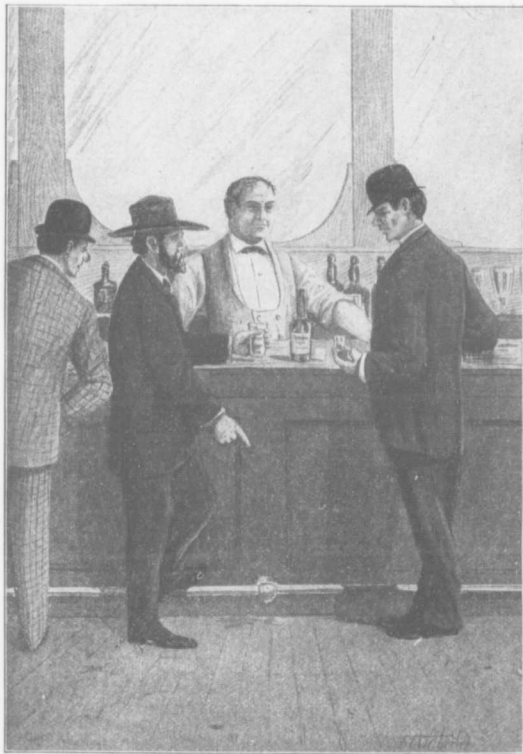
**THE FIRST STEP.**

A highball at the invitation of a friend; the fatal habit will follow.



### THE TRAGEDY EVERYWHERE.

It is not the drunkard alone who suffers; the greater tragedy is with those who suffer through him.



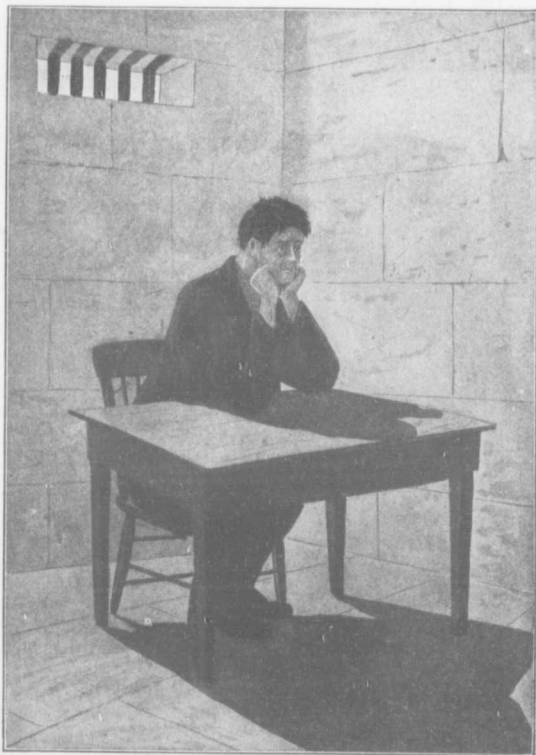
**CALLOUSED.**

The blood of a man murdered the night before has been washed away—but it is the same sort of place.



AFTER THE TRIAL.

The drink victim is in the law's clutches; the real victims are returning to a desolate home.



REMORSE—DESPAIR.

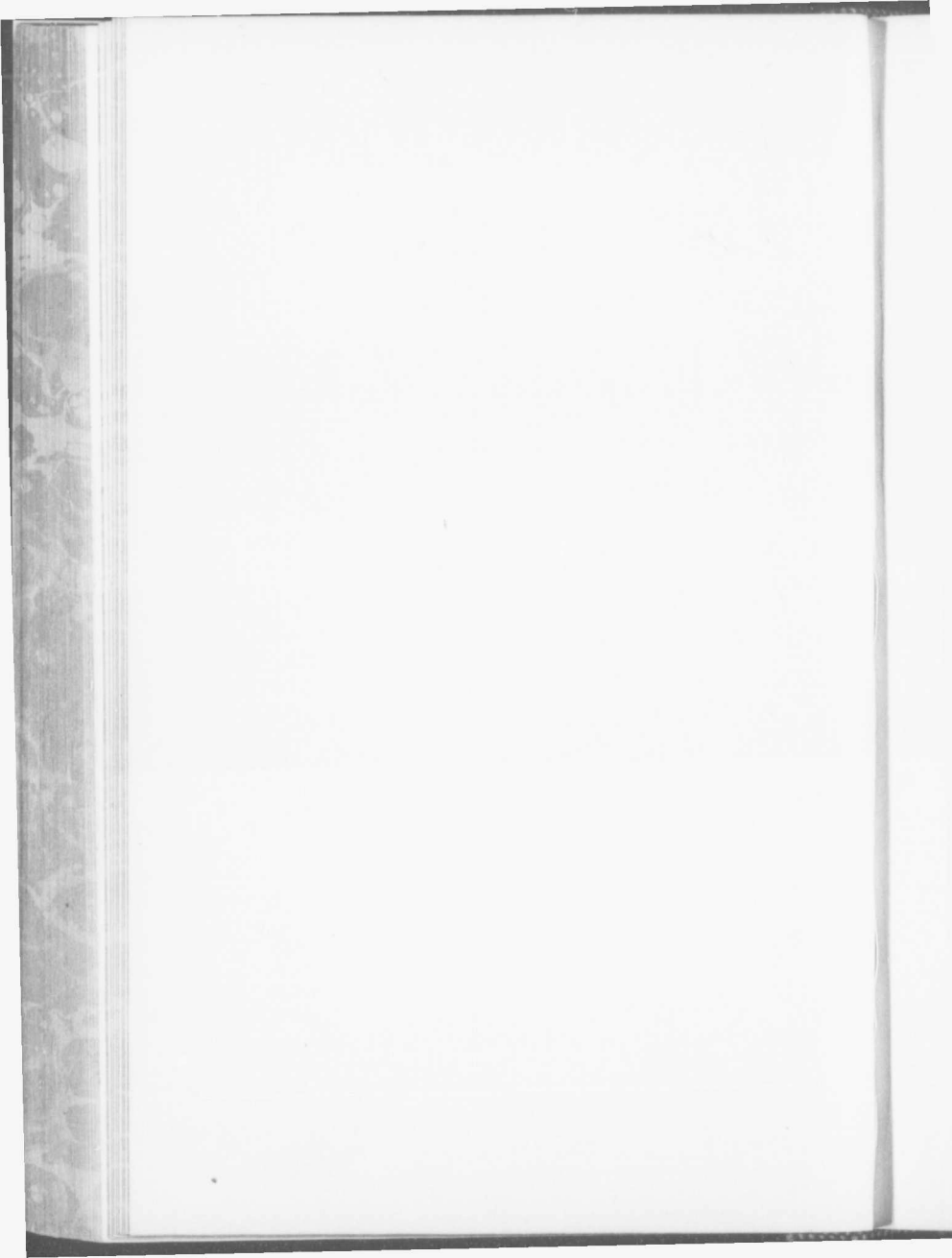
The Ante-chamber to hell. The prison cell has claimed the evildoer who was once a man. Drink did it.

## BOOK II.

### RUM'S RUINOUS RULE

Drink is the greatest evil which afflicts humanity. It is an enormous evil in itself, because of its direct and immediate results; it makes beasts of those who partake of it, but even worse than that, a thousand times worse, are its ultimate consequences. Through it the young girl or the woman is led to shame; through it the youth or man becomes a creature so degraded and so villainous that words cannot describe the depths to which he has fallen; through it, more than from any other cause, come the sin and awful suffering which afflict the entire world.

In the book which follows the truth is told of the appalling extent to which indulgence in strong drink is affecting the purity and innocence and honesty and honor, and so the happiness, of the entire world. It tells of its causes, its effects and what only can abolish it. There are stories from the greatest pens and conclusions from and appeals from the greatest minds. The book is not only a revelation but an inspiration toward effort to make real the time when the world shall be relieved of its greatest curse and life become what it might and should be. The index to these striking chapters appears on the succeeding page.



## "PLEDGE WITH WINE!"

WHAT FIRST LEADS TOWARD RUIN—DRINK THE CAUSE OF ABASEMENT—STRIKING AND PITIABLE CASES GIVEN IN ILLUSTRATION—THE STARTLING FACTS—CHAPTERS FROM THE GREATEST MINDS CONSIDERING THE HUGE EVIL.

**P**LEDGE with wine—pledge with wine!" cried the young and thoughtless Harry Wood. "Pledge with wine," ran through the brilliant crowd.

The beautiful bride grew pale—the decisive hour had come,—she pressed her white hands together, and the leaves of her bridal wreath trembled on her pure brow; her breath came quicker, her heart beat wilder. From her childhood she had been most solemnly opposed to the use of all wines and liquors.

"Yes, Marion, lay aside your scruples for this once," said the judge in a low tone, going towards his daughter, "the company expect it; do not so seriously infringe upon the rules of etiquette;—in your own house act as you please; but in mine, for this once please me."

Every eye was turned towards the bridal pair. Marion's principles were well known. Henry had been a convivialist, but of late his friends noticed the change in his manners, the difference in his habits—and to-night they watched him to see, as they sneeringly said, if he was tied down to a woman's opinion so soon.

Pouring a brimming beaker, they held it with tempting smiles toward Marion. She was very pale, though more composed, and her hand shook not, as smiling back, she gratefully accepted the crystal tempter and raised it to her lips. But scarcely had she done so, when every hand was arrested by her piercing exclamation of "Oh, how terrible!" "What is it?" cried one and all, thronging together, for she had slowly



carried the glass at arm's length, and was fixedly regarding it as though it were some hideous object.

"Wait," she answered, while an inspired light shone from her dark eyes, "wait and I will tell you. I see," she added, slowly pointing one jewelled finger at the sparkling ruby liquid, "a sight that beggars all description; and yet listen; I will paint it for you if I can: It is a lonely spot; tall mountains, crowned with verdure, rise in awful sublimity around; a river runs through, and bright flowers grow to the water's edge. There is a thick, warm mist that the sun seeks vainly to pierce; trees, lofty and beautiful, wave to the airy motion of the birds; but there, a group of Indians gather; they flit to and fro with something like sorrow upon their dark brows; and in their midst lies a manly form, but his cheek, how deathly; his eye wild with the fitful fire of fever. One friend stands beside him, nay, I should say kneels, for he is pillowing that poor head upon his breast.

"Genius in ruins. Oh! the high, holy-looking brow! Why should death mark it, and he so young? Look how he throws the damp curls! see him clasp his hands! hear his thrilling shrieks for life! mark how he clutches at the form of his companion, imploring to be saved. Oh! hear him call piteously his father's name; see him twine his fingers together as he shrieks for his sister—his only sister—the twin of his soul—weeping for him in his distant native land.

"See!" she exclaimed, while the bridal party shrank back, the untasted wine trembling in their faltering grasp, and the judge fell, overpowered, upon his seat; "see! his arms are lifted to heaven; he prays, how wildly, for mercy! hot fever rushes through his veins. The friend beside him is weeping; awe-stricken, the dark men move silently, and leave the living and dying together."

There was a hush in that princely parlor, broken only by what seemed a smothered sob, from some manly bosom. The bride stood yet upright, with quivering lip, and tears stealing

to the outward edge of her lashes. Her beautiful arm had lost its tension, and the glass, with its little troubled red waves, came slowly towards the range of her vision. She spoke again; every lip was mute. Her voice was low, faint, yet awfully distinct; she still fixed her sorrowful glance upon the wine-cup.

"It is evening now; the great white moon is coming up, and her beams lie gently on his forehead. He moves not; his eyes are set in their sockets; dim are their piercing glances; in vain his friend whispers the name of father and sister—death is there. Death! and no soft hand, no gentle voice to bless and soothe him. His head sinks back! one convulsive shudder! he is dead!"

A groan ran through the assembly, so vivid was her description, so unearthly her look, so inspired her manner, that what she described seemed actually to have taken place then and there. They noticed also, that the bridegroom hid his face in his hands and was weeping.

"Dead!" she repeated again, her lips quivering faster and faster, and her voice more and more broken: "and there they scoop him a grave; and there, without a shroud, they lay him down in the damp, reeking earth. The only son of a proud father, the only idolized brother of a fond sister. And he sleeps to-day in that distant country, with no stone to mark the spot. There he lies—my father's son—my own twin brother! a victim to this deadly poison." "Father," she exclaimed, turning suddenly, while the tears rained down her beautiful cheeks, "father, shall I drink it now?"

The form of the old judge was convulsed with agony. He raised his head, but in a smothered voice he faltered—"No, no, my child; in God's name, no!"

She lifted the glittering goblet, and letting it suddenly fall to the floor it was dashed into a thousand pieces. Many a tearful eye watched her movements, and instantaneously every wineglass was transferred to the marble table on which it had

been prepared. Then, as she looked at the fragments of crystal, she turned to the company, saying: "Let no friend, hereafter, who loves me, tempt me to peril my soul for wine. Not firmer the everlasting hills than my resolve, God helping me, never to touch or taste that terrible poison. And he to whom I have given my hand; who watched over my brother's dying form in that last solemn hour, and buried the dear wanderer there by the river in that land of gold, will, I trust, sustain me in that resolve. 'Will you not, my husband?'"

His glistening eyes, his sad, sweet smile was her answer.

The judge left the room, and when an hour later he returned, and with a more subdued manner took part in the entertainment of the bridal guests, no one could fail to read that he, too, had determined to dash the enemy at once and forever from his princely rooms.

Those who were present at that wedding, can never forget the impression so solemnly made. Many from that hour forswore the social glass.

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## THE LAST OF TORCONNIER'S BAND

### PART I

Torconnier was an Italian, and the leader of a band famous for its great harmony and power. All Verona rang with its praise. Was there to be a marriage of some Don's dark-eyed daughter? Torconnier must be there with his handsome, straight young musicians, that is, if one was able to pay them their stipulated price, which, it must be confessed, was enormous.

Of gigantic stature, massive frame, and portly mein, this

chief of melody surpassed all others of his countrymen in grace of form and commanding beauty of feature. Passionately fond of his profession, at times his deep set eyes would sparkle with a fire that made them almost too intensely brilliant, and his finely cut lips, naturally of a coral glow, grew pale and tremulous with the emotion that wild or sweet sounds conjured in his heart.

To belong to Torconnier's band was esteemed a great honor; and many young men of noble families met with him in private at his rehearsals, and in public showed him much favor and feted him, getting up entertainments in a style of almost princely magnificence. The great leader was unmarried, constantly receiving immense sums of money, yet, always poor. His saloons were rich in adornment, beyond description; the rarest works of art, the most elegant and costly tapestry, the softest frescoing on walls and ceilings, carpets of luxurious pattern and material, statues of the finest marble, and gorgeous furniture; indeed the mansions of the great rarely equalled that of Torconnier.

But alas, what a sight was this mighty leader, at times, when the carousal was over, and the last midnight lamp gave a yellow tinge to his handsome face as its sickly flame streamed over him. Stretched out upon one of his velvet couches, his great eyes glaring and bloodshot, his fine features convulsed, poor Torconnier lay, driveling and insensible; he had sipped the wine till he was drunk; and none of his band as they reeled home from his splendid suppers was in better condition than himself. Generally, at such a time, a young female of great beauty stood, weeping over him and lavishing caresses upon his insensible form. She was his niece; the beautiful Viola Torconnier, whom a dying brother had commended to the care of his famous kinsman; and she was betrothed to young Tricolo, first player upon the flute, who, Torconnier himself said, would yet be the wonder of the world.

Both loved with a passionate fervor peculiar to that clime, burning and fervid as it is, and Viola seldom appeared in public, because her loveliness made her subject to many annoyances, for all Verona knew that the famous Torconnier had in his splendid home, a gem for the possession of which, many would have parted with their whole fortunes.

A dark day dawned upon the Italian city. Not that the sun shone with less splendor, not that the soft winds were less cool and fragrant of flowers, or the skies shorn of their blue enamel-like transparency—no; the harp still sounded in the land of song, but fair fingers elicited most melancholy cadences; Torconnier was dead; the man who moved all hearts with his stirring melodies, who brought forth tears, smiles or sighs at his pleasure, would never again sway the baton, or with the magic of his pen clothe with glorious garments the noble creations of his genius.

No! he slept forever; his tongue was mute, his thrilling glance passionless. Shorn of his great strength, he slept motionless beneath a canopy of sable velvet, over the dim splendor of his darkened room, the tall candles threw at times a startling light, the warm wind from between the marble pillars sweeping their dull flames aside, as the mourner, or the sorrowing stranger entered to pay their last tribute of respect to Torconnier. The massive cross at the foot of his couch, all blazing with diamonds flashed with a ghastly radiance over the scene of death, and the tall forms of monks gliding here and there in the funeral gloom, gave a ghastly sort of harmony to the sad scene.

Poor Viola, her slight girlish figure trembled like a silver aspen; she leaned upon young Tricolo near the tall jasper vase that a monarch had presented the gifted Torconnier; one of her white arms shining through its slight drapery of black, laid upon the embossed handle of the ornament, the other within that of Tricolo.

Her betrothed occasionally spoke to her soothingly, but his eyes were troubled, though tearless, and his manly heart swelled

with this swollen grief. He of the few favored ones admitted into the great composer's presence, enjoyed most his confidence, understood best his wild, wayward genius. Early bereft of parents, the chance child of fortune, he cherished for Torconnier the emotions of filial gratitude, because he had indeed been as a father to him. And then did he not feel the gentle but more decided pressure of that arm? had not that little hand been laid within his own, by the doting uncle? and now, left as she was without father, mother, relatives; full of gentleness, guileless as innocence and beautiful as the light, was he not bound to stand before the altar with her—yes, even on the morrow, and take upon himself those vows which no strong power but that of death could sever.

Not such were the thoughts of Viola, her sorrowful glances were fixed on the still troubled face of the corpse. He had died in her presence, died raving mad—drunken with wine. She knew, whatever the smooth-voiced physician might say, that, to his last breath, he had raved the incoherent blasphemy of the inebriate, the sot; that he knew her not, though her fingers sometimes lay upon his burning temples—that he saw her not, though his staring eyeballs glaring with the red lustre of the maniac, roved meaningless from feature to feature of her beautiful face. And yet so accustomed was she to the sight of this ruby beverage, crowned with frothy pearls as it leaped from the sparkling champagne crystal so often had she seen it upon the tables of the wealthy, so frequently had she herself sipped the juice of the grape, since she was a little child, that she comprehended not the true source of this great calamity, or very dimly felt that an excess of indulgence and that only, had been the ruin of her beloved uncle.

The grand funeral procession marched from the house of mourning in solemn state; it was conducted on an almost regal scale of splendor. Neither music nor mourners were wanting; the priests chanted, and the solemn line of monks, all belonging to the monastery where Torconnier had sometimes electrified

thousands with his entrancing strains, swelled the *cortege* to an immense number, and gave an appearance of due solemnity to the occasion.

Viola returned to her desolate home; sobbing like a child, and throwing herself within the open arms of her old nurse, she half shrieked, half sobbed, "What friend have I now on earth, dear old Lara—oh! this terrible loneliness at my heart."

"Tricolo will take care of you now, my child, see—you distress him with your grief. Compose yourself, my darling, nay, he does not hear me he is weeping over master's baton—I can see his eyes are full of tears. Torconnier, your uncle—may his soul be at rest—has left you all this beautiful furniture, these magnificent rooms; Tricolo has wonderful genius, your uncle himself said that; he will yet be a leader; he will be famous; rich; ah! he will take care of you as if you were a queen. See, yonder; the poor youth is refreshing himself with wine; I do not wonder; he wishes to drive away his heavy thoughts."

Viola shuddered as she turned her gaze slowly towards him; the nurse's kindly meant consolation had not lifted an atom of the weight that crushed her spirit.

Before many months Viola wore the long bridal veil with its complement of orange blossoms, and her young face, though pale gleamed bewitchingly sweet through the thick tresses of curling hair that fell heavily over her white neck and down to her jeweled waist. And there she spoke solemn words which one like her breathes not lightly, and from thence she moved amid admiring multitudes, the bride of Tricolo, the matchless flutist of Torconnier's band. A home of splendor had been decorated for her; a deathless fame seemed awaiting the husband of her love, in the future. By degrees, the sad calamity that had befallen her assumed a softer shade, and though for a long while she mourned Torconnier, and looked through tears upon the many possessions which his touch had hallowed in her eyes, yet the sunny smile came back as of old, and she

gradually forget that she had ever felt so lonely and heart-broken, as when she left the ashes of the great composer in his last lowly home.

## PART SECOND.

Bellonte, a citizen of Verona, noted for his benignity and deeds of benevolence, was hurrying along a narrow street, lighted here and there by the flames of candles in the shop-windows, whose gaudy red signs displayed a legion of names of choice liquors.

A man stood near one of these villainous pits, whose master is the great prince of darkness, and peered so strangely, holding out his long thin neck at Bellonte, that he could not forbear pausing, and gazing into the cavernous eyes that met his own.

The stranger deliberately raised the slouching cap that kept his face in shadow, and speaking in a sepulchral tone, exclaimed, "how do you like the looks of a starving man, signor?"

"Good God!" exclaimed Bellonte, falling back apace, for the horribleness of the countenance before him was too much for even his equilibrium, seldom though it was moved.

The eyes of the wretched man shone like a fitful fire, but they were deep, deep within his brain. His hair, intensely black, fell in unstudied waves over his threadbare coat collar, and his cheeks, whiter than parchment, were plastered in as it were to the very bone. Wild and ghastly, famished, yet awful, as if inside that pallid receptacle, a mighty and restless spirit struggled for release, looked that strange, yet truly, as he had said—starving face.

"Is it possible! can you want for food?"

"I could gnaw the veriest bone that ever a dog fought over in the street; but—but, sir—I would die sooner than tell you this, had I not a wife—a wife"—he articulated thickly, and then his utterance was checked by tears. Bellonte had never so pitied a human creature. He drew nearer to him and smelt the fumes of wine upon his breath; he looked closer,



and noticed the unmistakable rim of flame around those tomb-like eyes, such as none but the Bacchanalian displays.

"You have had wine recently?" he said in a tone of inquiry.

"To-night, once. I snatched it from the very lips of my sick babe; it was a choice treasure, saved by my poor girl for the hour of need; but my tongue was swollen with starvation; my breath was leaving me and already sounded dry and rattling; away down my throat was Death, choking me; good heavens! I could not bear the thought of starving then, of falling dead at the feet of my wife—no, no; I prayed for strength to carry me from the house; and if I find no succor—tomorrow —" he made a fierce gesture passing his lean forefinger across his shriveled cheek.

Bellonte shuddered. "My poor man;" he exclaimed, his heart deeply moved, "do not tempt God. Has he not sent me to your relief? Have faith in Him."

"Give my sick wife some nourishment, and then I will talk to you about faith. I only ask mercy when I feel to what depth of poverty I have brought her. But if you will go with me—no—no, trust me not with that"—he quickly added, as a piece of silver shone in the hand of the stranger, "go to her; give it to her; I have not the heart to ask it of her."

Bellonte, at one glance, comprehended the case; he threw the folds of his ample cloak around him, and motioning the sufferer to go forward, walked hurriedly after him.

In a still narrower and more filthy street, where balcony after balcony of the tall grey buildings overhung each other, like inverted terraces, until the old black walls nearly met away up in the gloomy space, lived this poor victim of his own base appetite. Flight after flight of broken and still crumbling stairs did the two men ascend, hearing on all sides noisy mirth and drunken revelry, till they had gained and entered the top-most apartment. A feeble little candle flickered upon the hearth, and close beside it, watching the face of her babe with the most

agonizing earnestness, sat a young creature whose soft mournful eyes were floating in unshed tears, so that they flashed like diamonds in pearl setting, as they were raised, with sudden surprise to the benevolent countenance of the stranger.

She, too, had the abundant and glossy locks of an Italian woman, and her rich, clear complexion was instantly suffused with a burning flush, as she glanced quickly around the wretched room, and then with almost a look of reproof, towards her husband.

In truth it was a most deserted and cheerless place, being a room of unusually large dimensions, containing not a particle of furniture beside a high-post bedstead without coverlid, and a low bench or table, perhaps used as both, against the wall from which latter hung remnants of diverse colored paper.

Closet there appeared to be none; there was no food in sight; the ember had long ago died out in the black fire place, and that young creature, so beautiful, sitting wan and hopeless by the desolate hearth, completed the most affecting picture that Bellonte had ever beheld.

"What is the matter with the babe?" he asked in a low voice.

"Want of proper nourishment," exclaimed the father, abruptly; he and the poor girl are dying by inches."

The woman moved her face toward the wall; large tears were streaming from her eyes.

"Go and get whatever this will furnish;" exclaimed Bellonte, placing a gold coin in the burning palm of the husband and father; "but—stop," he ejaculated rapidly, as the man turned away, "promise me ——"

"I know what you would say," interrupted the other, almost haughtily; "but there is no need; yesterday I promised the Infinite—did I not, my Viola—that I would never again quaff the infernal poison; and perish this right arm if I keep not my oath," he muttered with clenched teeth; and the slight frame of the woman trembled perceptibly, as again the large hot tears

rolled unrestrained over her cheeks. "Stop!" exclaimed her husband, with energy, and hastening to a corner, he returned with something wrapt in green baize. Unrolling it, he displayed a magnificent flute with silver rims and keys, and curiously inlaid with crimson and violet pearl that ran in delicate vines from end to end. Kissing it reverently, he held it forth to the stranger, saying, as he did so, "take it as a pledge; never yet have I asked charity; I do not now. Take it—it is costly; the companion of my life; I have declared that nothing should separate us but death; but I cannot beg. Dear and loved relic of Torconnier, farewell; I will redeem it should my fortunes brighten;" and he held it out toward Bellonte.

"You mentioned Torconnier;" said the stranger, in a tone of inquiry, without assenting to his proposition; "is it the great composer, you speak of?"

"Yes," answered the other, toying nervously with his flute, "but Torconnier is dead—perhaps you knew; his band did badly after his death; and, would you believe it, out of his twenty fine fellows, as most of them were, but one remains. You see him before you. "Yes," and his voice grew low, "I am the last of Torconnier's band, and in a few little days, the sun will shine too upon my grave."

"Alberti!" exclaimed a voice in agonized accents, and before either could spring to her assistance, the fragile creature, the gentle wife, had fallen insensible upon the hard floor.

"My poor girl!" said Alberti, in a low tone, springing beside her; "you are starving, and I am mad thus to forget—oh! that we might both die. I, that have been a brute, have murdered you, my poor, poor lily—so pale—so deathly!" and a groan from the very depths of his spirit, told of anguish, mortal in the extreme, as he took both mother and child in his arms, and staggered with them to the wretched bed.

Bellonte hurried from the room; his steps were bent towards a *salon*, as he left the rickety tenement; he ordered fresh viands and a basket full of delicacies, and, with a boy to carry them

before him, returned to the suffering family of Tricolo the once eminent flutist. He found him still hanging over his wife, who had partially revived, lavishing the most passionate kisses upon her marble forehead. Tricolo started, as the food, varied and bountiful, was taken from the basket, and spread over the narrow table; his cheeks, his high temples, his very throat crimsoned; but mastering his pride, he snatched a delicate cake with which to tempt the appetite of the young mother, and held it to her lips.

"You will take my flute," he said rapidly, as Bellonte, assuring him that he would send him many comforts on the morrow, turned to depart.

"But I am no musician; I do not need it, and you do. You are welcome, wholly welcome, to the favors I have shown you, and some time, not now, you can repay me."

"I insist that you *must* take the flute," exclaimed Tricolo, with energy springing to his feet; but Bellonte had already gone, and was hurriedly descending the stairs, aided here and there by the casual opening of some door through which light streamed upon the broken staircase. ,

The following day, two hours before high noon, Bellonte, true to his promise, again visited the lodgings of Alberti Tricolo. Before he gained the door, he was astonished to hear loud voices as though a harsh and angry altercation were going on within. Entering, a terrible sight, truly, presented itself. The young wife, crouched in a corner, corpse-like and with distended eyeballs, was vainly striving to hush the moaning of the miserable babe. Two or three persons stood near the bed, and as they moved aside at Bellonte's wish, he saw that the unfortunate man was lashed, almost limb by limb, with strong cords to the bedstead. Tricolo, frothing at the mouth and making most unearthly noises, was now, the men assured the stranger, much calmer than he had been; still, for all their assertions, Bellonte instinctively shrank from the scene, and the yells were unlike anything he had heard before.

"He has gone mad," thought he to himself; "he is dangerous; he will burst his puny bonds;" but just then a half-whispered sentence, gave him a better light on the subject.

"I thought it would come to this," said one; "for three weeks drunk—drunk steadily—and for a week this has been advancing steadily. Delirium tremens, they call that complaint; that is what he has got, signor."

Suddenly, as Tricolo's blood-shot eyes rolled upon his benefactor he ceased raving and became comparatively quiet. Bellonte's mild face seemed to act like a charm upon his bewildered senses, till by degrees he grew passive.

"Where is my flute? give me my flute," he whispered; "unbind my hands, and let me call forth its forgotten melodies for the last time; give me my flute;" he repeated, so plaintively, that the men turned to Bellonte, recognizing his superiority, and to their mute inquiry he said, "give him his flute, poor fellow."

They unopinioned his arms, and Viola, grieved and careworn, came forward with the beautiful instrument, and as she timidly bent over her husband and placed it within his hands, she imprinted a kiss upon his hot forehead.

"Thank you, my poor, forgiving girl," exclaimed Tricolo, gratefully, "you will not be troubled with me long; take care of her, signor, she is a dear wife;" and as Viola retreated to the corner to weep unobserved, the musician, half reclining on his elbow, placed the flute to his lips, while the bystanders stood ready to sieze him on any renewed act of violence.

"My fingers are strangers to it," he murmured, after running lightly through the scale; "yet 'tis the same flute; Torconnier loved it; it has swayed the impulses of an audience both divine and mortal; it has the tones of an angel—hear;" and again resuming an attitude, he broke out into a soft foreign melody, beautiful and impassioned, and performed with so much skill, that the strangers present gazed at each other, seemingly transported with pleasure. By degrees a sort of inspiration came upon him; the tones grew wilder and leaped from the

flute as from the silvery throat of a mocking-bird; they seemed to have flashed and penetrated the very soul of the listener; now dancing and sparkling, anon tumultuous and intermixed—flying from harmony to discord and from discord to harmony with inconceivable rapidity. In the pathos, Tricolo would bow and bend, and sway his thin body from side to side, his eyes swimming in tears; in the execution of the swifter passages, his brow flushed, his eyes were rigid, his whole frame trembled, the veins on his white hands, delicate as a woman's, swelled and grew purple; indeed, sitting on the wretched mattress, his lean arms thrust through the wide sleeves of what had once been a rich dressing tunic, and to which some of the silken fringe yet adhered, his black wiry tresses falling in disorder down his bony neck, his fingers quivering yet flying over the stops, he looked the personification of a fiend, striving to pour all his unhallowed passions into the thrilling language of melody.

Suddenly pausing, he blew a shrill, unearthly note, his brow gathered blackness, and his eyes shot fire, as he raised the flute high above his head, and with a yell of agony, dashed it against the opposite wall with such violence that it was broken into fragments.

"It has struck him," he yelled; clapping his hands with maniac triumph; "the blood streams and the wound gapes; let me at him and thrust him to perdition —" the arms of four strong men held him firm; they struggled with him, grappling as often as he with his giant strength shook them off again; but his frenzy gradually forsook him, and once more were the ropes crossed and recrossed above his slender body; in his exhaustion he resisted them not; and Bellonte, without striving to soothe the agonized wife, who stood sobbing aloud, motioned one of the attendants to keep strict watch, and hurried away. When he returned, he came in a carriage with two men; they were ushered into the chamber of the wretched victim, and in a few moments more he was pinioned within a straight-jacket, and led down stairs, Bellonte, in the meantime, detaining the poor distracted

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wife, who implored, with piteous shrieks, to be allowed to follow her husband.

"He shall be well cared for, and you too;" he said—as finding her passionate entreaties useless, poor Viola had thrown herself upon her knee and was violently weeping; but the woman looked up with such strange mixture of pride and dislike, glaring in her dark eyes, that the benevolent man was distressed; "I have aided her, I have done a most needful office for her husband," he thought, "and she evidently hates me.

"I leave here, in a few hours, for England;" at last he said, when Viola was more calm; "if you will, you shall have a home in my family, you and your child, till the recovery of your husband. To-morrow, if you are willing, I will send for you, and my servant will convey you to my residence; you should not distrust me, I wish to befriend you and save your husband."

In the morning a grand equipage rolled up before the frowning tenement, and Bellonte, springing out, wended his way up to the forlorn room of the Tricolo's. It was empty; neither mother or child was there; the people in the next apartment had seen them go away the night before. Bellonte returned dissatisfied to his carriage, near which some curious tenants of the old house had crowded.

"It is useless to wait!" he exclaimed to the driver, "drive to the quay, I must lose no more time; tell the family when you return that the bird has flown."

PART THIRD.

Five years had gone; Bellonte was becoming an old man; his abundant locks were tinged with grey, yet his forehead was smooth, for a peaceful life, a clear conscience, and temperate habits, seldom indent a man's brow with wrinkles. He had so-journed two years in America; and, since then, he had heard no tidings of the last of Torconnier's band, except that he was discharged from the hospital, cured of his malady, but wretch-

edly thin and dispirited. Time banished the trio from his mind, though his benevolence was more active than ever, and he was always bestowing charity upon some needy recipient.

On his sixty-seventh birth-day, all his family met together as usual, to celebrate the occasion. They were assembled in the beautiful parlors of Signor Bellonte; the young and the lovely and the gay were there—wit, mirth, music and dancing had alternately engaged the happy company till it was now near the midnight hour. All had grown still and thoughtful—lovers whispered together, as they sat in the wide nooks that shielded them from prying observation; and of the older persons some were serious, some sleepy.

On a sudden, when each one thought of whispering a happy "good night," a tone of tremulous music floated on the breeze—unearthly and heavenly. Purer and stronger it arose, the clear, soft music of a flute; and so much did each one fear to break the sweet illusion than an angel filled the midnight air with melody, that no one stirred until two very beautiful airs had been played entirely through.

Then a murmur arose—who could it be? Several ran to the window as the music ceased, but only in time to behold an elegant carriage start from before the mansion, and move rapidly away.

Every tongue was busy with conjecture, save Bellonte's; he alone was silent, revolving anxious thoughts in his mind; anxious yet pleasing, and perhaps, too, somewhat perplexing—but he kept his own council.

The next afternoon, Bellonte and his two nieces were riding in a volante; the weather was peculiarly charming, and the ladies, more pleased than otherwise at the attention their very beautiful faces attracted, persuaded the old gentleman to drive slowly through the avenue that led directly on the suburbs. They had just reached an extremely elegant cottage, whose grounds were laid out with such faultless taste, that they paused to admire them. The girls broke out with exclamations, commenting on this and the other rare flower, when a sound that thrilled them



to their innermost being, surprised them into silence. As if entranced they sat there, while a wierd and singular melody issued from behind the Venetian blind; a flute solo, so magical that the youngest niece declared it to be the production of no human effort.

"Hark!" said Bellonte suddenly, "I recognize that—it is so distinct, I shudder—I remember the night"—he continued, half speaking to himself, while the young girls looked at him in astonishment.

"We will get out here," he said, abruptly, and leaping to the ground—he assisted his wondering nieces to alight.

A little rosy checked girl with a happy round face, and laughing black eyes, answered to his impatient knock. Who should he ask for?

"Do you want to see papa?" asked the little fairy, "he told me to let you come in;" and leading the way, she threw open the door of a beautiful little study, ushering them into the presence of her father.

"Is it you? Tricolo," and "Signor Bellonte I am overpowered;" both simultaneously exclaimed, as each sprang forward.

"I am happy beyond measure to behold you thus," said Bellonte with unusual animation; 'your wife—'

"Is here;" answered Tricolo, with a proud smile, as Viola, lovely as ever, and with sweet dignity, entered at that moment, followed by a noble little fellow, and the child who had met them at the door.

Frankly smiling, she advanced towards Bellonte, and exclaimed,

"How much do we owe you; thanks my good benefactor, it is you that have saved us and restored us to happiness; my little son, and you Viola, this is the good gentleman we have taught you to pray for."

"The generous man was affected almost to tears; but half smiling he replied, "I hardly see how I have been of this very essential service, since you so cunningly eluded me and my fam-

ily when we have attempted to find, you, in order to learn how you were prospering."

"Be seated, sir," said Tricolo, "with these young ladies."

"My nieces, sir; and let me add that they paid you a high compliment; declaring that no mortal power called forth the strains to which they have just listened."

Tricolo's face grew red, and he looked grateful: "I have much praise in public," he said, "because I am popular; but when commendation is given impulsively, and from such a source, I am always happy. My little boy, or my little girl sometimes say, 'Oh you do make such sweet music, papa;' it is better Signor, than showers of ducats, it is so fresh, so real."

"We think them good judges" said Viola, smiling.

"Excellent;" exclaimed her husband; "my boy there plays even now upon this difficult flute; it is my highest ambition that he shall be a second Torconnier. But I must tell you my story Signor; I left the hospital whither I was carried that dreadful night, in company with my wife who had lived concealed, near me. I was weak and penniless; Viola too looked languid, our child was still sick. I knew not what to do—where to get food; we had already taxed too much the purse of poor old Zara, once the nurse of my wife, with whom we were residing for a time. Each morning I felt less inclination for life; my wife smiled in vain; how humiliating the feeling, that I, a man—an Italian, was dependent upon the bounty of a faithful old servant. The thought distracted me; I sat one night weeping inwardly; I was too proud to show my tears; my wife had just said, "surely if you do right, something good will happen," when the door opened, and in walked Zelda; Claué Zelda, the superintendent, whom I had often seen at the hospital. He came straight up to the table, and I know not why, but in a moment my heart was light.

"I have been absent from my post, the last week," he said, "else before you came away, I should have delivered you a message left by Signor Bellonte, to this effect; that you should use

this purse of gold; consider it as a loan, and pay it back whenever you shall be able."

"The good man went out, leaving me in bewilderment; I doubted the evidence of my senses; I drew the purse towards me, and pushed it back again twenty times; but my Viola came and laid her head upon my shoulder; that restored me to recollection. If you had seen me then, signor, you would have thought me delirious in reality; I felt free; a man once more; I was elated beyond reason; I danced around the room, dragging Viola after me; I laughed and shouted; I could scarcely contain myself for happiness."

"Now, my wife," said I, as soon as I could command my faculties, "here we are, placed once more above want, thanks to our benefactor: I have three things to do which are imperative; the first is, not a particle of this gold shall be expended for that fire-liquid which has proved almost my undoing; the second, I will buy a good flute to-morrow; the third, you shall go in the country and drink plenty of milk, you and the boy, till you are healthy again."

"Ah! signor, how can I repay you? I went forth into the world; they crowded again in my path; they clamored for my music. I had some choice pupils who paid me well; I have tasted not a drop of wine since; my concerts have brought me a fortune, and signor, here is your purse—the same amount is there; take it, and make some other poor heart rejoice as mine does now."

"I will accept it," said Bellonte, with quivering lip, "because I know the delicacy of a noble heart; but—I—I am overcome with delight—I really know not what to say; young man you have done bravely; I thank God that it is so good to help His creatures."

The evening was near; Bellonte and his nieces prepared to depart, after exchanging mutual kind wishes. The latter had fallen in love with the amiable and beautiful Viola, and they were lavish in her praise long after they reached home. There the

story was told, and the unknown flutist of the birthnight recognized.

The following day, a parcel was delivered into the hands of Tricolo, by a servant in livery; it was one of the costliest flutes that could be purchased in Verona, adorned with pearls and gems; and inscribed on a delicate plate of pure gold were the words: "To the son of Tricolo the flutist—may he be Torconnier the Second."

And now I have only to say, that for many years the citizens of Verona boasted that there had been raised in their midst so glorious a genius as young Alberti Tricolo, and so good and virtuous a musician as the great flutist, THE LAST OF TORCONNIER'S BAND.

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#### ONE VILLAGE EPISODE

It is many years since I was in a certain neighborhood among the mountains of New Jersey, where the richest cultivation enhances the beauty of scenery unusually fine, though not wild or bold enough for sublimity. It was a valley somewhat extensive, bordered on the south by abrupt and very high hills, wooded to their summit; except a small strip of cultivated land near their base, and terminating on the north side in sloping uplands covered with the wealth of harvest. A quiet stream murmured through the meadows, now narrowed between high banks, now expanding into a lakelet, near which stood a flour-mill. The house where I passed some days, at this time, had lawns sloping down to the stream; and I remember there flourished three large drooping willows, which I hoped might always escape the axe, and grow old, as guardians of the crystal waters. Their exact locality was fixed in my memory by the circumstance, that over their tops might be seen a cottage, situated on the side of the mountain, just in the verge of the woods,

and about half a mile distant. The loneliness of its situation gave it something of romance; and I observed then, that what had once been a garden was choked with tall weeds and briars, and that a rude screen of boards had been built directly in front of the cottage, so as to shut out all view of the neighboring dwellings. This strange precaution seemed misanthropical; or, was it adopted for the purpose of concealing from curious eyes what might pass within door? To my inquiry who occupied that hermit's hut, the reply was "Walter B——."

"The B—— who married Jane S——?"

"The same."

Her name called up distant recollections. I had seen Miss S. once at a rustic ball. She was a country beauty; rather better educated than most of the damsels who were her companions. Indeed, her father used to complain that she spent too much time in reading. His idea was, that after a girl had left school, and completed her education, she had nothing more to do with books. But he rarely interfered except by a little grumbling, with her pursuits, especially as his house was always in the best order and his dinners excellent. Jane was a choice housekeeper, and her leisure hours she spent as pleased herself—not heeding her father's ominous shake of the head, when he saw her earnestly devouring a book, or noticed the shelves filled with books in her little chamber. "She will leave off such follies when she marries," was his consolatory remark; and in truth, when the indulged girl did marry, whether she gave up her reading or not, she did not suffer it to interfere with her household duties. She was the most exemplary wife and mother in the country; and all her neighbors predicted happiness from her union with young B. His father had left him a small farm, well stocked, with a house large enough for comfort and even elegance; and few men began life with better prospects of contentment. Walter was active and ambitious, and wanted to secure something more than a competency for old age. My acquaintance with the young couple had left them thus, and I

was naturally somewhat surprised to find them living in a home of so little pretension.

"The only marvel about it," said the friend to whom I expressed my wonder, "is, that they have a home at all. When Walter took to drink, his stock went first, and then his farm was neglected, till at last, when sold to pay his debts it brought less than half its value."

Alas! it was the common story of the intemperate man; first moderate indulgence in frequent convivial meetings with his friends; then occasional excess that unfitted him for work for days, during which time he would vow and resolve and pledge his word to his wife that each should be the last, followed by more frequent returnings to the same excess, till the doom of the victim was sealed, and the very friends who had led him into vice abandoned him in disgust.

Since the desertion of his boon companions, Walter had become gloomy and sullen; a mood which, under the excitement he now every day sought, gave place to a wild and savage ferocity. The little children ran from him if they saw him on the road; and it was rumored that his wretched home too frequently witnessed his cruel brutality toward his unoffending wife. But he soon removed to this retired cottage on the mountain, and the screen of boards he built, effectually excluded all observation.

I listened to this melancholy history with the deepest sympathy for the unfortunate girl, now a helpless mother. She had sought no assistance from the neighbors, and few visited her, partly because they dreaded her husband, partly because she herself did not encourage them. But some compassionate persons sent her provisions from time to time.

While I looked at the little dwelling which was now the scene of so much misery, with an aching heart for the countless victims of this dreadful vice, a bright flash suddenly shot up from the roof of the hut, while at the same time a volume of smoke poured from the chimney and upper windows. At the same moment a female figure rushed from behind the screen

before mentioned, clasping an infant to her breast, and dragging along a child of about four years of age, and rapidly descended the slope of the mountain. Not many paces behind, her husband followed, calling upon her with shouts and execrations to return; but his evident intoxication rendered it impossible for him to equal the speed of his flying wife; and well was it for her, for a large knife was in his hand, which he brandished with frightful menaces. In less time than it would take to narrate what passed, several of the neighbors had run to meet her. Just as she reached the stream, through which she rushed with both children in her arms, then sank exhausted on the bank, they crowded round her with eager offers of assistance.

B. now came up, heedless of the men and women who regarded him with looks of fear and horror. He had dropped the knife, but had not changed his threatening tone; and with shocking imprecations he ordered his wife to "get up, and come home this instant." The poor woman uttered no reply, indeed she was hardly capable of speech; but the miller, a sturdy man, answered for her that she should go no more to the home of a villain who had nearly killed her. These words provoked B. to unbounded fury; he rushed upon the man who had spoken them, with such violence as to throw him off his guard, and would have strangled him but for the interference of others. When he found himself overpowered by superior strength, he revenged himself by the most fearful curses, vented especially on his poor wife, whom again, with abusive epithets, he ordered to go home, and not expose herself in this ridiculous manner.

"No, Walter," said his wife, rising at last, and confronting him with pale but determined face; "no—I will *not* return to you. I could have borne, as I have long done, your harshness and violence towards me, but you have this day raised your hand against the lives of these children; and, as it is my duty before God to protect *them*, I leave you for ever!"

Whatever reply the drunkard might have made, it was drowned in the indignant clamor of the by-standers, and he

was dragged off to jail. His wife was cared for by her sympathizing female acquaintance, and soon provided with a permanent situation, where, by the labor of her hands, she could support herself and her little ones. And soon, very soon, did her changed appearance bear witness to the improvement. She became contented and even cheerful; and the playful caresses of her children beguiled her from many sad thoughts.

When B. awoke from his intoxication in prison, the recollection of what he had done overwhelmed him with shame and remorse. He sent for one of his neighbors, and entreated him to go, on his part, to his injured wife, supplicate her forgiveness, and pledge the most solemn promises of future amendment. Jane wept much; she forgave him from her heart, as she prayed God he might be forgiven; but she could not, dared not, trust his oft-violated word, and sacrifice her children. Her determination was fixed; and for weeks together, though with a bleeding heart, she returned the same answer to the entreaties of her repentant husband, she dared not even see him lest her resolution might be shaken.

When at last B. was discharged from jail, full of indignation at what he termed the cruel obstinacy of his wife, he made no effort to see her or the children; but—after shutting himself up a month or two in the cottage, which had been saved, by timely attention, from being burned the night of Jane's escape—he departed, none knew whither. He left a reproachful letter to his wife, professing himself driven to desperation by her desertion, and laying on her the blame of his future crimes. No furniture of any value was found in the house, the greater part having been disposed of to procure food and—liquor.

Two years after this occurrence (I have the particulars from a friend), a crowd was assembled round the jail in the little town of ——. A murder, under the most appalling circumstances, had been committed in the neighborhood; a man to whom suspicion attached had been arrested, and after strict examination committed for trial. Particulars that had tran-



spired, left no doubt of his guilt in the minds of the people; and it was with suppressed execrations that the multitude followed the suspected felon to prison. When he disappeared from their sight within the gloomy walls, the popular rage broke out in groans and murmurs. One woman, young and interesting in appearance, who had listened with undisguised eagerness to a knot of idlers discussing the case, walked away when they ended their conference, and presenting herself at the door of the magistrate, who had conducted the examination, asked leave to speak with him. It was the wife of B. She had seen her husband led to jail, loaded with the most terrible suspicions, and she came to have her worst fears allayed or confirmed.

The magistrate soothed her by assuring her that the evidence against B., though strong, was only circumstantial, and by no means absolutely proved his guilt. It was impossible to say what might be the event of the trial; but there was ground for hope. Poor Jane clung to this hope. "Oh, sir," sobbed she, "if he is guilty and must die, it is I who have murdered him! I deserted him, when all the world cast him out!"

When the unhappy wife returned home it was to give way to the bitter anguish of remorse; to weep and sob all night as if her heart would break. "How have I been able to kneel, night and morning, to ask pardon of God," she cried to herself, "when I refused my aid to save a fellow-being from destruction!" And yet—these little ones—and she hung over her sleeping children; the fair boy, with bright cheek, shaded by his clustering curls; and the sweet dark-eyed girl, so like him, before excess had marred his manly beauty! *Could* she have brought these innocent ones into wretchedness; perhaps guilt? Had she not done right to snatch them from ruin, even by abandoning their father? She knelt once more, and prayed for guidance, for discernment of the right; and her mind was calmed.

The next day before noon, the jail was again visited by groups of idlers, gazing into the window of B.'s cell, which looked upon the street. It might be that the prisoner was mad-

dened by their taunts and derision; he was leaping about with frantic gestures, clapping his hands and laughing immoderately, or thrusting his face between the bars to grin defiance at his tormentors. Suddenly a woman, her face concealed by a drooping bonnet and thick veil, glided through the crowd, and reaching up to the window offered a parcel to the prisoner. He grasped it eagerly, with a wistful look, but the woman did not stay to be recognized. It was observed, as she hastened away that her steps tottered, and she held down her head, apparently overcome by emotion. Well might the fearfully changed countenance of the accused appal one who had known him in better days!

The parcel contained a portion of food more palatable than is usually allowed to prisoners, and a small pocket Bible—the book B. had once prized—the gift of his dying mother. His name was written on the first page in her hand. Many times in the week, always at dusk, did the same compassionate visitor stand at the grated window, and offer food or books to the prisoner, who was evidently affected by the kind attention. He ceased his idiotic dancing and laughing; he answered nothing more to the upbraidings of vagrants without, and those who looked into his window saw him most frequently seated quietly at the table reading, or with his head on his hand in deep thought. With thankfulness unspeakable, Jane saw this change; but her joy was dashed with sadness, when on one of her visits the prisoner besought her, with piteous entreaty, to bring him a bottle of brandy.

It now occurred to the wife to do what she had never dared, when B. was at home, to force on his perusal some tracts containing the most awful warnings against intemperance, and encouragements to the victim to struggle for recovery. He had no other books to beguile the time; he could not now as formerly, rail at or punish her, even had he any suspicion who she was; *what* might ensue if he read them? Her effort was crowned with success. Not a week had passed, when the abject

entreaty for liquor, which had been urged night after night, was dropped, to be renewed no more. Jane's heart throbbed when she thought of this; but alas! even if he were really reformed, would he live to prove himself so?

Thus days rolled on, and the time for the trial arrived. The prisoner had communicated with his counsel; witnesses had been sent for; the principal lawyer engaged in the prosecution had unfolded the chain of evidence by which his guilt was to be proved; the court was to open next morning. The accused had received some of his former acquaintances during the day, and as night drew near he was alone. On his table lay a letter which he had just written; he was pacing the room, tranquil, but with a mind filled with painful thoughts. The jailer opened the door, announced a name, received the prisoner's startled assent; and the next moment the long estranged husband and wife were together. B. did not stir; he was petrified by surprise; but Jane rushed to him; her arms were around his neck, and she wept aloud. Her husband was moved, but struggled apparently with his pride; he unclasped her arms, stepped back a little, and looked earnestly at her.

Sad, indeed, the contrast between the two; the man almost spectral in aspect, haggard, wan, emaciated—not even the shadow of his former self; the woman blooming in the freshness of almost maiden beauty: no unhallowed vigils or excess, or evil passions, had stamped their traces on *her* brow, or marred the symmetry of her form, and the very purity and tenderness that shone in her expression, rebuked the conscious sinner as loudly as if an angel's tongue had proclaimed his degradation! As he shrank back, and stood thus silent, Jane stretched out her hands beseechingly: "Oh, Walter!" she cried, "have you not yet forgiven me?"

"Forgive you, Jane? Oh, Heaven! what a wretch am I!"

"I was wrong, Walter, to desert you, even at the worst; but oh! say you do not bear hard thoughts towards me!"

"Tell me, Jane, is it you who brought me these?" pointing to the books.

"Yes, Walter; for I thought you would read them now—and——"

She was interrupted by the sobs of her husband; he sank on his knees as if to thank her, but to prevent that, she knelt with him, and prayed for him in the deep emotion of her heart.

When B. was sufficiently calm, he asked after his children, and, pointing to the table, said: "There, Jane, is a letter I had written you in a better spirit, I trust, than the last. If it were God's will I should live longer I might make a better husband and father; but I dare not think of that now."

Jane longed to ask one question, but her tongue refused to utter the words. Her husband seemed to read the meaning of her anxious look.

"Before high Heaven," said he, "I declare to you that I am innocent of the crime for which I shall be tried to-morrow."

A shriek of joy, scarce suppressed, burst from the wife; she clasped her hands and raised them upwards; gratitude denied her speech.

"Then you will live"—she gasped at length.

"No—Jane—I dare not hope it; and I deserve to die. I am guiltless of murder, but what have I been to you and my children? What have I been these last years? A reckless out-cast—my own destroyer—the enemy of God! I tell you, Jane, I have long looked to the gallows as the end of my career, and I have come to it at last! But I have mastered the tyrant that brought me to this; yes, I have!" He laughed convulsively as he said this, and his wife turned pale. "Look here, Jane—look here!" and lifting up the coverlet of his bed, he produced several bottles of brandy and whiskey. They were *full*.

"I asked you to give me liquor," he continued, "and you would not; but others, less merciful, brought these to me! Do not shudder and grow so pale, Jane; I swear to you, I have not tasted one drop, though I have had them a fortnight! Those

books saved me; for I read of even worse cases than mine. I took an oath, Jane, on the Bible you brought me the first night, my mother's Bible, that I would never taste liquor again. And I have these, to try if I *could* keep my resolution."

"Oh, Walter!" was all the sobbing wife could say; but her tears were those of joy.

"You know, Jane, I was always fond of books, and if I had not been a slave to drink, I have been fit society even for the judges who are to try me to-morrow. Oh, if I could only live my life over! But it is too late now, yet it is something—is it not," and his pale face kindled, "to think that I *can*, that I *have* overcome the fiend at last! *That I shall not die a drunkard!* Remember that, and let everybody know it; I have it written here in your letter. God will remember it, will He not, when my soul stands before Him in judgment?"

"Oh, my husband, you shall not die!" cried the wife, as with streaming tears, she clasped him again to her arms.

"The will of God be done; and that I can say now sincerely; I am willing to go. The Bible says no drunkard shall enter His kingdom; but I am *not* a drunkard! I am a degraded wretch, an outcast of men, about to die a felon's death; but I feel a triumph, Jane, a joy unspeakable, that I have conquered my worst enemy. I thank God that he has supported me through the struggle. It was a terrible one!"

I need not at length record this interview; I need say no more than that, after weeks of the most agonizing suspense and anxiety, Jane had the happiness to hear that her husband was fully acquitted of the crime laid to his charge; to receive him once more and welcome him to a home.

For months he lay helpless, the victim of a wasting sickness; but his wife worked day and night to procure him comforts, and her children played round his bed, and in her was what the poet sweetly terms, "a hymn of thankfulness," never silent. When he recovered, he found it not hard to bear her company in her cheerful toil, and never would he suffer himself to be persuaded

to touch what once had proved his bane, and so nearly brought him to an ignominious end.

It is not long since I heard an address of touching eloquence, on the subject of Temperance, delivered by Walter B. There was truth in every word of it, for he deeply felt what he uttered; and it came home to many a heart, and drew tears from many an eye. He told his own history, and described himself as once the most wretched and lost among the victims of that vice, and yet there had been others more lost than he, who recovered. It was this, he said, that first inspired him with hope for himself.

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### LITTLE PELEG, THE DRUNKARD'S SON

#### THE CHRISTMAS SUPPER.

PELEG.—A homely name for a homely boy, but a boy as good as he was homely. Peleg Brown, or as the school boys tauntingly called him, because his complexion was nearly the color of a hazel nut, Brown Peleg, was the only son of a worse than widowed woman, who lived in an humble cottage on the outskirts of a village situated upon the romantic stream, Kishacoquillas, a Pennsylvania tributary to the noble Juniata.

Peleg's mother, one of those gentle women, who seem only able to hold life in its sunshine aspects, but whose experience is an evidence that they have latent strength for cloud and storm, was worse than widowed, because her husband, John Brown, had, for several years, been a confirmed drunkard, dependent upon the efforts of his gentle wife and feeble son for his food, raiment and shelter, as well as for the means, obtained through force and stealth, by which he purchased, at the village grog-shop, the numerous drams that rendered his wife a creature of sorrow, and his son a youth shunned and forsaken by the boys of his age.

It was Christmas—a holiday to most boys—but a day of labor

to Peleg Brown. With his saw-buck upon his shoulder and his wood-saw under his arm, Peleg trudged through the snow, from one house to another, seeking a job. A pile of wood in front of the mansion of one of the wealthiest men of the village attracted his attention, and he begged the privilege of sawing it into proper stove-lengths. He was told that he might carry it into the back-yard, saw it, and pile it in the wood-house. It was a good job, Peleg was a small boy, but he thought how many comforts he might buy his mother with the money the job would bring him, and, with a cheerful heart, and a willing hand, he went to work. Noon came and he sat down on his saw-buck to eat his frugal Christmas dinner. It was a blustering day, and the snow, whirled from the tops of the houses, fell upon Peleg, until he looked as if he were a miller's apprentice, but he heeded not the snow or the cold, and was hurrying with his repast, that he might have the more time to work, when he found himself face to face with a handsome, well dressed boy, about his own age, but of much larger size, who said to him:

"Halloa, little fellow, how much did you have to spend for Christmas?"

"I had nothing, sir," honestly answered Peleg, somewhat astonished at the abrupt question, "but if I work well to-day, mother will make me a nice pie when I go home."

"Ha, ha," cried the well dressed boy—"work on a Christmas and get a *nice* pie for it. You're a little unfortunate. Where do you live?"

This was said with an air, as if the speaker regarded Peleg a curiosity; but Peleg was too honest to notice such irony, and he answered, frankly:

"I live in the little house back of the church on the common."

"Oh, ho! then, you're the son of drunken Brown. No wonder you don't have any money to spend on Christmas. I had three dollars—*my* father ain't a drunkard,"

Peleg was hurt—sorely hurt—but he thought of his mother and uttered no retort. He made his saw run glibly through the

wood, and paid no attention to the careless boy that had taunted him. When he turned around to get another stick of wood to lay upon his buck, he noticed that his tormentor was gone.

This boy was the only son of the merchant for whom Peleg was sawing wood. When he left the yard, he ran into the parlor, where his mother, father and sister were sitting, and marching up to the latter, he whispered:

"There's a character in the yard, Jane, a chap that'll just suit you. He is sawing wood on Christmas to get a pie at night. Ain't he a character?"

"What character?" inquired the father, catching the last words. "Come, Frank, what mischief have you been up to now?"

"Nothing, pa," returned the boy, "only I had been out to see my pony, when I found a character in the yard—the son of drunkard Brown is sawing our wood, and I had some fun with him."

"You did not make fun of his misfortunes, I hope, my son," said the mother.

"No, mamma," returned Frank, "I only laughed at him a little for having to saw wood on Christmas, and being content with a *nice* pie at night."

"That was naughty, Frank," said Jane.

"Come, come, Jane," interrupted the father, "let Frank have his sport to-day. You may preach to him to-morrow. But, Frank, you must not associate with drunkard's sons and wood-sawyers. It is bad enough to have *one* in the family given to such company."

The last sentence was intended as a reprimand to Jane. She felt it, and left the parlor. As she walked to her own room, the tears started in her eyes, and her heart said, "Why does not father love me? He tells me I am homely. He says Frank is his only pride: but I love father, though he never does call me pet. I'm sure if I do associate with drunkard's children it's not to disobey *pa*, but it is because I love to see them have some-



thing good to eat, and wear. Ma loves me for this, and other people say I am good. Why does not pa love me?"

Again and again she asked herself this question, and still she could find no answer, but that she was a homely girl, and Frank was a handsome boy. She did not feel that her father was a worldly man—one whose heart was on houses and lands and stocks and bills—that he loved Frank because he was fine looking, and, what the parent was pleased to term, a "*sharp*" boy—that he expected him to sustain the credit of the house of Pridore & Co., and that he had nothing to expect of Jane, because she was not only homely, but seemed to have no joy in the society of the rich and proud who visited his house—would rather, even when it stormed, carry a basket of clothing around to the poor children in the neighborhood, than sit in the parlor and play the piano for visitors. Frank laughed at Jane for these "*whims.*" He loved the dashing company that visited his father's house—he was well pleased when his father allowed him to sit down with the proud visitors to a rich supper, and drink the choice wine which flowed freely around the board. Sometimes his mother thought he took too much wine, but the father said, "No; it don't hurt him. He's of the real Pridore stock. He knows what good wine is, and it is *good* for him."

Night was approaching—little Peleg prepared to quit work for the day. His "job" was not finished, but he sent a modest request into the house that, as it was Christmas, he might be paid for what he had done; promising to come on the morrow and complete his work. His request was granted, and he was carefully placing the hard earned sixpences in the pocket of his ragged jacket, when a young lady crossed the yard towards him. It was Jane, who had determined to do something for the drunkard's son, which would cause him to forget Frank's harshness, and remember that Christmas with pleasure.

She spoke kindly to Peleg, and told him he must not think hard of what her brother had said. He was a thoughtless boy.

"I didn't only for a moment, kind lady," said Peleg, "I know

he doesn't feel what it is to be a drunkard's son. I am a poor boy, but I've got a good mother, and I love her."

"You are a good boy," said Jane. "Stay here a moment, I have something to send your mother."

Peleg put down his saw-buck, and Jane ran into the house. In a moment she appeared again, bringing a basket which was carefully covered, and which Peleg found to be heavy when Jane put it into his hand, saying:

"Carry this to your mother, and tell her it is from Jane Pridore."

"We are not beggars," was on Peleg's lip, but Jane smiled upon him so sweetly, he could not say it. Thanking her with a tone which made her heart thrill, he bid her good evening, and ran homewards. He had worked hard, and he was tired; he carried his wood-saw and buck and a heavy basket, but the remembrance of Jane's smile was warm in his heart, and he walked not a step until he reached his mother's cottage.

He was gladly received—joyfully welcomed, and the basket was quickly opened. There, nicely and carefully packed, was an assortment of delicacies such as Peleg had never partaken of, and such as his mother had not seen for many years.

The mother prepared the Christmas supper in the neatest style her meagerly furnished house would allow, and when Peleg had dressed himself in his Sabbath school suit, they sat down to such a repast as had never been eaten in that cottage. There was but one thing wanting to complete comfort—the husband and father could not partake with mother and son. He was at the village grog-shop, and he did not come home till long after Peleg had recited his lessons to his mother, and was dreaming of Jane Pridore.

The wife had left for the husband a portion of the Christmas supper in the most tempting manner she could prepare it, but he was in no mood for "delicacies." He threw himself upon his couch—slept the sleep of a drunkard, and was away from the cottage again as soon as it was light, seeking his bitters.

## THE BIRTH-NIGHT PARTY.

Spring had come. Birds sung sweetly in the bushes and modest flowers were springing to new life in the narrow beds around the pretty cottage where dwelt little Peleg, and his mother—but within there was sadness, sorrow and death.—There lay a body, prepared for the narrow bed “appointed for all the living” from which there is no *new* life—the Spirit *unprepared* had been liberated, by violence, from the bonds which confined it to earth, and was now where it witnessed, in all dreadful reality, the degrading results of those habits which debase high resolves and yield unholy pleasures, for the gratification of low passions and grovelling appetites.

The husband and father had been found dead, on the high-way between the village grog-shop and his home,—his death was a violent one—what man who ever died of the direct influences of intoxication did not have a violent death!

The funeral was not numerously attended; from the church yard to their saddened home, but one person accompanied the chief mourners—that one was Jane Pridore. She was welcomed to the cottage in a manner which showed that she was a frequent but never a tedious visitor.

“You have been so kind to us,” said Peleg—“You are a little girl not bigger than I am, but you can do so much.”

“Father is kind to me, Peleg. He is rich, and I have something to do with. If you were as rich as I am, you could do a great deal more than I do.”

“I’ll be rich *some* day,” said Peleg, “I know I will, and then I’ll do a great deal. I’ll not forget the poor, I know I won’t.”

“Perhaps you can do something for some of my folks some day,” returned Jane.

“But you’re so rich, you’ll never be poor, and what I can do I must do for the poor. I never can forget the time when I

was a poor drunkard's son, if I live to be a hundred years old, and get as rich as Stephen Girard," answered Peleg.

"I've read in my books, Peleg," said Jane, "of many rich people becoming poor. You nor I don't know what may happen; but I must run home now. Good bye, Peleg, and good bye Mrs. Brown."

"Good bye, my little benefactress," said Mrs. Brown.

Peleg followed Jane to the garden gate, and there said good bye, as Jane went tripping over the common towards the village. In a moment she cried, "Peleg! Peleg!"

Peleg ran to meet her, when she whispered, as if the wind must not catch the sound and bear it to other ears.

"I've thought of something, Peleg—I've something to tell you, Peleg—but I won't tell it now—to-morrow, Peleg, to-morrow."

And although the boy made an effort to detain her, in a moment she was tripping across the common again. Peleg could not imagine why Jane should not tell him then, if she had anything important to communicate, nor was he able to conjecture what she might have to tell him. He went back to the cottage, but said nothing of Jane's conduct, determined that until he knew her secret, he would keep his own.

When Jane reached home, she found that her father and mother had just taken dinner, and were in the parlor. She ate her dinner in haste, fearing that her father would go to the store before she could see him. When she was ready to enter the parlor, he was still at home, however, and she greeted him in her most pleasant manner.

"And where have you been roaming to-day, Jane?" inquired Mr. Pridore.

"I went to Mr. Brown's funeral."

"The Brown's have become great favorites of yours, Jane."

"They are nice people, father, and I could not neglect the mother, and that honest little boy, just because Mr. Brown was a drunkard."

"Well—well, Jane, you *can't* be Frank, and I suppose you must have your whims; I don't expect much of you."

"Now, pa, don't be cross, or scold me to-day," said Jane, walking up confidently to her father, and placing her hand on his knees. "I have something to ask of you."

Mr. Pridore was a man who, with all his harshness to Jane, loved to indulge her. He was touched by her winning manner, and said, smiling:

"Well, Jane, I am not in a bad humor, and it would not be strange if I granted you a favor, notwithstanding you have been a truant to-day."

"No, pa; mother said I might go to the funeral; but I don't want to ask for anything for myself. I heard one of the clerks say, this morning, that a boy was needed at the store. Won't you let that little Peleg Brown come? He'll work hard, father, and I know he's honest."

"Well—*well*, Jane," said Mr. Pridore, "I should think you were getting familiar with the Browns. The first we know, this little Peleg will be a beau of yours: a drunkard's son waiting upon *my* daughter!"

"No—no, father; I am sure I never thought of having a beau. I don't want a beau," interrupted Jane, in her simplicity, not seeing the bearing of her father's objections. "But, pa, do give this boy a place. He supports his mother, and I'm sure he's honest."

"You've set your heart on it, Jane. Perhaps I'll take this fellow. I'll see about it this evening."

"Thank you, pa; not for myself, but for the poor boy's widowed mother," said Jane; following her father, as he walked through the hall, on his way to the counting-room of the firm of Pridore & Co.

Whether Mr. Pridore made any inquiries respecting Peleg Brown, he never chose to disclose; but certain it is that, on the morrow, Jane sent a note to the boy which, when he opened it,

with beating heart, and glistening eye, he found to contain the following words:

"DEAR PELEG:—I could not come to see you to-day, and tell you that secret, so I have sent this note. You are to live at our house—no, you are to work in the store, and live at home if you please. Will you come? Don't say no. I got the place for you, from pa. Come this afternoon. Pa will tell you what you must do, in the evening: he is so kind.—JANE."

"Mother—mother!" cried Peleg, after he had read the note over and over again, half a dozen times, "mother, oh mother! see here—I told you I should be rich—I know I shall. See here—see what that little girl, not bigger than I am, and not as old, has done for me. I couldn't do anything for myself or you, but saw wood and run errands; but mother, see what Jane has done. Oh! I never thought it; but now I will do something for myself, mother, and for you. I *will* be rich, and I'll have a store of my own some day, and then I'll give poor boys a chance; and good boys, whose fathers are dead, like mine, shall have the first chance. Oh! mother, we shall be *so* happy: don't you think we shall?"

"Yes, my child," said Mrs. Brown, who, during Peleg's rhapsody, had read the note; "I am glad you have got this place: Jane is very kind to us."

"Indeed she is, mother. I love her so. I'll be a brother to her—more than a brother."

Mrs. Brown looked at her boy with a singular expression; she felt the meaning of his words, but knew that he did not, and she was compelled to think that when he did understand their true import, they might be to a him a talisman of his severest trial.

In a few days little Peleg was regularly installed, assistant clerk, with the duties of an errand boy, in the store of Pridore & Co. His salary was a meager one, but he was accustomed to frugality.

He performed his duties, for nearly a year, with such strict assiduity and excellent judgment, that he was more rapidly pro-

moted than boys of his age usually are in extensive stores, and before the end of the first quarter of the second year, he was considered one of the most useful and trustworthy salesmen of the establishment. He had not been in the employment of Pridore & Co. a year and a half, when he was made assistant bookkeeper, with an increased salary.

Jane watched the promotions of her little friend with much interest, but, that he might hold her father's favor, she said nothing about him, unless spoken to in reference to his conduct.

Peleg often wondered why Jane was not as familiar with him, as she had been when he was a wood-sawyer, but as he grew older, he felt that they could not be brother and sister, except in such circumstances as placed them socially for ever apart, and whenever he had reason to rejoice over prosperity, he would go to his trunk, and taking out Jane's note, which had been most carefully treasured, he would again peruse it with a beating heart and glistening eye, and say, as he had said to his mother, when he read this note for the first time.

"I will be rich—I know I will."

One afternoon, Peleg was arranging some accounts in a private room, when Frank Pridore paid him a visit.

"Come little Brown," said he, "*You* never have been one of us, but you *must* come out to-night, this is my twenty-first birthday. After the party at father's to-night, where you will be, of course, the boys in the store will adjourn down town for a grand spree. You will join us this *once*. You *shan't* back out."

"You will excuse me, Mr. Pridore," said Peleg, mildly.

"No, I *won't* excuse you," answered Frank, shortly, "I won't do *any* such thing."

"I have never been on a spree," said Peleg.

"*You* needn't spree, if you don't want to," returned Frank, "but you *shall* go." "I cannot go," returned Peleg, firmly, "I would not countenance a spree by my presence."

"Ah! I remember," said Frank, "you are one of these timid

fools of wine, afraid of being a drunkard. *I'm* not; I need not get drunk unless I want. *My* father did not die a drunkard."

"These are hard words, Mr. Pridmore," answered Peleg, with a trembling voice; "if you live many years you will repent them; but I forgive you now, for your sister's sake."

"Pooh!" cried Frank, with a sneer. "*She's* another of your canters, who think there's death in a social glass of wine. We wanted no empty chairs at our feast to-night, but empty chairs are better than canting fellows, who have no sociability. *Good* day, Mr. Temperance Preacher."

Peleg's heart was heavy when Frank left him. He did not care for the sneers thrown at him, but associations were awakened, which ever carry a bitter sting to the sensitive heart. He determined that he would not attend the birth-night party at Mr. Pridore's, an invitation to which had been given him by Frank, at Jane's solicitation. When he left the store after the work of the day was over, he dispatched a note to Jane, in these words:—

"MISS PRIDORE,—A conversation with your brother this afternoon, in which my father's misfortunes were the subject of ridicule, will make it necessary for me to forego the pleasure of seeing you at his birth-night party. Your friend,

"PELEG BROWN."

Jane did not receive this note until she had been expecting Peleg for some time. She flew to Frank for an explanation.

"Bravo!" he answered, when he had read the note. "Bravo! I like the fellow's spunk. He forgives the *inestimable* pleasure of seeing you, Jane, because when he refused to join the boys in a jubilee after the party, I told him he was afraid of being a drunkard, like his father."

"You were naughty," said Jane, in a tone which, had not the brother been flushed with wine, he would long have remembered. "It was unworthy of my brother; I would not have come here to-night, if I had been in Mr. Brown's place."

"To be sure *you* would not; you and he would make a good



match. But yonder's a party drinking bumpers to me; *I* cannot waste time with *you*, Jane."

Frank was gone to join his wine-drinking companions. As she saw him drink glass after glass, Jane thought of what she had once said to Peleg about doing something for her folks some day, and she pressed closer the little note she had that evening received, and wished —.

When Peleg had taken supper with his mother, and many times refused to confide to her the cause of a manifest depression of spirits, he walked down into the village, found his way to his little room back of the store, and, taking up an engaging book, read and thought, and calculated, till a late hour. It was after midnight when he began to retrace his steps to the cottage. As he sauntered slowly through a portion of the village sparsely inhabited, he observed a man lying across the dilapidated steps of an untenanted building. He stooped to look at the unfortunate being, and ascertain whether he was intoxicated, or had been physically injured by ruffians, when something familiar about the dress arrested his attention. He dragged the apparently lifeless body toward a hotel a few rods distant, and by the light reflected from the bar-room, was able to discover that he had found—as it were, dead in the street—the only son of his employer. His birth-night spree had been too much for Frank Pridore: he had entered *manfully* upon the year of his majority.

Peleg was grieved and bewildered—grieved to find young Pridore in such a situation, and bewildered in respect to his duty towards him and the family. He forgot all the harsh words Frank had said to him, and determined that he would endeavor to get him to his father's house without calling such assistance as might make public the young man's degradation. He applied at the hotel, and succeeded in arousing the hostler, who, for half a week's wages, consented to assist Peleg. Frank was borne home. When they approached the Pridore mansion, Peleg dismissed his "help," and knowing the appointments of the house, he awakened a servant without arousing the family, and told him that he

wished to see Mr. Pridore on important business, and that he must be awakened without alarming any other member of the household. The servant was faithful—he had often discharged such duties—and Mr. Pridore soon met Peleg, who conducted him to Frank, and explained the circumstances under which he had been found.

The services of the servant who had awakened Mr. Pridore were further required, and Frank was secretly conveyed into the house, and silently placed in his own bed. When Peleg departed from Mr. Pridore, the latter said:

"I am deeply indebted to you for your discretion; neither Miss nor Mrs. Pridore must know a word of this."

"I have only done my duty, sir," returned Peleg; "I should respect your feelings.

Mr. Pridore wished Frank had fallen into the care of any young man in the village, rather than Peleg Brown. As he stood by the bedside of his drunken son, he thought of the time when he knew John Brown, who had died a drunkard, to be a wealthy and respectable man; he thought of the Christmas-day Peleg sawed wood in his yard, and he reflected on the encouragement he then gave his now drunken boy, to take freely of that which had degraded him.

These were bitter thoughts for an over-indulgent father.

#### REWARDS AND PUNISHMENTS.

Five years have elapsed since Frank Pridore celebrated his twenty-first birth-night. Peleg Brown was first clerk in the extensive store of Pridore & Co. Mr. Pridore had treated him with distant, but marked respect ever since the night on which his judgment was so nicely exercised for the reputation of the heir apparent to the Pridore station and importance. But there were now no occasions for the exercise of nice discrimination on this subject. Frank Pridore was a genteel sot, and he was so regarded in the village generally; not that a man can be genteel and

be a sot—but Frank Pridore's sottishness was genteel compared with that of many drinking men in the village. He was never seen drunk in the streets—he was never engaged in drunken brawls—his father kept the strictest watch upon him.

Little Brown's mother had been in the land of Spirits two years. Peleg had, through life, loved his mother with that child-like fondness which ever regards MOTHER the dearest of names, and he mourned her deeply.

The first clerk in the store of Pridore & Co. knew well that for at least three years the capital of the firm had not been augmented, and he well knew also that in the last year it had very materially decreased, and he believed that something of this state of affairs was owing to the insidious influences of the "siren foe," that had saddened his earlier years and embittered, for life, the recollections of his childhood.

At the beginning of the sixth year of little Brown's clerkship he was engaged to take an inventory of the "stock in trade" of Pridore & Co. When the work was completed to the satisfaction of his employers, he was informed that it was the intention of the junior partner of the firm to retire, and that he was desirous of finding some person who would purchase his interest. On the evening after Peleg learned this fact, he called at the Pridore mansion and begged an hour's conversation with the proprietor.

Supposing that something important in reference to business was to be communicated, Mr. Pridore promptly invited little Brown to his private room. When they had talked together on general matters for a few moments, Mr. Pridore said:—

"You have something important to communicate, I understand."

"I am informed," replied Peleg, "that Mr. Hanks is desirous of finding some one who will purchase his interest in the store."

"Such is the fact," said Mr. Pridore, "and I wish that I knew of some man acquainted with our business who could take his place since it is forbidden me to give it to my son, for whom I had intended it. Pridore & Son, I should have rejoiced to see

that name in gilt letters over the door of our store, but—but, it is past. I speak freely to you, sir. You respect my feelings."

"For that reason I have called upon you. I have had some intention of making Mr. Hanks a proposition, and before doing so, I wished to consult you," replied Peleg.

"You," exclaimed Mr. Pridore. "*You*, make Mr. Hanks a proposition! Where in the name of Heaven did you get money enough to talk of buying an interest in the business of Pridore & Company?"

"When my mother died the cottage and lot was mine, sir; I sold them for fifteen hundred dollars. I invested the money in property on the Creek, which has more than doubled in value—and, besides, sir, I have saved nearly two thousand dollars out of my wages since I have been in your employ."

"Yes! yes!" said Mr. Pridore. "I had forgotten. You *have* been a saving boy—but I'll think of this. It is unexpected. I'll see Mr. Hanks. Leave me now."

When Peleg was gone Mr. Pridore had sorrowful reflections. He reviewed his life. He thought of the time when he and John Brown, Peleg's father, drank wine together—he thought of Peleg the little wood-sawyer—of John Brown's awful death—then he thought of his own habits, and the gradual encroachments upon his independence, and the love for what had made his boy—whom he had regarded in his youth with so much pride—a reproach to his family—and when he thought of *his* boy, then Peleg, the drunkard's son, came up in contrast, and with that contrast, a source of most poignant reproach, haunting him, he threw himself upon a couch, and conjured to himself the remarks of his correspondents in business, when they learned that little Brown was the junior partner of the firm of Pridore & Co.

The "*fates*" had decreed. Peleg Brown took Mr. Hanks' place in the firm of Pridore & Co. He and Jane Pridore had been distant acquaintances during the whole period of his clerkship, but as he was now a frequent visitor at the Pridore mansion, on terms that were humiliating to neither party, the intimate

friendship of youth was renewed between the little wood-sawyer and the little girl whose kind heart had secured him a situation of trust and profit.

Peleg had been a partner but a few months, when Frank Pridore was one morning found dead in his bed. He had been intoxicated for several days. The physicians gave the "cause" of his death, and it was announced in the newspapers:

"DIED.—Frank Pridore, aged twenty-seven years, only son of H. Pridore, Esq., of the firm of Pridore & Co., of *apoplexy*, on the — day of —."

Mr. Pridore was a changed man after his death. He knew that the physicians were guilty of a professional libel when they said his son had died of "*apoplexy*." Wine was banished from his table—the flush left his cheek—he became melancholy—absent-minded. The business of the firm of Pridore & Co. devolved mainly on little Brown. He discharged his duties with excellent judgment, and the credit of the firm was re-established. Mr. Pridore treated Peleg not only with kindness, but with deference.

When the mother and sister of Frank Pridore had left off mourning apparel in memory of the "early lost," and Jane Pridore again went into company, Peleg Brown was her constant attendant.

One evening they walked across the Common toward the site of the cottage in which Jane first saw Peleg's mother. A handsome mansion stood in the place of the cottage: it was the property of Peleg Brown. Jane and Peleg entered this mansion. Jane admired the style in which it was furnished; she complimented Peleg warmly upon his taste, and Peleg said to her:

"To-morrow it will be our home, and your father and mother will live with us. Come—I will show you their apartments."

The little wood-sawyer and the rich merchant's daughter had been married nearly three months.

Mr. Pridore put all of his property into the hands of his son-in-law, and Peleg purchased the interest of the second member of the firm; and if Mr. Pridore did not see the name of Pri-

dore & Son over the door of the store, he saw that of "PRIDORE & BROWN," and he felt that Peleg was a son to him.

The little wood-sawyer—frugal, industrious and temperate—was the wealthy husband of the girl who spoke kindly to him in his severe Christmas labor. Now, he was the support and protection of him who had warned his children to shun the society of the drunkard's son; and the youth who, at a father's prompting, had ridiculed his simple desires—taunted him with his early misfortunes—and abused him as an enemy to social habits, because he would not join in a "spree"—had met a drunkard's reward in that sphere where none know the right, and "still the wrong pursue."

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#### THE AUCTION, OR THE WEDDING-COAT

"WHAT'S the hour, Mr. Collins?" said Harry Moore to a rather elderly man, as they stood lounging together at the counter of a country store. "Isn't it almost time for the auction? They tell me that old Philip Merton's clothes are to be sold among his other effects, and I want to see the exhibition, for it must be something of a curiosity. It's strange, though, that his relations would do such a thing."

"Why, you see, his brother-in-law has the ordering," answered Collins, "and he is a strange man, and so covetous that he is afraid of losing a penny of what comes to his wife. Phil shares the common fate of old bachelors—nobody cares much for their memory after they are dead. They are put under ground, and those who can get the most of what they leave behind are considered the most fortunate, but as for Philip's clothes, I don't think the *skin-flints* who sell them will make much out of them. They may perhaps find his *wedding-coat*, if it is not eaten up by the moths. I never saw him wear it after that night when he was disappointed. Poor Phil! he was one of the best-hearted fellows in the world; and not an old man, either—only about my

age. It's a pity he should have sacrificed his life to a boyish fancy."

"What do you mean by that?" asked Harry; "you are not credulous enough to believe that he died of a broken heart?"

"No, not exactly. He died, at last, of a broken constitution, the effect of intemperance in his youth. Ah! there were no temperance lectures then, nor pledges given to abstain from liquor. If there had been he might have married Fanny Ross, and had something to live for. But he must needs get intoxicated on his wedding-day; and so the match was broken off, and that completed his ruin. He was never the same man afterwards; but it was poor Fanny who died of a broken heart."

"Do tell me that story, Mr. Collins. I never heard the whole of it, for you know we are new settlers at Mapleton, and the affair had blown over before we came."

"Well, no one can tell you more about it than I can; for Phil and I were school-cronies, and I knew it all, from beginning to end. It wants an hour yet to the auction, and it's just an idle time; so let us cross over to the buttonwood-trees and sit down in the shade."

It was a broad street, with a great deal of grass in it, which even sprang up and covered the ridges, between the ruts made by the teamsters' carts; for it was seldom, in those days, that any other vehicle was driven through the little village of Mapleton. Foot-paths were trodden down between the houses, which stood at a considerable distance apart; and opposite the single store, comprising in its wares drygoods, groceries, and crockery, was a row of buttonwood-trees, where a rude bench had been constructed by some old smokers, who left an occasional sign, in a broken pipe, that they had occupied it. This seat was now appropriated by the two above-mentioned, when Collins, the elder, began his story of Philip Merton.

"When I was a young man," said he, "Fanny Ross was the beauty of our town; and, though I have been married now for many a year, and have daughters grown up and married, also I

have never seen a handsomer girl. Her complexion was a clear red and white, and her glossy brown hair was parted over a forehead as smooth as marble. I could never tell exactly the color of her eyes, for they were like the chameleon, always changing; sometimes they appeared to be a dark gray, then a hazel, and at other times I could almost have sworn they were a deep violet blue. Her lips were like coral, her teeth without a blemish, and her person might have been a model for a sculptor, it was so perfect in its proportions. But Fanny was a silent beauty. She never talked much; and Phil was a lively, light-hearted fellow, and just suited her; for you know we always like the opposite of ourselves. He had just what she wanted—a word always ready upon occasion; and she got in the habit of depending on him to speak for her when she was at a loss. His wit was quick as a flash of lightning; and, when I have seen them in company together, I used to think of the old saying, that 'some people's thoughts go beforehand and some follow after.' They knew each other from children, and learned to read and write and cipher (which is all the learning we need in this place), at the same school. After they grew up he began to wait on her to the country balls and parties, and soon got the name of being her beau. There were no distinctions between rich and poor at Mapleton. All were on an equality, and one was as good as another, as long as their conduct was proper. Philip was an only son, and his father had some property; and Fanny's father was a mechanic. But she was industrious and amiable, and handsome enough for anybody; and his relations had no objection to his falling in love with her. In fact, the objection all lay with her family; for Phil was rather wild and would drink a little too much, occasionally, when out at a merry-making. At such times, Fanny would shrink from his attention, and declare she would have nothing more to do with him; but, somehow or other, he always contrived to get into her good graces again, and persuade her to believe in his promises of reformation. A woman will believe almost anything from the man she loves;



and, though he break his promise ninety-nine times, she will still believe that he will keep it the hundredth. Drunkenness was, unfortunately, at that time the vice of Mapleton; and Phil could not resist temptation, yet he did not lose his station in society. His undeviating good-humor and irrepressible flow of spirits made him a general favorite; and everybody knew it was his generosity which helped to ruin him. His lapses from temperance were not very frequent then, and his companions could not do without him, for his presence was always the herald of fun and frolic. There was an ease about his manners, too, and a sort of natural grace about his actions which took mightily with the girls. His eyes seemed to be always laughing to keep company with the smiles on his lips; and his tall figure and curly hair gave him rather a stylish appearance.

As I told you at first, he and I were cronies, and I often tried to keep him from drinking. I used to tell him he would lose Fanny and break her heart, unless he would first break his glass and resolve never to take another.

"Pooh! Ned!" said he one day, in answer to my remonstrances, "you would take all the high spirit out of me and make me appear as niggardly as old Deacon Wharton, who, you know very well, has got no soul at all. Come, take a glass with me; that's a good fellow. It'll make you feel lively, and your Mary will like you all the better, for she's as gay as a lark. Fanny and she ought to change characters; or else you and I ought to change girls."

"What," said I, "do you want to give up Fanny?"

"Give her up!" he exclaimed, "no, not for value of all the whales in the Pacific; and I'm pretty sure she wouldn't give me up, either: but my wit is always thrown away on you, Ned, for you haven't got enough yourself to understand it."

"Well, you are in a fair way now of bringing your own to a level of mine," said I, "for, when the wine is in, the wit is out, Phil."

He laughed out loud, as he replied, "The shaft didn't hit, Ned.

I'm as sober as a judge, and you know it. You are only jealous."

"No, I should be as loath to change girls as you would," said I, "though I own that Fanny is the handsomest; but I'm satisfied with Mary, and I'll bet you a pair of wedding-gloves that I'll be married first, unless you quit drinking brandy."

"Done," said Philip, "and you may go and buy them as soon as you please, for I am going to ask you to my wedding next Saturday."

"Tell that to the marines, Phil," said I, "for the sailors won't believe it. No, no—you don't come over me in that way; you are not going to get any of my property on false pretences."

"But I say it's a fact, Ned," said he laughing, "so you see you are caught in your own trap. We have been engaged these two years, and next Saturday evening we are to be married. I have promised Fanny to be the steadiest husband in Mapleton; and so I will, though I won't be so mean beforehand as not to drink a glass to her health."

"Beware, Philip," said I, "take the advice of a friend for once, and let it alone."

I didn't believe him, for he had already drank several times, and the liquor was beginning to take effect; and, with some trouble I got his arm linked through mine and took him home without his situation being noticed in the street. I spent the whole afternoon with him, and got him pretty well sobered down by evening, for I was sorry for him, and still more sorry for Fanny, if he had told me the truth. Well, sure enough, the Saturday came and I found it was even so. It was to be his wedding-day. I was invited, but before I went to Mr. Ross's I concluded to look in just before night upon Phil; for I couldn't help feeling a little uneasy. They told me he was in his chamber, and I went up; and what do you think I found him doing? Why, standing before a small table, with a decanter of brandy in one hand and a tumbler in the other, just ready to pour out a drink. I made one step from the door and caught his arm.

"Philip Merton," I exclaimed, "are you crazy? On this day, of all others, to drink brandy!"

"Let go my arm, Ned," said he, "this is my last glass, and I won't be disappointed for any one."

I saw that he was intoxicated then, and, with a little adroitness, I got the decanter from his hand and pitched it out of the window.

"You shall pay for that, Edward Collins," said he, and his face flushed a bright scarlet. But he sat down; and, after the excitement went off, he became stupefied with what he had taken before my entrance. His wedding-coat hung over the back of a chair, and his white vest and gloves were laid on the bed. I think I never felt more distressed in my life. It was almost dark, and he was no more fit to be married than an idiot would have been. But I got some cold water and soaked his head and bathed his face, till at last he began to realize partly what he was going to do. He had forgotten all about my breaking the decanter, and asked me to help him dress, for he was really incapable of doing it alone. Poor Fanny, thought I to myself, it will be a sad fate for her to be a drunkard's wife. Two or three times I was on the point of going and telling her of Phil's situation; but I knew the messenger of ill-tidings seldom got either thanks or good will; and so I determined not to meddle with the match. She knew his habits beforehand, said I, and if she chooses to run the risk it is none of my business. I left him just before the hour for, to tell the truth, I was ashamed to go to Mr. Ross's in his company, and so went on by myself, for being well acquainted with Fanny and her sisters, I did not mind being early. Emily Brown, a sister of Mary, who is now my wife, saw me coming and came out to meet me; for there was no formality among the young people at that time.

"Where's Philip?" said she. "We thought you and he would come together; and everybody is wondering that he is so late."

"Em," said I (for I found it impossible to keep the secret

entirely to myself), "don't say a thing about it—but Phil is waiting to get sober."

"Good gracious, Edward!" exclaimed she; "you don't say he's been drinking! Why, what's to be done? Fanny ought to know it."

"Well, wait a little," said I; "perhaps he will be quite himself by the time he gets here; and, for the future, we must hope for the best."

"Edward," said Emily seriously, "can you tell me a single man in Mapleton, who was known to love liquor in his youth, who is not now a confirmed drunkard? I have no faith that Philip will prove an exception. But here comes the minister. Do you go in, while I run back to Fanny."

A few of the village girls were assembled, in their white dresses and blue or pink ribbons, according to the taste of the wearer; and Mr. Waters, the clergyman, walked in and took his seat among them. The father and mother of the bride were unusually taciturn. They looked anxious and unhappy, as if they felt a presentiment that something was going wrong. Fanny was not present; and the suspense of waiting was becoming painful. Mr. Ross rose and whispered to me:

"Edward, something must be the matter with Philip. Hadn't you better go and see what it is?"

I could have told him without going to see; but I didn't speak; and just at that moment the door opened, and poor Philip staggered into the room. There was a silly smile on his face, as he sat down on the nearest chair and asked, in a thick voice, if Fanny was ready.

Not a word was spoken, for everybody seemed to be struck dumb. Mrs. Ross rose. She was a stern woman; and we were always a little afraid of her when we went to see the girls. But she just gave Philip one look, as if she would have crushed him through the floor, and then hurried out of the room. Emily Brown and one of Fanny's sisters were with her up stairs, and when her mother came in and told her in plain words, that Philip

had come *drunk* to be married, Em said that every bit of color left Fanny's face. She was as white as marble and seemed almost as stony: for she showed no outward sign of emotion; she only said, "Don't let him come here, mother—I won't see him. Tell him to go home, for I'll never have him, now!"

"You never shall with my consent, Fanny," said her mother; "and you ought to be thankful that he has shown himself out, beforehand."

Mrs. Ross did not know how to soothe and comfort her. Just think of telling her, at such a time, that she ought to be *thankful!* How could she be thankful for any thing, with such a blow upon her heart? What was the unknown misery of the future, to what she was now enduring. But her mother meant well. She did not understand the difference between her own feelings and Fanny's.

"Well, all this while the company were silently waiting for Mrs. Ross's return. It was a strange scene for a wedding; and it seems as if I could see it all before me now. Everybody had a sort of frightened, or horror-struck look, excepting Philip, who appeared to be quite unconscious that anything was the matter, and sat still, with the same silly expression on his face; for liquor always makes men fools.

At last Mrs. Ross came to the door, and said in a loud, harsh voice: "Mr. Waters, there will be no marriage here to-night; and *you*, Philip Merton, the sooner you leave the house the better. Your company is not wanted."

"I—I came to be married," said Phil; "and I won't go till I have seen Fanny—I won't, I say."

Mr. Waters then got up, and said with a very solemn manner: "It is useless for you to remain, Mr. Merton, for I cannot marry you to-night. I am sorry to say that you are not in a fit state to perform your part in the ceremony; and your disappointment and disgrace are the bitter fruits of intemperance, which you are now so sadly reaping. Let it be a warning to you for the future; and I trust that not only you, but your young friends

here present, will remember that 'Whatever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.'

With these words he bowed to the company, and walked straight out of the door. The girls all got up and went to put on their bonnets, but Phil never moved. I thought he was trying to realize what it all meant; and I pitied him from the bottom of my heart. Old Mr. Ross leaned his head down between his hands, and never spoke a single word. He was a man of few words at all times. Fanny was like her father, and had always been his favorite child; and he knew, better than her mother, how to feel for her. He knew that she had loved Philip with all the power of a still, silent love, which strengthens more and more in the depths of the heart, because it cannot vent itself from the lips. People may laugh at *first love*, Henry, but you may depend on it, is it never entirely forgotten nor overcome. Something of it is left, which neither time, nor absence, nor even *death* can destroy in the heart of the living. But I am going astray from my story. I went up to Philip after the minister had gone, and said: "Come, Philip, it's time for us to be going home. You see they have all left us."

He was beginning to get sobered by the shock; and the smile on his face was exchanged for a sort of helpless expression, like that of a man led to the gallows. He yielded, because there was no reprieve to the necessity; and I took him home, and helped him to undress and go to bed; and the coat which he took off that night I don't think he ever put on afterwards."

"And what happened to Fanny?" asked Harry Moore, who was much interested in his companion's recital.

"Ah," said Collins, "that is the most melancholy part of the story. She went into a sort of melancholy derangement, and was never seen to smile after that night; and, what is still more wonderful, the color never came back to her face. Before that time she had the most lovely complexion you ever saw: but always afterwards she looked as white and cold as a marble statue. She refused to see Philip, or to have any thing more to do with him,

and went nowhere excepting to church, where she was sure to be found in all kinds of weather. She would keep her eyes fixed on the minister until he had done preaching, and then get up and go home, before the congregation was dismissed. I met her once on Sunday, and spoke to her: 'How do you do, Fanny?' said I. She raised her eyes, and they looked *blue*, then—I shall never forget it, for I had a strange fancy that they were exactly the color of Philip's wedding-coat. I don't know what put such a queer comparison in my head, but I was so possessed with the notion, that I kept staring at her till she said: 'What do you keep staring at me so steady for, Edward? I know I don't look as I used to; but it's because I always have a pain in my heart, now.'

"You ought not to be walking alone then, Fanny," said I. "Let me go home with you."

"No," she replied, "I don't want you—I can take care of myself—I'm not crazy, Edward; though I suppose you think I am; but I've got all the reason I ever had, and that was too little to do me any good when I stood most in need of it. There, go away now, for I shan't say any more."

"She crossed over to the other side of the street, and walked very fast till she got out of sight. Mr. Waters visited her constantly and endeavored to direct her thoughts to religion; and he said it was his belief that the light of the Gospel broke in on her mind before she died, and gave her that peace which the world can neither give nor take away. It was just a year from the day that was to have been her wedding-day that we went to her funeral; and, if ever any one died of a broken heart, it's my belief that Fanny Ross did."

Collins was silent, and seemed to have finished his story; when Harry said, "You've forgotten Philip. You have not told me any thing further about him since you took him home that night."

"True enough!" answered Collins; "I had forgotten him in talking of poor Fanny. If you had ever seen her in her bloom,

you would have said her equal was not to be found for beauty. But Phil never got over the disappointment and mortification of that affair; and, to keep from thinking of it, he went to the bottle. He knew that he had lost Fanny forever, and so he gave up all female society. He never was much of a ladies' man, and I don't believe he ever saw any other girl that he would have been willing to marry. He used to skulk about the streets, and keep out of everybody's way as much as he could, only when he was about drunk. At Fanny's funeral he cried like a child; and after that he tried to do better for some time; but, as they say, 'the ruling passion is strong in death,' so with him it was strong in life. His habits became confirmed; and, though sometimes months would pass away without his drinking to excess, he still drank enough to scatter the seeds of disease through his system. I often spoke to him about it, but he used to stop me with, 'It's too late now, Ned. I've nothing to live for; and if I did not sometimes lose my senses in liquor, I should lose them altogether, and be sent to a mad-house. You couldn't persuade me when I had everything at stake; and what's the use of trying now?'

"But you won't live out half your days," said I, "if you go on in this way."

"Well, and what of that?" he answered, "I shan't be missed. An old bachelor is only in the way, and most people are willing to let them have a short life and a merry one if it's their own choice."

"And so he took his own course, until about six years ago there came a temperance lecturer to Mapleton. It was a novelty, and everybody went to hear him. At first they were all carried away with his eloquence, and listened as though all he said was fiction—like the plays at the theatre. But after hearing him two or three times they began to realize the truth of his words; and, one after another, our townsmen all went forward and signed the pledge, which has been the saving of many of them from ruin. Nobody thought that Phil Merton would be persuaded to



do it, but he was; and it made him a changed man. He found he had broken down his constitution, and tried hard enough afterwards to build it up; for when a man really thinks he is going to die he is apt to grow very anxious to live, and is quite willing to make up his quarrels with the world and take it as it is, provided he can renew his lease of the mortal tenement. But, as Phil had so often said himself, 'it was too late.' He never got quite well, though he continued to be a sober man, and his long course of intemperance killed him in the end. He was fifty-three years old when he died. My story is finished, Harry, and the hour is up also. So, come, it's time for the auction."

An auction was a rare occurrence in the quiet village of Mapleton. The inhabitants seldom changed either houses or furniture, which descended from generation to generation, with but little alteration or improvement. But Philip Merton had been an old bachelor, and left no successor to his worldly goods, over which the auctioneer's hammer was then about to be raised.

Collins and Moore arrived just in time to see the exhibition of the wedding-coat, which had been set up on a bid of three dollars.

"That's it," said Collins to his companion; "a blue coat with brass buttons. I remember the fashion of it thirty years ago. Come, Harry, you're fond of antiquities, why don't you bid?"

"Going," cried the auctioneer, "going at three dollars: not a quarter of its value. Who'll bid another dollar? Can't throw it away—it's disgraceful!"

"Why don't you buy it yourself, for the sake of old acquaintance?" said Harry in reply to Collins, while the crier still kept on.

"Who says four dollars? There ain't such another coat nowhere. It'll fit any man on the ground."

Collins had turned to Harry and exclaimed, "I, Harry Moore? Why, I wouldn't have Phil's wedding-coat for a gift."

"Four dollars bid," cried the auctioneer—"going at four dollars—four—four"—and the hammer went half-way down and

was raised again. "Blame it! the hammer won't strike at that—look at the cloth—it's superfine—none of your home-spun—going at only four——"

"You wouldn't have it! why not?" asked Harry of Collins, looking at the same time at the auctioneer, and giving him a nod.

"Five dollars—I have it," cried the seller. "Mr. Moore bids five dollars. Will nobody bid over him? See these buttons, as bright as gold, and they be gold, for aught I know—going at five dollars—going—going—gone!"

"I'm glad you bought it," said Collins, "and now I'll tell you why I wouldn't have it. It was too full of old memories; and I never want to rake them up again, as I have done to-day. But it's different with you. You didn't see it all, as I did; and it will do you no harm to remember it. So just keep the coat for the sake of its history and the moral; and, if you ever have a friend in danger of being wrecked on the shoals of intemperance, show it to him, and tell him the story of Philip Merton."

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### THE TEMPERANCE MILLENNIUM

ALL reform movements are founded in a deep-seated and influential belief in the final and permanent elevation of man. Amid all the fluctuations of human interests, in times of deepest gloom and disaster, there is ever a steady faith in the coming on of a brighter day, when the right shall triumph. It is the unwavering testimony which humanity, never losing the hope of her complete redemption, gives to the truth of prophecy. The great enterprises of human advancement have in this hope their elasticity and strength. They look forward to indefinite enlargement and full success.

Thus, the men who are banded together in peace societies mean that their principles shall gain the day. They aim at the final casting out of the war-spirit from all the possessed—the

ushering in of the time when the battle weapon shall be only an old relic, or an implement of honest labor; when the red clouds of armed men shall gather no more, and war's

"Iron hail and arrowy sleet"

forever cease to fall.

The missionary of Christianity means to carry the Gospel to every shore and every tribe. He believes the thing will be done. He may perish in the mid-voyage, or be eaten by cannibals,—this prospect does not shake his faith in the complete establishment of the Saviour's rule. He has no fear that the dark tide of Paganism will roll back again over the regenerated isles.

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### THE FEARFUL FUNERAL

It was on the morning of a cold chilly day in the month of April, that I was thus interrupted in my studies by one of my children: "Pa, there is a queer looking man in the parlor who wants to see you." On entering the room my eye lit upon a man who was queer looking indeed, because his dress, face, and whole appearance proclaimed him a drunkard. He rose on my entering the room, and with that constrained and awkward politeness, amounting to obsequiousness, which the half-intoxicated often assume, he thus addressed me:

"I come, sir, to ask you to attend a funeral this afternoon."

"Who," said I, "is dead?"

"A friend of mine," he replied, "by the name of S——, and as he has no particular friends here, I thought I would come and ask you."

"Where did he live?" I again asked.

"Why," said he, "he lived no place in particular, except at the grocery of Mr. H——." This Mr. H—— was the keeper of a groggery of the very lowest character where blacks and whites

freely mingled in their revels, and which had often been presented as a nuisance.

I again asked, "Of what disease did he die?"

"Why," said he, dropping his countenance, and lowering his voice almost to a whisper, "I hardly know; but, between you and I, he was a pretty hard drinker."

After a few more inquiries to which I received answers in keeping with those given above, I dismissed him, promising to attend the funeral at five o'clock.

At the hour appointed I went to the house of death. There were ten or twelve men present, and, with two exceptions, they were all drunkards. I went up to the coarse pine coffin, and gazed upon a corpse, not pale and haggard, but bloated, and almost as black as the raven's wing. There were two brothers present, both inebriated, and as unfeeling as if the body of a beast lay dead before them. From the undertaker I gained the following narrative as to the deceased:

He was the son of respectable, but irreligious parents, who, instead of spending the Sabbath in the house of God, either spent it in idleness or in doing "their own work." When desecrated, the Sabbath is usually a day of fearful temptation. Sabbath sins make deep impressions on the soul. Whilst yet young he became a Sabbath vagrant—joined profane companions—acquired the habit of drinking; and so rapidly grew the love of drink into a ruling passion, that at mature years he was a confirmed drunkard. His parents died, and the portion of property that fell to his lot was squandered. "And for years," said my informant, "he has been drunk every day."

"But how," I asked, "did he get the money to pay for the liquor?"

"He has been employed," he replied, "by Mr. H— to shoot squirrels in the woods, and to catch water rats in the marshes; and for the skins of these he has been paid in whiskey. Nobody would see him starve; and he usually slept in a garret over the groggery. Yesterday he was taken sick, very sick, in

the grocery; Mr. H——, instead of giving him a bed, turned him out of the house. He was then in a dying state; and, at a short distance from the house, fell in the street. He was taken into a negro hut and laid on the floor, where he died in less than an hour. The negroes were very ignorant and superstitious, and were afraid to have the corpse in their house. It was carried to a barn. This poor but pious family, hearing the circumstances, took the corpse to their house, and have made these preparations for its burial."

I read a portion of the Scriptures, and for a few moments discoursed to them on the effects of sin—I dwelt on the hardening and fearful effects of intemperance. But there was no feeling. I prayed with them; but there was no reverence. They all gazed with a vacant stare, as if their minds had evaporated, and as if the fiery liquid had burned out their consciences. They were obviously past feeling. The coffin was closed and placed in the hearse. We proceeded with slow and solemn pace to the house appointed for all the living; and a feeling of shame came over me as I passed along the street to be followed by half a dozen pair of inveterate toppers. The coffin was placed upon the bier, and was carried by four drunkards, who were actually reeling under their load, to a secluded spot in the graveyard, where, without a tear being shed, without a sigh being uttered, it was covered up under the cold clod of the valley; and the two brothers went back to the house of death, the grog-shop, to drink, and to die a similar death, and to go early down to the same ignoble grave. The others, after lingering for a few moments, as if arrested by the thought that the grave would be soon their house, followed. I stood for a short time over the grave, after all had retired, pondering the deeply impressive scenes through which I had so rapidly passed. "And is this," said I to myself, "the grave of the drunkard?" And the prayer, almost unconsciously, rose from my heart to heaven, "O God, save my children's children to their latest generation from making such a contribution as this to the congregation of the dead."

As I retired from the graveyard the following lessons, suggested and illustrated by this narrative, were deeply impressed on my mind:

1. How great is the responsibility of parents! With what moral certainty they form the character of their children after the model of their own! Careless and irreligious themselves, their children copy their example; but because destitute of their firmness of character, they yield to every temptation, until they can commit sin with greediness. Were the parents of this young man, who was laid down in a drunkard's grave, on which no tear of sorrow has ever fallen, truly and consistently pious, how different might have been his life and his death! How many parents lay the foundation for the temporal and eternal ruin of their children!

2. How sad the effects which usually follow the habitual violation of the Sabbath! All need the checks and the restraints which the due observance of the Sabbath places upon our depravity. The habitual violators of the Sabbath are usually those hardened in the ways of sin; and to become the associates of such is to ensure the end of the proverb, "the companion of fools shall be destroyed." Had this young man been brought up to "remember the Sabbath day," he might have been saved to the cause of virtue and usefulness, and from an early, ignoble, and unknown grave. The due observance of the Sabbath is alike necessary to the attainment of temporal and spiritual good.

3. How selfish and hard the hearts of those who live by rum! It is a base business to sell it by small quantities for the sake of making a living. It is in opposition to divine, and usually to human law. And so plainly is it under the ban of the world's reprobation, that but few, save "the hardened wicked," engage in it. And if a man of kind and generous nature engages in it, his heart soon becomes a heart of steel. Mr. H——, the keeper of the grocery, was, naturally, a kind man; he became a seller of liquor, against law, by the small measure. He kept and fed poor S—— as long as he was able to shoot squirrels or rats.

Many a day he spent in the salt marshes to earn his whiskey. And when his poor frame gave way under the vile work, the man who did so much to degrade him, turned him out to die in the street. There is not a class of men upon earth who deserve so little at the hands of their fellow men as do these retailers of liquid death by the gill!

4. How degrading is the vice of intemperance! It ruins soul, body, and character. And by elevating a mean appetite above reason, and conscience, and judgment, it degrades man to the level of the brute. Here was a young man, of respectable parentage, who by taking glass after glass, became a drunkard. Habitual intemperance unfitted him for any business—he became the tenant of a low grocery, the fumes from which, of a winter evening, were sickening; he became the slave of a low grocer—for, to earn a glass of whiskey, he would spend the day, and sometimes the night, in the salt marshes catching rats. When no longer able to earn his glass, he was turned out to die. After he breathed his last in a negro hut, his corpse was taken to a barn; by the charity of the pious alone was his dead body saved from exposure, and by the hands of drunkards he was carried to an ignoble grave, unwept and unregretted. And all this is only the degradation which it brings on the body! It is an immutable law of Jehovah, that no drunkard shall ever inherit the kingdom of God.

Drunkenness is thus characterized by Watson, an old Puritan divine:—"There is no sin which doth more efface God's image than drunkenness. It disguiseth a person and doth even unman him. Drunkenness makes him have the throat of a fish, the belly of a swine, and the head of an ass. Drunkenness is the shame of nature, the extinguisher of reason, the shipwreck of chastity, and the murder of conscience. Drunkenness is hurtful to the body—the cup kills more than the cannon. It causeth dropsies, catarrhs, apoplexies;—it fills the eyes with fire, and the legs with water, and turns the body into a hospital. But the greatest hurt it does is to the soul; excess of wine breeds the

worm of conscience. The drunkard is seldom reclaimed by repentance, and the ground of it is partly because, by his sin, the senses are so enchanted, the reason so impaired, and lust so inflamed; and partly it is judicial, the drunkard being so besotted by his sin, God saith of him, as of Ephraim, he is joined to his cups, let him alone; let him drown himself in liquor until he scorch himself in fire."

O reader, beware of drunkenness! it is a degrading, damning sin. If you have already so far yielded to temptation as to have acquired a relish for it, resolve now never to taste again the fiery liquid. Remember the fearful funeral of the drunkard.

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#### "THERE IS DEATH IN THE CUP"

IT is one of the characteristics of the human heart, that it loves to sympathize with sorrow and distress. Animal instinct will sometimes exhibit a momentary sympathy for a suffering companion; but it will be only momentary, lapsing quickly into the most stolid indifference. It is the distinguishing glory of human sympathy, that it dies not in the heart, but blooms forth in all "the sweet charities of life," prompting to deeds of active benevolence. Whenever man suffers, there the heart of his brother man, if obedient to its own best impulses, finds an exalted pleasure in soothing his sorrow and ministering to his necessities.

But the laws of human sympathy often present a strange anomaly. Suffering may be kept so continuously before the mind, and the eye may rest so long and so familiarly upon it, that it will cease to affect the heart. The fountain of sympathy will often become sealed and dry, at the very moment when it should pour forth its healing waters most copiously to cheer and beautify and bless.

This strange fact is daily illustrated, everywhere in our land, in the progress of Intemperance. Could the eye gaze for the



first time upon the work of His Destroyer, and upon its first victim, tracing out all the ruin which is brought with such deadly certainty upon man and all his interests, the heart would almost leap from its resting place in the human bosom, in its intense anxiety to rescue the victim from the grasp of the Destroyer. The ill-fated Laocoon himself could not have struggled with more desperate energy to release his dying sons from the crushing folds of those vengeful serpents that issued from the sea.

But, alas, the ravages of Intemperance are familiar to us as household words. The earliest look of our childhood rested upon them. They are mingled with all the impressions and memories of our boyhood and youth. In our riper years we have come to regard them as almost a part of "the order of nature" around us, so intimately blended with the other characteristics of society, that its very identity would seem doubtful without them. And, in accordance with this anomaly in the laws of human sympathy, the eye can now look coldly upon the struggling victim, and the heart turn carelessly away towards its own private interests; smothering a feeble emotion of pity, if need be, under the mean sophistry of Cain:—"Surely, I am not my brother's keeper."

Illustrations of this fact crowd upon the memory. I once saw a man, whose great prowess and physical strength had won for him the title of "the Lion-King." He stood forth in all his manly pride and beauty, a splendid specimen of the human form, the very magnus Apollo of his associates. I saw the Lion, that proud king of beasts, quail beneath the glance of his eye. The untamed Tiger sank down under the strength of his muscular arm. The Leopard and the Panther were tossed about by him, like the toys with which he had played in his childhood. And I thought, how worthily man had been styled "The lord of Creation."

But a few hours later, and this man lay prostrate in the dust. The light of his eye had gone out. No ray of intellect beamed forth from his countenance. The strength had departed from

his arm. His person had been stripped of its dignified and manly beauty. He lay, groveling and degraded, lower than the beasts that perish. What sudden calamity had befallen him? Did no strange terror seize upon his bewildered companions? Oh, no. They looked on in calm indifference, while rude boys sported around him. They said, it was nothing; he was only—*drunk*.

I remember in the days of my early boyhood, a lady, beautiful in person and accomplished in manners, who had been educated in the highest circles of refinement at the East. She was a wife and mother; admirably fitted to be "a crown of glory" to her husband, and a loving guardian to her children in their tender innocence and purity. And yet, how often was my childish wonder excited, as I saw that woman suddenly disrobed of all the loveliness of her sex, struck down from her high place in the family circle, and her woman's heart filled with such bitterness and hate, that her children fled from her presence for their personal safety. Was it some fearful disease, some terrible madness, or had God smitten her with His curse? Oh, no. Men laughed at her wildness and folly, and idle boys shouted after her in derision. Often and often have I seen her young girls, playmates of my childhood and companions of my schoolboy years, with their cheeks mantled in shame because the name of their mother was a by-word in the streets. But it was all nothing—*She was only drunk*.

The fact is, if we reflect upon the evils of Intemperance at all, we accustom ourselves to regard them only in the abstract, and to talk about them in vague generalities. They are doubtless bad enough in themselves, and a probable curse to society, but nothing about which we feel any personal interest or concern. We think that we ourselves are safe; for we stand on an eminence, where pride of character, or strength of will to control appetite, or the genial influence of virtuous associates, keep us within a charmed circle, far above the battle which is raging between life and this Destroyer of life.

So a man may stand upon some hill-top, overlooking the plain

where armies have met in hostile array, to settle the disputes or the jealousies of nations. And as the noise and clamor of the conflict break faintly on the ear, and as the eye catches glimpses of the struggling hosts through the clouds of smoke and dust that envelope them, he may have some feeble conceptions of the grandeur of the battle scene.

But if he wishes to learn what war is, let him come down from his lofty elevation, after the smoke and clamor and strife have passed away. And while the pale moon-beams are resting gently on the pale sleepers below, let him walk among the ranks of the dead and the dying; look steadily into the glazed eye or the haggard face upturned to his view; bend his ear low that he may listen to the faint gasp of the father, the brother, or the son, who dies far away from the loved ones at home, and is breathing out to the dull cold ear of death, that last wish or last prayer of the departing spirit, which would be treasured up so sacredly could it reach the ear of affection. How speedily then, will all impressions of the grandeur and glory of the battle-scene give place to the terrible conviction that War is, indeed, God's scourge to Nations.

The same course of observation will bring us to the same conviction, in regard to this Monster Vice, Intemperance. Whenever we cease to look upon it in the abstract, or to contemplate its ravages in the mass, and, coming down from our elevated and secure position, begin to estimate its enormities in minute detail, as they develop themselves in every day life around us, the heart must be callous, indeed, that will not open its fountains of sympathy, and pour forth streams for the relief of suffering Humanity. For, such observation shows us, that Intemperance is blighting, where it can, whatever is honorable, and lovely, and of good report among us. It breathes upon our prosperity and strength, and they wither away. It lays its polluting finger upon this beautiful and mysterious frame-work of the human body, which God himself has built up as a dwelling-place for the human soul, and its very bones and marrow are dried up and shrink back

to dust. It touches man's intellect, and the light and glory of the human mind go out in thick darkness. It clutches in its grasp the delicate chords of the human heart, and this fountain of social affections is changed into a stagnant pool of sluggish and bitter waters, exhaling their poisonous vapors along the very channels where love once flowed to bless and beautify. In its fiendish aspirations, it reaches up towards the human soul itself, that glorious representative of Divinity on earth, and life immortal yields to the death that never dies.

The simple, undisguised, naked truth is, *there is DEATH always in the Cup*. The work of Intemperance is the work of Death. Its mission among men is *to kill!* Always, everywhere, traced to the final consummation of its designs, and Death triumphs.

#### I. Intemperance kills man's Body.

This truth would force itself on every reflecting mind, even if drunkards were not daily dying around us. The laws that regulate and govern the human system, show that it must inevitably be so. God has set up this frame-work of the human body, as a most delicate and beautiful piece of mechanism, nicely adapted by His infinite wisdom to the action and control of its motive power, which we call "the animal spirits," or "the vital energy," or "life." This physical system requires regular and healthful nutriment, which is the process of repairing this machinery, and keeping it in order. But so long as it remains in perfect order, the motive power, from its own intrinsic qualities, is exactly suited to propel this machinery, in perfect harmony with the principles of its organization. It needs no nutriment, it requires no increase nor diminution, for God, its Author, has admirably adjusted it to the mechanism He has made.

Now, physiologists tell us that the human system can derive no nutriment from Alcohol. If taken into the stomach, as the great laboratory of the system, it cannot there be analyzed and worked over into new combinations of material, to be sent off to the various parts of the body as a supply for what has been

wasted or worn out. So far as it can act directly upon the system, it must therefore become a disorganizer, impairing the mechanism and deranging all its movements. With its fiery nature unchanged and uncontrolled, it comes through the veins, and along the nervous system, marking its pathway with festering corruption. Not finding any employment as a nourishing ingredient, it naturally engages in mischief; and seizing hold of the motive power, the vital energy, it distorts it from its purposes, and drives it on furiously to the destruction of what it was designed to regulate and keep in harmony. The result, sooner or later, is inevitable. As well might a drunken man be safely entrusted with the management of a Locomotive, as Alcohol be made the engineer of the human system, without driving the whole to ruin.

But facts upon this subject are more forcible than argument.

And most unfortunately for society, these facts present themselves to us on every hand, and within the experience of every one, old or young. There is not a neighborhood, and scarcely a family, in the land, that has not sent forth its victims to garnish the bloody altar of this Destroyer. Let any man of mature years, who has himself escaped from the wiles of the Tempter, look after the companions of his jovial youth, who reveled with him over the Wine Cups. Where are they now? Nine out of every ten of them have gone down to a Drunkard's grave. The progress sometimes may have been slow, but almost always sure and fatal. Judgment may have lingered, but the dread penalty has ultimately been paid. Sometimes a man may have indulged his appetite for strong drink, through years of apparent sobriety. He may never have reeled on the street, and his iron constitution may have resisted the corroding poison, until he is pointed at as evidence that there is no danger in his appetite. But let some violent disease take hold of his strong and muscular frame, and how quickly is it seen that the powers of his nature have been so burnt out by the fatal stimulus of years, that he must fall an easy and unresisting prey to the first enemy that approaches.

His tombstone tells, perhaps, of a sudden fever that was fatal, but the finger of the recording angel in Heaven has written that — "*he died a drunkard.*"

I remember at this moment a man of great physical strength, who had never been drunk in his life; and yet this vice had grown upon him, until a friend remonstrated with him one day on the street, and suggested the danger that threatened him. Said poor C., "If I thought that Brandy had ever injured me a particle, I would not taste another drop of it. But really I think you are unnecessarily alarmed; there is no danger for me, for I despise a drunkard."

They parted. But in less than one week poor C. died, "*with snakes in his boots,*" a raving victim of Delirium Tremens! A fever had seized his system; and all power of resistance having been destroyed, the Demon of strong drink asserted his supremacy and claimed his prey.

But, ordinarily, he does not thus disguise his approaches. He makes his assaults boldly, and publicly triumphs.

In an inland town of Ohio, a man of respectability and good business habits opened an extensive Liquor establishment, in the year 1837. His business enlarged, and his gains increased rapidly. He improved his grounds, erected a large and costly building, and was lauded as a man of fine public spirit. *But God cursed him!* In the course of five years, six young men who entered his employment, sober, industrious and respectable, had been carried from his establishment to a drunkard's grave; and in 1842 he himself died, a pauper, and his bloated body was carried to the potters' field, so marred and polluted that the undying affection of his wife could alone recognize any traces of its former manliness.

The work of destruction by drunkenness is becoming more and more rapid every year; either because liquors are adulterated with more noxious ingredients, or because as light increases on the subject, God is marking it more directly with His curse. If the depraved appetite once acquire the mastery, little less than

a miracle can now snatch the poor sufferer from the death that awaits him.

Oh, how familiar have we all been made with the sad and fearful process! We have seen the eye becoming dim and lustreless, as darkness settled over this window of the soul. We have seen the lineaments of intellectual expression fade away from the countenance. We have seen the manly and dignified form bowed down and wasted by premature decay. We have seen disease and loathsome corruption sucking up the life-blood drop by drop, eating and rioting upon the physical system, until susceptibility to suffering was almost the only attribute of humanity left to the dying body. And when the hand of Charity has covered up the mortal remains in the inanimate earth, committing "dust to its kindred dust," we have almost expected to see the shuddering earth reject the claim of kindred set up to it by such pollution.

Surely, the work of Intemperance is the work of Death!

II. It destroys man's intellect.

If its work stopped with the body, it would seem to be bad enough; but when it takes hold of the intellect and lays the mind in ruins, it has wrought destruction indeed!

Mind is so much superior to matter, that some philosophers have supposed it to be the whole of man. It is indeed in some respects all of his nature that is worth caring for. God himself, in the historic record of man's creation, has given to intellect a rank and dignity infinitely exalted above the mere animal life. "And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became"—what? a beautiful animal? a splendid piece of mechanism, instinct with life and motion? No, no. The record does not even name his physical nature, as worthy of a moment's thought. "Man," it says, "became, a *living soul*." This living soul was breathed into his body, to fit him for the grade he was to occupy in the scale of creation, "a little lower than the angels." Intellect, therefore, holds its seat in the brain of man dome placed, where it can look forth as from a watch-tower, downwards to the earth

over which it is to exercise a beneficent dominion, and upwards toward Heaven, to which it is taught to aspire as the place of its rest, its final home.

But the Demon of Intemperance labors to thwart the designs of God's providence; and when man yields himself to its control, the work is speedily accomplished. It lays its polluting touch upon the delicate tissues of the brain, and reason reels from her throne. The eye becomes lustreless, because the mind no longer looks forth from its windows. The countenance loses its expression, because the bright beams of intellect no longer play over its surface. The once manly form is robbed of its uprightness and beauty, because its inhabitant has become palsied and powerless. It crumbles back to its native dust, because the living soul has ceased to care for and control it.

The ravages of Intemperance upon the intellect are even more marked than its effects upon man's physical nature. Long before the body has sunk beneath the weight of its accumulated misery, the mind has often sacrificed its best powers to this insatiate Destroyer. Reason, judgment, correct perceptions, pride of character, the moral sense, all emotions of the good, the beautiful, the true, everything that elevates him above the brute beasts, are gone from him for ever. He still breathes, and walks, and utters half articulate sounds, made up of profanity and obscene jests; but he only retains the outward semblance of humanity, without any of its higher attributes.

But there is often exhibited a worse phase of intellectual death than even this. The Destroyer sometimes seizes hold of the powers of the mind, while in full activity and strength, and so distorts them from right purposes that they are turned in on themselves and fall victims to their own violence. Retribution begins its work in this life, and the poor sufferer is "tormented before his time." Delirium tremens adds its untold horrors to all the other anguish of the chafed and self-accusing spirit. Wild vagaries of the brain, fantastic shapes of evil, hover about the mind and goad it on to madness. The more ridiculous and ab-



surd they may appear to the calm looker on, the more horridly real are they to the victim of their delusions.

A short time ago a physican of my acquaintance was sent for to see an old friend. He found him sitting by the fire, and apparently in his usual health, except that he was looking somewhat despondent. Said he, "Doctor, I want some of the medicine you used to give me." The doctor did not understand him, for he had not been called to prescribe for him for a long while. He had formerly been an intemperate man, and had once or twice been attacked with delirium. But for some time he had belonged to the Order of the Sons, and been quite a changed man, kind and pleasant in his family, and prosperous in his affairs. "The fact is, doctor," said he, "I have broken my pledge; and though my brethren are not aware of it, I have been drinking too much, and am now suffering from it. I know the symptoms too well, doctor," said he with a shudder. "You must give me something to quiet my nerves, and give it strong, too."

"I can even now see spiders and mice and rats crawling around over the floor here; and though I know very well it's all a delusion now, it will be a horrid reality to me before long, unless you help me." And the strong man shook in his chair, as he thought of the future. The doctor made a prescription suited to his condition, and left him. About midnight, he was sent for in haste, as his friend was said to be worse. When he entered the room, he found him stalking over the floor, brandishing a billet of wood, and his eyes glaring with madness. Everything was in confusion around him, the bed was torn in pieces, his poor wife was cowering in one corner in her night clothes, he had nailed up the bureau and the stair-door, and was for the moment "monarch of all he surveyed." As soon as he saw the doctor, he sprang towards him with a shout.

"Ha! ha! doctor, I've got 'em. I've got 'em! Don't you see? Look at that stair-door there! Look at this bureau here! Haven't I got 'em, though? There! Don't you hear the devils? But I've got 'em. Ha! ha!"

Suddenly his mood changed, and he shrank away, and crouched in a corner, moaning piteously and helpless as a wailing infant. This was all imaginary to be sure, and the grossest delusion of his heated brain; but a few such delusions will change that man into a driveling idiot.

I once saw a poor fellow in rags come up and sign the Washingtonian pledge, and relate with great simplicity, while the tears ran down his cheeks, some portions of his sad experience. He was a young man of talent, the son of a Presbyterian minister, and had been well educated. I can never forget how he shuddered, when he spoke of the horrors of delirium tremens. One instance of its hallucinations, he described particularly.

He had slept at a tavern in town, where the landlord furnished his customers with bad liquors in the daytime, and worse beds at night. The delirium seized him at midnight. He said "he was aroused by a noise on the stairs. He started up in bed and listened. Soon he saw a strange light in the room; then a large book with a cord attached came in under the door and seemed to crawl over the floor as if alive. It came up the bedpost on to the bed, grappled his flesh, and he was drawn out of bed, down the stairs, into the street, where red-hot cylinders were rolling over one another, into the midst of which he was plunged until total unconsciousness ended his agony." This was so absurd a phantasy, that some of us smiled. Said he, "I do not blame you for smiling; it is a foolish thing, I know; but it was a sad reality to me. My landlord was aroused from his bed by an unusual noise about the house, and he found me lying in my night-clothes on the frozen ground before his street-door, senseless." It had been a terrible reality indeed to him. No physical force had touched him, yet this mania of the mind had literally dragged him from his bed at midnight and thrust him into the street, with the power of a whole legion of devils.

This young man was reformed, and sat once more "clothed and in his right mind." The hand of sympathy and kindness raised him up to respectability and virtue. With regular em-

ployment, as a school-teacher, he became prosperous and happy. But alas, there is Death always in the Cup! One day, as he was passing a low groggery, some of his old companions hailed him, and dragged him over its rotten door-sill. They coaxed him to drink with them, but he steadily refused. They said, he must at least treat his new Temperance principles; and some of them held him, while the vile keeper forced the glass to his lips. Oh, it was such a rich joke to see poor J., "take a little," just for his stomach's sake.

*That little* waked up the Demon within him. Before night he was a maniac on the streets, and in one week he died. He died alone, at midnight, in a stable. The iron hook with its living prongs had grappled him indeed, and the red-hot cylinders had rolled over him! Surely the work of Intemperance is the work of Death!

III.—It is Death, also, to the Social affections.

If the victim could only fall alone, though he dies a double death of body and of mind, society might still bear it. His place, it is true, would be vacant, and all his duties to society left unperformed; but the waves of forgetfulness would soon close over him, and all things move on as before. Man, however, is so constituted that he cannot live or fall alone. There are affections of the heart, which are ever interweaving themselves with the affections of kindred hearts. The holiest and best feelings of his nature bind him to wife and children and friends. The highest happiness and the highest dignity of man are attained in the home circle; at the domestic fireside, where love is unstained by impurity, and where all the sweet charities of life bloom in unselfish luxuriance.

But how the Demon of strong drink loves to riot and waste amid such scenes as this! The process of destruction is short, certain and complete. It tears away from the heart of man his holiest sympathies and purest emotions, implanting, in their stead, indifference, neglect, bitterness, and hate.

The very heaviest curse of Drunkenness falls upon the loved

ones of home. Let death, in any of its ordinary forms, invade the family circle, striking down the father, the brother, or the son, and there are a thousand sources of consolation opened to the mourning and bereaved spirit. The memories of former joys, of loving intercourse, of tender parting words, of holy aspirations reaching beyond the grave, all shed their soothing influence into the heart, and are cherished among its sacred treasures. But if the heart die while the body lives, if the holy light of affection goes out or is changed into the lurid flame of passion, if bitterness and cursing and coarse abuse take the place of loving, tender words, where is there a solace for the grief that settles down upon the soul—"a grief that has no outlet—no relief in word or sign or tear!"

The home of every drunkard in the land, if the word *home* can be applied to an abode of so much wretchedness, is exhibiting daily just such transformations. While the heart of the drunkard dies in his breast, it dies not alone. For, he has stood in the midst of his family like the majestic oak, around whose branches the loving vine weaves its tendrils, and at whose foot the blushing flowers seek the dancing sunshine. When his heart is scathed and blasted by the consuming fires of Intemperance, the withered and falling leaves of his decayed affections carry with them blight and mildew wherever they are scattered. The pure loveliness of woman, and the sweet innocence of childhood, which had nestled around him for protection and support, droop and fade away, as at the touch of death.

The father of a family has a high and holy mission to fulfil. He stands the acknowledged head of the domestic circle, the high-priest of the household, the law-giver, and the judge. His children instinctively look up to him with reverence, mingled with love. He is to them, in their unreflecting childhood, in the place of God. They are proud of his manliness and strength, they confide in his ability to protect and guard them from danger, they nestle close into his great loving heart as a safe retreat from all evil. But let that heart, like the drunkard's, mock and spurn

them; meeting their attempted caresses with cursing and bitterness; changing the eye of love into the stern look of the tyrant; shocking their natural sense of justice by repeated acts of unreasonable and brutal violence; and there is a dark and gloomy pall thrown over the affections, the hopes, the aspirations of childhood, such as long years cannot remove. They have grown old before their time. They may still wear the outward semblance of childhood and youth, but their hearts have grown gray with premature sorrow.

It is still worse than this, with the devoted and faithful wife.

Earth can present no holier subject of contemplation, than the confiding love of a pure-minded woman. She has stood at the altar, and consecrated to the object of her heart's worship, all its most sacred and well garnered treasures. Her whole being has become his, not by a slavish and reluctant surrender, but drawn to him gently by the sweet compulsions of love. The beauties and grace of her person are attractive in her own eye, and only because they meet his admiration; the stores of intellectual culture, and the "adornings of a meek and quiet spirit," are all the more highly prized, because they win and secure his manly affection. She has left a father's protecting care, a mother's cherishing fondness, the proud regard of a brother, and a sister's tender love, trusting to find them all restored to her in a husband's devotedness.

But the Demon of strong drink enters her beautiful Eden. The fatal plague-spot appears upon her husband's cheek, the lineaments of manly beauty fade away from his countenance, words of kindness die upon his lips, the grasp of the Destroyer is upon his heart strings, and they are sundered rudely and forever.

Is it strange that her own heart dies within her bosom? Is it strange that those streams of pure affection, which flowed forth so joyously, spreading the music of rippling waters among the green vales of home, are now turned back in a sluggish course, to settle in stagnant pools around the fountain head? Why?

her home was her empire, where her heart reigned it among gentle and loyal subjects; losing it, she has lost her all. Man, perchance, may suffer from blighted or misplaced affection; but he can go forth into the world, and in its ambitious struggles for fame or wealth or power, forget or find a solace for a wounded spirit. But, alas, for woman! True to the holy instincts of her nature, she must "love on through all ills, and love on till she dies." Like the fabled mistletoe —

"That clings to the oak, not in part,  
But with leaves close around it, the root in its heart,  
She lives but to twine it, imbibe the same dew,  
Or fall with her loved oak, and perish there too."

The utter and hopeless ruin brought upon her affections, is a desolation worse than death. Could the surgeon's knife, guided by some strange scientific skill, take out the warm and palpitating heart from its resting-place in her bosom, and insert in its stead a nest of vipers, to coil and writhe and sting for a lifetime, it would be a merciful kindness to her, compared with the ravages of this Demon of strong drink.

Surely, the work of Intemperance is the work of Death!

IV.—It is death to the Soul.

But cannot the destroyer be satisfied with less than this? Is it not enough that he has killed the body, prostrated the intellect, laid waste the affections, and extended his curse to wife and child and friend? Alas! "*No Drunkard shall inherit eternal life.*" This fearful truth needs little illustration. God has said it, let man tremble and beware.

This Destroyer is more insatiate than the grave; his power reaches beyond it, into the far off future. He visits the soul with a death that never dies. The poor victim—

———"Lives on in his pain,  
With a fire in his heart and a fire in his brain;  
Sleep can visit him never,  
But the curse must rest on him forever and ever!"

Have you ever thought what the human soul is? Have you ever estimated its almost boundless capabilities? Have you watched it expanding its powers under the genial influences of learning, until it has put on, one by one, attributes that ally it to Divinity? Have you followed it when it has laid aside this "mortal coil," and soared away, a free spirit in Eternity! Oh, the inimitable extent of this terrible curse that falls upon it!

Some vindictive Power, little less than Omnipotent, might climb up the heavens and strike the glorious Sun from its orbit, bringing darkness and desolation upon God's beautiful creation around us, but all this ruin would be less than the destruction of a single soul. For, the time will come, when "these Heavens shall be rolled together as a scroll, and the very elements shall melt with fervent heat;" but even then this soul will live on, and on, and on. Designed by its Creator for glory, honor, and immortality in Heaven, it has been snatched away from its high destiny; and, as a willing slave to Sin, it must now "eat the fruit of its own ways,"—shame, reproach, and everlasting contempt.

Surely, the work of Intemperance is the work of Death!

But I have, after all, given only a faint portrayal of the work of Intemperance, *in a single case*. It is a mere dim outline of its personal effects. Multiply these effects by *thirty or fifty thousand*, and you then only begin to estimate the ravages of this monster Vice in our land for a single year.

Friend of Humanity! There is work to be done—a mighty work! If man's body is to be rescued from this physical destruction, if the light of his intellect is to burn brightly on, if his social nature is to bloom with the fragrance of love, if his soul is to live in Heaven like the stars that shine forever, if the pure loveliness of woman, and the sweet innocence of childhood are to be saved from the glance and the touch of the Destroyer, then, **UP! AND WORK FOR YOUR LIFE!**

## A TALE OF THE DESTROYER

During a residence of some years in Europe, I became acquainted with the history of one of those unfortunate beings which the demon Intemperance delights to make his prey; one of that class at which he has ever hurled his death-dealing darts; delighting to soil, with his desolating touch, the laurels that would otherwise be green and glorious—I allude to the "Sons of Genius."

Albert Kent is a name unknown to fame; not because its possessor had not talent sufficient to enable him to do things worthy of being remembered, and written on the imperishable pages of history, but rather because while one hand was building up his reputation as a genius, the other was equally active in establishing his claim to the title of a drunken profligate. The first time his name attracted my attention, was when, on passing through one of the manufacturing towns of England, I saw a group of people gazing at something in the window of a picture-dealer; and my curiosity being excited, I joined the crowd, and beheld a painting of very superior merit; one, indeed, that gave me the highest opinion of the artist as a man of genius.

On asking one of the gentlemen if he knew by whom the picture was painted, the whole crowd turned and looked at me in mute astonishment; as if to express their wonder that any one should be so ignorant of the author of *that picture*. But on discovering from my general appearance that it was a stranger who made the inquiry, they at once informed me that "Poor Kent" was the artist. "Poor Kent," thought I to myself; and can the producer of such a gem as that be poor? The unsatisfied expression that my countenance wore on receiving this short reply, made the gentleman whom I addressed, comprehend the state of my feelings; and looking me in the face with a kind and yet pitiful smile, he remarked, "You seem to be unacquainted with Mr. Kent, sir."



"Indeed I am," I replied, "but should like to become acquainted with him, if it is in your power to afford me that pleasure, sir."

"Ah!" said my friend, with a sorrowful countenance, "that I cannot do; but if you will accompany me to my home, I will give you something of his history;" and, putting his arm in mine, we turned away from the window."

"I have felt much interest in that poor man," he added, as we wended our way in the direction of his dwelling, "and as you seem anxious to know something of him, it will afford me pleasure to gratify you, though the tale is a sorrowful one."

On arriving at our destination I was shown into the parlor, which was furnished in the true English style, snug and neat; tastefully and elegantly adorned, it seemed to speak to my very soul, whispering, this is home.

"That, sir," said my friend, pointing to a painting enclosed in a frame, beautifully ornamented with scroll work and flowers of burnished gold, "that, sir, is one of the productions of poor Kent, which I learned was in the possession of the tavern-keeper, where our unfortunate friend was in the habit of spending much of his time. This work he sold to the landlord for *Two Pounds Ten*, most of which he spent in that very house, in drinking and treating a gang of those 'hangers on,' who ever follow in the wake of generous-hearted genius, to feast on the life's blood of their victims. I purchased this picture, the last but one he ever produced, from the heartless dealer in liquid death, for Ten Pounds, who exulted over the excellent bargain he had made as he jingled the ten pieces of gold in his pocket."

The subject of the picture to which my attention was called, was taken from the "Tempest," and represented Miranda at the moment when she replies to Ferdinand's inquiry of "wherefore weep you?" She answers him:

"At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer  
What I desire to give; and much less take  
What I shall die to want!"

The trembling, weeping beauty, blushing through her tears, and yet half confiding, stands before the noble youth her heart is doting on, with that maiden innocence and loveliness that the great poet has given her; and a better rendering of the passage I never beheld, though the subject has been a favorite one with many of our best artists.

Another of his productions which much interested me, was "A Mother Teaching Her Child His Evening Prayer." Bowed by her side with clasped hands, his eyes are fixed in a dreamy gaze upon the features of a sleeping babe lying in his mother's lap; the kneeling boy is evidently thinking more of his little brother, than of what his mother is saying. We fancy we hear him repeating, mechanically, the words which are uttered for him, while his thoughts and youthful imagination are in that land of which he has heard, and where his parent has told him his little sister has gone; and, looking upon the sleeping babe, he wonders if he, too, will go and be an angel. I could not look upon that little dreaming face without shedding tears for the days of innocence gone by in my own life; and without weeping, that the heart that had conceived, and the hand that had embodied so much of innocence and sweetness should ever be contaminated by sin, and that sin intemperance.

"Kent," remarked my friend, breaking in upon the train of melancholy musing that had begun to flood my soul, "in his early days, was the pride of his parents. His talents were early discovered, and he was placed by his father under the instruction of a competent teacher; his progress was rapid and cheering, and he soon found himself in possession of an excellent studio, with commissions for portraits from his most distinguished townsmen. But finding his taste for a more extended field of art increasing, he resolved to visit London, and perfect his knowledge of the human figure, and then devote himself to historical subjects rather than to portraiture. While in London, he became acquainted with the late and lamented Sir David Wilkie. The works of that artist pleased him more than anything he had yet

seen, and had a great influence upon his style, and rural scenes and cottage life became the subjects of his pencil.

While he was in London his father died, and he prepared to return and settle again in his native village. But, alas! in that great city of sin, he had contracted that fatal habit, which has proved the destruction of so many thousands of the noblest of earth's children. On his return he was met by the companions of his youth, who came to congratulate him on the success which had crowned his new attempts, as well as to console him for the loss of his parent; but in a few months, many of these very companions were his constant attendants. They had found out his weak points, and while they came professing admiration for his works, they in reality thought a great deal more of his cheerful company, and the wine which his purse could, and did, afford them, than they did of his talented productions; the former they could appreciate because more congenial with their already established habits; it was not long before most of his time was consumed by these vampires. Frequently he tried to cast off this habit, which he found was chaining him with its links of agony; but after every calm came a storm, more fearful and desolating than the one which had preceded it. His mother, mortified and heart-broken, soon followed her companion to the grave, and Kent, freed from every tie which had bound him at all to society, now gave himself up to the most abandoned dissipation.

"I have seen him," continued my friend, "drunken, ragged and filthy, standing at the corner of the street, and railing at and cursing the passers by, so that the police in pity have taken and shut him up until he should become sober. I have seen him, sir, followed by crowds of boys, hooting at him and making sport of his wretchedness, and I have wept to see the temple of the soul so basely defiled! But for him there was no hope, he felt it; he knew it; and yielded to the chain that he had suffered to be coiled around him in his unthinking moments, when he took the first glass! Unprincipled and unfeeling men have made large

sums of money by getting him to paint pieces for them for little more than the drink he consumed while employed upon them. Thus he was enticed toward his ruin!"

"And how," I eagerly inquired, "did he terminate his unhappy existence?" feeling, at the same time, an instinctive horror through my nerves, for I had pictured him dying, neglected and alone, in the very depths of poverty and wretchedness.

"His death, sir, was a fearful one, and such as I never wish to hear of again. He had been for nearly four weeks employed on a work, which it was confidently believed would be the best thing he had ever produced, as he was offered a very good price by one of our wealthy and benevolent gentlemen, if he would but abandon his cups and paint him a picture representing a ship-wrecked mariner, a scene in the life of the gentleman himself, and the one we were so lately admiring.

Kent accomplished his work to the satisfaction of all; and promising his friend, in the most solemn manner, that he would never again touch the destroyer, he was paid the sum agreed upon. He purchased himself new clothing, and appeared like a man again. Hope, once more, revived in the hearts of those who were his sincere friends and well wishers. But in an evil hour he drank again, and then gave himself up to revel and to riot. Many endeavored to save him, but it was too late—too late; the cords of the fiery fiend had bound him on the altar of sacrifice.

Maddened and goaded on by the demon drink, he struck, in his drunken revel, one of those who had been instrumental in bringing him to that fearful precipice, and who was then as drunk as himself. A fight ensued; the keeper of that 'man-trap' ordered them out, and fighting their way to the door, Kent was thrown; when his fiendish antagonist seized him by the feet and dragged him down the steps—poor Kent was killed!"

## THE TWO CLERKS

"When I get through with Haler, I shall set up in business for myself; and I tell you what, Harry, I shall make money hand over fist."

"So you may think, Charles, but like hundreds of others, you will be disappointed."

"Not exactly. I know what I shall do, and I will succeed admirably. I have been somewhat observing, and noticed what business produces the greatest profit with the least capital, and how those men manage who become rich."

"What business do you contemplate entering upon, when you become of age?"

"That's a secret yet; but I know."

"All I have to say is, that you will be disappointed. If I can make a good living and lay by a little every year I shall be satisfied."

"A little won't satisfy me, that I assure you. I intend to become rich."

Henry Welby was the son of a poor widow. His mother had early instilled into his mind judicious and valuable precepts. From childhood he was taught that a good name and spotless character were invaluable to an individual—more precious than gold. A strict regard for truth, and a tender sympathy for the unfortunate and suffering, had ever characterized the boy. Mrs. Welby had the satisfaction of seeing her son practice upon the instructions he had received from his mother. No oath polluted his lips—no falsehood marred his character, and no vice leprosed his heart. Kind and generous, faithful and industrious, he won the encomiums of his neighbors, and when of a suitable age, was solicited by Mr. Haler, a wholesale grocer, to enter his store.

Charles Ingalls was the reverse of Henry in almost everything. He was brought up by indulgent parents, who were in

easy circumstances, and suffered too often to follow the bent of his inclination without being checked. His father did not believe it to be his duty to severely correct his son, when guilty of a wrong act, and would often suffer him to pursue his own course without a word of advice. The parents of Charles were of that class who look more to the appearance than at the heart. If a boy appears well in company, is particular in his dress, and is constantly aping the foolish fashions of the day, with such all is well: the lad must make a smart and active man. Thus Charles was suffered to grow up, following the bent of his perverse nature, till he was of a suitable age to do something towards his own support. His father was anxious to put him in a lawyer's office, deeming the profession of the law the height of respectability. No opportunity presenting, he finally secured a place for his boy at the store of Mr. Haler.

The wholesale merchant was a gentleman of middle age, who did an extensive business, and was reputed to be rich. He had one or two older clerks in his employ, when Henry and Charles entered his store. These lads generally lived on good terms with each other; but occasionally a dispute would arise between them on account of the overbearing disposition of Charles. He was determined at times to have his own way, no matter how much it interfered with his companions. But as Henry was kind and yielding, and seldom manifested angry or revengeful feelings, the lads, on the whole, lived on pleasant terms.

The young men had been in the employ of Mr. Haler several years, when the conversation at the beginning of our story took place. They had often conversed on the business they would pursue in after life, and while Henry insisted that small gains and a safe business were to be preferred, his companion declared that nothing would satisfy him but large profits and an extensive trade. It was seldom that Charles spent an evening at home with his parents, or at the house of his master. In the summer season he would walk the streets with his companions,

engaged in idle conversation, while in winter he would resort to some shop, where he passed his time in profitless amusements, if not vicious pursuits. On the contrary, Henry improved his leisure hours in reading and study. His evenings were generally passed at home, reading some useful book or paper, or in drawing or writing. His companions were chosen from those who were industrious, and thought more of the improvement of the mind and heart, than the decoration of person, or the gratification of the appetite.

It was not infrequently that Henry inquired of his companion, on returning at night, where he had passed the evening. "Oh, I have had a fine time," would be his reply.

"Why don't you read more?" once said Henry to him.

"I don't love to read; and besides, I get but little time, you know."

"You have as much time as I do, and in the course of a few months past, I have read a dozen volumes, besides various periodicals."

"But you read evenings, while I am enjoying myself."

"If you would take my advice, Charles—and I think it's good advice, and in the end you will find it so—I would say, don't go into the society of the idle and frivolous. There bad habits are contracted which lead to everything that is bad."

"No, Harry, you know nothing about it. If you could go with us and enter into our sports, you would be happy."

"That is what I have no desire to do."

All the persuasion of the virtuous youth could not produce the desired effect. Charles spent his time in idleness and folly, made a fine appearance in society, and took pride in his dress and exterior deportment.

A few years passed, and the young men had completed their clerkships. Welby, by the earnest solicitation of the merchant, was persuaded to remain in his employ another year for a specified salary, while Ingalls commenced business for himself. The father of Charles had prospered, and now put capital in his son's hands to commence with. He engaged a large store, and

had it filled with groceries of the first quality, not forgetting to parade his casks of rum, brandy, gin, etc. He also erected a bar in his store for the retail of spirits. So here was the secret of his money making. Day by day the shop of Ingalls was crowded by purchasers and loafers—for the latter tribe are the necessary result of a bar. Pass by his store at any hour of the day, and you will hear the rattling of glasses and decanters, and the impure conversation attendant upon such business. If you had taken a look within, you would have seen Charles or his clerk behind the counter, dealing out to the miserable and poor as well as to the decent and well dressed, what has not inappropriately been called "distilled damnation." Early and late was the shop open to visitors. Passing one day, Henry entered the store, and inquired of his friend, "what success he met with in his business."

"I do finely," said he.

"I regret," said Henry, "that you have erected that bar—because I believe it will have an injurious tendency."

"I could not get along without it," said Charles, "I realize more profit from the sale of spirits than from all my other business."

"But only consider how much misery you are instrumental of producing. Doubtless many a poor wife and mother is suffering, because, for a little gain, you put the intoxicating glass to the lips of the husband and father."

"If I didn't sell to them somebody else would, and I should lose the profit."

"That you don't know, and if it were so, that is no excuse for you."

"I don't care, I will sell spirits as long as I can get purchasers."

"You will regret it at some future day, I have no question."

"But I shall sell, and it's nobody's business. I do wish our community was rid of the confounded meddlers. I have a right to dispose of what I please. This is a free country, and the first



man that insults me for selling liquor, I will order from my shop."

"Don't get angry, friend Ingalls, I am only speaking for your good."

"Well, I don't thank you for it. There is a set of men about now-a-days, that do nothing but interfere with other men's business. They are determined to compel us to give up selling spirits; but their efforts shall be in vain. They talk about prosecution and the like, thinking that we are fools enough to pay attention to what they say and do. No, we have more manliness about us."

"But, friend, don't you think it would be for your interest not to retail rum? You know there are a great many people in this community who look upon your business as not respectable, and on that account will not enter your store to purchase a single article. If you should relinquish the sale, or even empty your casks into the street, I think it would be greatly for your interest in the end—I am certain it will be so."

"I know better than that. No inducement whatever would prevail upon me now. Since so much has been said, I will sell and risk the consequences."

"I know you will regret it," and just as he spoke a half dozen poor and miserable beings entered the shop and called for spirits, and Henry left, grieving over the conduct of his friend.

"In a year or two Ingalls had become attached to his cups, and it was said that occasionally he was seen intoxicated. However that may be, his business gradually fell off, and it was with difficulty that he sustained himself day by day. He neglected his shop, and idled away his time with unsteady companions, spending money and contracting intemperate habits. Thus inattentive to business, he soon failed and had to give up. On settling with his creditors, Ingalls could pay little more than twenty per cent.; the remainder had been sponged from him by his companions, and squandered in vicious pursuits. After idling

about for five or six months, he started west in pursuit of business.

Welby continued with Haler for one year. He had been so faithful to his employer while a clerk, and had behaved with so much propriety, that his master concluded to take him into equal co-partnership. This was an honor entirely unexpected to Henry, and the prospect was bright before him. Mr. Haler had been doing an extensive business, and was now quite wealthy. The responsibility of the concern was thrown upon Henry, and no man was better qualified to sustain it. Diligent and persevering, virtuous and honest, he had received the approbation and respect of all who knew him. As a citizen and neighbor Welby was of great service. He was one of the most active members of the Temperance Society, and by his exertions a large amount of good had been accomplished. He went among the poor inebriates, and persuaded them to forsake their intemperate habits, while he advised those who dealt in spirit to relinquish the sale of it. He was a friend to virtue, and a benefactor of the poor.

Welby had been in business but a few years, when he led to the hymeneal altar the beautiful and accomplished daughter of his partner, Mr. Haler. From early youth he had been partial to Ellen. Her sweet disposition, her graceful manners, and her industrious habits, had won his affections. Unlike multitudes that surrounded her, she thought more of her heart than her face, the improvement of the mind than the decoration of her person; and would rather spend her time at work or in study than at the theatre or in pacing the streets. Two more congenial spirits were seldom united. The marriage day was a happy one to their friends and neighbors, as well as to themselves. Everybody loved Ellen Haler and Henry Welby, and now they received the smiles and good wishes of all, and many a prayer was offered, that the bright morning of their days might not be clouded with sorrow.

Several years passed and Welby continued to prosper in

business, while the influence he exerted around him was healthy and salutary. About once a year he would leave his native place and journey to the South—partly on business, and partly for pleasure. One season he travelled as far as New Orleans with his wife. One morning as they were passing the street, they noticed a crowd gathered, and on inquiring the cause of the difficulty, they learned that a poor fellow had been caught, who a few nights before had broken into a store, and robbed it of a considerable amount. While moving along, the officer of justice appeared with the prisoner, and a single glance revealed to Welby the countenance of his former companion, Charles Ingalls.

"Can it be possible, Ellen, that this is Charles?" said he.

"I believe in my heart it is," said his wife; another look convinced them.

His dress was very shabby—he bore the imprint of vice and intemperance—but he was hurried on, and they lost sight of him.

Henry had concluded to leave New Orleans on that day, but the situation of his old friend induced him to remain, in the hope that he should have an opportunity of seeing him. After several inquiries, he learned the next day that Charles was in jail, and thither he bent his steps—he was permitted to see the prisoner—on entering the cell he found that he did not mistake the man, worn and altered as he had become; but the thief did not recognize Henry.

"My friend," said Welby, "I am sorry to see you in this condition, and would that I could be of some service to you."

"O, sir," said the prisoner, "intemperance has brought me here. For the last five or six years I have been miserable. I have suffered in body and mind more than I can express."

"Have you no friends?"

"I had friends once, but I left them. I had parents, but I have not seen or heard from them for several years. If I had performed my duty—lived as I ought to live—I should never have come to this."

"Of what crime do you stand charged?"

"Sir—I—am a thief!" and the tears gushed from his eyes. "I was in liquor and was persuaded to steal, by those who have left me to suffer. Oh, that I had my life to live over again! How different would be my course! Then if a friend advised me, I would hearken to him."

"I sympathize with you, and if it were in my power, I would release you from prison, that you might be a better man."

"Sir, who may I call you? I have found no one to sympathize in my sorrow, and to speak a friendly word to me since I left my native place. Who may I call you?"

"My name is Henry Welby."

"Good heavens! my old friend and companion—in truth, it is he. I know your voice—your looks," and the poor fellow could say no more for very joy.

After a few minutes, Charles related all that had befallen him since he left Portland. In truth, he had suffered by land and by water. Often he was deprived of all the necessaries of life, and yet he continued to drink, till he was over-persuaded by a gang of villains to steal.

When Henry left the prison, he promised to exert himself to the uttermost to obtain the release of his intemperate, but, as he now believed, penitent friend. After remaining in New Orleans a week or more, he finally had the satisfaction of taking Ingalls by the arm and leading him from the prison. He was furnished with suitable clothing, and sufficient money given him to pay his passage home. When he arrived, he was taken as clerk into the store of Haler and Welby, where for years he conducted himself with the utmost propriety. A drop of liquor never again entered his lips, he became one of the most efficient members of the Temperance Society, and is now using his strongest endeavors to advance the glorious cause. He was lately united to a worthy woman. The debt he owes his friend, he often repeats he cannot pay. "And but for you," he recently

told him, "I should now be a miserable outcast—a vagabond and a curse."

Such is the influence of kindness! How glorious the results! Ye who have embarked in the temperance cause, be gentle and kind, persuade and entreat, and take by the hand those who err, and you will accomplish an amount of good that can only be rewarded in eternity.

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### THE HISTORY OF A NEIGHBORHOOD

"It always amuses me to hear you temperance men talk of Temperance and Intemperance; one would think in listening to you, that there is no virtue but the one, and no sin or evil but the other."

Such was a remark made at a tea-table, one fine evening last summer, by a young lady, who had been listening to an animated discussion upon the evils of intemperance, and the sin and shame of the Traffic in Intoxicating Drinks.

"Well," said the host, "we'll postpone the matter till after tea, when we will take a walk, if you please, and I shall be able to give you some illustration of the Evils of Intemperance."

As they stepped out of the door upon the platform, the sun was sinking in the west, and the sky was adorned with a gorgeous drapery of clouds, brilliant with every color of the rainbow; the extensive landscape which lay outspread before them, with the White Hills distinctly projected against the sky in the distance, was one of great beauty. "O," exclaimed the lady al-luded to, "what a superb sunset, what a charming landscape!" after a pause, she archly asked, "why don't you say, what a glorious world this would be to live in, but for Intemperance?"

"Well," rejoined the host, "I adopt the sentiment, and say this would be indeed a glorious world for us to live in, but for Intemperance, its causes and consequences. Now, observe, noth-

ing meets the eye, as we gaze upon this beautiful scene, but objects of loveliness; everything is peaceful, and one would suppose that where there is so much to make men happy, they should be so. Observe that house nearly opposite; it was built and owned by an industrious man and good citizen, who fell into habits of intemperance, and at last died in consequence of them; the house was subsequently occupied by two families successively, both of which were ruined by the intemperance of the fathers and the sons.

"This next house upon the right, a widow lives there; her husband hung himself in the attic, in a paroxysm of delirium tremens. The next house was occupied by a widower and two sons; the former committed suicide while in a fit of intoxication; both of the latter were miserable inebriates, and one of them died of *mania à potu*."

As they proceeded upon their proposed walk, the host remarked, that he would describe to them some of the mischiefs arising from Intemperance, from which they could judge whether temperance men could be fairly charged with exaggerating the evils of that terrible vice—or the benefits of the virtue of Temperance.

A few steps brought them to a broad street adorned with fine houses, and a double row of trees upon each side. No city in the country can show a more beautiful street, if taken in connection with its ample width, its extent, the palaces, almost, upon either hand, and particularly its multitude of noble trees, which stretch nearly across it, and afford a refreshing shade during the heat of summer. They all paused; "Here," continued the host, "you will say, intemperance surely must be unknown; none but the rich, refined and educated, can dwell here, and they will not, to any great extent, be addicted to intemperance."

"Now, let us see; this first house was built and owned by a man who fell into habits of intemperance, and died of delirium tremens; and several of his family perished miserably from the

same cause. Observe that house just across the way, could it speak, what a fearful tale it could unfold; I have known it from the beginning, and am acquainted with its history. It was built by a very worthy and industrious man, who fell into habits of intemperance, and committed suicide; he had a wife and two daughters, all of whom were addicted to strong drink, the mother being a miserable inebriate. After they moved from the house, it was occupied by another family, who were intemperate, and I saw there one day, the wife lying dead, stabbed to the heart by the husband in a fit of madness induced by intemperance, while he was also lying upon the floor in the agonies of death, having also stabbed himself. The house was subsequently occupied by a family consisting of husband, wife, mother and four or five children; they were thrifty and industrious, but fell into habits of intemperance; the aged mother was frozen to death one cold Sunday night in the attic, while intoxicated, and the family after remaining there a year or two, growing worse all the while, moved out west, and were lost on board the Steamer Erie, when she was burned on Lake Erie, a few years ago; so much for the ravages of intemperance beneath one roof-tree; these were all persons in humble circumstances. Now, let us pass down this noble street; the first house, or palace, I should say, was owned originally by a family which has passed away within a few years; it was high in official and social position, and several of its members had a widely extended literary reputation. The mother was a drunkard, and died a sot; the sons died miserably, and one of them was taken to the potters' field in New York, on a wheel barrow, without one friend to follow that humble bier; he was buried in a shallow hole without a mark to designate the spot; while his father, a man of high character, lies beneath a marble mausoleum, erected by his fellow citizens as a testimony of their regard for his memory. There were two daughters in that family who married men of high standing, both of whom after a few years of wedded life, became miserable drunkards and died of delirium tremens.

"The next house, also a splendid residence, was owned by a man in high official position, who was intemperate; he had one son and one daughter; the former died young from intemperance, the latter married a man who became intemperate, and also died in early life. The next house, also of the first class, was built and owned by an active merchant, who through intemperance, lost all, and died in the almshouse. A wealthy merchant next owned and occupied the house; he had two children only, a son and daughter. The father fell gradually into habits of gross intemperance, and in a fit of delirium tremens threw himself out of an upper window, and broke a leg, and died of the inflammation which ensued; the son was a grossly intemperate youth, and was destroyed by brandy at the early age of twenty-two. The daughter was also addicted to strong drink, married a drunkard and died young.

The next house was built and occupied by a gentlemen who had one son of brilliant parts, who became a degraded drunkard, and was in his latter years in the habit of infesting the liquor-shops and drinking without leave or payment; he has been known to take a vessel used for lamp-oil, draw brandy into it, and drink it raw. He was at one time the most popular young man in town, but at last died like a dog, with none to regret his departure, while many mourned his fate.

"Now, as we just turn this corner, observe that magnificent house opposite us: the home of wealth, of taste and refinement. But there is at this moment a 'skeleton' in that house. If we should enter, we should behold on every hand, all the appliances of luxury, all the adornments which cultivated taste can devise, or wealth procure; magnificent furniture, books, pictures, and various works of art which crowd its lofty and spacious apartments. But there is no joy in that house; the hearts of all its inmates are heavy with unspeakable sorrow; the only son of that house is a wretched drunkard, and an exile from the home of his boyhood. He is yet a youth—having not attained his majority—but is old in profligacy and sin; in a word, he is



a confirmed inebriate, and will steal or lie, which he has often done, to gratify his appetite. He has appropriated mementoes of affection, sent by him from a distant daughter to a mother; he has stolen and pawned his mother's jewelry and watch, to procure the means of gratifying his thirst for strong drink. All affection for parents and home, all regard for a good name, all fear of shame, are blotted out from his heart; he has one controlling desire, which is for strong drink, and he sacrifices all to that. This boy has been ruined by an appetite generated and strengthened by the wine which he has habitually taken at his father's table. Although his father knew the danger to his children, of his habit of having wine upon his board, and of offering it to his friends, yet he had not manly courage enough to break away from a custom, which weak people seem to think necessary in a genteel establishment. Although the father was every way qualified to lead public opinion, and to give the law to custom, yet he has in this case sacrificed his domestic happiness to one which he felt to be wrong, and knew to be dangerous.

"Observe that man who is crossing the street just below us; mark his feeble gait, his squalid dress; everything about him to indicate wretchedness and want; he is a degraded drunkard; a few years ago he was one of our most active, respectable and thrifty merchants. He is of a family of three brothers, and most respectably connected; both of his brothers were ship masters of high standing, but all have fallen victims to strong drink. The oldest brother was a noble and chivalrous man as God made him; but he was ruined by intemperance, and in a fit of delirium, while at sea, he leaped upon the rail by the main rigging, and imagining his death was necessary to the safety of the ship and crew, he jumped into the sea, and was lost.

"The second brother became a common drunkard and inmate of the almshouse; and this man—you see what he is—and can hardly believe it, when I tell you, that a few years ago he was one of our most respectable young men, standing at the head of his profession as a merchant, and a welcome visitor in

the most respectable families in town. He sleeps in barns, or sheds on the wharves, and goes down to the steamboat landing regularly, where the Steamboat Company keeps a large number of hogs, and feeds from the barrels of refuse which comes from the tables and scullery of the steamers.

"You may think I have over-drawn or over-colored the picture which I have given you here, of the evils of intemperance; but I assure you it is all true that I have told you, and more might be said even of these particular cases.

"I know not, but a similar history might be given of every old street in this town, and of almost every house which has been standing thirty years. The history of one street, or of one town, will be found to be very nearly that of all; for the causes of intemperance were operating everywhere alike, and with the same results.

"And now, Miss A., I have to ask you if the temperance men are to be laughed at as fanatics, for the great exertions which they have made to remove the terrible sin of intemperance, as a general evil, from the land?"

You will hardly find an instance of degradation, of pauperism, or of great crime, which has not its origin more or less directly in Intemperance; and the effort to remove this prolific source of human misery and degradation is worthy the highest efforts which good men can put forth.

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### WOMEN AND TEMPERANCE

It has passed into a proverb that drunken men have angel wives. This is partly true; it is partly a semblance, or a statement by comparison, and it is sometimes a sneer. It is melancholy, but undeniable, that some of the best women who have ever lived have been allied by marriage to inebriate and sottish men, incapable of appreciating their worth; and base enough

to reward their love by hate, or by indifference, which is scarcely less cruel. In common language, and especially in declamation, the true angel is taken as the type of the whole class of wives who are subjected to the tyranny of worthless men. This is poetical—but it is not a true representation. It serves the purpose of oratory, and embellishes fine writing; but it does not advance the truth, or promote reformation. The angels among the wives of drunken men are the fewer number. It would be wonderful, indeed, if the fact were not so; for to suppose a woman maintaining her integrity of high purposes and lovely character under such a terrible affliction, and exposed to such loathsome contamination, is to imagine a character surpassing Job in patience; and presenting the highest grade in Faith, Hope, and Charity, which uninspired mortality has ever attained. That there are such women, lovely and excellent in their lives, even under circumstances so adverse, we are happy to believe. And they have their reward, even in this life; for their Christian graces disarm sorrow, and mollify even an inebriate husband. Their virtues, tried in the fire, are refined, even as silver; and their children arise to call them blessed. The mother is the shield of the children of inebriates; not only from the positive cruelty and injustice of such fathers, but also from many, if not all the evils which arise from their neglect, their ill example, or their positive bad teaching.

The excellent, by comparison, are more in number than the others; for almost any sober woman is an angel contrasted with a drunken man. They perform their duty, as far as their characters and their miserable condition permits. They strive, but become dejected at length, or desperate, and cease to attempt to contend against adversity; or, in despair, abandon the unequal burthen of sustaining the duty of both parents, and counteracting the crimes of their husbands. Even in these, however, hope is seldom extinct, and their fitful exertions do much to countervail the evil courses of those who should be their guides, instead of their ruin—their heads instead of the objects

of their contempt. Even in this class, the woman still retains her crown, as the better being; for if she at all supports the task which is thrown upon her, she is an angel, compared with him who neither performs his own duty, nor consents that she should perform her's.

Those of whom it is *sneeringly* said that they are angels, are the most abused of all. It is true, in a very few cases, that a woman's shrewish or uneven temper—her lack of the qualities for companionship, or of the traits of mind and character which command respect, drive the husband abroad for amusement, and consequently lead him into temptation. But this is a very poor apology, indeed, for a worthless man, made worthless by his own vices. It is such an apology that we are tempted sometimes to regard the color for its existence as rather an advantage to the man than otherwise; since it offers palliation for that of which we fear he would, under any circumstances, be guilty. With another wife he would be an inebriate without excuse. To perceive the inadequacy of the apology, let us apply it to the other sex. What should we say, for instance, if a woman pleaded, or others for her, that the conduct of her husband drove her to habits of intemperance? We know that such things have been; but to the high honor of the sex be it spoken, the instances are rare. They have usually happened when the reckless habits of the man, having lowered his whole household to the depths of degradation, the woman is tempted to seek in that which gratifies his appetite, some solace in her misery. Rather than admit the conduct of the husband as an excuse for the wife, is it not the world's custom to say that he being worthless, she should the more earnestly strive against evil, for her own sake and her children? We deem woman the weaker sex; and yet exact more of her than of man. Is this just?

In any case, and to whatever rank we assign her in the three classes which we have been considering, the woman is the main sufferer by the evil habits of intoxication which still exist among men. Man's pursuits are various, and his objects of in-

terest many. The woman's world is her home. There her hopes centre, there her pursuits lie. She has surrendered every thing else to become inseparably joined to the husband whose tender of himself she has accepted. She has a property in his success and in his misfortune; in his fame and in his infamy. Her position, respectable or otherwise, is the counterpart of his. If he is worthy, she partakes his honor; and if he throws away his good name she is compelled to share in all the disgrace and loss which follow so sad a profligacy.

She has no remedy. Other evil associates may be cast off—but to escape from a bad husband is only a choice of evils, when it is practicable, which, in a majority of cases it is not. The poor woman has often no place of retreat, and when she has, the customs of society leave her little defence from the pursuit and persecution of the wretch she would be free from. She forfeits sympathy, and he obtains it. We need not enlarge on this part of our subject, for the difficulties of separation are obvious, and well known—so obvious and so discouraging, that many a wife has submitted, from strong necessity, long after love and respect have fled.

There is usually another bond. When love to the husband is dissipated by his unworthiness, love for her children takes its place; and this is greater in proportion as the father becomes vile. In addition to the natural instinct which binds a mother to her children, in the drunkard's home children become objects of pity, and claimants of care and protection—protection against their father. That they are his children is not their fault, but a misfortune to which the mother feels that she has been in some sort accessory. She cannot desert them. Man can forget his children—woman never. It is intense and most brutal selfishness which actuates the drunkard. He forfeits everything to gratify an evil propensity; and while slavish indulgence has blunted his sensibilities and destroyed his consciousness of shame, or converted it into misanthropy, she suffers not only for herself but for him, and for her children. He riots in lavish indulgence

abroad, she pines in hunger, perhaps, at home; and it is well indeed if she be not made the object of his violence for betraying in her pale face and wasted form the consequences of his cruelty. Drunkenness is cowardly, and visits upon wife and children the rage which it dare not exhibit to the world. Boiling over with anger at the contempt or the rebuffs which he justly incurs abroad; or flushed in a quarrel with his ungodly companions, the drunkard brings home to the fireside and the hearthstone the fury into which he has been wrought by strangers, and adds to desertion and neglect the tyranny of cruelty.

Woman's honor, her self-respect: her hope, her love for her children, a lingering of the affection which her husband has justly forfeited: one or all of these causes, or a necessity which she cannot overcome, compels the wife to endure her burthen. The mother may also weep over the drunken son, and cherish still the love which the father has dismissed, or the sister may lament the erring brother, and weep for him who refuses to feel his own degradation. In one or all of the relations in which she stands to man, woman is ever the greater sufferer by his vices and crimes. Be she angel, pseudo angel, or fiend, she cannot escape the misery of man's misdeeds. The sorrow is the greater that the impression prevails that she cannot help herself. But is this true? Is not the reform of the world, in relation to this social vice, really in the hands of women? We believe it is; and that the remedy for the evils should be applied by the sex which is most injured by it. We speak not only of those allied by birth, maternity, or marriage, to drunken men, but of the whole sex. Theirs is the work. Let them lead in it.

But how? Shall they form associations, and unite in public movements? They may—if their taste leads that way. But such movements are, if not an invasion of man's province, at least a taking up of his weapons when woman has, in reality, the command of better means of her own.

We make no objection—and offer no argument against associations or any other justifiable means to obtain a good result.

But associations are a modern invention. They are to-day in fashion, and to-morrow may be out again. We would look beyond and above these temporary expedients, to the intrinsic properties of woman's nature, and the inherent forces of her position. Our ideas of the duties of woman are of that old-fashioned complexion that we regard the sphere of empire of the sex as retiring and domestic. Woman, exposed amid the machinery of public demonstrations, is like a *papier mache* table in the shambles, or a cambric needle upon the sail-cloth of a ship-of-the-line. Yet there must be parlor ornaments, as well as shambles and line-of-battle ships; domestic graces as well as public virtues. The influence of the gentle arts and refinements of life which fall within woman's province are as necessary to true civilization and elevated character as any of the out-door vocations and commotions among which men live.

"In union," the adage runs, "is strength." But strength may be misdirected, misapplied, or wasted. Where the efforts of unions do not go beyond their legitimate objects, and the action of the society is not made to supersede the duty of the individual, much good may be effected by public organizations. But it will not do for either man or woman to imagine that no single being can stand alone; or to think that temperance can only be promoted by performing the duties of membership in a Temperance Society. The farmer, who is a member of an Agricultural Association, carries home and applies what he learns there, to his own farm and homestead. What is gained by the interchange of the thoughts and experiences of many is by each applied to his own private business and practice. But the farmer who should confine his operations to attending agricultural meetings, and reading scientific books, reports and periodicals, would have but a poor result in crops to exhibit as the evidence of his improvement.

There is, however, one Temperance Association in which too much cannot be done. It has existed from the beginning of time, without formal conditions of membership; and its operations

are conducted without any elective or other machinery. We are born into it, and we die out of it. Birth is the admission, and death is the discharge. It is the FAMILY CIRCLE.

Here woman reigns supreme, or should. If she does not, it may be because she has surrendered her care of the particulars, which are her especial province, to look after generals, on which she can make really little practical impression, while she neglects her own duty. No public moral association can effect much, unless its members are severally prepared *at home*, for what they attempt to do abroad. At home, whether as sister, wife, or mother, or as the honored member in any relation, in any family where she may be placed, lies woman's first and paramount duty—her true field of labor, and her scene of almost certain success. The house is woman's kingdom, and if it happens that any woman is not at the head of a house, she is still, as one of nature's aristocracy—the only oligarchy to which men will willingly submit—concerned in the government. True women can always defend their claims to respect and influence. And they never do it better than when it is done quietly, naturally and unconsciously. They never rule more absolutely than when they seem to submit.

Women, in domestic life, are ever the best governors. How much more potent is the influence of a mother than that of a father over children! The child may refrain from overt acts, which would be indifferent, perhaps, if they were not forbidden through fear of a father's correction; but the mother forms the character and inculcates the principles. The superiority of woman's influence is particularly observable in cases where parents are removed by death. A widow will struggle on and maintain and educate a family of children better than a father, under the same circumstances, could do. The father may be able to procure a larger provision of money; but a little in a woman's hands is wealth, while a man's mismanagement converts wealth to poverty. And, in the far more important respect of moral training, the woman is immeasurably superior. Her weakness is



her strength. Her influence is that of love, while the sterner father employs fear. The child defers to her weakness and gentleness. He feels, when a mother is offended, that he is grieving and injuring a tender heart, by disobedience. When a father is disobeyed, the transgressor is only incurring the risk of punishment to himself. The child who will brave a father's chastisement shrinks from causing a mother's tears.

This control of woman over her child never ceases while the mother lives; and even when death has released her from her responsibilities and her cares, the fruits of her prayers may be evident in the conduct of her offspring; and her memory, like a gentle spirit, glides in between the conception of a wrong design, and its fulfillment—between temptation and submission. The most obdurate and hardened man—and it is of men we must chiefly speak while treating of inebriates—is recalled to the remembrance of his duty by the voice of his mother. When all other appeals are in vain, her words can reach the heart, and conquer the obstinate spirit of resistance which he would oppose to any *man's* interference. There is a rebellious principle within us, which contends, even on the side of evil, against compulsion, We all like the semblance of free agency; and are inclined, in doing well, to seem to do it to oblige another, or to benefit a female friend or dependent, rather than to confess that we conquer our evil inclinations through fear of consequences, or in obedience to advice. Especially do we rebel against denunciation, whether levelled at us directly, or reaching us incidentally. Force, whether of chastisement or of words, avails less than love; and the chief benefit that the former accomplishes is rather reflective than direct.

Operation by love, rather than by fear or force, should be the spirit of all philanthropic movements. In this way the first strikingly successful efforts were made in the cause, by the men who styled themselves "Washingtonians," and whose policy it has been to recover by sympathy and well-timed assistance those who have been given over as hopeless. Previously to the rise

of the "Washingtonians," drunkards had been regarded as incorrigible, and all efforts were directed to warning off the young, and arresting "moderate drinkers." Gentleness and conciliation had little place in the old temperance tactics; and the inebriate was scarcely recognized as a human being. The "Washingtonians" took as the basis of their operations the possibility of reforming even an inebriate. They reasoned that what had been effected in some cases, often by the stern resolution of the victim himself, could be accomplished in more, by the kindness and cooperation of others. They addressed themselves to the work in the spirit of charity and kindness. They undertook the most hopeless cases; and by appeals to the honor, the pride, and whatever was left of manly impulse or sentiment, brought the human being out of the ruin to which debauchery had reduced him. So wonderful were some of the cures, so truly marvelous the restorations which they effected, that a popular error arose the opposite of that which had classed all inebriates as incurable. It came to be thought that a man must be a graduate of a distillery before he can be temperate. Many lecturers spoke with a sort of pride of their early degradation, and assumed such consequence from their liquid experience, that it was held in some quarters that a man is not ripe for temperance until he has, once at least, been attacked by *mania à potu*.

All human efforts are liable to error; though in philanthropy the error is usually commenced in good; a perversion taking place by over action, or the undue pursuit of one idea. The argument of the original Washingtonians was: "We have been drunken, and are sober: therefore you drunken ones may reform if you will. You cannot be worse than we were." Hence came the exaggeration which has disgusted many. Men are disposed to run into extremes; and perhaps intemperate temperance is as dangerous an extreme as any. We may not do evil that good may come; and to exaggerate and overstate is certainly evil. Strict truth is necessary to all permanent good. The person who is deceived into the right will take his revenge for the de-

ception, even at his own expense; and retaliate upon himself for the deceit which has been played upon him by sincere, though ill-judging, friends.

Woman, as daughter, sister, wife, mother, in one or all of the worthy offices in the Family Temperance Society, enjoys a position free from the disadvantages which we have noted. In the first place, her duty is not a calling taken up, or put on, but a natural gift and duty,—an office in which she is most efficient, because her claim is tacitly, though not formally, allowed. She cannot say, "I have been drunken, and am now sober"; but "we never indulge and you need not." In the old drinking days men waited for woman to withdraw before the wine was poured out. Her presence was a check upon indulgence. As the world grew wiser, women became less and less willing to give any countenance to convivial occasions. The dinner went out of fashion; that is, the wine-drinking dinner in private residences. Men met at public places, or in houses where drinking is *the* feature. From these, woman is necessarily and properly excluded. The mistake has been that women, when man admitted that she sought amusement in which it is not seemly for her to participate, submitted to a custom which is at once a compliment to her superior tastes, and a preference for wine over her society. The compliment is neutralized by the preference.

Upon woman rests the character of our social customs; as upon woman fall the evils of our social vices. Fashion must be either led, or permitted by her. In leading—since the kitchen is in her charge—she must correct the vicious and depraved appetite for stimulating and high-seasoned food, the indulgence of which leads to a desire for stimulating drinks. Thus are many taught to drink, who else might never have learned; and thus the dormant appetite is re-awakened in those who have once conquered the tempter. With the particulars of the *cuisine* we will not trouble our readers—but barely remarking that proper food, skilfully prepared, is one of the most rational creature comforts in the world—one of the best evidences of civilization, and

one of the surest aids to temperance, we pass to the sum of the whole matter, in general terms.

Woman's duty, then, in relation to temperance, is to make herself so necessary to man's happiness, that he will prefer the excitement of her society to the excitement of wine; and the enjoyments in which she can participate to all others. She must maintain her influence over him by all the gentle virtues with which poets invest her character; and be more than the poet's ideal to him—the HELP-MEET, which Heaven designed. She must submit to no sophistry which would argue her out of the possession of tastes in common with his; and she must acquire such knowledge as shall enable her to bear a part in any common topic of conversation. In this, however, we do not mean that she should unsex herself, or lose the gentleness and refinement of character upon which her power depends. Exposed less to the rude contact of the world than he, less to danger, and less to temptation, she must induce him to court her society as a relief from the conflict with an eager world; to fly to her purity, and seek in her high example strength against the less noble influences by which he is moved among men. Happy is the man whose highest earthly reward is the approval of the virtuous woman of his household; for that will lead her to seek a higher than any earthly guerdon, in His approval who retired from the persecution of the world who knew Him not, to hallow with His presence the humble roof at Bethany. Happy is the true woman who adds to "knowledge, temperance; and to temperance, patience; and to patience, godliness"; for she is of the Lydias and Marthas, and Hannahs; she is the successor of the godly women of the old time, of whom the Apostles testify, "they have given us much labor." And like Eunice and Lois, the teachers of Timothy, she knows that the surest way to teach a son Temperance, with all other virtues, is to take care that "from a child he knows the holy scriptures which are able to make him wise unto salvation."

## PROSPECTS

Watchman! what of the night?

YEARS ago, when the world first awoke to the evils of Intemperance, and the first brilliant successes crowned the movement for reform, the most sanguine anticipations were cherished of the speedy and complete triumph of Temperance. The eyes of men once opened to perceive the terrible ravages of this vice—surely society would rise in its might and put away the cause of mischief. The argument in the case was so wholly on one side, so perfectly conclusive and unanswerable, it would certainly carry all minds and bear down all opposition. The dangers of indulgence once known, men would cease to indulge. The clamors of appetite and interest would soon be overborne. A short work would be made of it in the earth, and the victory would be speedily won.

So thought many an ardent friend of this cause; and a long succession of greater and lesser prophets have prophesied even until now, of the good time just coming. We have all, perhaps, prophesied at times in this strain. For how could it be otherwise than that such a cause should prosper and prevail? This is a race reputed to be rational. Does not the connection still hold between a man's convictions and his conduct? And if so, our argument will carry the world before it. But still the good time would not come.

And even yet the good time lingers on its way. Still as we look out on the twilight, and cry, "watchman! what of the night?" the answer is—"the morning cometh, and also the night!" It is even so in this good work. The morning and the night still mingle and contend with each other in the sky. The red spears of the coming day pierce the heavens. One after another broad belts of light shoot up to the very zenith, and our glad hearts are ready to exclaim, "behold! the morning cometh, and the night is no more!" But ever again the night musters its clouds

and piles them on the breaking day. And still we wait and watch for the slow coming on of the morning.

And now, may it not be pertinent, about this time, to inquire what o'clock it has got to be, and whether after all it is time for daylight yet? You are up some morning while it is yet dark, and stand watching from your window the approaches of day. Long waiting, watching, you have counted the changing hues of the East. But slowly the red blush creeps up the sky. Long since the stars faded. Impatiently you count the tardy moments—when, when will the sun arise? At length you ask yourself, "after all, *is it time* for the sun to rise? What time *ought* it to rise?" *At six.* And what o'clock really is it? *A little after five.* So then it could not possibly be sun-rise yet? You had no right to expect it yet. The day is doing as well as could be expected.

And so is this Temperance Reformation. It is not an hour yet on the great dial of the World's progress since this Reform shot up its first rays into the broken darkness. When did ever a moral movement complete itself in five-any-twenty years? When did ever a great practical truth like that which has come down to us in this reform, displace old, popular, universal error, and win the world to its embrace so soon? Let us prophesy, but more discreetly. The light shall shine more and more unto perfect day. The dawn was never yet baffled and quenched in the sky—and the light of this Reform, in the name of the Lord, never hasting, never resting, shall yet come to the noon-tide. When it is time, the sun will be up. Already we can see to work. And the grosser forms and methods of this vice already hide themselves, like creatures of the night retreating to their dens.

Let us understand the nature of our work. It is time for just and rational estimates, such as these years of stern experience should teach us. We are hearing often that this enterprise is declining. Many hearts are growing faint from hope deferred. Their ardent anticipations have outrun the possibilities of the case, and they are losing confidence in principles that so

fail to keep pace with their wishes. The brilliant triumphs of a former campaign are no longer witnessed. It is now a long level of silent progress and steadfast continuance; and many who were once among the most hopeful have now grown weary and remiss. Oh! if this evil could be carried by storm, if one bold strong pull would end the strife, men would lay hold of it and do it up. But to endure, to labor on through long years after this sober sort, and having done all, to stand, that is work demanding something of moral heroism.

Very much to the surprise of many, and to the grief of all the good, this noble work has had a slow and embarrassed career; and yet this course of things was to have been anticipated. It is a reform, beyond others, of a nature to proceed slowly, and yet not the less surely—probably, all the more surely because slowly. Contemplate the nature of Intemperance, and the vantage-ground is held—a popular and universal evil—a personal, domestic, social and legalized evil—sustained by appetite and interest, by custom and law. It had silently moulded all things into conformity to itself. How certain from the first that this Reform, after passing through its period of derision and reproach, would finally silence all open opposition; would for a time have a career of triumphant success, and go from conquering to conquer; but as the enemy became sore pressed, and driven to avail itself of all its resources, that then we should find ourselves matched against a mystery of mischief more inveterate and powerful than had been conceived. Intemperance is proving itself the toughest of all vices. Defeated in one form, it assails us in another. And so, at length, as might have been anticipated, our work has assumed the form of a long and steady pull, and lives now not on its splendid victories, but on the strength of its principles.

The Temperance Argument is perfect. You may lay it before any mind with the confidence that all there is of rational in that mind will be convinced by it. And yet when you have carried it thus individually, mind by mind, you have not, after

all, reformed society. The great common soul of the community remains unchanged. It is made up in part, it is true, of the individual sentiments and convictions of its constituent members; but there enters into the common social mind another element, that has little or no relation to argument. It is made up, in large part, of the customs, habits, usages, and current notions of the past; and these have power, for a long time, to hold a reform in check, even when it may have won the acceptance of all individually. The past is still vital and pervades the present. The social soul is not cured of its long use, and habit simply, by change of sentiment just now among its members. An old sentiment or practice, when once it has thoroughly possessed the world, may be most perfectly exploded, and yet for a long time sway men's minds by a secret force, that eludes argument and overrides all present convictions.

And it is just this hidden force working deeply among us, this power of the past to force itself down on the present, and hold the world to its wonted ways, in spite of its changed convictions, that has all along held us back in this Reform. It is this, in great part, that now retards our cause. It cannot be reached by reasoning. The only process by which it can be corrected is indirect, and demands time and patience. A counteraction must be reared up. The new sentiment and customs of Temperance, strengthening themselves more and more in the convictions and practice of men must, for the present, check and neutralize, as far as they may, the working of old abuses. The world must be educated to the better way. We must patiently reconstruct the common social mind, and form anew an entire body of sentiment, custom, and current notions on this point, which shall go on to consolidate and establish itself, and be to the future for good, what the past now is to us for evil.

Now let it be well considered, how rapidly we may expect such a work to go forward. We began with a world long wonted to drink, pervaded with wrong sentiments, inured to evil custom. We began a great number of years ago. The men



are yet living who were already growing old, when they struck the first stroke in this reform. And not a blow has been struck in vain. Individual mind has ever answered well to our appeals. We carry the convictions of men at every attempt. And still the great tide of inveterate prejudiced and blind unreasoning custom comes rolling down on us from the past. We cannot hope to suspend this influence at once. But we have been able to raise up a counter-force. New principles are everywhere warring with the old. This is the period of transition and struggle, and victory cannot declare itself as yet. The old system of error feels itself losing the vigor which only the present convictions of men in its favor could give it, feels its life failing, and yet stands by the force of old notions cleaving to men's minds; and the new theory and practice of Temperance, while it cannot wholly prevail, feels ever a growing strength and an assurance of victory in the end.

Moral contests proceed slowly. The aim is to effect by the force of truth a great popular moral change. Such a work can be set forward no faster than our principles can work themselves clear in the minds of the masses. The whole body of society is to be brought over. Very naturally the Temperance Reform has found its friends, and achieved its triumphs hitherto, mainly in the middle stratum of society. It has now to pervade the two crusts of the social state—that of fashion above, and that of appetite below. They are penetrated with about equal difficulty. The dram-house and the drawing-room are the rallying points of Intemperance at the opposite extremes; and influences from both these sources are continually flowing in upon the center, and combine to resist the progress of reform. Factitious gentility and gross sensuality are about equally impervious to argument. We are hemmed in by these two, and meet on either hand a resistance that seems unconquerable. What hope is there? Time brings changes. Act on the middle plane of society—carry the great middle class, and the reform of the upper and lower classes is made certain in due time. Slowly the truth will work

upward and downward—and what the truth cannot do, time will. Gradually we shall narrow the limits of these outlying fields which argument cannot enter. And in that which remains on either hand, the experiment must go through. The exclusives must even try it out, and bitterly make proof of it, whether natural laws will deal otherwise with them than on other levels of humanity.

Enough has been accomplished already, both among the highest and the lowest in social position, to show us that they too are within the action of this great reformatory current. The law of progress reaches to each extreme. The change is going on even in those who deny it and hold our views in contempt. But in each of these opposite social eddies, among the proud and among the sensual, this reform proceeds somewhat separately from that in the general stream of society. There must be time for the revolution of sentiment and custom to work itself out more tardily in each of these extremes. And meantime many a retarding influence will come down upon us from the circles of pride, and up from the circles of the sensual and debased.

Furthermore—how fluid is the whole mass of society within itself! How rapid and ceaseless the circulation that is going on throughout the whole! All classes, all sections, are pouring themselves through each other. This fact has more to do with the progress of this reform than we have been wont to consider. It forbids that any one class or section should proceed very far in this work of reformation in advance of the rest. The interchange is so free and rapid that the whole is kept at nearly one common level. One part cannot isolate itself and go on to perfect this Temperance enterprise within itself. Vermont or Wisconsin cannot pass on and complete this work far in advance of other states. All sympathize and commingle—the foremost are held back, the hindmost are drawn forward—and the Temperance reformation can no more be completed in a few favored localities, than can certain spots be freshened in the shifting waters of the ocean. The whole body of society is a unit in this

matter, and must be carried forward together. The same blood visits every part; a common tone of sentiment is maintained; and one member, whether it advance or recede, cannot go far except the body go with it.

Hope has often been entertained, and the effort strenuously made, to retain a certain township or district free from the contamination of Intemperance. The desire is most laudable, and the effort is by no means wasted or defeated on the whole, though it fail of its immediate aim. Of necessity it must fail of that—this whole ocean of unreformed sentiment and practice circulates around it, presses at every seam, and will flow in and through it. What is done with such an aim has gone to set forward the whole great work. It is not lost—the level of general sentiment is raised by it. The real work it had to do was to reform the whole, and this it did in its measure in the attempt to reform itself.

Our East and West, our North and South, pour themselves so freely through one another, that the general tone of opinion and practice will be nearly the same throughout. Circumstances may favor an advance in one part for a time, but it must ere long wait for the tardy. There may be local diversities. Our cities may lag behind the country. New England may reach the goal a little earlier than the West. But we need to know in all our work that, linked together as all parts of society are, fluid as the social mass is within itself, this Reform can advance only as it purifies and elevates the common sentiment. We must have patience while yet the unreformed shall flow in and mingle itself with the reformed, and retard every local advance. And our courage and hope and energy must learn to stay themselves on the assurance that our efforts, so strangely failing oftentimes of the effect we had anticipated in our immediate sphere, have gone to the behoof of the whole. Instead of raising a part much, they have raised the whole a little.

In estimating our resources for the future prosecution of this work, our firmest reliance is one that has attracted as yet only a

share of the attention which it deserves. And it is one which especially shows the need of a broad and comprehensive forecast and of patient continuance in this enterprise. Our hope lies among the young. In them is committed to us the shaping of the world that is to be. The generation that now is, labors under the chronic malady of Intemperance. Our inbred notions, flowing into us from the past, are a *nature* that will not be wholly put down. We in this generation are little better than *grog*—a mixture of the old custom and the new—a species of half breeds between tipping and temperance. We know the better way, and approve it; but the taint is in us of old notions and habits, that, like a law in the members, wars against the law of our mind, and half spoils us yet. We have touched, tasted, handled, been familiarized with these pernicious customs and usages, and with their effects, till our sensibilities are blunted. We shall never feel clearly and fully how fearful a thing it is to besot the soul with drink. We can only in part deliver ourselves from the delusions which we have inherited. The traffic, for example—condemn it as we may—is still to us a privileged, almost a sacred, institution. Seen to be totally evil and mischievous—eloquently denounced as the fountain of crime and shame and woe—we of this generation nevertheless give it free course. We shrink from assailing it—we cower before its clamorous champions—it has still upon it in our eyes something of the regal air of sovereignty. It is that which hath been, and is embedded in all the ways and means of the world. And so the hand we lift against it strikes feebly, as if in awe.

This, let us remember, is the transition age of a great Reform, and presents the features that result from the mingling of that which is passing away with that which is coming. More than ever it is the season of conflict—less noisy than twenty years ago, but more earnest and decisive. We plant ourselves on the foundations now. Principles meet now more intimately, and everywhere try their strength against each other; and the work is deeper, the results more stable, the victories more enduring and decisive.

And one of our largest hopes is, that as the half-spoiled generation of the present passes away, the past will almost wholly go with it, and a far better future will come in the persons of our children. We look to a purer generation, bred wholly in the sentiment and habit of Temperance, who shall speak a pure dialect, and not as we do, "half in the speech of Ashdod, according to the language of each people." It may be thus bred, and the decision of this whole matter is wrapt up in the training of the young; and this most promising department of effort, we trust, is not neglected. The children of all those who, to any extent, adopt our principles—even the children of multitudes in whom habit and appetite still master their convictions of right—are trained to correct views. And beyond these, we easily reach and may often secure the children of the vicious. Many an inebriate will rejoice that his boy is led into a better path than his own. In this field of most hopeful labor we ought to expend patient and abundant exertion. We do not despair of the old, nor even of the fallen. But above all, let us turn our hearts toward the children. Can we not forecast a little, and act for thirty years hence? And when this seed shall ripen, the generation thus nurtured will stand in relations very different from ours, to the whole matter of Intemperance. They will owe it no allegiance. The chasm of a whole generation having been opened between them and the usages of the past and present, never having felt in themselves the working of evil practices, they will be able to look with a clear eye upon all the claims and processes of Intemperance, and deal with them as they deserve.

There are evils which admit of no sudden remedy. Let wrong once entrench itself, and come into alliance with appetite and interest, and hold sway long and universally, and the cure must be a work of time. Its evil roots run deep and far, and will be found living and germinant where little suspected. There is no swift and easy recovery from systematized and long-cherished sin. The penalties will be inflicted; society must atone for its

errors; and pre-eminently is Intemperance a vice of this sort. For some generations past it was a cherished vice of society; and, while thus clasped to the heart, it infused its vines into every vein of the social body. By the Divine favor on this Reformation, society is now convalescent. But it must *outgrow* the evil; and the recovery will be protracted in some proportion to the virulence and long continuance of the malady.

The certainty of a protracted struggle is manifest from our experience in another direction. For some years now, the intelligent Temperance force has felt itself impelled to enter more and more into direct conflict with the Legalized Traffic. The necessity was obvious. Here lies the strength of the enemy. The authorized Traffic has the power and the will to counterwork all our moral activities. If we really intend to carry this enterprise, and not merely to wage an interminable warfare, our work must, of necessity, turn more and more in this direction. Too long we were content to stand by and mourn over the desolation, and lament the crimes, and pity the miseries, and bury the slain, and pay the bills, and console ourselves with demonstrating now and then, in set speeches, how distressing and how wrong it all was. The mischief wrought right on, and left us to testify our truths and patter our pathos at leisure.

But how varied have been the fortunes of that strife which we have waged with the Traffic as by Law established and sustained! We have not wrought in vain—far from that. The tone of legislation is at a higher level throughout the country. Through many changes, with many a revolution of parties, through reverses and successes, we are studying this great problem, what to do, and how to do it, in the matter of legislation. Our experience is already very rich; but it shows us nothing more clearly than the need of patience and perseverance. It will yet try these virtues in us; but in due time Law will become in this matter nothing less than the voice of God.

These are doubtless very prosaic views—better not uttered, it may be thought, even if they are true. Better retain the zeal

and energy inspired by the confident anticipation of a triumphant issue near at hand, even if that hope be illusory—better this enthusiastic impulse that guides the heart by its noble wishes, than the dry and spiritless toil that rests on cool-headed calculation! So it may be thought, and not a few may feel that we cannot safely exchange the ardor of hopes outrunning reason, for sober work-day views. We have too much evidence that not a little that has been done in our cause has been done impulsively, with an unhealthy fervor, grasping eagerly at results, and confident of putting in the sickle at the very heels of the sower. Small comfort, that we may only prepare triumphs from afar, and plant causes from which the fruit shall fall chiefly in the lap of our children! And no doubt the Temperance enterprise stands at the advanced stage it has reached, in no small part by efforts that came of the fond trust that long before this time it would have reached a universal triumph. Can we spare the impelling force of this illusion, over-eager style of hope?

My dear young Reformer! we wish you good speed, and glorious success, and triumphs even more rapid and conclusive than *you* ever dared to hope. Lift—lift, all hands, at this unwieldy mass of vicious opinion and practice—lift, if it seems good to *you*, with the hope that just this one lift will heave it past the verge and down the slope, and a glad farewell to it for ever! And we, too, will lift *till it does go over*—not confident when it will go. We adjust ourselves for a long pull, with courage and sober hope. If you can contrive to hope that next year, or thereabout, will witness the utter downfall of Intemperance, strike bravely in that belief, and may it be truer than we think. Such a hope does honor to any man's heart: a noble wish is father of it.

But is it quite safe to rest this cause on mistaken anticipations? Will hopes so eager brook the delay that is inevitable? Counting on a victory, even now at the door, will they endure trial, and toils long continued, and a weary chase of this changing and ever-retreating foe? Or, will not these long-deferred

hopes sicken the impatient heart, and lead to revulsions of disappointment? Will they not lead to the abandonment of the work as one doomed to defeat, and to the distrust and final rejection of principles, that are of course visionary in the view of those who measure their soundness by their rapidity?

Just consider, too, if it be not very much this that now ails the Temperance enterprise. The era of rapid advances and signal conquests has passed by, and that of *work* has come. And with this change has come an abatement of the enthusiastic ardor which once breathed along the whole line of attack. More than that—defection has thinned our ranks of many a once ardent friend — defection from many causes, but all fed and pushed into action by the slow progress, the sober toil, the failure of fond dreams of speedy triumph. They would have the matter carried with a rush. But it would not be carried so. And little by little the reliable force of this Reform has been reduced, like Gideon's troop, to the number who consent, since it must be so, to forego the pleasure of swallowing all opposition at a few mouthfuls, and set themselves patiently to lap it up with the tongue. The romance is over. We are reduced to our principles, and all they whose faith in these is not firm, but must be fed with daily successes, fall loosely off. Plain toil, and steadfast continuance, and sober plans of chastened hope, provident and patient, these only remain to us—these, with a glorious wealth of Truth and Principles and Promises. And they only stand with us now who have faith in these, and can bide their time. And this Reform having come round to this point of struggle, where it must wait for its principles to work themselves clear in the social mind, seems now in the estimation of the multitude to have lost its prevalent force. But this is simply the winter time of our Reform; its green leaves are shaken off, and bare and prosaic it carries on its hidden life, and silently prepares its future fruits.

The stage we have reached in this moral enterprise calls urgently for the hardier graces of Patience, Faith and Fortitude.



Our cause was never so strong, never so vital, so deep working and substantially progressive as now. Only let us be steadfast—hoping, working, waiting. Let our principles be held firmly, and vigorously pressed everywhere. Patient Activity! “Let us not be weary in well-doing, for in due time we shall reap if we faint not.”

Let no man, then, grow faint in heart or hand. This great and noble Reform will go on to its consummation. Through all its successes and all its reverses, through dark days and bright, it has thus far been steadily progressive. Here and there the work has for a time been checked. But the current is stronger than the ripple on its surface. The broad stream flows onward with slow, deep, solemn strength. Instead of distrust and despondency, a strong and happy confidence should fill our hearts. No power can turn back this Reform, or permanently check it.

Ours is no brief and easy work. It is not cheered on by the plaudits of the multitude nor graced with dazzling successes. Come to it with no faint heart, and no impatient, transient zeal. Let us adopt the sentiment, and in this and every good work, that the highest success and the noblest of all triumphs for a moral being, is simply *to be heartily and firmly in the Right*—that, turn who will away from it, be what may the outward fortunes that attend it, we go for the cause of Truth. To stand in such a cause, even in its reverses, is itself a victory. Washington and his little band of veterans, whom no defeats could conquer, were achieving a triumph no less glorious, when retreating through the Jerseys, in the dark days of our Revolution, before an insolent and pursuing foe, than they who at Yorktown finished the struggle in victory.

“Whatever weal or woe betide,  
Turn never from the way of Truth aside,  
And leave the event in holy hope to Heaven.”

And in all this conflict let our hearts be strong in God—strong in action, in patience, and in prayer. Let us gird ourselves afresh to this work. Let us be faithful and active, and God will order events.

## TRUE REFORMATION

PERFECT sobriety is a branch of good morals, and however much it may be disregarded in reference to many individuals, it must take the precedency of all other virtues. We are aware that people may be sober, and yet addicted to many vices; but at the same time we know that all good teaching is lost upon the person addicted to intemperance. That which dethrones reason, defies the best means of improvement. A drunken man is a brute, and just in proportion as men are progressing to that state by moderate drinking, they approximate to this character. The body is debilitated, the mind is bewildered, and appetite governs the whole man. Drinking intoxicating liquor is the simple cause of all this debasement; and all our efforts for good should commence with enjoining abstinence. Restore to the intemperate the cool, unclouded possession of his reason, and he is what God intended him to be—a man! and may become that hopeful subject of moral and intellectual training. That body, which was little more than a wreck, may become possessed of all the ordinary attractions of renewed health; and the mind which was confused as chaos, and wild as the whirlwind, may yet serve as a steady and brilliant lamp, to guide the wanderer and his dependents through the mazes of an intricate world.

The nation is composed of *ones*; and if the advantages to an *individual*, by becoming sober, be so great, what must be the total amount of good by making the temperance reformation *national*? When the terrors of the law, the teaching of the wise, and the influence of the press—when, in fact, all other means had failed to arrest the impetuous course of drunkenness, the simple scheme of teetotalism was no sooner tried than its efficacy was demonstrated. It has succeeded beyond all expectation, and thousands and tens of thousands are now delighting in the liberty wherewith this system has made them free. It

is also gratifying to find from physiological investigation, that abstinence from alcoholic drink is perfectly compatible with, and indeed, essential to, the health of the human system. Many medical men have given in their adhesion to these views; and a little time is only necessary to allow prejudice to subside, fashion to relax its hold, and the judgment to assume its proper sway, to bring over as converts in opinion, if not in practice, all the enlightened part of the community. The beneficial changes which are now rapidly progressing in the conducting of social meetings may be viewed as a prelude to this desirable event.

Concessions, as to the truth of teetotalism, are certainly gratifying; but fall far short of the practice, and still further short of the open and fearless advocacy of the system. The thorough-going, consistent, temperance reformer is willing to share in the odium of *agitating* the subject, and to join and persuade others into a confederacy for extending the cause over all the world.

Every man who assumes the character of a teacher, either in religion or politics, to be consistent, ought to be a teetotaler. Can we expect success in attempting to build the temple of God, while a dangerous under-current is laying bare its foundation? Can the state ever be benefited by the clamors in favor of reform, raised by persons who are not willing to reform themselves? "The greatest happiness to the greatest number" is the creed of the politician; but as drinking brings *the greatest misery to the greatest number*, when we see him indulging in liquor, and perhaps dealing it out to his ruined and emaciated customers, it is impossible to reconcile his conduct with his creed. If we consult facts, if we take observation as our guide, we shall find that in reference to many individuals, what politics could not do, teetotalism has accomplished. Let us be sober, and with our superior advantages, we will make our country the first in the world.

## SOME FIFTEEN YEARS AGO.

THERE may be a vein of grim humor in the appended lines by Walt Mason, but underneath appears the ghastly picture of what must follow drinking. What a comment, too, in the graveyard! The saloonkeeper alone has a monument there.

I wandered to the grog shop, Tom, I stood before the bar, and drank a bowl of lemonade and smoked a rank cigar; the same old kegs and jugs were there, the ones we used to know, when we were on the round up, Tom, some fifteen years ago. The barkeeper is a new one, Tom, the one who used to sell corrosive tanglefoot to us is smoking now in H—alifax, the new one has a plate-glass front, his hair is combed quite low, he looks just like the one we knew, some fifteen years ago. Old soaks came up and called for booze, and dudelets staggered in, and burned the lining from their throats with fine old Holland gin; and women stood outside the door, their faces seamed with woe, and wept just as they used to weep, some fifteen years ago.

I asked about the old-time friends, those cheerful sporty men, and some were in the poor house and some were in the pen; and one—the one we liked the best—the hangman laid him low; the world is much the same, dear Tom, as fifteen years ago. I asked about that stately chap whom pride marked for its own; he used to say that he could drink, or let the stuff alone; he perished of the James H. Jams out in the storm and snow; ah, few survive who used to bowl some fifteen years ago. New crowds line up against the bar and call for crimson ink; new hands are trembling as they pour the stuff they shouldn't drink; but still the same old watchword rings, "This round's on me, you know," the same old cry of doom we heard, some fifteen years ago.

I wandered to the churchyard, Tom, and there I saw the graves of those who used to drown themselves in red frumenti waves; and there were women sleeping there, where grass and

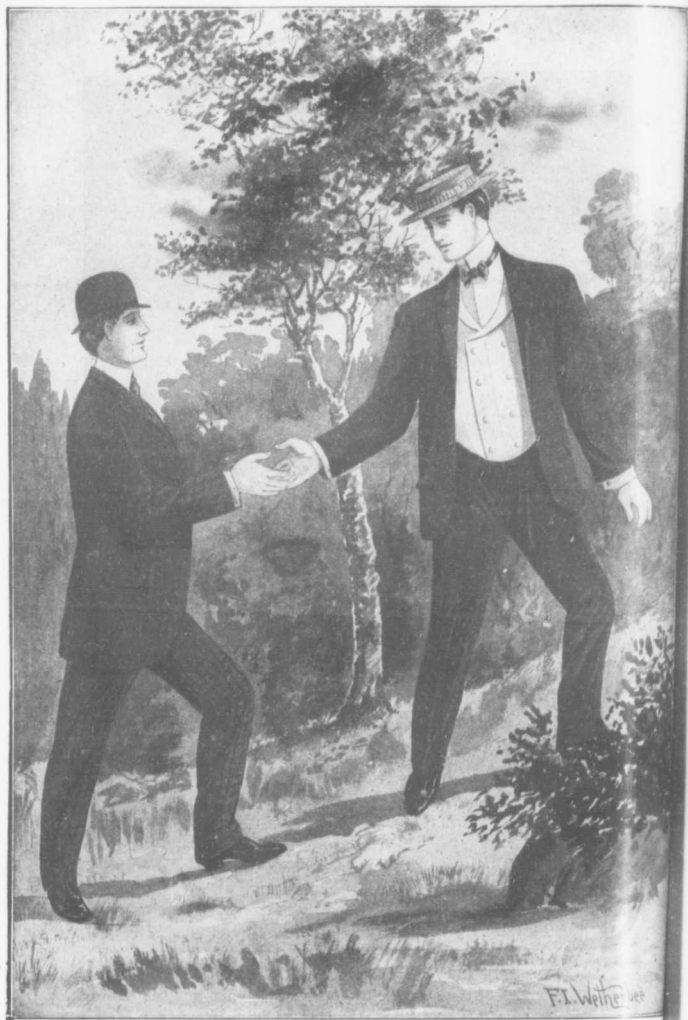
144 R      RUM'S RUINOUS RULE.

daisies grow, who went and died of broken hearts, some fifteen years ago. And there were graves where little children sleep for many a year, forgetful of the woe that marked their short, sad journey here; and 'neath a fine tall monument, in peace there lieth low, the man who used to sell the booze, some fifteen years ago.



**LOVE'S CONFIDENCES.**

The confidences of love are the sweetest indulgence this life affords.  
They are right. Why need they ever lead to sin?



THE HILL OF ASPIRATION.

In aspiration is safety; in aiding others is greatness. In both combined is success.



**THE SOCIAL BUTTERFLY.**

The social butterfly is more than useless; she is harmful. Her false example affects the innocent and good.





**"HOPE."**

Hope ever encourages effort. Hope saves in the last emergency.



### THE CROWN OF GOOD DEEDS.

"There is no limit to the treasures which return, even in this present life, to the heart that is ever pouring out its own treasures to comfort and help and uplift its neighbors.



**THE SEASONING OF LIFE.**

Life has its wondrous seasonings—greatest of all are the joys of a happy home.



**"SO SENSITIVE."**

Society, Fashion, Simulation, Indulgence—life a sham, or worse.



THE TRUE LIGHT.

"That was the true light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world."



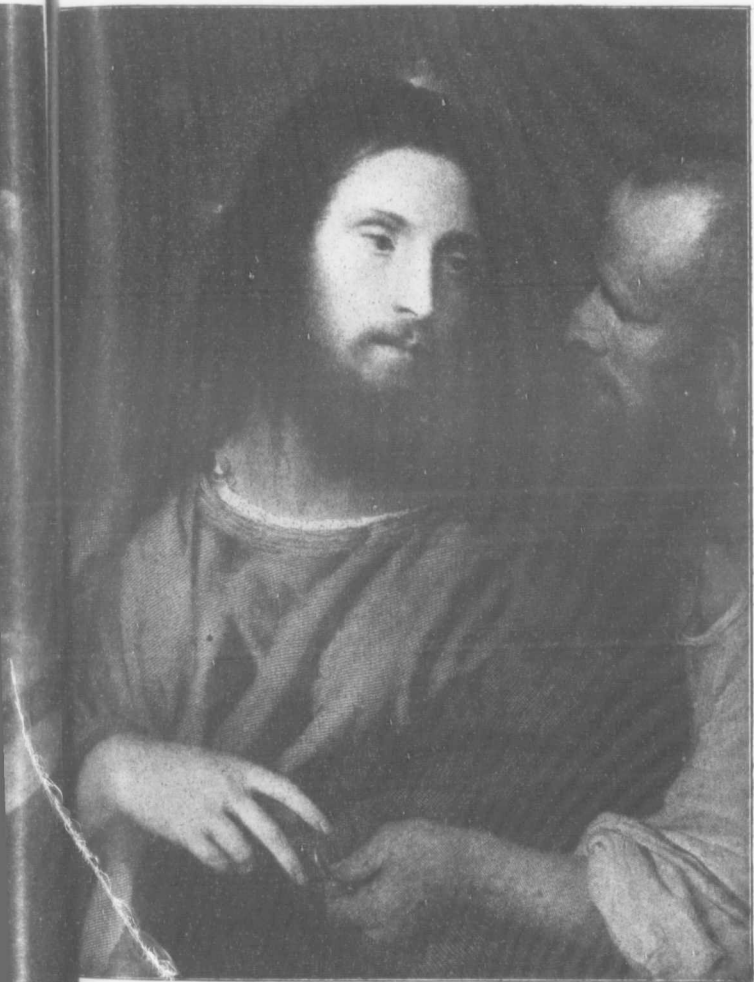
**THE QUEEN OF HEAVEN.**

There is nothing else in the world to equal mother-love. It is the most pure and steadfast. It is divinely created.



**"THERE WAS NO ROOM AT THE INN."**

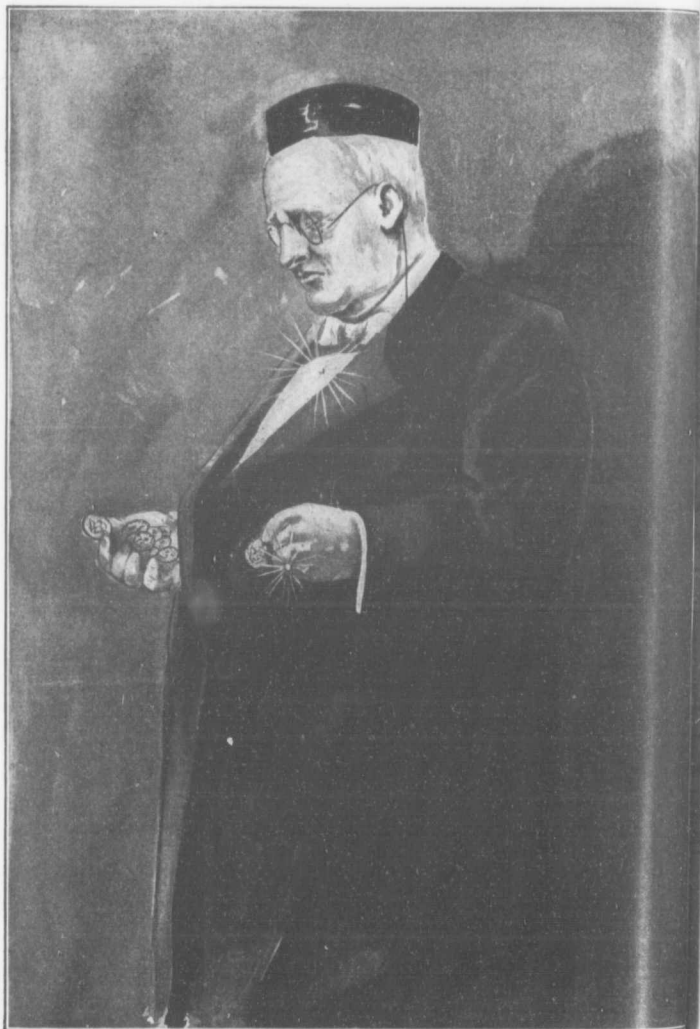
There was "no room" for them when Joseph and Mary, the Mother of Christ came to the inn in Bethlehem. Are we, too, now refusing help to those in need? What shall be our reward?



#### THE TRIBUTE MONEY'S LESSON.

No crafty, scheming question can confuse the clear judgment of the All-Wise One. "Is it lawful to give tribute unto Caesar?" Christ confronts the questioner with the fact that the coin bears Caesar's image and superscription. But men bear the image and superscription of the Divine. "Render therefore unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's; and unto God the things that are God's."





**THE STONY-HEARTED RICH MAN.**

He has his gold, as shown in the picture, but what of how he gained it? He has rented ground and houses to the panderers to vice and lust. He is stern and lofty, but he will die. What then?



CORDIAL RECEPTION FOR HIS SATANIC MAJESTY IN FULL DRESS.



CONTEMPT FOR THE HONEST WORKINGMAN IN PLAIN CLOTHES.





VAIN EFFORTS THEIRS WHO TRY TO OVERTAKE  
THE BUBBLES WHICH, IF CAUGHT WOULD BREAK.



PRIDE DECKS ITSELF, BUT SOON THE CHARMS ARE PAST,  
AND TO A SKELETON IT COMES AT LAST.

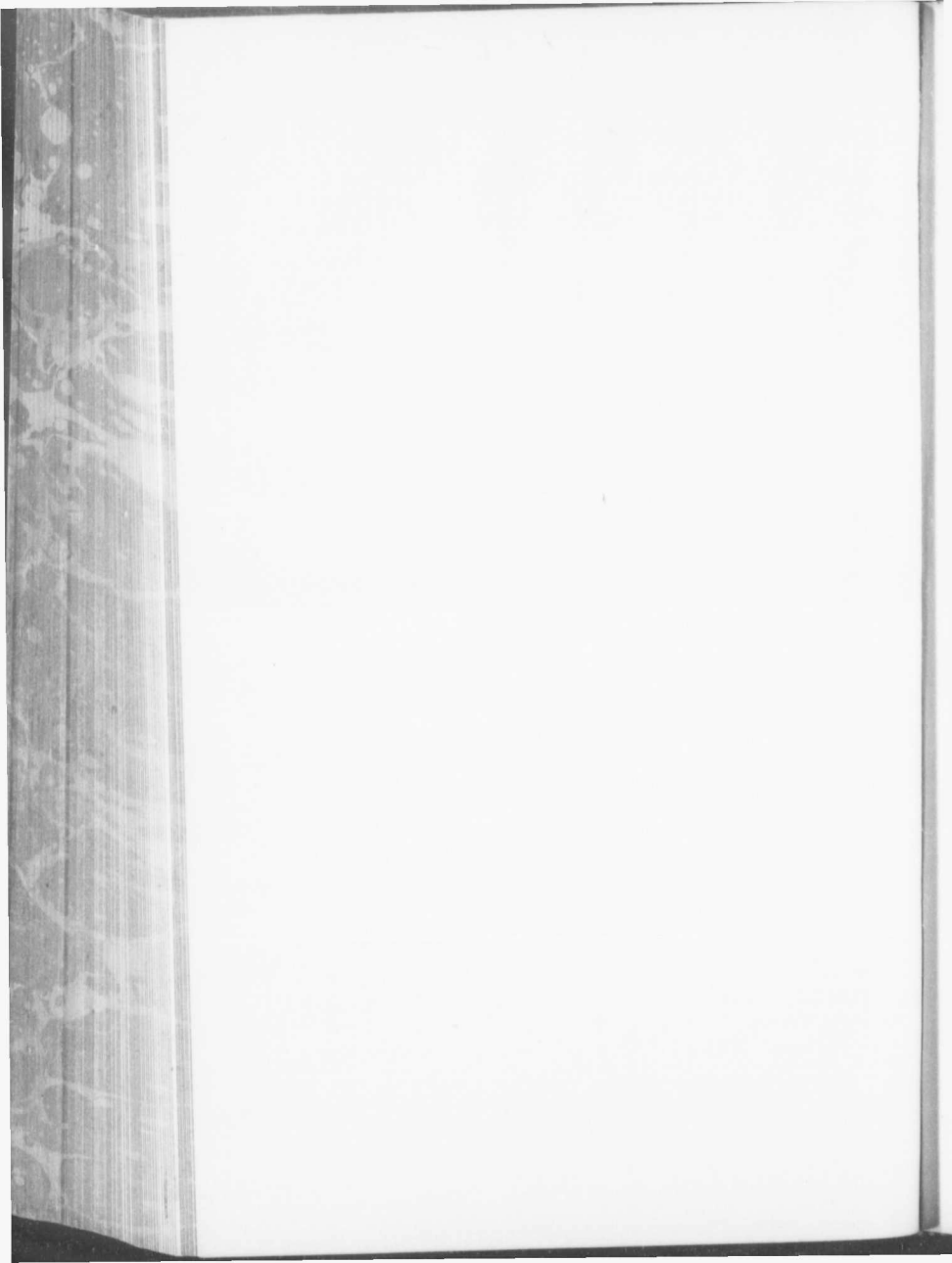
## BOOK III.

### THE SINS OF SOCIETY.

SOCIETY RESPONSIBLE FOR THE INTOLERABLE CONDITIONS WHICH EXIST—HOW IT WRECKS HUMAN LIVES BY ITS FALSE CREEDS—MORAL PERVERSION IN ITS EXAMPLE—VICIOUS TRAINING OF CHILDREN—UNNATURAL MARRIAGES AND VICE.

It is in the home that characters and the instincts and inclinations and habits of life are formed and, far too often, in American homes, especially in the homes of the rich, the moral atmosphere is wrong—all wrong! This is a grave arraignment, but it is the sad and unwholesome fact. In a portion of, though not, thank God, everywhere, in what is called "Society" crimes are committed in the rearing of children and in the examples set before them which should not and will not go unpunished in the end. The young are literally trained to a false conception of what life is, what are its evils and its good, and what its punishments and rewards. Misguided and misinformed, they are bred to lives of triviality and uselessness, or worse. All is sham and selfishness and striving for effect. Drunkenness and libertinism are condoned in the youth, and young girls are told that a loveless marriage for money or position is not a sinful thing. Honor and chastity are not the first things taught. There is peril in the last place in which it should be possible to find it—in the home itself!

Such a condition appears almost incredible, but of its unhappy truth the facts are revealed in the chapters following in this book. The story is told in convincing plainness. What men or women, fathers and mothers, can read it and fail to realize its lesson, and to resolve that, in their homes, at least, degrading and blasting influences and forces shall not exist!



CHAPTER I  
TRUE AND FALSE.

SORROW AND SHAME—MEN RESPONSIBLE—A HELLISH WRONG  
—FOUL LANGUAGE—NAKED AND NOT ASHAMED—ASININE  
SUPERSTITION.

Which is the worse, the pitiful state of the woman who is wedded to a lecherous brute, whose frequent attentions exasperate her, crush her finer sensibilities, and endanger or destroy health itself, or that of the woman wedded to the same sort of man, who is left alone while he seeks pleasure in the company of harlots? Either situation is unendurable, and yet both are common. Not only so, but many a woman is called to suffer both kinds of degradation at one and the same time. Again and again it is remarked, "Brothels would have to shut down, were it not for the patronage of married men."

The man is always careful to wed a virgin, and always jealous of the chastity of his wife. And yet, with a fine disregard of his own obligations, he sallies forth to seek pleasure where it may be found, leaving his wife to her own devices, to believe implicitly in him, or if she discovers his perfidy, to mourn over her lot, and make the best of a brimstone bargain. He goes on in his chosen career of profligacy, indulging his devilish propensities without let or hindrance, apparently indifferent to all possible consequences.

Thus it comes to pass in many, many cases, that the wife is true, and the husband is false. With her instinctive aversion for the impure and the vicious, her happy freedom from sexual desire, the wife pursues the even tenor of her way, faithful in the discharge of all her wifely obligations, and occasionally submits to the amorous embraces of a husband who is the consort of prostitutes, and the seducer of virgins,—a man as false and perfidious as ever drew the breath of life, who disesteems the marriage vow,



stains his marriage bed, and poisons the blood of his offspring. For if he should be so fortunate as to escape altogether contaminating disease, a contingency scarcely possible in such a career, he becomes the father of children whose blood is turgid with sexual passion, foredoomed and foredamned to careers of lechery and profligacy.

It is the veriest commonplace that both man and woman ought to respect the marriage bond. The obligation is just as binding upon one as the other; and when one party to the contract violates it, the other is released, morally, and legally as soon as the necessary steps can be taken. There are men, as guilty as any, who are yet too manly to continue in a career of unmitigated offense, if they could once see its full enormity. Doubtless there are many more who are not manly, but bestial; who are so entirely enslaved by passion that as long as God permits them to live, they will continue to play the profligate, and end as they began, sons of infamous debauchery.

#### SORROW AND SHAME.

And what pen can portray the shame and suffering of a pure woman who is wedded to a rake? What a shock to her delicate sensibilities, when she makes the sad discovery! What grief and woe inmedicable, when she finds that he is untrue to her! that he is false and infidel, that he esteems the solemn marriage ceremony an empty form, and the bonds of matrimony scarce a gossamer web.

Or, more depraved still, it may even be that the libertine recognizes the obligation of the marriage bond, and ruthlessly violates it, thus inviting all the awful disasters of such transgression upon himself, his wife, and his children, for the sake of his own momentary pleasure. What has become of his solemn affirmations of love and loyalty? Were they but a part of the shameless pretense by which he snared a helpless victim? How can such a man look an honest man or woman in the face? How can he confront his own wife and innocent, helpless children?



FALLEN MEN.

"For every fallen woman there are at least ten fallen men."

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How can he persevere in his infamy, and see the wan, sad face of the woman who gave herself to him, grow paler and sadder day by day, as her proud spirit sinks under the revelation of his Sodomitic impurity?

The married libertine finds his way often to the house of the harlot. And there, in the midst of boon companions, urged on by laughter and song, inflamed by drink, he wastes his energies and whirls on the downward way, dragging to dishonor and death the woman who is the silent, suffering, and often ignorant partner for life of a male prostitute. We hear frequently of the "fallen woman," but do we not know that for every "fallen woman" there are at least ten "fallen men?" Is not his offense against honor, against decency, as grave at least as hers? Who shall say that it is not infinitely worse, since in the vast majority of cases, he is the procurer of her downfall? Count if you can the population of the under world in any city on earth, from London down to the merest lumber or mining camp of the frontier; think of the thousands and hundred thousands of women who might have honorable wifhood as their portion; and then remember that all this sin and infamy, this turbulent flood of pruriency and debauchery, is created by the devilish demands and sustained by the unblushing patronage of men!

#### MEN RESPONSIBLE.

To quote Dr. Kellogg in his book, "Plain Facts," a book which ought to be in every home in the land, "It cannot be denied that men are in the greatest degree responsible for the social evil. The general principle holds true here as elsewhere, that the supply is regulated by the demand. If the patrons of prostitution should withdraw their support by a sudden acquisition of virtue, how soon would this vilest of traffics cease! The inmates of brothels would themselves become continent, if not virtuous, as the result of such a spasm of chastity in men.

Again, the ranks of fallen women, which are rapidly thinned by loathsome diseases and horrid deaths, are largely recruited from

the class of unfortunates for whose fall faithless lovers or cunning, heartless libertines are chiefly responsible. The weak girl, who, through too much trust, has been deceived and robbed of her dearest treasure, is disowned by relatives, shunned by her acquaintances, and turned out upon a cold world without money, without friends, without a character. What can she do? Respectable employment she cannot find, for rumor follows her. There seems to be but one door open, the one which she herself so unintentionally opened. In despair, she enters "the open road to hell," and to her first sad error adds a life of shame. Meanwhile the villain who betrayed her maintains his standing in society, and unblushingly plies his arts to win other victims. Is there not an unfair discrimination here? Should not the seducer be blackened with an infamy at least as deep as that which society casts upon the one betrayed?"

Not many moons ago some young medical students in Illinois drugged and assaulted a girl. Finding that she did not quickly recover from the effects of the deathly potion they had administered, they sought assistance. But the physician to whom they applied shook his head. "I can do nothing for you, boys." In a lonely spot they severed the head from the body, and sought to hide all trace of their connection with the revolting murder. But they were in due time detected; arrested; tried, condemned and executed. How much worse was their offense than that of the ordinary genteel seducer, who lures his victim to a brothel, ruins her, maintains her till he tires of her, and then leaves her there, damned for both worlds? She can only live out a life which has been robbed of all its joy, and filled with hellish torment, until she finds a premature grave in some Potter's Field. Indeed, the crime of those medical students was the more merciful, for they took their victim's life at once; they did not take half the years of her life, and condemn her to intolerable misery for the remainder.

**A HELLISH WRONG.**

Dr. Kellogg's protest against the discrimination between the two parties to the hellish wrong of seduction is all too mild. In many a genteel circle there are well-dressed young reprobates whose chief occupation it is to seek out tender victims for their lust. They study how they may best entrap them. They ply their arts with Satanic sagacity. They make use of their high social standing to flatter the girls whose ruin they seek. They bestow costly gifts. They make appointments. They shower favors. And then, when finally, by lover-like attentions they have won the confidence of the poor child, they accomplish their purpose, and throw her off in shame and everlasting shipwreck while they go elsewhere and repeat the process.

These infamous scoundrels are not always single men. Perhaps a majority of them are men with families of their own; men through whose veins courses the hot blood of the roue; men whose consciences are seared, whose minds are clouded, whose moral sense has gone into eternal eclipse. It is a fearful charge,—that men are responsible for the existence of the social evil. But who will deny it? One has but to think of this simple, unanswerable accusation, with all that is implied in it to be thoroughly convinced that if there is not a hell there ought to be.

And yet, with the swarming mass of prostitutes infesting our cities and lowering the moral level of every community in Christendom, what are we doing to remedy this gigantic evil? Is there any one of the procuring causes of vice which is being systematically attacked? What are men themselves doing? Have we all become prudes, afraid or ashamed to write or speak of such things?

**FOUL LANGUAGE.**

Go among men of almost every class, and you will find that so far from doing anything whatever to eradicate this plague spot, they are spreading it. The habit of telling obscene stories is one to which it would seem most men are committed. There are

scores of men to be found in the smaller towns and cities, who always regale themselves with smutty, salacious stories. They seem to think that to be foul-mouthed is the especial prerogative of the male sex, and they exercise their devilish ingenuity in inventing incidents with which to entertain one another. They do not seem to think that they are indulging the most vicious and dangerous propensity of their natures; that they are suggesting vile images to the minds of their hearers; that they are sowing seeds of infamy that may bring forth a harvest of death in their own homes. For these men have sons and daughters. And if, finally, the blow falls, and a queenly daughter, the light of their lives, is flung into the mire and clay, what right of protest have they left? Are they not themselves the procurers of her downfall?

It would be hard to mention a more contemptible habit, or one more common among men. One would be led to think that it is considered unmanly, lacking in some of the elements of a robust masculinity, not to stain the lips and pervert the mind and foul the heart with the occasional recital of an obscene jest. Such men cannot pass along the street and see a handsome female without having thoughts of impurity. And where such brutes congregate, not a woman can pass without lewd remarks being made,—fortunate if not within her hearing.

A crowd of fellows sat one evening around the stove in a hotel office, smoking, spitting, and taking turns at telling dirty stories. A gentleman who happened to be present, endured it as long as he could, and then arose to leave the room. As he reached the door, he saw a yellow dog curled up behind the stove, and giving him a gentle kick, said in a good, clear voice,—“Get out of here! this is no place for you!”

Can it be possible that men are so depraved that they really delight in smutty stories? “From the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.” If the stream is black and foul, the fountain cannot be pure. “Are there any ladies present?” was the

preliminary inquiry with which one of these blackguards began such a recital. "No," answered General Grant, who chanced to be one of the company, "but there are some gentlemen." The wife jest was smothered.

**NAKED AND NOT ASHAMED.**

If men are proud of the rotten state of society, if they are delighted to know that they and they alone are responsible for the social evil, then let them go on, adding laurels to the fame of their sex as skilled seducers and wholesalers of corruption. If fashionable women prefer the society of the rake, if fashionable society decrees that it is gross and unbecoming for a female to be seen in public in company with her own husband, then let the work of building brothels and loosening the marriage tie go on. Let it be accelerated until the very mountains become incensed, and the tragedy of Sodom and Gomorrha, of Herculaneum and Pompeii, is repeated, and this hegemonic hell is once more overthrown.

As an earnest writer says,—“Among the first lessons which boys learn of their fellows are impurities of language; and these are soon followed by impurities of thought. When this is the training of boyhood, it is not strange that the predominating ideas among young men in relation to the other sex, are too often those of impurity and sensuality. We cannot be surprised, then, that the history of most young men is, that they yield to temptation in a greater or less degree and in different ways. With many, no doubt, the indulgence is transient, accidental, and does not become habitual. It does not get to be regarded as venial. It is never yielded to without remorse. The wish and the purpose are to resist; but the animal nature bears down the moral. Still transgression is always followed by grief and penitence.

With too many, however, it is to be feared it is not so. The mind has become debauched by dwelling on licentious images, and by indulgence in licentious conversation. There is no wish to resist. They are not overtaken by temptation; for they seek

it. With them the transgression becomes habitual, and the stain on the character is deep and lasting." They go forth to live polluted and polluting lives. They are the contaminating centers of corruption for every community they enter, the promoters of lubricity and shame.

And thus in the young life, the boy life of the world, are sown those seeds of death and dishonor which bring forth their fearful, hot harvest in persistent and awful infidelity to the marriage bond. The woman is true, the man is a reprobate. This in the great majority of cases is the sad story, humiliating enough to a man who has any sort of pride in or hope for his sex. Occasionally the situation is reversed, and we find that the woman is infidel. Such an incident occurred in the life of a gentleman well known by a friend of the writer. Awful was the shock, when he was confronted with undoubted proofs of his wife's infidelity. Reason seemed to totter on its throne. What could he do? Not for a moment did he think of permitting such a woman to have their only child, a little daughter. But when the baby cried for the mother, and pined, and sickened from loneliness, he yielded, and gave her the child with the promise of reformation. Then he left home, and friends, and business prospects; a brightening career in his loved profession, and went away among strangers, hoping to find surcease of sorrow. But the raven never took its beak from his broken heart, and shortly after, he died by his own hand.

If an honest man is plunged into such depths by his wife's perfidy, how great must be the suffering of an innocent wife when her husband forsakes the guide of his youth? And when these cases are everywhere multiplied, there must be such a burden of sighs and lamentations as will make a chorus to the age-long chant of the damned.

But what are we to expect from the conventional and orthodox notion of "woman's sphere?" Is it not her peculiar and distinctive function to bear children, forsooth? What is she, but an



animated egg-sack? It is unbecoming for her to enter any of the professions; she is not fitted for toil; she was never meant for a breadwinner; her place is the home! By such tyrannous and unreasoning fiat we have brought about the very conditions we deplore.

#### ASININE SUPERSTITION.

Is there any hope of reformation? There is always hope. It "springs eternal in the human breast." But our hope will never find its joyous fruition, and lecherous, whore-mongering husbands become manly and chivalrous, until we bury this asinine superstition in the grave we must needs dig to hide our shame, and admit that women have human rights, as human beings, and that reproduction is no more their distinctive function than it is man's.

Development, culture, occupation—these are the keywords of the new freedom. Say what you will about a crowded labor market, this is the way out of our social Egypt. Show the women of the world how they may become self-supporting, how they may become contributors to the happiness and welfare of society in other ways than by yielding to the amorous approaches of uxorious men, and you cut the Gordian knot of many of our problems. But on the other hand, if you insist that woman's sphere is strictly limited to child-bearing, that her whole career must be shaped with reference to that, then you turn back from the land of promise to another period of aimless wandering in the wilderness.

If it be protested against this re-iteration of woman's industrial rights, that for her to become a worker will further complicate our industrial problems, then revolutionize industry. It needs it.

Suppose it be argued that men are false because they are weak. They are not malicious; they do not plan their moral lapses; they are weak, and they fall! Does that excuse them? Does it excuse such infamies as some that are narrated on these pages, for example? By no means. They have within their grasp all the means necessary for the development of moral strength, and if they pursue the ways of wantonness till the end of

their days, it is simply because they want to. If they wish it, they can stop every transgression, and that today!

He of all others is a reprobate, and should stand scorned by men and women alike, who indulges his vicious propensities out of wedlock, false to his vows, as well as false to his real manhood, just because he happens to possess wealth, and with it all the necessary means. His abominations are worse in the sight of heaven than those of the negro brute. For the latter may be driven by blind animal instincts; the former is inspired by a refined deviltry!

We believe that the number of men who reverence an obligation, whether contracted at the marriage altar or elsewhere, is daily increasing, and that scorn of meanness and abhorrence of sexual evil grow apace.

## CHAPTER II

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### CURSED AND CRAZED BY VANITY.

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THE CORONER'S VERDICT—FROM GAY PARIS—THE CULT OF BEAUTY—FEARS TO BE DISFIGURED—PLEADINGS UNAVAILING—THE WOMAN'S QUEER MANIA—POWER OF PUBLIC OPINION.

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There is a fanaticism in his world which to say the least is not religious. People talk as if the only possible fanaticism were that which is connected with some more or less spiritual cult; but the cults of beauty and of fashion have their mad devotees, as unreasoning, as blind, as superstitious, as the African who binds the gree-gree upon his back, and flings himself in the dust before the fetich tree. These mad worshippers at the shrine of beauty are blissfully unaware of their stupid infatuation, and imagine themselves the freest and noblest of mortals.

But alack and alas! they are sometimes undeceived. Again and again we read sad stories similar to those narrated here, showing how frail a thing is the human mind, and how easily it is unbalanced by extravagant devotion to an ignoble ideal. They who are worshippers of the beautiful have a most attractive ritual. What heart does not beat responsive to the allurements of grace and the fascinations and witcheries of perfect beauty? Where is the fearful error, if error there be since a love of beauty throbs in every human heart?

The error lies in this,—its devotees linger on the plane of the sensuous. Instead of imitating the example of the truly great and wise, whose lives have made the earth a better place for human habitation, and looking with them aloft to things celestial: instead of seeing in all physical beauty types of a still more ravishing moral loveliness they have pitched their perfumed tents upon the low plane of mere animalism, dazzled and bewildered by its insinuating, hypnotic spell.

## THE CORONER'S VERDICT.

"Suicide while temporarily insane," was the coroner's verdict, delivered while this chapter was being written, by a jury in the fair city of Chicago. And the verdict told the story of a life maddened, wrecked, lost, because of the infatuation of mere physical charms. A woman, whose name is withheld from these pages, out of consideration for her friends and family, was found unconscious at the Del Prado Hotel, suffering from the effects of chloroform. She died a little later at the Chicago Hospital. The poor frail body was taken in charge by an uncle, to be transported to Denver, the young woman's home. It is a short, simple, and yet an appalling story. Mrs. B—— was one of the beauties of Denver. A few years ago she was taken sick. Her husband was one of the wealthy citizens of the place, and she received every attention. Her wants, real and imaginary, were looked after. She was attended by maids and nurses, and the highest of medical skill was invoked to restore her to health. An operation became necessary. Because of the condition of her health, or because of some unforeseen complication, the operation resulted in inflicting upon her a skin disease, which disfigured her lovely face.

In the bitterness of her humiliation, the poor creature complained to her friends, to her waiting maids, to her husband. Hers was the house of shadows and resounding lamentations. "Oh, must I always be the veiled woman? Will people always stare at my face because it is ugly, just as they did formerly because it was so beautiful?" and wringing her hands in a paroxysm of grief, the poor woman flung herself half-fainting upon her couch. Again and again this scene was re-enacted. Her days were spent in an angry battle with grim and relentless fate. She raved and stormed; she supplicated; she prayed, with the energy and earnestness of despair.

She went from place to place, trying everything that could promise the slightest hope of relief and recovery, but it seemed vain. Her last quest for her lost beauty, beauty which was her

idol, beauty so ephemeral and transient that in a few years at best it must fade and die, was under the treatment of a so-called beauty specialist in the city of Chicago, and when it seemed to her all in vain, her proud spirit was broken; her reason unhinged, and she sought relief in death.

Such a fate must not be considered as an isolated and extraordinary incident. It is symptomatic. It shows the awful morbid state of modern society, with its mad dances and baleful fires and bottomless pits. There are scores of women who are following swiftly along the same way. They may never reach the brink; they may be saved from the final fearful plunge; but they are potentially in the same class. They burn incense at the same altars, and pay the same obligations to the gods and under-gods of society's realm. Is it incomprehensible? Do you wonder how any sane creature can be so absorbed in the pursuit of sensuous pleasure? Remember, that it is not so maddening in its beginnings. It is a deceptive way. It seems right in all of its approaches, but as the wise one of old has said warningly, "The end thereof is the way of death!"

#### FROM GAY PARIS.

The same story floated across the waters from gay Paris, the Sodom capital of all unblushing infamies, just a few weeks before our own American papers printed the incident referred to above. Read the heart-breaking narrative, in all its detail. See intellect prostituted, mother-love crushed, a home destroyed. This is the recital, as the brilliant correspondent Renard narrated it:

The great Charcot and his learned associates are puzzled by the case of Mme. Madelaine Robert, one of the most noted beauties of Paris, and a stark, staring maniac from midnight until 9 a. m. daily. During those nine hours madam imagines that her beauty is forever gone, "because her face and wonderful neck," objects of admiration in fashionable society for years, "are heavily scarred by smallpox marks."

While in this state she brooks no interference from any one, and Dr. Charcot ordered that no restraint be put upon the patient, lest she do violence to herself. Toward 8:30 a. m. she begins to quiet down, rings and asks that M. ——, a famous Paris beauty doctor, be sent for. To humor her the hospital authorities then dispatch an attendant, purporting to be the person wanted to her cell, whereupon the poor woman falls upon her knees and implores him to save her beauty, without which she can not exist.

The man paints her face and neck with some innocent lotion and finally asks Mme. Robert to consult the glass. What she sees fills her with surprise and joy, for, after treatment by the "beauty doctor," the imaginary smallpox marks (of which not a trace exists in fact) "disappear."

During the rest of the day and until 12 midnight madam is perfectly happy and contented and seemingly rational in all she does and says; she drives, visits places of amusement and employs herself with embroidery and in other feminine occupations. Only the past is a blank to her. She does not recognize old friends and remembers neither family nor business affairs. At the same time, she is as sprightly as ever in conversation, and her modistes and man milliners receive many valuable suggestions from this talented wearer of fine clothes. Ten o'clock finds her in bed, clad in the most elaborate night robes that money can buy.

The doctors say she sleeps soundly until midnight, when the terror seizes her, as described. This order of things has continued now for more than three months without improvement or change for the better or worse. Dr. Charcot and other great scientists do not know what to think of the case, but fear that it will develop into hopeless imbecility.

The circumstances that brought Mme. Robert to this sorry state are tragic in the extreme. Here is the story, as told by a lifelong friend of the famous beauty and society woman:

#### THE CULT OF BEAUTY.

For ten years Madelaine Robert enjoyed the reputation of be-

ing the most beautiful woman of her set—Paris society not quite up to the standard of old aristocrats like the Duchesses d'Uzes, but far above the new rich, who have to take up with international adventures to get their names published in Figaro.

Her late husband left her an income of some 50,000 francs per year while she was still young enough to enjoy it, but, despite numerous affairs of the heart, she maintained a spotless reputation.

"You are a coquette," "an icicle," scolded her men friends. Madelaine thought them inspired because they understood her so well. Unequivocally, she had use for admirers only, lived for her beauty alone and cared to live only because she was, and as long as she was, beautiful.

Her days and half her nights were devoted to the care of her face, her shoulders, her hands, her teeth, her hair, her eyebrows, her figure and feet—to preserve their fair appearance and eradicate any slight blemishes that might show. Madelaine's only son was brought up like the children of other fashionable ladies, by tutors and maids. He had a suite of rooms large enough to accommodate three workmen's families, a pony, rifle, billiard and what not? Was he in good health? The family doctor said so. Was he happy? The mother never thought to ask, but she knew one thing—he was growing fast; he was getting to be a big boy. She herself must be growing old, then.

Madelaine began to lock herself in twenty times a day to examine her complexion, which, she feared, was no longer as clear and transparent as—how many years ago? Her skin seemed to draw together below the eyes and in the corners—seemed to grow less at those points. When her friends came to chat and talk scandal, Madelaine would often rise suddenly and go to her boudoir, to see whether she was as old looking as Bertha or Blanche. True, as yet no one seemed to notice the decadence of her beauty—no one but herself and her handglass. Ah, the ugly stories the glass told! It whispered that her flesh was firm and elastic no

longer, that the gloss of her hair was not out of the ordinary as in days gone by; awful revelations, and Madelaine swore that she would not be coward enough to survive the loss of her beauty.

And again she prayed for hours to the good Lord, who grants loveliness, but to take it away after an infinitesimal space of time. What had she done to deserve such cruel punishment? Was youth and grace given her only to make age the more unbearable? Ninon de l'Enclos retained her beauty even in her coffin; at the age of 70, she was one of the most admired women of her times. That may have been due to a miracle, but God is good and might grant her a similar favor.

Madelaine was 37, her son 15 years of age, when these and similar thoughts had almost become a mania with her. And still another care added to her burden; Phillip fell ill. He had to take to his bed. His old teacher assumed the part of chief nurse, and Madelaine came mornings and evenings to ask after the boy, remaining, however, never more than two or three minutes in the sick room.

Even then she avoided touching the patient, or speaking to him, and her visit would invariably wind up with the excuse: "Pardon me, I have forgotten to give orders to—" With this she rushed out, leaving behind a cloud of exquisite perfumery.

One evening, when Madelaine asked rather impatiently after the doctor's diagnosis, the tutor replied in a mournful voice: "Phillip has smallpox, madam."

Then Madelaine uttered a piercing cry and fled.

#### FEARS TO BE DISFIGURED.

Next morning at 6 the mother sent for the first bulletin—never in her life had she been awake so early before. "No improvement," and Mme. Robert quitted her residence forthwith and went to live in an apartment opposite. There she locked herself in the boudoir, where her mirrors, cosmetics and highly labeled bottles and boxes had preceded her and cried and moaned so incessantly as to alarm everybody in the big house. And all around



the sofa on which she was reclining stood small copper vessels, in which chemicals were burning, emitting strong, but agreeable odors.

On the morning of the eleventh day the tutor waited upon her ladyship. His face was deadly pale. He refused the seat Madelaine offered him. "Your son wants me to return with all possible dispatch," said the old man. "I came to tell you that he is very, very sick, and must see you."

Madelaine opened her eyes wide, her figure swayed. And she threw herself on her knees before the crucifix hanging over the bed, and cried: "My God, this can not be thy wish." And addressing the tutor she added rather vehemently: "No, no. I never dare do what you ask, monsieur."

"The physicians hold out but slight hope for Phillip's recovery," pleaded the tutor, "and the boy wants his mother, he craves your presence with all his heart." Instead of answer Madelaine, who had remained on her knees, buried her head in her hands and sobbed. The tutor's gentle entreaties were in vain.

Two hours later he returned, bearing a second message from poor Phillip. "Your hopeless son," he said, "knows that the end is near and begs his mother to come and see him for the last time in life."

"God forbid," cried Madelaine, "I can not, I durst not." She was still on her knees, her hair disheveled, her beautiful face mirroring the agonies she suffered.

"I never knew," said the tutor impressively, "that there was an impulse in woman's life stronger than that which draws a mother to her child's deathbed."

"Yes, there is," shouted Madelaine, beside herself with excitement. "Fear, fear, fear. I can not go to Phillip, I can not."

The tutor, being an old friend of the family, gently put his arms around Madelaine's shoulders and tried to drag her to the door. She pushed him away. "Do not touch me," she cried, "your very breath means destruction to what is most dear to me."

Saying this she fell heavily on the floor, convulsions seized her, and for several hours she bemoaned the loss of her beauty, while in a half conscious state.

PLEADINGS UNAVAILING.

Towards evening Phillip felt death near enough to touch its shroud-like garment and with the clairvoyance, peculiar to dying people, he saw through his mother's weakness, that seemed like utter hard-heartedness. And once more he dispatched the tutor to Madelaine. This was his message: "If mother is afraid to come into the room, beg her to go to the balcony. I shall see her through the window and die happy with my last look upon her lovely face. That shall be my farewell from the most beautiful of mothers—I ask no other I beseech you, induce her to come."

Phillip's physician, taking pity on the disconsolate boy, accompanied the tutor on his errand.

"Madam," he said, "there is not the slightest danger, as the heavy glass-panes absolutely prevent your coming in contact with the atmosphere, or exhalations, of the sick room." Trembling in every limb, Madelaine asked the physician to give her his professional word of honor that what he spoke was true. Three times he had to repeat the formula before she was satisfied. At last, throwing a thick veil over her face and holding a bottle with strong salts in each hand, she started out with the men. But when the balcony was reached, her knees trembled so that she was hardly able to move and her agitation was most painful to look upon.

When she was nearly opposite the window, she suddenly buried her face in her hands and moaned: "Don't ask me to go further, I will never dare to look at him. It would kill me by inches, and while I am ready to die for him I can not endure the thought of being disfigured."

The tutor and the physician attempted to take her to the window by force, but she caught hold of the balcony railing, crying aloud. The scene caused the people in the street to look up and



A DEVOTEE OF FASHION.

"Ninety per cent of her talk is of dress."

stare and offer assistance to the lady in distress, and to avoid scandal the men had to desist.

Meanwhile poor Phillip was waiting; his eyes fixed on the window; he was ready to die the moment he bid good-by to the beloved, gracious and smiling, the beautiful face of his mother, but he saw only a pair of heavily gloved hands and the bowed and veiled head of a figure in black. He saw them for hours. It was growing darker. Some of the lights in the street were extinguished, and the mother's face still remained hidden.

At 12 midnight, Phillip turned to the wall and died.

At 12 midnight, his mother released her hold on the balcony railing and fell heavily upon the stone flagging. When she awoke she was raving about "smallpox scars" on her face and neck, and she has been raving about them ever since from 12 midnight till 9 a. m., daily.

#### THE WOMAN'S QUEER MANIA.

One of the physicians consulted by Dr. Charcot on the peculiar case of Mme. Robert gave your correspondent the following report of his observations:

"The moans and shrieks in cell No. 15, which, by the way, is a large, handsomely furnished apartment, began with the stroke of midnight, and I did not take my eyes off Mme. Robert until I left her, after a personal interview some time after 9 o'clock next morning. All through the night the poor woman was raving about the 'beautiful tyrant' who was about to leave her, calling him 'angel,' 'lover' and 'god,' and showering prayers, persuasion and curses upon the creature of her wild imaginings. And again she cried as I have never seen her, or heard, a woman cry before.

"The maid in attendance upon madame tried in vain to reason with her. I heard her say a hundred times that it was all a mistake; that she was as healthy and beautiful as ever. 'To prove what I say, I offer to sleep with you, madame. I would catch my death if you were really ill with smallpox, would I not?' argued the faithful nurse.

"'Pshaw,' replied the maniac with the cunning peculiar to her condition; 'I suppose you had smallpox once in your life. So much for your protestations, my girl!'

"Toward 8:30 in the morning the maid came out to say that madame wanted the beauty doctor, whereupon I entered with the person enacting that functionary's part.

"We found Mme. Robert arrayed in a beautiful morning gown before the mirror of her dressing table, looking intently at her face and bare neck, but, observing me, she threw a heavy black veil over her head and anxiously covered her shoulders.

"'How are you this morning, madame?' asked the beauty doctor.

"'Very poorly, indeed. The scars seem to have increased in size and ugliness over night.' The beauty doctor protested, but Madelaine continued in an authoritative yet sorrowful voice: 'Perhaps you will believe me when I tell you that I counted a dozen new indentations today, five on my neck alone. How can I ever go to the opera again? Ah, I am beginning to be a nightmare, a scarecrow, a thing too awful for sight. Indeed, I am ashamed to show myself. And, by the way, give orders that Philip not be admitted. The poor child must never know that his beautiful mother has grown ugly.'

"Madelaine sank back in her chair and began to cry as if her heart was breaking. 'I assure you, madam, that I can cure these little blemishes in less than no time,' said the beauty doctor gently. 'Be good enough to remove the veil and I will attend to you the moment I get my lotion ready.' Saying so, the speaker took hold of one end of the veil, but Madelaine rose in a fury and pushed him away. 'Don't do that,' she cried; 'I do not object to your treatment, for it is really efficient, but I can not possibly exhibit my sores before strangers.'

"The supposed man of cosmetics then introduced me as a colleague, invited me to a consultation, and Madelaine reluctantly allowed the veil to be lifted. I saw a woman of great beauty,

a finely chiseled face without blemish, radiant with a complexion that a society woman of 30 might pride herself on. But, imagining herself disfigured, the poor woman blushed violently with shame and excitement. Fixing her eyes on the carpet, she constantly turned her head to hide the supposed scars.

"'It's extremely painful to me to appear before anybody in such a state,' she said. 'I look awful, do I not? And turning to me she continued: 'This punishment is worse than martyrdom at the stake.'

"I was so impressed by Madelaine's earnestness that I examined that fine pink and white face even more closely than before, and confess I seldom saw a more perfect skin.

"'Doctor,' she began anew, 'you must know that I got his awful disease while engaged in a work of love. Poor Philip caught smallpox, and, of course, I had to attend him.'

"'My poor boy lives, but his mother is dead—dead! My beauty gone, I am like some one who has passed away.'

"Meanwhile the doctor had prepared his supposed wonderful lotion and began operations. 'Just a minute,' he said, 'and these nasty scars will be invisible, leaving you as beautiful as ever.'

"Only then did Madelaine raise her eyes from the floor—violet eyes, large and soft. As she held up her right cheek the doctor touched it here and there with his brush. The other cheek, her forehead, neck and shoulders were treated in the same manner, and I noticed that Madelaine quieted down considerably as the work progressed. Finally the beauty doctor shut his instrument case with a snap and bang and said: 'Be good enough to look into the handglass, madam. I venture to say that I lived up to my promises once more and it was not hard work, either.'

"Madelaine took a magnifying mirror and scrutinized her face and neck for some five or more minutes with all possible care. She was trying hard to locate the supposed blemishes and at the same time overjoyed not to find even a trace of them.

She called her maid as witness; she appealed to me. 'I trust you won't be jealous of monsieur? He is so clever.' And then to the beauty doctor: 'You are worth your weight in gold. I can not express how I appreciate your good offices.'

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"An hour later Mme. Robert drove up at Redfern's, where she astonished everybody who knew her by her youthful looks and her quiet, impassive behavior."

#### POWER OF PUBLIC OPINION.

And so we read upon the tear-stained page of human life, the record of our doings. All have a share in the wrongs and crimes, in the woes and infamies of the world. Public opinion rules the world today. When it wishes, it flings dynasties into the dust, and sets up republics in place of monarchies. When it will, it changes the currents of history, and the maps of the world. It enthrones pride, or passion; it lifts the gibbet, or drives the stake, and punishes criminals or makes martyrs of the world's redeemers. And when public opinion is right, then ten thousand wrongs will be abolished. When public opinion is right and sound and wholesome, then it will be impossible for fair women to worship their own beauty, and fling themselves into the abyss infatuated and depraved, cursed and crazed by a cult as absurd and bestial as it is destructive.

How the eye misleads! how it ensnares! it is the open gate through which go trooping all visions of beauty and earthly loveliness, to gladden the sense. But its ministry may be perverted, until in it burn unhallowed fires. Beware! beware! There are places upon which it is a sin to look twice. There are forms and figures which suggest vice and are so intended. Even queenly Art has been prostituted, till she ministers to fleshly depravity, and finds herself a procuress of shame and debauchery.

Herein is the capital offence of this age; it has made vice attractive. The progress of the humanities, the uplift of the submerged classes, the conquest of material forces, the exploitation

of hidden stores of wealth,—all the refinements and achievements which mark the progress of civilization, and in which we glory, will be lost in a fearful holocaust of passion, unless we awake to our peril.

The air is hot and sulphurous with the smoke of overthrow. The earth trembles. And men sleep, and smile in their sleep.

We would not speak in terms of exaggeration,—nay, we could not if we would! This book deals with a subject in which exaggeration is impossible. How can one transfer to a printed page the tears and entreaties of poor girls, not yet past the age of puberty, who are seized by force and fraud, lashed to a bed, and there compelled to submit to the embraces of passionate men? How can cold type tell of the horror of shame which comes over a young woman who has been betrayed by a mock marriage and left imprisoned in a bawdy house? By what strange spell shall we bind up in cloth and ship all over the country in volumes, the remorse under which guilty men writhe, the unavailing prayers of homeless orphans, and the fearful imprecations of the abandoned creatures who are cast off by God and man, and ground down under the Juggernaut of twentieth century vice?

The printed page is useful, but there are some tasks before which it must stand a confessed failure. And yet we can but hope that the reader's sympathetic attention will supplement the lack of the printed page. The stories ought to awaken hundreds and thousands who are too dainty or too indifferent to touch this question. It should be impossible for any earnest person to challenge the sincerity of those who are working hard for the reformation of the sinning, and above all, for the protection of the unsinning.



CHAPTER III  

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THE MARRIAGE MARKET.  

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HOW SUPPORTED—MEANINGS OF SOCIAL FUNCTIONS—EXHIBITING THE VICTIMS—DECENT AND INDECENT—INNOCENCY AND VULGARITY.  

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It is difficult to tell to what extent our customs are modified by the dead hand. The generation now on the stage of action has inherited traditions, beliefs and practices, from all former generations many of which are not at all changed by modern analysis, or the reconstructing power which it is always our privilege to exercise. For centuries the world has been accustomed to the subjugation of woman. And there are multitudes who come into the world with its organized forms, institutions, beliefs and practices, and accept them without a word of inquiry or dissent, as if "whatever is, is right!" Of course the position of woman they accept; women themselves accept it; men accept it; he who dares to question prevailing practices in so-called civilized lands is looked upon as an innovator, a disturber, and is vehemently denounced as a dangerous character! But now, just what is the present position of woman?

Mrs. Stetson defines that position in unmistakable terms. She says: "We are the only animal species in which the female depends on the male for food, the only animal species in which the sex relation is also an economic relation. With us an entire sex lives in a relation of economic dependence upon the other sex, and the economic relation is combined with the sex relation. The economic status of the human female is relative to the sex relation."

**HOW SUPPORTED.**

What then? what follows? No instinct is stronger than that of self-preservation; and woman very soon sees that her preservation depends upon her alliance with some male. First as daughter or sister, then as wife or mistress, she must utilize her sex characteristics; for upon these depends her bread and butter. Let

this fact be remembered. We are so accustomed to thinking in grooves that we are very much averse to taking a new idea into our heads. The Patagonian chieftain told the traveler that ideas made him sleepy; and there are many of us deplorably like him. So true is this, that editors, ministers, and authors have to give their ideas a unique and attractive setting, a startling or even a sensational coloring, in order to have them received. Do not tremble lest in this or any subsequent chapter we inveigh against honorable marriage; quite the contrary is our aim and purpose; it is for such marriage we plead, and for such social and industrial conditions as will make such marriages easily possible to the many who are now denied them. But stop right here and do a little thinking, as to the inevitable consequences of the fact with which we introduce this chapter, the dependence of the female upon the male for food.

One of the first consequences is the establishment of marriage markets. We do not refer to matrimonial bureaus, but to society in which men and women meet with no other purpose paramount than that of making matches. Mothers with marriageable daughters are to be forgiven a motherly pride in their girls, to be sure, but shall we so readily forgive them, if they go about scheming how they may entrap "the rich young Gotrox" into an engagement with Susanne or Marion or Angelina? A husband-hunter is a spectacle to make the angels weep, whether she be a marriageable young woman, or that young woman's mother, or guardian.

#### MEANING OF SOCIAL FUNCTIONS.

Many a swell function is arranged not merely to exhibit the wealth of its promoters,—and that is always the height of vulgarity—but to parade young women before the scrutinizing gaze of eager, mate-seeking men. Receptions, balls, dinners, theater parties, etc., etc., are all planned with reference to this all-absorbing hunt of a husband. Prepare the lists! order the invitations engraved; shall we invite many or few? shall we ask,—oh bother!

ask every man that has anything or has a fair prospect of getting anything! We want men! Here some of our girls are out for the tenth season, and haven't had a proposal yet! And the managers of the matrimonial market scheme and contrive by all the arts known to the sex, to gather together a likely company, and warm their blood with wine, and loosen their tongues, and smother their wits, and "give the girls another chance!" Oh, the horror of it! the shame and humiliation of it!

And yet look in on the revelers. Listen to the music, beating faster and faster, madder and madder. The air is thick with mingled perfumes, and hot and stifling. There is a voluptuousness in the cadence of the music itself; everything must contribute to the one great end, of firing the imagination, heating the blood, and ensnaring the hearts of the young men. But they are wily; they are often hardened reprobates, blase and burnt out,—men that no rational girl would want for a husband, and no sane woman would want for a son-in-law. They have walked along the burning marls of perdition; they have breathed the sulphurous flames of the under world. Their brows are blistered, their characters are bankrupt, their bodies are already the walking lazarettos of awful abominations!

#### EXHIBITING THE VICTIMS.

And it is to attract and hold the fascinated gaze of such men that pure girls are decked out in meretricious dress and ornament; their skirts a deal too long at the bottom, and far too abbreviated at the top, leaving the body half exposed to the stare of lecherous fellows whose very glance is enough to wither a rose! No one decries the legitimate use of ornament in dress; neatness and beauty of attire are woman's prerogative. As long as God has planted roses in her cheeks and stained her lips with the blood of the cherries and kindled stellar fires in her blazing eyes, who shall dare deny her the charms of face and figure and movement, set off by the art of the dressmaker and the jeweler? The world despises the sloven; it has no place for a slouch; put as many touches of

grace and loveliness as you can on the form divine, but beware how you cross the point at which dress and ornamentation become vulgar and sensuous!

A family in good circumstances had moved into the city. They had lived well, but sensibly, in their country home, and were by no means unfamiliar with the ways of polished people. Yet in the midst of a society more or less gay, they kept their senses for a long time. Finally the young lady daughters made up their minds that they must adopt the style of dress which was followed by some of the gayer members of society; and so they came down to the parlor one evening, arrayed in décolleté gowns. The stern old father's glance fell upon them with instant and unmistakable disapproval. They returned to their rooms, took off the extreme gowns, and returned more becomingly clad. The father took those dresses with a pair of tongs, and put them into the blazing fire!

Sam Jones once described a society woman arrayed in the common low-neck gown, sleeveless, and then said: "I couldn't talk religion to a woman dressed like that! No, neighbor, not religion! I might talk politics, but before I could take up the subject of religion, I should have to say, "Here, madam, here is my coat; won't you please put it on?" Whenever and wherever, by dress, adornment, look, posture, word or action, a woman seeks to attract the lustful gaze of a man, or to arouse his animal passions, she discrowns herself, and degrades the race. Let such arts be relegated to the poor lost creatures whose only means of support they are! and let us have a society that is free from taint, or the suspicion of unsoundness.

#### INNOCENCE AND VULGARITY.

We are thankful for a world that is crowded, every nook and corner, with beauty. It slumbers in the dewdrop, it glitters in the ice-gem, it flashes in the cataract, it smiles upon the verdant plain. The mountains are its monuments, the floating clouds its chariots, and the rainbow its sign manual. The beauty of the

world never fades; for the verdure of spring but gives place to the gold of autumn, and that to the glistening white of winter. There is as much beauty in the storm as in the placid sunshine; in action, as in repose. And a wise and benignant Creator, having made everything beautiful and good, at length placed man in the midst of it, the crown and glory of all, and woman, the glory of the man! It would be strange indeed, if in the midst of a beautiful world we should find ourselves creatures of hideous ugliness. We do not disparage beauty of face or figure or dress, but we do unqualifiedly denounce the perversion of an agent so powerful as female beauty, whether we find it in the palaces of wealth and fashion, in the pews of our churches, or in the slums of our cities.

"It would be sheer hypocrisy," writes T. De Witt Talmage, "because we may not have it ourselves, to despise, or affect to despise, beauty in others. When God gives it, He gives it as a blessing and as a means of usefulness. David and his army were coming down from the mountains to destroy Nabal and his flocks and vineyards. The beautiful Abigail, the wife of Nabal, went out to arrest him when he came down from the mountains, and she succeeded. Coming to the foot of the hill, she knelt. David with his army of sworn men came down over the cliffs, and when he saw her kneeling at the foot of the hill he cried,—"Halt!" to his men, and the caves echoed it; "Halt! halt!" That one beautiful woman, kneeling at the foot of the cliff had arrested all those armed troops. A dewdrop dashed back Niagara. The Bible sets before us the portraits of Sarah and Rebecca, and Abishag, Absalom's sister, and Job's daughters, and says, "They were fair to look upon." By outdoor exercise, and by skilful arrangement of apparel, let women make themselves attractive. The sloven has only one mission, and that to excite our loathing and disgust. But alas! for those who depend upon personal charms for their happiness. Beauty is such a subtle thing it does not seem to depend upon facial proportions, or upon the sparkle of the eye, or upon the flush of the cheek. You sometimes find it among irregular

features. It is the soul shining through the face that makes one beautiful. But alas! for those who depend upon mere personal charms. They will come to disappointment and to a great fret. There are so many different opinions about what are personal charms; and then sickness and trouble and age do make such ravages. The poorest god that a woman ever worships is her own face. The saddest sight in all the world is a woman who has built everything on good looks, when the charms begin to vanish. Oh, how they try to cover the wrinkles and hide the ravages of Time! When Time, with iron-shod feet, steps on a face, the hoof marks remain, and you cannot hide them. It is silly to try to hide them. I think the most repulsive fool in all the world is an old fool."

The marriage market is always well stocked. It is not by any means easy to discriminate between legitimate attraction of the other sex, and those arts and evils and insinuations and suggestions that belong to harlotry. Men will never be blind and unresponsive to physical beauty. Abigail still has power to stop a regiment of armed men. But no wise woman will venture her happiness here and hereafter on so flimsy and evanescent a thing as beauty of face or form. Neither will she make it her stock in trade, and seek to capitalize it in securing a husband. The fashionable watering place, with its dare-devil coquetries, the mixed company of gay revelers, the contagion of immorality and sensualism that glides across the waxed floors of the ball-room, the late suppers and Jehu drives, spiced wines and passion-provoking scenes, she will avoid as she would a pestilence, and prefer rather a life of single blessedness, or even get herself to a nunnery!

Let fashionable society reflect but for one moment on the peril of its course, and the certainty of its punishment. What can we expect from marriages that are made, not as the result of long acquaintanceship and the discovery of deep and lasting affinities, but because of the temporary attraction of mere externals, or the impulse of passion? Such unions, no matter on what market they

may be consummated, have no guaranty of permanence. Unless there is an affection rooted in the heart there are no barriers to withstand the assaults of trial that must come. If a beautiful woman has won a husband by nothing more lasting or meritorious than her physical charms, can she wonder when her happiness is wrecked and her husband won from her by some other woman whose charms eclipse her own? Or has she any real right to complain, if in the market she sold herself to a lecherous male, when having gratified his passion, he turns elsewhere, and seeks in another woman to have the flames of sensuality fired once more?

This is not to eliminate sex from courtship and marriage. No matter how many charms are super-added, there must always remain, as long as the race is human, this fundamental attraction between two persons of opposite sex. But what menaces the happiness of our homes, entails sorrows and woes immedicable, and finds its issues in the divorce courts and diseased and discredited offspring, broken hearts and wrecked lives, is the exaltation of the sex attraction, and the exaggeration of sexual passion. Let that part of nature alone! Seek to develop the angel, and enslave the animal. Tigerish passions are hard enough to curb, at best, without fondling them, and arousing them with the twisted lash of opportunity.

#### DECENT AND INDECENT.

There is no doubt whatever, nor is there any room for doubt, that many an innocent young girl is put upon the market and practically sold to some gray-haired libertine, without herself being cognizant of the nature of the transaction. It is all effected under the forms of society; there is the formal presentation of the debutante, the beginning and continuance of the acquaintanceship, the calls, the drives, the theatres, the presents, and all the accompaniments of an apparently legitimate and honorable courtship, and then the consummation of it all in a splendid wedding. But often, more often than we dream, underneath the limpid surface of the fair current sweeps the foul stream of lechery and debauch-

ery and legalized adultery. That which seems to every observer to be a marriage ceremony, at the fragrant altar with robed priest and garlands of flowers and witchery of music, is, if the mask were torn off, the horrid auction of a woman, body and soul to a libidinous master,—a brimstone bargain!

How can it be otherwise, as long as society teaches the female to depend upon her sex for a support? From earliest childhood, sex is emphasized, by dress, by manners, by conversation, by all the accompaniments of modern civilization, by inherited prejudices and preconceptions, by example and by precept. At this very moment, in the homes of good people all over the land, there is an anxiety, more or less manifest, lest the daughters in these homes should be left upon the market husbandless, like shop-worn goods; and if you observe closely, you will find these back-numbers here and there, showing by their very demeanor, that they are for sale at half price! They are not to blame; we would not for a moment let the slightest censure fall upon them. They may think they are acting as they will, but they are not; they are mere puppets in the great world-show of Vanity Fair, creatures of an environment against which it were well nigh useless to rebel.

This message is addressed to men and women alike. Let the fair maidens upon whose round cheeks the rose-tint still lingers, beware! Let them seek in the acquirement of some honorable, bread-winning occupation, relief from the intolerable tyranny of society, and escape from a fate which is indescribably horrible. If only the truth, all the truth were known, there would be fewer envious looks cast upon the palaces of the rich, fewer heart-burnings and envyings when some poor girl stands at the marriage altar with "a good catch." Find in honorable, useful employment, something for which you are fitted alike by taste and by training, independence! young woman; go about your chosen task as if it were the "be-all and end-all" of your earthly existence, and in due time, that knightly creature of your dreams, a chivalrous husband, will claim you as his own. Men who really want wives



know that they must choose them for qualities that will wear well. They are not going to be entrapped by the arts and blandishments of skilled husband-hunters. And the men who are to be captured by exaggerated femaleness, are not the men out of whom God and nature can make staunch, tender, faithful husbands.

There are backoning hands on every side; there are open doors, appealing voices, inviting fields. The summum bonum, the chief good, is not in being married, for the sake of marriage alone. It is in being occupied. Married life is full of occupation. The making and maintenance of a home is a high calling, nor is there any more honorable. But where do we find ideal homes today? Have we any right to expect them, when we remember how marriages are made? If the chief attraction has been sex affinity and that alone, then that is what must bind the home together, and cement the marriage bond. It is in the sexual relation that chief pleasure must be found. And so in the few children that are unhappily the fruit of such unions, this perverted instinct is perpetuated and intensified. The little innocents that ought to be the fruit of prayer are the accidents of lust, and come into the world foredoomed and fore-damned.

We are not going to quarrel with good people who contend that there are other influences co-operating to bring about the state of things we have given a feeble description of; that the maladjustment of social and economic forces is the only procuring cause of such unhappiness on earth; that solely because the female is dependent upon the male, therefore the markets are established and operated; but while admitting that there may be and doubtless are other causes, this is chief. It may not stand alone, but it co-operates with all others, and is strong enough in and of itself, to demoralize society and destroy human souls, if there were no other.

Let a holy conspiracy be formed in every home, in every social circle, between the church and the school, the State and the citizen, laws on our statute books and customs in society, to revo-

lutionize the existing order. Things are wrong side up; therefore they should be turned upside down! Give the girls an equal chance with the boys. Rightly educated, trained, and freed from needless and barbarous handicaps, sex is no hindrance to economic independence. Let us get ready for the day of woman's industrial emancipation.

Until the sexuo-economic relation is changed, that is, until by her industrial emancipation woman is made economically free, marriage under almost any possible conditions will continue to have market features. Not every marriage will be a mere bargain; perhaps comparatively few deserve to be called brimstone bargains; but every marriage will be more or less tainted. There will continue the quiet, persistent, irresistible pressure of economic necessity. It may not be felt; it may not be apparent to the contracting parties or to their friends, but it is there nevertheless.

The changes which have forced themselves upon us already have gone far to relieve the pressure and remove the stigma, so that many fail to see the force which has hitherto kept the entire sex subjugated. But this fact, justly interpreted, simply strengthens the argument. Twenty years ago the writer heard a shrewd business man say, of a certain lady whose approaching marriage was announced,—“Why, she doesn't need to marry. She is smart enough to take good care of herself.” That remark lends itself to the support of our contention in two particulars: in the first place, mark the word “need;” in his opinion, the lady didn't “need” to marry. Why should any woman “need” to marry, except for economic dependence? The very language bears mute witness to the social facts of the time, and to the prevalent opinion. Because bread-winning occupations for women were few, there were few women competent to support themselves. The limited employments did not offer fields for the rank and file. But this particular woman was unusually gifted, and had already demonstrated her ability in the work of an educator. Teaching was one of the few occupations into which women might enter without

losing caste, and she was especially well fitted by nature and training, to teach. Now, looking at marriage from the economic standpoint, this gentleman very naturally observed—"She doesn't need to marry." To him, marriage appealed as chiefly a business transaction. We may disapprove his verdict, and easily show that he is wrong, when marriage is ideally considered; but if we take prevailing conditions and customs into account, he is right! Yet even then, the principal force of this little incident is found in the fact that it is a typical case, and this gentleman but voices current opinion, as the weather vane shows the direction of the winds.

Woman has been treated as a sex creature, and certain industries have been relegated to her on the ground of sex. She reigns in the home. Home is the place where the human animal is fed, cleaned, dressed, and cared for generally. And so the creature who is required by maternity to remain in the home, is also required to do the feeding and the cleaning, despite the fact that she is the more sensitive, delicate and refined of the two, Marriage? Why should any man marry? Are not all men capable of self-support? But men do not marry for a support. They want a house-keeper, and they find it cheaper to marry one, and give her a meagre support, than to hire one. Such cases are by no means rare. They show the market features of marriage from the male's side of the proposition. Sometimes the tables are turned. The writer knows a case in point. A young woman, after a more or less successful experiment in marriage, was left a widow, with a considerable property to handle. She had no business training whatever, and soon found that she needed a business manager. It was cheaper to marry than to employ one. So she cast about among her male acquaintances, and finding one to her liking in due time married him. The transaction was spoken of by the young man's own mother, a far better woman than the average, too, as a business arrangement pure and simple.

A portion of this chapter was published widely in some of the

leading daily papers, and a lady, writing from Denver, Colorado, declared that most marriages are in reality nothing more nor less than sex barter. Another lady, writing from Boston, echoed the same sentiment. We do not hesitate to declare that the original purpose of marriage is being more and more lost sight of, every day; and that there are evils, accompanying the market state of matrimony that are as yet unnoticed, because undeveloped. There are evils enough that are already apparent, some of which have been enumerated in this chapter, but there are doubtless other and worse evils following in their train.

In Shakespeare's Julius Caesar, Portia says,—

Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,  
Is it excepted I should know no secrets  
That appertain to you? Am I yourself  
But, as it were, in sort of limitation;  
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,  
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs  
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,  
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife."

And we have no doubt that many a modern Portia has felt as this wife did, though she may not have dared to express her inmost thought. And it is from such a deep humiliation and immedicable woe we would see all women saved.

## CHAPTER IV

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### COMPELLED TO MARRY.

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NATURE AND THE UNNATURAL—BORN TO BE A WIFE AND MOTHER—SUBJECT AND DEPENDENT—MARRYING FOR A LIVING—AFRAID IT IS THE LAST CHANCE.

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The precocious sex-development discussed in the previous chapter is a deadly evil. It is the fruitful cause of vice and disease in innumerable lives. It blights the ambitions of the young and the promising, obscures the moral sense, perverts the judgment, weakens the will, wrecks the health and damns the soul! And yet in dress, in conversation, in habits and manners the miserable forcing process goes on, and not only so, but it falls in with social usage, and conforms to that absurd opinion which creates it. The female of the human species, according to the decree of society, is foreordained and predestined to be married. Now in the very nature of things, the majority of men and women will find their careers in the marriage state. Nature discovered after working at the problem for a long time, that to separate the sexes in two organisms is better than to combine them into one; hence the distinctions and differences between male and female, in plants and in animals. And under normal conditions, in accordance with nature and the plan of the Almighty, most men and women will find partners. But this fact is no excuse whatever for a social and industrial state that practically coerces them into matrimony.

Both sexes are human beings first. The male is permitted and expected to exercise the functions of a living representative of the human species, but the female is expected to submerge her personality in some male. Only here and there, now and then, does the notion appear that the female has any human functions whatever, any personal powers or rights. It is as if society were crying out to all young women,—“Get married! Marry a man,

if you can! a rich man, if you can catch one. But marry you must, or live disgraced, and die unwept and unhonored!" A moment's reflection will show conclusively that this is not an exaggerated statement. Women are dragooned into matrimony, by the stigma that is attached to a life of single blessedness. It does not seem to make any difference why the old maid is such,—indeed there is no inquiry into the reasons for her state. She is an unmated female. But why is not an unmated man as much an object of derision? Because the man has a career aside from marriage. There are ten thousand things he can do, and the world takes it for granted that if he is not married, it is simply and only because he does not care to be. On the other hand, if a woman is not married, the shallow old world assumes immediately that it is no fault of hers; that she would be if she could; and since she is not married, she must be lacking in charms. It has already and long ago decreed that marriage is what she was intended for, and for nothing else under the shining dome. Now, since she is unmarried, she has altogether missed the object of her creation, and is a poor, defeated, useless thing.

#### TO BE A WIFE AND MOTHER?

If the "old maid" is not the object of ridicule as much as formerly, is it not because of the simple fact that women are pushing their way into the world of art and industry, and proving conclusively that they have the abilities of human beings? that they have other talents beside those of the household drudge? There are many things to be said for and against the woman in business, but she is there today, several million strong; she is efficient, useful, successful; and she is there to stay, whatever Mrs. Grundy says. And her presence and success there have relieved, in large measure confirmed, maidenhood from its stigma. But we must not anticipate here all that will better be said in another chapter. The bachelor maid is so important a personage that she deserves separate treatment.

For the present, we wish merely to remind the reader that

the age-long stigma of maidenhood is used as a whip to scourge girls into matrimony. They may not "do well," if they marry; but the only alternative is esteemed so much worse than an unwise marriage, that they are placed in a position which makes them the easy prey of some fellow who wants a wife, a housekeeper, a cook, and an object upon whom he can bestow his caresses. No wonder the little girl thought it "a tough world for us women!" Of course it is hard to say how much power there is in this stigma of maidenhood. Ask the girls themselves. Certain it is, especially in those circles or communities where woman is still looked on chiefly as a sex creature, that the majority of woman-kind shrink from a state of "single blessedness"; certain it is that they are disposed to put up with defects in the man of their choice which in a freer state of society they would not tolerate for a moment. They see most women about them married; they know nothing of their burdens and heart-aches; they are kept in profound ignorance of what belongs to married life, and so in due course of time they yield to the promptings of nature and thus avoid the dreadful menace of maidenhood by marrying—something!

But the stigma of confirmed maidenhood is not the only force that impels young women to marry. It plays its part, most effectively. Talmage said: "If I hadn't been afraid of hell, I should never have started for heaven!" It is undeniable that there are women living lives of almost martyr patience and suffering as the wives of brutes, who would never have married, had they only dared to brave the scorn which the unmarried woman must encounter, many times even from her own relatives. But there are other handicaps; there are still other incentives that are employed, with more or less force, and which must have their effect on the young woman's mind, whether purposely brought to her attention or not. For example, take the industrial limitations. Naturally, when she turns from the thought of married life, she thinks, "What else is there for me?" What can she do

for a living? If married, her husband supports her, as her father did before. But if unmarried, the chances are she will outlive her father many years; her brothers and sisters will have homes of their own; what will she do? Well, sure enough; what can she do? There was a time, and that not very long ago, when she could do one of three things; she could sew, or teach, or go into other people's kitchens as a servant girl. Beyond this, there was no room or place for a woman in the ranks of industry. Her tastes, her talents, her inclination, may have led her in widely different directions; but she could not follow these, because, forsooth, society had decreed that there were only three callings that were not unbecoming to a woman. It was unwomanly for her to think of anything else! It was masculine! Who has not heard it said, of some aspiring, aggressive woman, who has dared to assert herself, and exercise her own faculties,—“She wants to wear the pants?” Perhaps there are occasionally mannish women; so also are there effeminate, womanish men! Is the one any greater discredit to the sex than the other? And because there are women who ape the airs of men, who forget that gentleness and modesty which are peculiarly her prerogative, does it necessarily follow that all women who seek to broaden the way to success for themselves and their sisters are of that sort? By no means.

#### SUBJECT AND DEPENDENT.

The three callings which of old alone were open to women have wonderfully increased in these modern days; and yet fathers and mothers are still fettered with the traditions and theories of their ancestors, and multitudes have not been able to adjust their thinking in harmony with the changed conditions. So the grave-clothes of tradition cling about her limbs when she strives in the market-place, and seeks to become herself a breadwinner. America has ever been the land of the free, and yet as late as 1840 Harriet Martineau found only seven employments open to women—teaching, needlework, keeping boarders, working



in cotton mills, in book-binderies, type-setting, and household service. Now just imagine the effect upon the lot of young women, if the world we are so proud of were to go back only to 1840, sixty years. With our present population crowding upon the means of subsistence, the lot of America's daughters would be simply intolerable. The fewer avenues there are open before women, in which they can by the right use of their talents earn a living and serve the race, the greater the pressure compelling them to marry for a living. On the other hand, if we multiply the highways to lucrative toil, we lessen this pressure, and make it possible for marriage to be a matter of independent choice.

Women were forbidden by a false and foolish and squeamish notion to engage in any callings other than the few approved, and not only so, but there was positively no arrangement made for their higher education. Limit a worker of either sex to mere manual labor, leave him without any skill except that of the hand, untrained, and you necessarily cheapen his life, and condemn him to a comparatively low plane. The product of the unskilled laborer is never worth very much. Impart an academic education, and you have added to the value of the worker; send him to the college, his value is still increased; give him every educational advantage, the very best furnished from kindergarten to university, and you have made him many-sided; you have broadened his nature, and multiplied his resources. Until the year 1836, there was no school in this country for girls approaching college rank. Then, Mary Lyon opened Mt. Holyoke, at South Hadley, Massachusetts. Vassar College was established in 1865. Harvard Annex was condescendingly opened in 1879. In this vital matter of the equal education of the sexes, the west has led the east; for while the east had the first girl's college, Oberlin College in Ohio was founded for both sexes, in 1833.

So for not more than two generations have our daughters had anything like an equal chance with their brothers. Indeed, it is inaccurate to say that they have an equal chance as yet!

Because by sheer momentum, old habits and notions persist. Women themselves are the creatures of long centuries of repression and subjection; they verily think that a suppressed, abortive condition is the natural thing for them. Nor are they alone in holding this opinion; for the world is full of people who are fatalists enough to think, if they do not say, "Whatever is, is right." But there are fortunately a few audacious souls that have the hardihood to contradict the proverb flatly. Seeing that the progress of civilization has been evermore from lower to higher forms, and that every great advance has been brought about by the alteration, amendment, or abolition of age-long prerogative, "Whatever is, is wrong!" Law begins by recognizing as right whatever exists. The relation of the two sexes existed primarily because man was the stronger, and therefore able to enslave the woman; the law-makers found this condition, and made their statute-books recognize it. The dependence of woman upon man is the simple survival of a social state in which might was right.

#### MARRYING FOR A LIVING.

It will take more than sixty years of equal educational opportunities to counteract and neutralize the deadening influence of ages of enslavement, oppression, and the curtailment of rights. So it must frankly be admitted, that while employments open to women are far more numerous than they once were, still they suffer under economic limitations, as men do not. And because there are comparatively few things women can do to earn a living; because further, even in these occupations they must encounter the opposition of prejudice, fanaticism and conservatism, they are dragged into matrimony; they are compelled to marry for a living!

The terrific meaning of this statement will not at first appear. If there are such marriages,—and who will deny it?—then they are among the worst possible examples of the subject of this book,—brimstone bargains, indeed! Any high and civilized conception of marriage must lift it far above the mere sex con-

ditions and accompaniments. To a right thinking man or woman, no possible human relation is holier. Now to tolerate a social state in which any number of women are obliged to marry for a support, is to condemn human creatures to a species of legalized adultery. The scarlet woman sells her body; she makes a traffic of her sex; and thus she lives. The only difference between her and the woman who marries for bread and butter, is that the latter limits herself to one man; the former offers herself to all comers that have the price! One goes into retail business, the other, wholesale.

It is to this state of degradation that society has brought many a woman. Hemmed in on every side, denied the right of access to the things that support life, denied the privilege of exercising her God-given talents in a bread-making career, scourged by the sternest of all task-masters, hunger and cold, woman has entered the matrimonial market, as that market is conducted in these degenerate days, and sold herself to the highest and best bidder! If ever there was the smell of fire and brimstone on a bargain, there is on this!

The wonder is that under such unequal conditions as obtain in society, there are as many happy homes as there are. It is a remarkable testimony to the patience, endurance, and adaptability of the sufferers, as well as to the wisdom and love of an over-ruling Providence, who, the Bible writers say, makes even "the wrath of man to praise him." Let us hope that man's ignorance, stupidity and cruelty, as well as his wrath, may be made to praise Him, in being always over-ruled to the good of the race.

Let parents be taught that their children must be trained to some bread-winning industry. The old Hebrews used to say,— "He who does not teach his son a trade teaches him to steal." What shall we say of him who does not teach his daughter a trade, or a profession? who rears her for the marriage market exclusively? If she is fortunate enough to meet a manly man,

with whom she falls in love, and finds her love reciprocated, well and good. But suppose she meets, on the contrary, a smooth, designing, unscrupulous fellow, who would vent his passion on her; and with no love for him, with only the prospect of a support, she marries him! Are such marriages made in heaven? Rather they are made in hell, and their results prove it; for if there is a hell on earth, it is an unhappy, ill-matched, ill-timed marriage, the fruit of coercion and want. Let no careless reader say this is a diatribe against marriage, for it is not. Wait till you have read further. But we here go on record with an indignant and vehement protest against the false notions of propriety which narrow the way before women, limit them on the right hand and on the left, and so constrict and coerce them as to make any marriage which promises a living a welcome relief.

This is a frank statement of things as they are, when stripped of all the draperies of a conventional and hypocritical society. If it is an offense to protest against age-long wrong, especially when inflicted on the weak, to uncover the horrid infamies under which womankind suffers, and to warn from the baleful fires of the pit, then the writer confesses he is an offender, and proud of it!

#### NATURE AND THE UNNATURAL.

Off with your handicaps! away with your puerile objections! Woman is a human being, as well as a female. She has a brain, as well as a body. God has given her one, two, five, ten talents, as well as her brother, and will He not hold her to account for the right use of them? Suppose God says, by bestowing upon a woman the gift of the artist, fingers like animated pencils, and a perception of color as strong as that of Titian, "Paint!" and society draws back its dainty skirts and lifts its lily hands in feigned horror, and screams, "Don't!" who shall be obeyed, God Almighty, or Mrs. Grundy? So with any and all other talents. The only question society has any right to ask a woman, when she seeks to do a work, is, "Can you do it?" and if she can, then

she has the right to do it, and not all the synods and assemblies and tyrants of all the earth have any right to say her nay.

Put the male and the female side by side in the struggle for life. Educate and train them as producers, and send them forth from the home equipped for the battle of the bread-winners. Do you say, marriage will cease? Not a bit of it. Legalized adultery will cease! The sale of womanly virtue at the altar, with a preacher for auctioneer will cease. But marriage is of divine appointment, and marriages which are normal, human, and happy, will increase.

The sheer brutality of so narrowing a woman's way to successful self-support as to compel her to marry is not so much as dreamed of by the majority of people. "Is it not her heaven-ordained lot to marry?" they ask in amazement. "Why, then, should you protest against it?" We do not protest against a woman's marrying, and so fulfilling the laws of nature and of God, but we do protest against *compulsory* marriage. She who marries a man for a living, or to whom the consideration of bread and butter is of paramount importance, is as clearly dragooned into marriage as the daughter of the savage who is carried away from the parental lodge by force and arms.

In narrating the downfall of a young married woman Charlton Edholm describes her wavering between devotion to the thief to whom she finds herself married, and returning to her father's house disgraced and heart-broken. "She had no way of supporting herself, much less the expected child, whose very existence would tie her hands for money-making work. *How often this financial dependence forces women to sell their souls.*

*Had she a trade or profession, she could have spurned his base proposal.*" And yet this gifted and daring writer, like the thoughtless multitude, does not so much as hint in her book, "Traffic in Girls," that under our present industrial system, women sell themselves to one man instead of to whomever will buy, and thus make marriage but little more than legalized and respect-

table prostitution. We insist that wherever and whenever this is the case, that is, wherever a woman marries for a support or to better her circumstances, it is a species of prostitution.

Remember that there is no excess of males over females; the numbers are practically equal. Remember also that there is an inveterate prejudice against woman's going into the trades and the professions, and when she does, she is paid less, not because her work is inferior, but *because she is a woman!* And then ask yourself in all earnestness, "How many women marry chiefly because of the pressure of physical want?" The number can be by no means insignificant. And how shall we characterize such marriages? They are not free, voluntary, loving unions. They are mercenary, calculating, unconscionable.

#### AFRAID IT IS THE LAST CHANCE.

Men have been known to stoop so low as to take advantage of the present situation, and urge their suit on the ground that theirs may be the last proposal! And sure enough, it may be! How many offers of marriage can any young woman, even the most attractive, expect? And no matter how favorable her situation, the number of men who will aspire to offer themselves is necessarily limited, practically, to those in "her set." Imagine a man saying to a hesitating young woman, "Better think twice, now, before you refuse me. *You may not have another chance!*" Such a man ought to be kicked off the premises *instanter*. Such an offer ought to be spurned with supreme contempt. And if women were economically free agents, permitted by social usage, by law and custom, and fitted by education and training to earn an independent living, that is just the treatment that would be administered.

A handsome, talented young woman, of good family, with four brothers and sisters, mother a widow, was asked point blank, "Pearl, why did you marry Jack?" In all frankness the poor girl answered, "I was afraid it was the last chance I would have." Is it any wonder that at last accounts Jack was in South Africa, and

Pearl and her three little ones were living alone? This is not an imaginary incident. The place where this "last chance" was found is a town of about one thousand people, where of necessity the eligible young men were few. Do you suppose that Pearl is a happy woman? or that Jack is a happy, contented man? And how many Pearls and Jacks do you suppose there are in your own circle of acquaintances? How many men and women find themselves mismated, uncongenial, with nothing but sex affinity, and with that of very brief duration?

A marriage which is brought about by sheer force of economic necessity, or by fear of the stigma of confirmed maidenhood, or by any other power than that of mutual adaptation and attraction guided by common sense, is abnormal and unholy, if not absolutely impure. Such a marriage cannot be blessed of God, nor regarded by rational men and women as far removed from downright prostitution. And there is one preventative for such mesalliances, and but one, viz., to make woman economically free; that is, to batter down the barriers in the way of her self-support, to broaden the way to success in life, and multiply the ways.

Whether the reader finds himself in agreement with the conclusions of this chapter or not, he must admit that marriage must be free, in order to be happy; nay, more, that it must be free in order to be truly human. Who can think of a man and a woman living together as husband and wife, and fulfilling the sacred laws of their being, when the woman has been coerced into the relation? There is something indescribably abhorrent in the very thought.

And since the chief agency in thus compelling women to marry is the steady pressure of the lower wants, in other words, economic necessity, there can be but one measure of relief that even promises to be adequate, and that is, economic emancipation. Set woman free; give "Pearl" a trade, a business, or a profession that will enable her to support herself, and that without the doom of the treadmill, and she will never marry "Jack"; she will no longer stand in fear of the proverbial "last chance."

This is a wide world, and there is more undeveloped wealth in it than there is developed; there are forces yet unharnessed that can be made to serve men, and lighten their burdens; there are harvests ungathered; and in the midst of a world so crude as this, it is the height of folly to sound an alarm because there are too many workers. It may be that on account of the monopoly of private ownership, there seems to be a plethora of workers here and there, but when all men have a right of access to the soil there will be room for all. It will be at last as it was in the days of miracle, when everybody was fed, and none were hungry.

And the result of freedom will be marriages of something like an ideal character, insuring peace and happiness on earth, and extending the beneficent sway of all good influences. There will come a new race of human beings, and history will begin a narrative of "Paradise Regained!"



## CHAPTER V.

### ONE OF THE VICTIMS.

MESALLIANCE—AN ASTOUNDING STORY—SUPPRESSING A SENSATION—AFTER THE WEDDING—A LIVING DEATH.

"Well, Margaret, are you going to marry him?"

"As well as marry anybody else, I guess," said Margaret, rather dolefully.

Her sister started, with a pained look on her face, as if the reply surprised and grieved her.

"Why, sister dear, you don't mean to say that you will marry a man that you do not love?"

"Who in our set cares anything about love?" exclaimed the young woman, scornfully. "You know just as well as I do that if a girl looks encouragingly at a young man who isn't rich, or expecting soon to be rich, she is frowned upon by her sweet mamma, and all the rest of the family. She must hold her heart in her own keeping, until the proverbial good catch comes along, and then if she's fortunate enough to be favorably regarded, she must reciprocate whatever warmth of feeling is shown, and be demure and coy and all that and finally tell him to 'see papa.' I despise the whole business, for it is a business, pure and simple. It's all right for papa to sell wheat and corn on 'Change, but I do not think he has any earthly right to sell his own daughters!" And the girl flung herself upon the richly upholstered couch and burst into tears. Her sister was overcome with sympathy for her, and did not continue the conversation. She went to her and knelt over her, trying to comfort her, and telling her that it was a mistake, that papa and mamma and all of them wanted her to be happy, and if she didn't love young Macdonald she should not marry him, and much more to the same effect.

The girls were daughters of a millionaire merchant, who also did quite a brokerage business, and was considered one of the

foremost men of the city. There was nothing extraordinary in their surroundings. Their home was a fine dwelling on a fashionable avenue, and their social circle was made up of people like themselves, who had risen from comparative poverty to affluence. It was perfectly natural that Margaret Lancaster should fall in love with some young man in that particular circle, and in due time marry him; that her parents should expect this of her, and that she should exercise due prudence in selecting a man whose share of the parental fortune should at least equal hers.

But all these "perfectly natural" expectations had been disappointed. None of the young men in her set had any charms for her. She enjoyed their society, after a fashion, but marrying a man is altogether different from having him call occasionally, and spending a few hours in his society once or twice a week, when he feels that it is his duty to be entertaining. This young woman had more than one offer, but had refused them all in such a gracious manner that she retained the friendship of her rejected suitors. Now, however, she realized that the time was coming when she must face the customary and unavoidable alternative,—either marry, or become an old maid!

#### MESALLIANCE.

For several months her friends and relatives had been trying to promote an alliance for her with Allan Macdonald, a lubberly young fellow, without much education, and with only such polish as could be acquired by lounging around clubs and patronizing swell tailors. His father was of Scotch extraction, a sturdy, staunch business man, who had won a fortune by sheer pluck and tireless industry. Mrs. Macdonald was also worthy, a most estimable woman, but their splendid qualities did not seem to be transmitted to either son; the daughters were both more fortunate, for they had fine minds, and most amiable dispositions; but the boys were neither handsome, nor bright, nor clever. They were below the average in intellect, and seemed incapable of anything but mere animal pleasures.

If Allan Macdonald hadn't been the son of a rich father, he would never have been given a passing thought. His father's money paid his tailor bills, paid for his cigars, his theater boxes, his carriages, his club dues, and everything else that went to furnishing him up in a genteel fashion, and paving the way for him into the swell set. More than once there had been stories of his escapades in town and country both, that reflected seriously on the young man's character. More than once he had been drunk. On one occasion, happening to be in a town where he was not known, he was locked up in the calaboose, for being grossly indecent. No wonder a young woman with the strength of character of Margaret Lancaster didn't want to marry him!

"There, there, sister dear, I feel better now," said Margaret, rising from the couch, and brushing back her tangled hair. "It was foolish in me to speak as I did. You mustn't say anything about it to mamma, for I wouldn't have her grieved for anything in the world." After a short pause, she continued: "Mr. Macdonald has proposed, and I told him I should have to think it over. I did not give him any encouragement, but that seemed to make him all the more determined. He isn't to be mentioned in the same breath with—with Harold Montgomery, is he dear? But then poor Harold hasn't anything, and besides he's a lawyer, and papa says he can buy lawyers any time." And the girl looked disconsolately down at her daintily slipped foot, and fingered nervously with the tassel on the couch.

Her sister caressed her lovingly as she replied:

"No, sweet, the two men are altogether different. I do really think Mr. Montgomery is far superior, but, as you say, he is poor, and Mr. Macdonald has money, and can give you a comfortable home, and all the nice things you have been accustomed to. That is something, you know."

"Yes, that's a great deal, I know, puss, and I guess things will have to go that way. And yet it seems downright mean, to try to love a fellow that has money, just because of the money,



SOON TO BE SOLD.

"It's all right to sell wheat on 'change, but I do not think Papa has any right to sell his daughters!"

when there is someone else a great deal nicer, that you can't help loving even if he is poor. I do wish Harold would strike it rich, some way. I wonder if he hasn't an old uncle somewhere with lots of property, who's about ready to die, and leave it all to him?"

"You mercenary child, you, what do you mean?" exclaimed Harriet, laughing. "One would think you a regular miser."

Margaret smiled faintly, and then her face became serious. She sat still for a moment, thinking deeply. As far as she knew, the young lawyer was a man of splendid character. Why couldn't he amass a fortune, in a short time? Perhaps she could wait for him. But in the mean time could she keep Allan Macdonald waiting? Suppose she should lose them both?

"Well, dear, I must be going now," said Harriet, rising, and taking both her sister's hands in hers. "Don't worry; things will turn out right, after all. Goodby."

"You haven't told me what to do, you bad girl." Harriet paused at the door of the room, and turned half around. "Shall I go on and tell Mr. Macdonald yes, when he calls tonight?"

"Can't you make him wait a respectable time, sister? I would tell him to give me a week, any way."

As Harriet went upstairs to her own room, she met the nurse, just coming from the bedside of her younger brother, who was sick with malarial fever. She paused to ask how little Fred was, and then started on, when the nurse detained her.

#### AN ASTOUNDING STORY.

"Do you think, Miss Harriet,—do you think your sister is going to marry that Macdonald fellow?"

Harriet's brow clouded perceptibly. "I wouldn't ask," said the nurse, apologetically, "but I know some things about him that ain't nice, and I love you all so much I'd hate to see your sister make a mistake."

"What do you know about him? how did you learn it? Are you sure it's about him?" asked the young woman, eagerly.

"Come to my room," she added, "and tell me about it."

As soon as they were inside, Harriet closed the door carefully, and beckoned the woman to sit down. The story was soon told.

"It ain't a long story, Miss Harriet, and I wouldn't say a thing, if I didn't know it myself. You see it's this way. I was called for once to nurse a girl in the —— hospital, with a baby. They sent for me the day the baby was born. It all happened two years ago. Of course I never asked no questions, but when the mother was getting better, I noticed every once in a while she'd be crying. I told her she mustn't do that, and finally she up and told me why. She wasn't married at all, and the baby's father wouldn't have a thing to do with her, but just to pay the hospital bills, and that was Allan Macdonald."

Harriet's face was white as marble. Her breath came quick, and her hands were clinched. The nurse was alarmed.

"Don't look that way, Miss Harriet! Oh, dear, what have I done?" she cried, as the girl's head dropped on her bosom. She hurried to her room for some restoratives, but when she came back, Harriet was sitting erect, much more composed.

"But might you not be mistaken, nurse? The woman might have lied to you. You know such creatures cannot be depended on."

"There couldn't be no mistake at all, Miss, for I saw Mr. Macdonald in the office more than once, and was there when he came in to pay the bill, just afore she was discharged."

"And what became of them?" asked Harriet, anxiously.

"You mean the mother and baby? Oh, the baby was sent to an asylum somewhere out west, and the girl went back to work in some factory where Mr. Allan had got her a place."

The bell tinkled in the sick child's room.

"Well, you may go, now, nurse. Don't say a word to anybody else about this awful story."

"Indeed I won't, ma'am," said the woman, as she hurried away to her charge.

And this was the man who had the temerity to ask her sister

in honorable marriage! a man who was fit only to be a companion with the lost; a man from whose heart all good impulses must have fled; a man thoroughly imbruted! Harriet shivered with revulsion and fear. What should she do? What could she do? She felt that she must tell Margaret before it was too late, her father ought to know it. Could it be that it was already known to any considerable extent? Her first impulse was to rush to her sister with the shameful, damning thing, but on second thought, she decided to wait. Margaret was already greatly perturbed, and was in no condition for this fresh grief and humiliation. She would wait.

After due deliberation, Harriet came to the conclusion that it would be easier to go to her mother with the story; she would be more likely to take right measures in dealing with the case, and it would better come to Margaret through her.

As soon as there was an hour available, Harriet had an interview with her mother; but it was several days before there was the slightest evidence of any further developments. Arrangements were made for both the young ladies to spend some weeks at a popular resort on the sea shore, and Mr. Lancaster made a few desultory inquiries while they were gone, in a feeble effort to get at the truth of the story. There seemed to be no satisfactory evidence, aside from the nurse's testimony and, summer coming on, the matter was dropped.

#### SUPPRESSING A SENSATION.

When the season opened again in the fall, it seemed even to the young ladies themselves like a horrible dream, far away and unreal. Mr. Macdonald had made a three months' tour of Europe, in company with some young men fresh from college, and was full of buoyant life, and interesting recitals of experiences abroad. His behavior was above suspicion, and they did not quite see how they could break with him without creating a great furor among their friends. Why is it that society is ever ready to condone, forgive, and forget male debauchery, while the poor female

is scourged out pitilessly into the wilderness? Women who would not touch the poor creature who suffers the pain and disgrace of wrong doing will receive her seducer into their parlors and welcome him as the suitor of their daughters.

It must not be thought that Margaret Lancaster was a girl of moral instability, for she was not; far from it. She utterly despised wickedness of every sort. She shrank from its perpetrators as from a contagion. But she was part of a great social scheme, a mere human integer in the sum total, a puppet in the show. Of what avail would be her indignant protest? Ah, if she only knew, if she could only look into the future, she would see that it would at least avail to save her from a career of awful suffering and heart-break.

At last, designing, match-making relatives and friends triumphed, and the engagement of Allan Macdonald and Margaret Lancaster was announced. Congratulations poured in; the young people were kept busy attending receptions and dinners in their honor. Macdonald was as attentive and lover-like as if he had never dreamed of ruining a sweet young life,—two lives, and one of them his own child! In due time, the wedding was celebrated. Two hundred invitations were out. The church was beautifully decorated; the daily papers had been filled with elaborate descriptions of the event, as if it were something which intimately concerned the general public.

#### AFTER THE WEDDING.

And after the wedding, came the reception, at the palatial home of the bride, and then the wedding journey.

"Now my dear, don't you see that your sister is entirely happy?" It was Mrs. Lancaster, speaking to Harriet, who had not been able to overcome her repugnance for Allan Macdonald from the time when the nurse told of the terrible wrong he had done. She protested against the marriage; it was to her a profanation. She had no confidence in the young man, and would rather have seen her sister in her shroud, than in a wedding gown as his



bride. But the gods and undergods of the fashionable world had decreed it; Mammon presided in high state when the nuptials were celebrated, and all his worshippers devoutly said "Amen."

In less than two years, Allan Macdonald was a physical and mental wreck! His physician did all he could for him, but what can medical skill avail when a man has drained away all the energies of his life in wanton and devilish excess? Finally, a trip to Carlsbad was proposed, and with scarcely sense enough to know what was going on, the great big fellow assisted at the packing of the trunks, and told his friends goodby, and sailed with his young wife and a man servant hoping to find health at the famous springs.

Months passed, with not a little improvement physically, but none at all mentally. His mind was like that of a child, a mere infant. Margaret showed all the womanly devotion of her sex, in looking after his wants, and caring tenderly for him. Fortunately, he was not violent or brutal. But his mind was in eclipse. The shadows had enveloped it, and they did not lift.

One day, as they say together in the warm sunshine, he began to talk of America, and the friends at home. His face lighted up with apparent pleasure, as he recalled one after another, and his wife fondly hoped he was beginning to gain. Presently he turned and addressing her, said:

"Now Mary, you know that I love you; why won't you do this for me?"

Margaret started, with an involuntary shiver; Mary was the name of the girl he had betrayed. She called the attendant, and together they walked back to the hotel. As they climbed the slope toward the broad steps, the afternoon sun passed behind a dense cloud, and they walked on in the shadow and chill. Even so had a human mind entered into a lasting eclipse, and the pair walked on through life side by side, in a chill shadow that never lifted. Skillful physicians were called into consultation; famous remedies were tried; one resort after another was visited, but it was all in

vain. At last the bitter truth had to be faced; "Hopelessly imbecile!" said the consulting doctors; and the words rang like the knell of doom in the ears of Margaret Macdonald. What had she done? She had bartered her life for—this horrid fate! to be linked with a physical and mental wreck, until mercifully parted by death.

The thought of what her portion henceforth must be was insupportable to the poor girl. For days she seemed to be going into a decline. While there was hope, even so much as a single ray, that her husband would recover, she could be brave and strong, but with the last hope gone, and nothing in the future but darkness, a sort of living death, she could not bear up any longer! But there is an almost weird strength in woman; and after the first sinking of her spirits, after the first recoil, her courage came again, and with a sad smile of resignation, she once more took up her self-imposed burden.

Here is one of the chief differences between man and woman. Under similar circumstances, a man would have borne the burden for a time, no doubt; indeed, there are men who would have been faithful until death; but there are many more who would have invoked the divorce court at once, to free them from an incumbrance. And society would have smiled! But we have no such thing as society, as the word is commonly understood. We have groups of people, like-minded, who associate under certain understood and agreed rules of behavior; but these groups have little or nothing in common.

The years rolled on, and Mr. and Mrs. Allan MacDonald had practically dropped out of the world,—out of their world, at least. None of their old friends ever called. When Allan's mind slipped from its moorings, it was painful to most of them to call, and alike to the poor disappointed wife. So gradually they dropped away, and the couple were left pretty much alone. Fortunately, the wealth of their respective families sustained them, or their plight had been a pitiable one indeed. Not only so, but with

her income, Mrs. McDonald was enabled to engage systematically in charity. She visited again and again among the poor and needy, and became a good angel in many a squalid home. This service was her salvation from morbidity; and she would return to the invalid's room really refreshed by the exercise of her benevolent instincts.

One morning in early winter, as Harold Montgomery and his wife lingered over their breakfast table, the maid brought in the morning paper. Mrs. Montgomery took it, and smiled archly at her husband.

"That's all right, dear; see who's married and whose funeral occurs next, and where the next party is to be, then I'll look over the political notes."

Presently Mrs. Montgomery said,—“Why, here is something that interests us both: Died, Nov. 24th, Allan MacDonald, of congestion, at his home — Weston Place. Interment private.”

“Well, well! so poor Allan has gone at last.”

“I must go over and see Margaret at once,” said Mrs. Montgomery. “It has been a long time since we met.”

“I wish you would,” said her husband, “and tell her that we all sympathize deeply with her in her sorrow.”

Presently the young lawyer arose and kissed his wife good-by and went down to his office. What was uppermost in his thoughts? How could he think of anything else for a time, but the days of old, when he and Allan MacDonald were both suitors for the hand of fair Margaret Lancaster. But there was no feeling in his heart now, other than one of compassion for the young woman who had as he felt at the time and still felt, been practically coerced into a marital bargain.

## CHAPTER VI

### THE FAST SET.

AMERICAN LIFE MISREPRESENTED—WHAT OTHERS SAY—DENUNCIATION AND DISPARAGEMENT—BLOTS UPON SOCIETY—A POOR EXCUSE—MORPHINE OR SOMETHING—SELF-IMMOLATION—WASTE OF RESOURCES—THE FIRES OF HATE.

Lest our readers should fancy that this is an indictment of social order unsupported except by the testimony of one thinker, we take pleasure in introducing here the testimony of a group of people whose names are familiar in all parts of the country. And be it remembered that the wickedness of modern society is not confined to one section more than another. In city mansions and country cottages, in crowded thoroughfares and in winding lanes, we find the same taint, the same slime of lubricity. But of course we must go to the cities to see what is vulgarly called "life." These hot-house centers of population are the originators of indecencies. They are the prolific sources of the turbid tide which swells to the point of overflow, and then inundates the continent. New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis, Baltimore, Denver, San Francisco,—these are great marts of trade, and they are growing greater; but their growth in things material and commercial does not keep pace with their growth as capitals of galvanized paganism and decorated infamy.

Nearly every town and city has a group of ultra-fashionables called derisively, "The Four Hundred." Their monkey dinners, their vulgar balls, their dazzling displays of boundless wealth, are all *prima facie* evidence of moral decay, and are the means of further arousing the angry passions of the mob of the disinherited, who look upon such exhibitions of pride and godless extravagance as the result of their own deprivations, and feel themselves thereby exploited and wronged.

Bronson Howard, dramatist and man of the world; Henry Watterson, distinguished editor and scholar; Mrs. Stuyvessant Fish, the queenly leader of a group, and several others tell us what they think of the queer capers of these dwellers in modern Babylon. And they speak what they know, for they are in one way or another, brought almost daily into contact with the giddy whirl. They are not speculating; they are not recording the conclusions of perfervid fancy; their testimony cannot be impeached or its force diminished by any such insinuation. They are living witnesses, and their words agree. Listen first of all to Bronson Howard, the dramatist, author of "Shenandoah," and a dozen other thrilling plays.

#### DENUNCIATION AND DISPARAGEMENT.

Sitting in his cozy studio a few days ago Mr. Howard turned the vials of his wrath upon the fastest of the Newporters.

"The 'fast set,'" said Mr. Howard, deliberately, "is a small part of that little social world called the 'Four Hundred.' I hold the 'fast set' in utter contempt, both men and women. I do not even accord them the charity which one whom I do not resemble accorded to a woman of the Jerusalem 'fast set.'

"I have never heard in America or Europe that the women of New York society have a bad name. But the women of our 'fast sets,' both in New York and other cities, have sent the fragrance of their bad reputations over the planet.

"Increasing luxury naturally carries excessive drinking with it in all fast sets. For that matter, the antics that come before the public seem to make liquor a necessity to protect the performances from the charge of idiocy.

"I am not quite sure as an American citizen that even a member of the fast set, man or woman, hasn't a sacred right under the Constitution, like other people, to drink to excess in private.

"Long observation and professional study have convinced me—I still speak as an American citizen—that the entire 'Four Hundred' in all parts of the country has absolutely divorced

itself as a body from every important interest of the nation.

"If we except here and there a few local charities and subscriptions for conspicuous places at the opera, the 'Four Hundred' has no part as a body in the magnificent onward movement of the country in art, education or literature or on the true progress of our best social life.

"The 'Four Hundred' as such is not a part of the American population; it merely resides a portion of each year in America, imitating Europe. For all patriotic purposes, it is a cipher."

In this excoriation of the swell set Mr. Howard takes the only position tenable,—that it is a group, a mere coterie of people who have practically divorced themselves from American life. And yet while to all intents and purposes they are ciphers, are they not social symptoms as well? Do they not illustrate the fearful results of certain economic tendencies? Wealth brings luxury in its train; luxury breeds vice; vice is contaminating and destroying.

Henry Watterson, editor and orator, is one whom the whole country delights to hear. He always writes or speaks with emphasis; there is no misunderstanding what he says:

Must the monkey and the swell be accepted as interchangeable types, as alternating measurements of human breeding and beauty? Indeed one would think so, reading some of the reports that come to us from the inner circles of that apotheosis of boredom, that incarnation of stupidity and affectation which takes its cue from Leicester Square and the Corinthian Club in London \* \* \* which eddies around the abodes of luxury and alimony at Newport.

And when King Leopold, his Belgian nastiness arrives, Newport will doubtless give two monkey dinners and have two monkeys at each dinner. We mourn for Oscar of the Waldorf-Astoria. With the King of the Belgians giving a state dinner in the Astoria dining room upstairs and the crown princess and her Frenchman in the south palm garden, what will poor Oscar Tschirky do?

Figaro ci Figaro la, and in the outer corridors all the divorcees

sitting around and murmuring to one another. "Wouldn't it be just lovely to be her?"

The smart set of the East is like a fire in a certain district—the house or houses afire are doomed; there is no saving of them; so the energies of the force are kept to the rescuing of the adjacent tenements.

New York City is able to take care of its own licentiates. Newport, being wholly lost, doesn't mind.

Each and every community has its would-be Four Hundred. Must we be condemned if in a general way we hold up the ægis of the republican idea—of the home, of the fireside—and remind them of our common birth, our title deed to the simple homespun origin of the whole ship's crew of us, better than the crowns of kings and the diadems of dukes and princes?

"Doomed!" is the right word for many, doubtless, for they are in the grip of the cataract, and there is no hope for them. They cannot distinguish between right and wrong; their moral judgment is warped; their consciences are seared; their higher nature is decayed. They are drunk with voluptuousness, and their blase natures will not respond save to amusements that are grotesque or devilish or both.

#### BLOTS UPON SOCIETY.

Hon. Bourke Cockran, distinguished alike in politics and in law, gives his testimony concerning the great and growing evil of divorce:

The blot upon American society is the increasing number of divorces. In the ancient state the supreme importance of life was to increase the importance of the state. Today the end of life is the individual good. But the individual good lies in the prosperity of the family, and it is at this that the divorce strikes. If not checked it will destroy the family.

The remedy to this, as I see it, is to realize that matrimony is a state, not a contract, and divorce must be stopped. Divorce strikes at the virtue of our women, and this virtue is what pre-

serves the state. Divorce is the one foul growth upon our soil, and upon its riddance depends the fate of our future.

We had an example not many years ago of the national detestation in which the people of this country held polygamy. There were clashes between several states over the admission into the union of a state that catered to polygamy. That state was admitted, its representative was sent to Congress, and when a newspaper published the fact that that representative came from a state where polygamy existed the people of the nation were aroused and the representative sent back to his people.

If we were to choose between divorces and polygamy, give us polygamy. It is an amusing phase of the law which sends a man scouting over two or three states, seeking a legal residence on which to base an action for divorce. The situation is this: One state having given a man permission to commit a crime in another state also gives him permission to commit similar crimes in other states.

In all this criticism of the swell set, we must of course make due allowance for newspaper exaggeration; at the same time, we must remember that many, many sickening details are absolutely unfit for publication, and the most "yellow" of yellow journals mercifully draws the veil. Nothing can be more nauseating to a self-respecting American than the wild scramble to get into the presence of some scion of so-called nobility, and the disgusting fashion of aping their airs. Rita, the popular English novelist, expresses her disgust; she says,—“The manner in which American society women pursue any celebrity, dog the footsteps of royalty, and pester and worry their way into select circles is too well known to need description. The American duchess is by no means a useful or valuable addition to our peerage.” Does the gentle novelist forget how amiably the “American duchess” pays off the gambling debts of her noble (?) husband? How she replenishes his purse, meets the demands of his creditors, rehabilitates his estate, pays off his mortgages, and trims his sails once more for



another sail over the painted sea of sensual delights? Her "Pa" has bought the duke, with all his titles, aristocracy, lineage, pedigree, and fixtures; he is bought and paid for. The option has been closed, and the trade made. It is a game of dollars against descent, and dollars have won. Let the English nobility get what cold comfort they can out of the transaction. The rank and file of respectable people everywhere will feel that such marriages are in every instance the mating of fools.

#### FLINGING EPITHETS.

Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, who is dubbed leader of the "550," has volunteered a few remarks, in defense of Newport, the disreputable. She observes,—“Newport is being used too much as a place for people to come who want to break into society.

“These people attack Newport with a dash and glittering display of lavish wealth that usually fetches the desired result.”

To be sure! why not? Isn't the American aristocracy an aristocracy of dollars? And is there any mount of social distinction so high that an ass laden with gold cannot reach its very summit? The dollar mark is on every yard of fashionable wearing apparel, inscribed under the coat-of-arms on their carriages, and blown in the champagne bottles that make their feasts merry. But to continue Mrs. Fish:—

“There are sets in Newport society, but that is none of my business. I think it a great pity that people in Newport society do not feel that any one invited to their houses is quite nice enough for all of the guests present to meet. The English people have the correct idea for there is no social line drawn among the invited guests to their affairs. Possibly we may gain wisdom with age.” So there is hope for the socially benighted, in America's swell set. Good! No doubt they will feel profoundly thankful to Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, for this gleam of light in the midst of darkness. “Possibly we may gain wisdom with age.” Finally, Mrs. Fish disdainfully avers,—

“The stories in the newspapers about monkey dinners and

all that sort of thing are quite absurd; so are the stories about Mr. Harry Lehr. Mr. Lehr is quite an ordinary person."

It is highly interesting to hear these people talk about one another. The outsider, the mere observer, cannot distinguish any difference whatever between those who are in the charmed circle of fashionable dissoluteness, and those who are out; but they are erecting barriers among themselves, and issuing edicts of excommunication, and flinging epithets, and exchanging compliments.

#### A POOR EXCUSE.

Mrs. Ralph Trautman, President of the Woman's Health Protective Association, does not deny the prevalence of the drink habit among these women, but says, as if in feeble effort at defense or extenuation: "The women who drink to excess are mostly idle rich. The pressure of life today and the increased nervous tension are largely responsible for the over-wrought women who seek in drugs the sedative that nature refuses."

Mrs. Henry Russell of London has had an experience with the fast set, having been to Newport, to assist the monkey brigade in entertaining. She is disposed to exonerate them from the charge of excessive drinking, but she believes that many of them are addicted to the use of drugs,—morphine, chloral, and the like. Mrs. Russell made her Newport debut at a dinner given by Mrs. Francis Otis, where her success was immediate and phenomenal. That night she made three engagements to sing the next day, at Mrs. Herman Oelrich's, Mrs. Clarence Dolan's and Mrs. Pembroke Jones'.

"I must say," began the clever artist, "that from my standpoint the Newport colony were charming to me. They always accorded me a most appreciative welcome when I sang, though their appreciation could have been only superficial, as they frequently asked me to sing a coon song, or something popular, in which I could not oblige them.

"But as a woman, though I had personal letters to many of them, I did not exist for them. I was merely an artist, an enter-

tainer. To speak frankly, I am so prejudiced against the 'fast set,' as Mr. Howard calls them, that I hesitate to discuss them. The men were exceedingly nice to me, in a way,—too nice, in fact; but socially, the women ignored me and gave me to understand that I was simply a rank outsider.

"I am afraid I was a bit stupid about it, for at first I believed their slights to be simply 'Americanisms,' but now I know they were intentional, that an artist there is merely a paid dependent, and not the social equal of those who employ her." Who could convey, on paper, the contemptuous sarcasm of the stress which she laid upon "equal."

"But I am begging the subject, am I not? No, I cannot honestly say that I saw much drinking among these women. At the luncheons or dinners to which I went, there was far less wine consumed than would have been the case among English women of the same class; in fact, many of them did not drink anything but water—at any rate, not in public. Sometimes when one met the same woman one had seen at luncheon later in the day, she would see that she had perhaps indulged in a bracer of some sort in the mean time, but this was not the general rule, nor was it noticeable to any extent.

"There are, of course, a few notorious exceptions, of whom everyone in the Newport colony knows,—two or three wealthy matrons who have surrendered almost completely to intoxicants. In my opinion, it is not the influence of their set that makes them what they are,—they belong simply to the little army of the unfortunates whose members may be found in all walks of life, only the bright white light of their social prominence beating upon their shortcomings makes them seem more glaring.

"As a matter of fact, the English women of the upper class drink far more than smart American women, yet I have never seen an English lady who showed the effects of the wine she had taken. They can stand more than any American woman I have ever seen. Do you know though," and Mrs. Russell's big brown

eyes sparkled mischievously, "I could hardly blame the Newport women if they were driven to drink by the utter inanity of their existence. To me it seems hopelessly monotonous and pointless. Day after day the same old round of so-called social functions, day after day the same old people, and such very stupid people at that. Most of those women and men do not seem to have any ideas or thoughts beyond their own uninteresting little circle, and if by chance one of them becomes conscious of any incipient stirrings of thought, she makes an effort to conceal the peculiarity. Ability or wit they seem to consider synonymous with bad form."

**"MORPHINE OR SOMETHING."**

I do believe that some of these women use morphine or some such thing, but I don't in the least blame them. They surely must have some antidote to the monotony and the exertion which five or six daily changes of raiment entail. Undoubtedly the American women are charmingly well dressed, and their neatness is a pleasant revelation to the stranger here, but their clothes lack all individuality. They produce a very stunning effect, but they all seem to be cut on the same pattern, from the highest to the lowest, in, of course, varying degrees, but in spite of this I think the English women might copy them somewhat, with much advantage to the general appearance of the English nation.

"Don't I like any of the American women I have met? O, dear me, yes! I think the Four Hundred are—well, I've said enough about them, but the women of other social circles I have found delightful. They are as a class, clever, cultivated, natural ladies, living contentedly in their charming homes, who make the stranger welcome without ostentation, women whom it is always a pleasure to meet, of whom the American husbands, fathers, sons are justifiably proud. Commend me to the average American woman."

We will thank the prima donna for this closing tribute to one whom all the world admires, and whom a good part of the world pays homage to, the average American woman. She it is

that stands for American life and culture; she incarnates the spirit of true Americanism; she is the rarest product of our schools and homes, and when she lifts her sceptre, throngs of willing subjects own her sway. But for the grotesque, effete, perverted, degraded, spectacular femininity which parades in the borrowed finery of European courts, and affects a tremendous disgust with life and all its accompaniments, which reeks with corruption and spreads the perfume of its nastiness around the globe,—for that element no right-thinking person of any class, at home or abroad, has any language but pity and contempt.

There is one serious aspect of this subject, which no thoughtful person will overlook; the pace set by these social degenerates is imitated all over the land, by their satellites. The virus of their vicious example enters every city and town, and as in nearly every community there is at least relatively the same congestion of wealth, the same idleness and infamy, we find also the same symptoms of moral decay. Who can set bounds to the extent of evil example? Its influence is measureless. If the swell set lived and died without injuring any one else, we might keep silence; but when their pernicious example contaminates society all over the land, we may well combat the contagion.

#### SELF-IMMOLATION.

Such human beings are immolating themselves upon the altar of voluptuousness. They are committing moral and spiritual suicide. They inflict immedicable woes upon their poor suffering bodies. They pervert every natural function. Eating and drinking have reference, not to the nourishment of the body, but the titillation of the plate, and a depraved palate at that. Their gastronomic delights constitute a large part of their lives; they gorge like swine; they vie one with another in the elegance, daintiness, and mystery of their feasts. *Æsopus Clodius*, the famous Roman, lived in a most luxurious manner, and on one occasion served up a dish of singing birds at a banquet, that cost \$4,000. But this dish, elaborate, costly, and useless as it was, has been eclipsed



FIERY FOOD.

"They gorge like swine, and with spiced viands and imported drinks wake up the animal nature."

thousands of times on the table of these modern voluptuaries. In the days of the Emperor Elagabalus, the invention of a new sauce was liberally rewarded; but if it was not relished, the inventor was confined to eat of nothing else till he had discovered another more agreeable to the Imperial palate. And so these modern degenerates, since they have given themselves up wholly to the pursuit of gross pleasures, find especial delight in the inventions of their chefs, and linger long over their tables.

But nature keeps a careful score. No offender escapes the just penalty of violated law. Sooner or later, in an avalanche of dyspepsias and sickly humors the penalties come, and the poor bodies that have been so sinned against repay the transgressor a thousandfold with pain and anguish. What right has a man or a woman to play the voluptuary? Who has authorized such a desecration of the body? How can so gross and swinish a life be explained?

But not only the bodies suffer on account of the pandering to a depraved appetite, the mind suffers as well. And among the poor women, without whom this picture of modern decay could not exist, the physical perversion is exaggerated by abominable fashions in dress. All that we see or hear in such circles, seems planned with diabolical ingenuity to work the everlasting undoing of the devotees. Are they ignorant of their own peril? Are they unaware of the precipice along which they dance? They are destroying themselves.

The effect upon the mind is pitiable in the extreme. In the first place, it lacks spontaneity and originality. They must all follow the fashions. There is no chance for the exercise of independence in either thought or action. No matter what new instrument of torture fashion may devise in the way of a new garment, it must be made and worn. No matter what attitude or posture or practice is announced, all must accept it instantly. There is no room or time for the play of independent judgment, as a modifier, even if there were sufficient brain left to furnish the

mental energy. It is all a game of subjugation, of unreason, of enslavement.

And then besides, it is a sphere in which life is pitched upon the plane of things crass and sensuous. The only mental operations required are the most primitive. They are such as the animal creation in almost any species can exhibit. There is occasionally a disposition to recognize the world of art, or literature, but this is only superficial and evanescent. It is one of the many attempts constantly put forth to introduce an element of variety, to whet the dull appetite of these degenerate and sated gourmands.

Think of the human mind entering into such eclipse! By whose authority is intellect dethroned? There can be no doubt that the women who constitute the center of this group have the ordinary range of faculties; they might, if they would, cultivate them; they might know something of the life of the intellect which they allow to atrophy; and there might be an occasional gleam of real light and knowledge, where now is naught but the smoke and darkness of absolute and entire obscurity, and everlasting eclipse.

Body, mind and soul are offered up on this altar. The victims hurry forward, and bind themselves as if with an ecstasy of gladness to be deceived, disappointed, and destroyed at last. For all this sacrifice of the noblest self brings no reward. There is nothing but disaster and despair, the gnawings of ennui and remorse. It is pitiful to contemplate. There is earnest work enough to do in this world, to enlist all hands and heads and hearts. Not one can be spared, especially for a career of debauchery like this.

#### WASTE OF RESOURCES.

And then, here is unexampled waste. Many a poor attempt has been made to justify extravagance, on the ground that it distributes the money so expended. But the apologist seems never to think that the difference in economic benefit between a \$50,000 dinner and a \$50,000 hospital or school or library is simply in-



calculable. The money that is squandered in lavish display is money wasted, as really as if it were thrown into the sea, or lost in a fearful fire. Now when there are hunger and cold and nakedness in the land, when within the very shadow of these modern palaces wretchedness and want shiver and shrink, what excuse can you offer for wanton luxury?

Not to consider, for the moment, the moral issues involved, think of the mere material waste. All waste is wicked, and this is as wicked as it is wanton and shameless. To spend money to relieve want is admirable; but to spend money when the spender knows that it must create want, is shocking to the moral nature. No matter how the possessor came to lay hands upon wealth, whether by inheritance or gift or as the result of toil, it should not be wasted. It cost somewhere, dollar for dollar, in the labor and life of men, and to squander it in ostentation is at once inhuman and sinful.

Think of the good that might be wrought, if the moneys so wasted could be gathered up, and either returned directly to the people or expended in furnishing them with the means of education and culture. A half million dollars would build a few miles of good road through a lonely region, or erect hospitals, asylums, libraries, schools, or churches in destitute neighborhoods. And in the expenditure of money thus, honest men would find employment, and the work once completed, would serve society.

Before one can say whether an expenditure is wasteful or useful, he must pause and consider the ends to which it ministers. And judged by this or any other test, we leave it to the candid judgement of the unbiased reader if the extravagancies of modern Babylon are not wasteful and wicked to the last degree. Personal pride may be inflated, personal spleen gratified, but what useful end is served? Out upon this unpardonable waste.

#### THE FIRES OF HATE.

And the smart set, gay and godless, dissolute and devilish, are feeding the fires of hatred in the bosoms of the submerged

masses. There is antagonism enough, as the heritage of centuries of wrong and oppression, without adding to the store in these degenerate days. There is a fiery unrest among the common people which bodes no good to the established order of things. And yet as if they would hasten the overthrow of the existing order, these mad devotees of fashion, blind and stupid, would fan the fires!

No passion is so unlovely, none so destructive, as that of hate. Instead of feeding it, we should find a way to quench it. But how can men and women of brains look upon the vulgar displays of the fashionables, and not feel wronged? The wrong may be hard to trace; it may even be more imaginary than real, but it will hurt, nevertheless. And after it has been harbored in hot hearts for a time, it promises to break out in fierce and tumultuous storms.

Whatever emphasizes the differences among classes is calculated to inflame the minds of the sufferers. Surely the rich, exhibiting as if it were a trophy, the power which wealth brings, must be aware of the peril to which they are subjecting themselves. Even men who are mild and temperate by nature and training, who have not fed themselves on envies, suspicions and revilings, are often jarred by the all too evident and inexplicable chasms between them and their fellowmen. They go on their weary way of unending toil, asking dark questions.

The fact is that much of this wealth which is squandered in the ways indicated, is not the legitimate reward of honest toil, either by its present possessors, or by their ancestors; it is the result of privilege; it is the fruit of monopoly; it is the spoil of the outlaw. There never stalked a brigand of the dark ages, insolent and malevolent, robbing right and left, whose deeds were darker, or whose nature shows lower depths of moral turpitude, than do some of the commercial brigands of America today. When will they receive their punishment?

The intolerable haughtiness and prodigal extravagance of

the idle rich may be the very means nature and Providence design to bring about their condign punishment.

#### AMERICAN LIFE MISREPRESENTED.

The widespread notoriety that these social degenerates receive lends itself to a gross misrepresentation of American life. We are not a nation of Anglo-maniacs, or of new-rich fools, or of blase debauchees. The standards of American life are high, and the level of life is rising. But here is a group of people taken by foreign judges often to be the consummate flower of American civilization; and what a flower! What a rank odor!

The intelligent foreigner who comes to our country with time enough at his disposal to journey about and actually study us, will no doubt find much to criticise and condemn. But he will see in the main a nation struggling up out of the soil, with all the vigor of youth, and the hope of youth, too. Blemishes and defects there may be and doubtless are, but we are not depraved; we are not vicious; we are not stupid. We are not, above all things, we are not, entering upon the descending way of extravagance, vulgarity, and corruption.

And yet, this much-advertised section of society produces precisely that impression. It is as false as those people themselves are false and hollow. And in the name of thousands and hundreds of thousands of men and women good and true, rich as well as poor, we protest against the misrepresentation. There should be a periodical disclaimer of any and all responsibility among us for such a class.

And yet, can we justify ourselves? Do we not see in this cross-section of American life, just what the tendencies everywhere are calculated to bring about? In every rank and class, there is a feverish desire for wealth. And when wealth comes, it brings perils with it. Many are able, by superior moral culture, by the discipline of their higher natures, to withstand these tendencies, but will their children escape?

As long as the ideal for woman remains where it does, as long

as most men look down upon her, and condemn her to a career of vacuous idleness, as long as they sport and toy with her, as if she were but a fair ministrant to unhallowed pleasure, so long will this misrepresentation continue. We cannot clear ourselves of these great social enormities by any repentance, however tearful, that does not pluck out the root of the malady. We cannot cure a cancer with a douche of rosewater. There must be the plunge of the surgeon's lancet.

Notice that the witnesses we have summoned to testify in this chapter, speak of the idle rich. Idleness always demoralizes. Idleness is cancerous and unclean. Idleness, no matter how supported, tempts the very devil. Idleness is the greatest enormity on earth. Idleness supplies the atmosphere and conditions necessary for the undermining of virtue. And if wealth brings idleness, it brings curses.

"What do you think of social life among the very rich to-day?" one gentleman asked another. "Honeycombed with rank corruption!" was the prompt and appalling answer.

"But do you think this is the general condition?"

"No, not general; but the tendencies everywhere are in that direction."

"You think then, that wealth inevitably brings temptation to its possessors?"

"I haven't a doubt of it, sir. It not only brings temptation, but it is itself a temptation. Many a poor devil goes wrong in a vain effort to get the wealth that allures him. And then if he succeeds, even by the crookedest of methods, and becomes rich, his riches afford him and his family the means for further wantonness."

It is not alone in the lives of the rich debauchees that corruption festers. It is contagious. They must have the victims of their hellish lust, and so swarms of men and women are kept busy, procuring them. Day and night they spread their nets, and entrap the unwary.

It is an immense relief to turn from the contemplation of the poor fallen specimens of humanity, to those who stand four-square against every wind that blows; to those whom the gods and under-gods of fashionable society have been utterly unable to seduce, with all their intoxicating wiles. But if we would be strong, if we would avoid for ourselves and for our children the turbid waters of this Stygian pool, we must at least know of its existence, and something of its social geography.

"Ever and anon," writes one who wields a trenchant pen, "there are in the newspapers explosions of social life that make the story of Sodom quite respectable. It is no unusual thing in our cities to see men in high position with two or three families, or refined ladies willing solemnly to marry the very swine of society, if they be wealthy. Brooklyn, whose streets fifteen years ago were almost free from all sign of the social evil, now night by night rivaling upper Broadway in its flamboyant wickedness. The Bible all aflame with denunciation of an impure life, but many of the American ministry uttering not one point-blank word against this iniquity, lest some old libertine throw up his church pew."

Let us know where the slippery places are, and then take care. Let us know where the pitfalls are, and avoid them! Turn on the light. All infamies and debaucheries hate the light. When the day dawns, the bats hunt the rafters of the forsaken barns and the caves of the forest where they can hang till returning shadows hail them forth once more.

## CHAPTER VII

### THE PORTALS OF PAIN. II.

CAUSES OF THE CRIME—DENIAL OF HUMAN RIGHTS—WHY CHILDREN ARE SENT—DANGER OF DIVORCE—A DECAY OF SOCIETY.

The crimes of abortion and infanticide, as already alleged, are so widely prevalent as to alarm the nation. Many are the voices that are lifted against them, but they still persist. May it not be that we have ignored the real causes of these awful offenses? It is a commonplace that men are prone to doctor symptoms, instead of diseases. In nothing is this more manifest than in the treatment of social disorders. And it is perfectly clear that the crimes and shames of the marital state indicate a disorder not individual, but social. Public morals are unsound, and the baleful cause of it all lies deep.

#### CAUSES OF THE CRIME.

Any particular case of abortion may arise from a combination of causes. The woman may have sinned, and resort to crime to hide the consequences of her sin. Or she may have a horror of the pangs of maternity, a creeping dread of the ordeal of parturition. Or it may be that she feels that already her hands are full; that she has as many children as she can properly care for. Or she may have imbibed the pernicious notion that pregnancy is a disgrace, and maternity something to be apologized for. Or, as is often the case, with ample means at her command to care for the child, she has other plans than the rearing of children. She belongs to a long list of clubs and societies; she has innumerable social obligations; she desires to be free to travel; and for these selfish reasons, because of indolence and indifference, she becomes a party to the cowardly crime.

Dr. Kellogg in his monumental work to which reference has already been made, quotes the learned Dr. Storer in going back

of all these reasons to one which he deems primary and fundamental,—the wrong inflicted upon the unwilling and protesting wife by the husband:—"Will the time come, think ye, when husbands can no longer, as they now frequently do, commit the crime of rape upon their unwilling wives, and persuade them or compel to allow a still more dreadful violence to be wreaked upon the children nestling within them,—children fully alive from the very moment of conception, that have already been fully detached from all organic connection with their parent, and only re-attached to her for the purposes of nutriment and growth, and to destroy whom is a crime of the same nature, both against our Maker and society, as to destroy an infant, a child, or a man?"

Marital excesses mark the beginning of the trouble,—apparently! There is a profound and lamentable ignorance among the married touching their mutual relations and obligations. The rights of the wife seem to be wholly lost sight of. She is subordinated and subjugated; she is made to yield to the demands of the husband, no matter whether to do so is to meet her own inclination and desire, or to do violence to every law of her being.

There is room for reform just at this point. Men should be given to understand that the wife is the sole mistress of her own body; that this right is never surrendered, and cannot be forfeited. And if she chooses to refuse his approaches, he must yield, and practice a manly continence. If on the other hand, he is a mad, unreasoning brute, and threatens to divorce her for the exercise of her God-given freedom, sad as are the tales of the divorce courts, better the rupture of such a bond, than its maintenance only by the practice of infamous outrage and crime.

#### DENIAL OF HUMAN RIGHTS.

We said in the paragraph above that marital excesses mark the beginning of the trouble,—apparently. It is a part of the whole argument of this book that the trouble has its beginning back farther yet, as do all other similar troubles; that it begins in the present social and industrial status of woman, in the absurd

denial to her of human rights, and the enforcement of marriage as her predestined lot. As we have said again and again, we repeat,—the majority will marry, no matter what the state of society and industry. But marriage under anything approaching an ideal social state will be a far different matter from the marriage with which we are now familiar.

The absurd judgment which assigns to woman exclusively the tasks of the home, which denies her admission to breadwinning occupations as unbecoming and unwomanly, is the abundant fountain of all these miseries. Woman's lot is that of a wife and mother; so the argument runs, either consciously or unconsciously. Then there can be no wrong inflicted upon her in the marital state. Her body is to complement the man's body. She is created for man. Hence he is to be the sole judge and arbiter, in all questions arising between them. She is to serve him whenever his passion is aroused.

It ought to be easy to discriminat  between use and abuse. In ordinary matters the distinction is obvious. But a depraved and exaggerated sexualism has grown to consider the abuse the use. And warped judgments and prejudiced opinions conspire and combine to enforce this false conception of woman's prerogatives and man's rights. The lot of wife and mother is no more necessarily and exclusively the lot of woman than the lot of husband and father is necessarily and exclusively the lot of man. And the man who considers it his sole function to marry and bring children into the world, cannot be found, outside the walls of a lunatic asylum.

Under normal conditions, woman desires children. Her instincts are those of maternity. It is mainly because of her desire for children that she yields to her husband's approaches. Why is it, then, that she should revolt? Why, if happily married, does she become a partner in crime? There are many considerations, aside from inherent inclination, that can be urged in favor of the family.



**WHY CHILDREN ARE SENT.**

Children are not mere playthings. They are not sent into the world merely to amuse us, or to fill up the hours with pleasant diversions. This seems to be the notion of those fond and foolish parents who lament the growth of their children from babyhood to maturity. But it is a patent absurdity. And besides, it is contradicted by the facts. For there are times when the little ones are by no means a pleasure; when they become a burden and a care. But neither is this their chief function. They do require attention. They do demand sacrifice. There are times when they seem to be in the way. They make work. But no true parent ever considers his children a mere encumbrance.

In the first place, children strengthen and sanctify the marriage bond. Many a married couple can testify to this. No matter how ideal the marriage, how considerate husband and wife are one of the other, there come days of trial. Their relations are sometimes strained. They feel the friction, and fret and chafe under it. They misunderstand each other. Instances are not uncommon of a good man and a woman living together, happy to all appearances, who have not spoken to one another for days! There are months and years of smooth sailing; but there are shoals and storms as well.

**DANGER OF DIVORCE.**

Now when the trial comes, when the strength of the marriage bond is tested, if there is a child in the home, there is not half the danger of lasting estrangement and divorce. For the child has some rights. The question will immediately arise, "Whose shall the child be?" He is not estranged from either. He loves both father and mother. And his baby love for them will redeem them from misunderstandings and reproaches. There is no doubt that there are families living together in peace and happiness to-day who are held together by the children. The parents thought out their differences, and became reconciled, for the children's sake.

These facts are quite at variance with the foolish notion some wives have, that their husbands will love them less if they become mothers. A man who marries for the same reason that he would buy and support a mistress may not be pleased when his wife becomes the mother of his children; but a man who marries a woman because he loves her, and whose instincts are not perverted and depraved, will revere still more the mother; she will occupy a higher pedestal than the wife can ever hope to ascend.

Children serve an indispensable part in the development of character. No home is perfect and entire without children, and no man can ever grow to his natural height and moral symmetry, unless he is the father of children. They make him a better citizen. If the children of the municipality have no place to play, he may or may not be interested in the playgrounds movement. But if he has children of his own that suffer the deprivation, he is immediately and intensely interested. Every little sufferer, from whatever cause, appeals to the father as to no one else.

If the boys of the neighborhood are consorting with vile fellows and learning vicious habits, it is a matter of no consequence to the childless man. But if the father of boys finds that his own family is being corrupted by them, immediately he realizes that he is a stockholder in the public morality. He is anxious to have wrongs righted, to rid the community of every infectious immorality.

"To speak of children as if they were shackles and fetters," says Henry Ward Beecher, "always in the way, 'children, children everywhere,' is a shame and a sin. They are to be regarded as part of our education. Men cannot be developed perfectly who have not been compelled to bring children up to manhood. You might as well say that a tree is a perfect tree without leaf or blossom as to say that a man is a man who has gone through life without experiencing the influences that come from bending down, and giving ones self up to those who are helpless and little. Of what use would an engine be to a ship, if it were lying loose in

the hull? It must be fastened to it with bolts and screws, before it can propel the vessel. Now, a childless man is like a loose engine. A man must be bolted and screwed to the community before he can work well for its advancement; and there are no such screws and bolts as children."

#### CHILDLESS OLD AGE.

But a couple may lose sight of these considerations; they may not reflect that children will draw them nearer to one another; that they have a teaching and developing service to render, even to their own parents; and if they are aware of these things, they may be indifferent to them. There is another consideration, however, toward which they cannot be altogether indifferent. Are they willing to approach a childless old age? To grow old without children is to come to the period of comparative helplessness, dependent upon the care of hired menials. And the world knows too well what that care is. No sight can be much more pitiful than that of a helpless old couple, living out the remnant of their days without love of kith or kin, wholly at the mercy of hired servants.

When we are strong and active, we can get much better service than when we are old and feeble. The servants know there will be a hereafter to their indifference or negligence. But they know that the old people are unable to avenge themselves; that they may practice almost any sort of imposition upon them with impunity. And if the old people complain, to whom will their complaint be borne? Who is there to come to their rescue? They discover that wealth cannot buy everything; and if they reach an old age of poverty, their lot is even worse.

Happy, indeed, are the men and women who can look forward to a peaceful decline, into the valley of shadows, leaning heavily upon the strong arms of children whom they have brought into the world, and whose duty and pleasure it is to make them comfortable during the remaining days of their pilgrimage. But may Providence defend the childless couples.

Life itself is a sacred gift. It is rarely ennobling and inspiring, to think that men can co-operate with the Creator in bestowing life upon other creatures like themselves. Any person in good health lives through splendid days, when he can stand in the open air under the blue dome of heaven, and thank God for the luxury of mere animal existence. On such days there must come a sense of gratitude for life. What should be the feelings of those who have steadfastly denied life to their own offspring? It is inhuman; it is abnormal; it is a sin and a shame. It is as if all the trees in the orchard were to refuse to blossom and bear fruit. Where then would be the glory and beauty of the orchard?

To avoid fatherhood and motherhood is to act in a manner at once unnatural and unwise. It is to deny the promptings of a good heart and refuse the guidance of heaven-born instincts, as well as to lose from life much of what makes it desirable and good. Why, then, is it done, especially, when to do it drives one to commit the most horrid of crimes? Because the marriage out of which such feelings of revolt and rebellion grow is itself unwise and unnatural; because it is a mere agreement between two persons to live together in the relation of husband and wife, in order that the one may support the other. And this perversion and degradation of matrimony arises because the world has seen fit to deny to woman any industrial rights whatever, and shut her up to marriage as her only portion.

#### A DECAY OF SOCIETY.

We are not arguing that this is the reason for any specific act of infamy on the part of any particular couple; but that it is back to this fundamental error and perversion that we must go, if we would reason largely and accurately, in attempting to explain a decayed state of society. Personal dereliction, personal immorality, are always and everywhere factors in wrong-doing; but they are not the only factors. We would not spare any effort to correct individual conduct; to make husbands faithful,

considerate and continent; to make wives intelligent, true, and womanly. Neither would we overlook the larger reasons, nor ignore the great social and industrial forces that so powerfully affect individuals, whether taken singly or collectively.

In a wrongly adjusted social state, women marry to escape from poverty and want; not to find in marriage the fulfillment of their natural impulses. Is it strange, then, that having married in such a fashion, they exert all their ingenuity to avoid the burdens of maternity?

It is impossible to imagine the extent of the evils following in the train of these we now discuss. We may build and adorn the altars of religion; we may gather and disburse millions of dollars in charitable and missionary enterprises, but we shall look in vain for real growth in spirituality as long as these woes are not medicated. There can be nothing but disappointment to all those who toil and hope for human advancement. There can be no possibility of health, while this cancer is eating our life away.

Nor will this wrong exist alone. Vices, like virtues, go in groups. Innumerable social ills are inflicted upon the world, because of this. And all through the darkness and the light, through youth and age, from the cradle to the grave, the evil grows, and triumphs. Schools, it is sometimes said, become hotbeds of vice; and why? What else can we expect, if they are filled with children who are the accidents of lust, cursed into the world? The taint of licentiousness is transmitted from parent to child as inevitably as the herbs of the field bring forth after their kind.

Laws have been enacted against these crimes, but they evade law, and defy public opinion, or debauch it. Yet the legislator has a work to do, and we would not paralyze his hand. All who have been criminals through ignorance, will reform, once their criminality is pointed out. And yet, no offender against the laws of God or man is harder to reclaim, than one whose offense is sexual.

A perversion here is not wholly beyond remedy, but the means employed must be vigorous in the extreme. Everyone who can in any way contribute to a sound and healthful public opinion has a duty to perform. Everyone who can in any measure control his own actions, can contribute to the solution of the problem.

It is not wholly hopeless. Dawn follows darkness, all over the round world, and it is always sunrise somewhere.

“Though hearts brood o’er the past, our eyes  
 With smiling futures glisten;  
 For lo! the sun rolls up the skies!  
 Lean out your souls and listen!  
 The world is rolling Freedom’s way,  
 And ripening with its sorrow:  
 Take heart; who bear the cross today  
 Shall wear the crown tomorrow.”

“A number of years ago, a woman called on the writer, stating that she had become pregnant much against her wishes, and earnestly desired that an abortion should be produced.” So writes Dr. Kellogg in “Plain Facts.” The following conversation ensued:

“Why do you desire the destruction of your unborn infant?”

“Because I already have three children, which are as many as I can properly care for; besides, my health is poor, and I do not feel that I can do justice to what children I now have.”

“Your chief reason, then, is that you do not wish more children?”

“Yes.”

“On this account you are willing to take the life of this unborn babe?”

“I must get rid of it.”

“I understand that you have already borne three children, and that you do not think you are able to care for more. Four children are, you think, one too many, and so you are willing to destroy one. Why not destroy one of those already born?”

"Oh! that would be murder!"

"It certainly would, but no more murder than it would be to kill this unborn infant. Indeed, the little one you are carrying in your womb has greater claims upon you than the little ones at home, by virtue of its dependence and helplessness. It is just as much your child as those whose faces are familiar to you, and whom you love. Why should you be more willing to take its life than that of one of your other children? Indeed, there are several reasons why, if one must die because there are too many, one of those already born should be sacrificed instead of the one unborn. Your other children you are acquainted with. Some of them have serious faults. None of them have very marked mental ability, or give very great promise of being specially useful in the world. This one that is unborn may, for aught you know, be destined to a career of wonderful usefulness. It may be a genius, endowed with most remarkable gifts. It may be the discoverer of some new truth or new principle, which will be of great service to the world. It may be of all your children the most talented and the most lovable, and in every way the most desirable. Again, you cannot destroy the life of this innocent child whom you have never seen, without endangering your own life as well, and certainly not without incurring the risk of life-long suffering and disease. This could all be avoided by the sacrifice of a child already born."

"But that would be too horrible! To think of taking one of my little boys and cutting his throat, or throwing him into the river! I could not do such a wicked thing!"

Dr. Kellogg adds that so far as he knew, no active measures were taken to produce abortion; but the mother dragged on wearily for several months, till finally, the poor babe was born, emaciated, spiritless, a wasting, putrefying corpse, and lived a lingering death for months.

Much of what is absolutely false and hollow in our boasted civilization would stand revealed and condemned, if we would occasionally condescend to compare it with barbarism. Somewhere

we read an account of a savage woman, who was seen going down to a spring in the early morning with a large bundle of clothes to wash. Along towards evening she returned, carrying in one corner of the basket, a baby to which she had given birth, as a mere incident of the day's toil.

Now it may be that this is an exceptional case, even among the uncivilized, but all reason teaches that much of the peril and pain—if not all of the peril, is the direct result of the abominable and unholy fashions of living and dressing that we have allowed to creep in. It cannot be that the All-wise should have annexed such terrific penalties to a process as natural and necessary as that of birth. It is because of the tyranny of Mrs. Grundy, it is because of the foolish blunder of segregating woman to sex functions exclusively, and denying her wholesome exercise in daily labor, that this flood of peril and pain sweeps over the land.

Then down with every custom and away with every fashion that interferes with the orderly progress of humanity, or in any degree mars the Creator's handiwork!



## CHAPTER VIII

### SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENTS.

PRECOCIOUS DEVELOPMENT OF SEX—FOND AND FOOLISH PARENTS AND IDIOTIC RELATIONS—MORAL PERVERSION—PHYSICAL DEGENERATION—CHILDREN'S RIGHTS AND WRONGS.

In a state of society as vicious as the present, there is a subtle energy of self-perpetuation. The rising generation is corrupt and corrupting, because the generation now on the stage of action is adept in wickedness. Example is stronger than precept, and more numerous by far. This would be the case, even if we had moral instruction in the public schools. Unfortunately, we have not. Our voting animals seem to think it better to attempt to placate a few so-called free-thinkers and atheists, and maintain a sort of peace among the various belligerent sects, than to give our children the benefit of ethical teaching. This defect in the public school system throws the entire burden of moral instruction upon the church and the home. In the average home, it is to be feared the moral standard is not high, and but little time is ever taken for distinctively moral training. The churches reach but a few of the children, and them for only one day in seven, and an hour or two on that one day. The consequence is that the child of today grows up in a Christian land with crude notions concerning morals and manners, if not with absolutely false notions.

Besides this defective teaching and training, there is evermore the terrific energy of hereditary evil to combat, together with the contamination of pernicious example. There are few of either sex who can successfully resist the tyranny of fashion, in dress, manners, or morals. If "they all do it," why of course we must do it, no matter whether it conflicts with our conceptions of right and duty or not. It is fashionable; it is customary; and that settles it. As well be out of the world as out of fashion, so the current proverb runs. Human beings are like sheep; they

will go in flocks, and they will follow a leader. Of course, there are many grown people who set good examples before the young; there are men and women in every community who live above reproach; but they are a sad minority. Besides, the average youngster seems to prefer to follow the example of the person that goes wrong rather than the one that goes right. A single rotten apple will spoil a whole barrel.

As an illustration of the insuperable difficulty of overcoming example by precept, take the use of alcoholic drinks and tobacco. Thanks to the tireless efforts of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, in most of the public schools of this good land, the pernicious effects of alcohol and narcotics on the human system are carefully taught to growing children. They hear the lessons, and then when the boys and girls get home, they see father and big brother and uncle and grandpa all smoking; and when they venture to say anything about what they are learning at school they are met with a supercilious smile. So it is with drinking. If in some providential fashion, every man and woman that sets a bad example before the children could be killed and decently buried, something might be accomplished in the way of instruction in right habits of life. But as long as the best precepts must encounter multitudinous vicious examples, progress will be necessarily slow and painful.

No doubt this is a far better world than the world of Cyrus or Nero or even of Napoleon or Washington; but it is still leagues away from the millennium. Most conspicuous among the evils from which it suffers is that which we daintily call the social evil. This age-long scourge makes itself known in innumerable ways. All sorts of punishment have been denounced against it. Church and State have conspired and combined to overthrow it, but in vain. The most horrible diseases afflict its victims, as if the Almighty himself would warn back the transgressor, and if he would not save himself, then destroy him and his progeny. Our physicians tells us about the long train of

physical ills, the loathsome diseases, that descend from father to son, from mother to daughter, and burn out the life of the race, since the day when Lot's daughters committed incest with their father, and corrupted the morals of succeeding ages, thus transmitting Sodom's vices to generations yet unborn, in spite of the purifying fire that overthrew the cities of the plain. The Bible, accepted all round the world as *par excellence* the handbook of ethics, the best guide of conduct, flames with solemn warnings against sexual impurities from cover to cover. Every day brings its harrowing story, every page of human history flashes its warning lights, and yet this holocaust burns on, as if it were kindled and fed by the fiends of hell.

#### PRECOCIOUS DEVELOPMENT OF SEX.

The fact is, our blood is on fire with baleful passion. The life current of the race is polluted. In what other species do we find sexual desire so strong, sexual indulgence so frequent? With all the rest of the animal creation, it is in order to reproduction; with man, it is first, last, and always, in order to the momentary pleasure it affords, and rarely indeed are children sought. Every legitimate precaution is taken in many cases to prevent conception, and when it is known to have occurred, the aid of the physician or the midwife is sought to produce abortion. A prominent and perfectly reputable physician, high in his profession in St. Louis, said to the writer one day: "If I have been approached once, I have been a thousand times by women who desired my services in avoiding the burden of maternity."

Thus even before birth, the children are slain. And when they come into the world, it is unsought and unwelcomed, as pitiful accidents of devilish lust! Children thus born in lawful wedlock are legitimate, according to the statutes, but are they, according to the highest reason and the best moral sentiment? Is there not such a thing as prostituting marriage, until it is little better than legalized adultery? Does some fastidious person's lip curl with affected scorn? Let her look into her own heart and

life, recall what she knows all too well of the lives of her friends, married and unmarried, and then deep down in her shallow soul ask herself if it is not high time someone used great plainness of speech! Shall we drift along on this swollen tide of seething corruption, to the abyss of endless woe, because nobody has the decency or the courage to cry out "Beware!" To judge from the airs and attitude of some people, one would think that devilry is all right; but denunciation, protest, exposure, overthrow is all wrong! We are satisfied that no such squeamish persons, male or female, will read this book.

But now when children have come into the world, whether as accidents of lust or fruits of prayer, they should be respected; their rights should be carefully conserved; they should at least be safe from insult, safe from perverting and unwholesome talk. But what are the plain facts? From earliest infancy, we emphasize the distinctions of sex. Foolish parents and idiotic relations whose own hearts are the nesting-places of all impurity, encourage the sex instinct in the young and by every means in their power, force a precocious, unnatural, abnormal development. In the stern, unpalatable, but truthful words of a recent writer:

"Our little children, our very babies, show signs of sex distinction when the young of other creatures are serenely asexual in general appearance and habit. We eagerly note this precocity. We are proud of it. We carefully encourage it by precept and example, taking pains to develop the sex instinct in little children, and think no harm. One of the first things we force upon the child's dawning consciousness is the fact that he is a boy, or that she is a girl, and that therefore each must regard everything from a different point of view. They must be dressed differently, not on account of their personal needs, which are exactly similar at this period, but so that neither they, nor any one beholding them, may for a moment forget the distinction of sex."

We do not wish to speak or even seem to speak in terms of exaggeration. We desire to write so that true views shall dis-

place false, not vice versa. And it is therefore with genuine pleasure we here place on record an exception to this pernicious practice. Doubtless there are other such exceptions; may their number increase. It is of a well-to-do family, of southern extraction, in which, while of course the little girls have their dresses and frocks, and the little boys their kilts and trousers, nevertheless, when at play, the little girls are dressed just like the boys, in pantaloons and suspenders! In this family, and in at least one other family in the writer's acquaintance, both of them city-born and bred, the ideal girl is what is called in common parlance, the tom-boy. Are these notions old-fashioned? Then may it be that the old fashion shall prevail. For why should little girls, during their years of innocence, before to their own thoughts any idea of sex distinction is impossible, be handicapped and burdened with dress essentially feminine? There is time enough for that, goodness knows. There are years when she must bow to the iron sceptre of Mrs. Grundy, must lace the waist with the abominable corset, and hang yards of useless skirts therefrom, and invite deformity and disease; years of comparative torture which she cannot escape, unless she declares her own independence. In the name of happy and care-free childhood, and in the interests of pure minds and hearts, we protest indignantly against this wrong to the innocents.

#### IDIOTIC RELATIVES.

Did you ever hear a father, a mother, an uncle or an aunt, or even a grandparent, twitting the little cherub about sweethearts or beaus? "Johnny has a little sweetheart, haven't you, Johnny?" Or, "Marie is just like her mother, a little flirt already!" Out upon such asinine talk! Before the age of puberty a child is of neither sex. To suggest sexual distinctions, to cultivate sex consciousness, above all, to fan the tiny flame of sexual passion is to damn the child in the nursery! Better such fond and foolish, not to say depraved and wicked relations were flung into the sea with the proverbial millstone about their necks. What a mortal

offense to these little ones! They can not speak for themselves; they cannot protect themselves. What with hereditary predispositions tainting their blood and the unnatural forcing process of our decadent civilization, they will come to sex consciousness all too soon at best, yes, and to an unholy indulgence of sexual desire, to a horrid abuse and perversion of sexual powers, unless they are tenderly guarded and carefully taught. To awaken morbid passion, to fire their young minds with unholy images, is to forestall the devil himself in his work of populating the nether world.

And yet it is just what is being done this very day, in a thousand homes in this city, in every community in the land. Such ignorant, reckless, unpardonable sins against the innocents are committed, not by the purveyors of lust, the procurers for brothels, but by people who consider themselves and are considered eminently respectable; in many cases by professed Christians and church members. Let us hope that they have been sinning ignorantly, and that with all the moral energy of redeemed and awakened souls they will henceforth seek to undo the awful wrong they have done.

#### MORAL PERVERSION.

Men and women, boys and girls, all have a right to be human, as well as male and female. To deny this right, especially to the children, to surround them with a hot-house atmosphere of sex consciousness, to keep continually before them by precept and example the fact that they are male or female as the case may be, is to rob them of half the pleasure of the age of innocence. It is to invite disaster, as the years come when sex develops, and they pass through the dangers, physical as well as moral, of adolescence.

And yet, are we sure that we know where to place the blame? Someone is to blame, we are very sure. Go to the asylums for the feeble-minded; to the hospitals, where you find the moral and physical wreckage caused by the very evils here complained of,

and you will feel that the blame is great, and ought to be charged home upon the guilty. In the words of the world's greatest teacher, then "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone!" The fact is, this sin against the children is because of the over-sexed condition of the race; because in palace and hovel, at home and abroad, among men and women alike, there has been for generations an exaggeration of the sex functions, yes, a perversion too. History tells us how one race after another has become extinct because of this terrific evil. How nations have risen and fallen; the heavens have rained fire upon the earth; the mountains have poured forth floods of lava; Sodom and Pompeii attest the fearful vengeance dumb nature has for the persistent transgressor. Nor is it all in vain. The time was when prostitution accompanied religious ceremonies, and was considered a part of the worship. The time was when women counted time not by the flight of years, but by the number of husbands and divorces. Now, while here and there in America we have divorce colonies, while prostitution is all too common, and marital infidelity shocks society and menaces the home, sexual immorality is at least divorced from temples of worship, and the social evil in all its protean forms is disavowed and denounced.

The world has moved; it does move; and in spite of careening a little now and then, its course is steady, and it flies upward, throneward, Godward.

## CHAPTER IX.

### MRS. GRUNDY AGAINST GOD ALMIGHTY

WEAR YOUR GLAD CLOTHES—TALK AND TIME—MULTITUDINOUS  
MALADIES—DAME FASHION INDICTED—PALTRY PLEASURE.

The writer means no irreverence by this title; it is a simple statement of cold, alarming, appalling fact. Go among men and women of the world with your eyes open, your senses alert, and your hearts athrob. You will not go far, until you find that in this modern whirl which we call society, with its panoramic splendors and lewd dances, fashion's decrees have displaced the Ten Commandments, Mammon undermined Moses, and the Smart Set overthrown the Sermon on the Mount.

Again let us premise that we do not attack polite society, but that vulgar world of ostentation and vicious display which dubs itself the fashionable world; the "Four Hundred;" the consummate flower of modern extravagance, corruption, and dissoluteness. Only yesterday, walking and talking with a discriminating judge of events and conditions, he remarked,—“It is a startling fact that under the stress and storm of this highly organized life we now live, more than ninety per cent of the average woman's talk is of dress. What the newest fabrics are, what patterns are most “stunning,” what decorations are in vogue this season, what habit-makers have the call among the socially elect, and how the fat or the lean may be most becomingly clad. Other subjects, of course, occupy their time, to a degree. Among those who affect the club habit, there are diletante discussions of art, of science, of sociology; they patronize benevolences, social settlements, and rescue missions. But when these women start out, even on an errand of mercy, the uppermost thought is what gown they shall wear, and their last gesture is to strike an attitude before the mirror.



## WEAR YOUR "GLAD CLOTHES."

The church, of course, receives its due of consideration, but I was not at all surprised when the other day a lady friend of mine, whose husband is a successful dry goods drummer, told of an invitation to a prominent west end church, and it was particularly impressed upon her mind, to quote the exact language of the pious woman who extended the invitation, that "You must be sure and wear your glad clothes."

There you have it, in plain English; not as imagined by some furious fanatic, mad against his fellowmen; nor yet as seen through the jaundiced eyes of a disappointed and defeated candidate for social dignities, but as it actually is, in this God's world, with its heavens and hells. "Be sure and wear your glad clothes." And that to church! to the sanctuary of the Most High! Uttered by one who is herself a church member, and a devout worshipper in this splendid temple, dedicated to the Man of Sorrows and triumphant Mercies!

Where are the worshippers of God, when even His sanctuaries are taken possession of by the disciples of Mrs. Grundy, and envious eyes look critically at rustling silks and the hybrid creations of the modern milliners' art; where is that gentle spirit of devotion and reverence, that high courage born of deep conviction, that marked the Puritan and the Cavalier in the early settlement of this western world? Have they left no descendants? Are we really advancing, or retrograding? When we talk of "progress" it is certainly in order to ask, "Whither?" It is very easily possible to progress into the maelstrom, over the cataract, into the tomb. Not all motion is progress, even though so heralded in flamboyant utterance of pulpit and press.

Was this remark accidental, extraordinary, and exceptional? It was made in all earnestness, as let who wishes see for himself, by joining some bright Sunday morning the regulation dress parade which lines up in its exclusive pews, peers critically at the pulpit through its gold glasses, sniffs the delicately perfumed air,

and listens condescendingly to the bird-like trills of the trained choir and the chaste eloquence of the renowned Dr. Dodgem, adept in allaying fears, propitiating prejudices, and dealing with a varied assortment of personal idiosyncrasies for six or eight or nine months out of the year. One would think that at least Mrs. Grundy and her minions would not invade the precincts of the house of God; that there would be one spot on earth free from the invidious distinctions of wealth and rank, and the envying and heart-burnings provoked by rustling silks and flashing jewels. But it is all a part of that terrific and elegant slavery to fashion which has thrown its silken chains around a mighty multitude, and drives them with a fury as relentless as fate.

#### TALK AND TIME.

Not only ninety per cent of the average woman's talk, but fifty per cent of her time is taken up with the all-absorbing topic of what she shall put on, and wherewithal she shall be clothed. What with selecting patterns, fitting gowns, and the time taken in going and coming, fifty per cent will be allowed as a moderate estimate; and almost another fifty per cent must be consumed in exhibiting the dresses once they are completed. Any of these poor foolish women will tell you what an endless, nerve-wrecking round it is, season after season, to follow the fashions, to stand up and have dresses fitted, to go through the genuflections demanded of those who burn incense to Mrs. Grundy, and adopt her cult.

What a horror there is in all this! Conversation, than which there is little nobler, made to serve as a sort of catalogue of fashions, a purveyor of feminine styles of dress, and to serve for the tacking of a flounce or the twisting of a curl! One could look on at the fantastic antics of Dame Fashion with amusement, if it were not that ruffles and flounces and puckers and tucks are strangling the life of our women, and the follies and foibles of fashion are marring their bodies and wrecking their health and shriveling their souls. There are aspects of the subject that are

amusing, and then there are gilded tragedies and masked infamies and curtained chambers of horror. There are deserts hotter than Sahara, drinking up the sweet dews of paradisiac homes; there are sweeping simoons of sorrow and failure and bankruptcy and heart-break, made up of the composite sighs of the disappointed and the outstripped. Over and over, punished by outraged nature for daring wrongs, scourged with the twisted lash of disease which laughs at their agonizing cries, women that ought to be hale, strong, graceful specimens of feminine beauty, sink into premature graves under the seaching probe of the surgeon's knife, or steal away to the merciful oblivion of hospital or asylum, where with hysterical laughter and mad raving, they end a career cut short by the tyranny of fashion.

Every life so sacrificed is an impious assault upon human bodies, which the sacred writers tell us are temples of the living God. Every such sufferer is another willing though deluded victim to the slavery of fashion, a witness to the surprising, alarming, tyrannous power possessed by Mrs. Grundy, to debauch, deform, and destroy the race. And the victims are found everywhere; in city and village and hamlet; for fashion is organized mimicry, and the imitation goes from high to low, from low to lower, from lower to lowest.

#### MULTITUDINOUS MALADIES.

None but physicians and surgeons, those ministers of life and health, whose sacred function it is to assuage pain and heal disease, are competent to testify as to the multitudinous maladies entailed on the race by the arbitrary and senseless decrees of fashion. They know the procuring cause of female weaknesses; they know the source of jangling discords in frail bodies, the causes of nervous prostration, hysteria, hypochondria, and melancholia. They know full well, and would gladly testify, save that professional ethics forbid, why half the babies born, as babies die; why infancy has become a period of peril and the cradle is set swinging side by side with the grave. They know better than the lawyers

and the judges, the causes of so many divorces spread on every court docket throughout the land. They can tell the secrets of domestic infelicities; they have seen the skeletons in the closets; they have read the mystery of the continuous tragedy which spreads grave apprehension among observant and thoughtful and philanthropic men, and has led Max Nordau to write of "Degeneration."

Let them speak out, as they love the race to which they are called to minister; let them fling mistaken courtesy and absurd and sophistical ethics to the winds! Life is larger than logic, and more precious than professional standing. Fling reputation to the winds! A hundred doctors, clean, manly, faithful, who are willing to make the sacrifice, who have the hardihood to face the hypocrisies and conventionalities of the harlot world of fashion, can work redemption in our midst.

Once in a while, in this warfare against the very life of the race, one appears who does speak out in solemn warning. It is pointed out that the wearing of fashionable garments, the excesses and revelries of fashionable life, are the procuring causes of disease that feed fat our insane asylums and grave-yards. If there is a Creator, if God has anything to do with the human body, why not give Him a chance? May it not be, after all, that God Almighty knows as much about grace, symmetry, style and beauty for the human form, as Mrs. Grundy? Why not tear off the death-dealing corset, for example, and give God's fashion pattern a trial? If women only knew how the corset disfigures, as well as how abominably it displaces the internal organs, how it rolls up whatever adipose tissue there is above and below the point of greatest compression, how it mars symmetry of form and makes grace of movement and endurance of fatigue absolutely impossible, they would abandon the slavery of fashion for the liberty of daughters of God.

And yet the conflict rages. God's stern laws will enforce themselves. Sinai cannot be overthrown by a perfumed sneer, nor

the Almighty winked off the throne of the Eternities. In the month of April, 1903, the smallest press dispatch from over the sea cabled the following news as to the progress of the irrepressible conflict:

"The death of the Comtesse Louise de Talleyrand-Perigord, following a very serious operation, calls attention to the great number of society women who have been seriously ill this winter, including the Princess de Wagram, Viscomtesse Antoine de Contades, Mme. Alfred de la Ville le Roux, Mlle. de France and Mme. Waldeck Rousseau. Several have had operations for appendicitis. A professor of the faculty of Medicine was asked how he accounted for this, and he replied,—"It is all due to the present fashionable corsets, the pressure of which displaces the abdomen, impeding digestion."

And yet the death of a few women of fashion cuts no figure. They must die, sooner or later, we say, and who can tell whether Mrs. Grundy is wholly to blame? When the black slaves of cotton plantations were occasionally whipped to death by a brutal overseer, there was no one to protest, there were many to apologize; and so it is today in the world of fashionables, when women are scourged to untimely death and the charnel house is moved up to the portals of the banquet hall, there are many to apologize and explain, few or none to denounce and expose.

#### DAME FASHION INDICTED.

We present an indictment against Dame Fashion, and every count is self-evidencing: 1. She wastes the time, and therefore the life of countless multitudes, who might be engaged in noble and ennobling service, if freed from her intolerable tyranny. Time is so precious, someone has said, that only a moment is given at once, and that is always taken away before another is bestowed. Time is the stuff of which life is made. Standing among wardrobes where hung hundreds of the richest gowns, an empire on which the sun never set at her feet, and a flashing crown upon her head, Queen Elizabeth exclaimed, like the veriest

pauper, "Millions of money for an inch of time." She who in the revelries of court life had wasted hours and days and years in chasing baubles and toying with phantasms, was obliged to cry out in piteous but unavailing sorrow at last, for one poor inch of her wasted time. Invested minutes turn to golden hours in after life; while squandered time will bring its daring prodigal to irretrievable bankruptcy of body and soul, of health and character, and to the confines of immedicable woe, to the brink of that sullen nether world the smoke of whose torment ascends day and night, forever.

O women of America, my country-women, whose proud boast it is that you are the favored among the daughters of men, why will you cringe and cower under a slavery as intolerable as that which in the orient banishes your sex to seraglios and zenannas? Why will you submit to the sacrifice of days and weeks of precious time, to no other purpose under the sun but that your bodies may be deformed, your health wrecked, your lives imperilled, and the future of the race jeopardized? We hear of strikes and boycotts on every hand, of lock-outs and rebellions; why do you not rebel against the tyrants who oppress you, the false and foolish maxims that degrade you, and strike for physical and mental freedom?

2. Dame Fashion destroys physical grace, and wrecks the health of her adorers. Watch the fashionably attired woman, elevated into an ungraceful and unhealthful pose by her high heels, struggling with her clinging skirts which she vainly tries to gather together and lift out of the filth and slime of the streets, watch her as she parades before the eyes of curious and vulgar on-lookers, the rare and exquisite product of the school of Fashion. But we could endure the abominable disfigurement, perhaps, if it were not for the fact that chief among its consequences we must place the wrecking of health, the shortening of life, and the entailing of torture as its chief penalties.

3. She lays the hand of a thug upon children yet unborn, and strangles them in the womb. We do not mean here the womb

murder of hired abortionists; that is another chapter in this terrible tragedy of womankind; but we refer to the physical effects of fashionable attire upon the organs of reproduction, and the death-dealing energies that work silently, unobtrusively, secretly, and are oftentimes unsuspected, even when they have brought forth their harvest of death.

"The baby is dead," said the nurse, as she came out of the birth-chamber, and spoke to the waiting group in a fashionable home in a suburban city. "Dead—still-born," she repeated, in answer to the fearsome questions that were depicted upon the white, eager faces of the family. "And the mother—how is she?" "Very, very low, but we think that by the utmost care she will pull through." A stalwart young man buried his face in his hands, and great, hot tears trickled through his fingers. His mother went to his side to speak as only a mother can in such an hour of mortal anguish, and help him bear the intolerable burden of disappointment and apprehension.

Why does God slay the innocents? Why does He take the young life from the waiting cradle? It is an awful and unpardonable blasphemy to blame the Almighty. He is no murderer! Go to the carnival of fashion, where Madame Grundy holds court, and see the murderess there, decked out in all the flummery and finery of a Mammon-worshipping age, and accuse her. She has rendered nugatory the beneficent laws of a Creator infinitely wise, and she it is that smites and slays with more than Herodian cruelty the yet unborn babes of the mothers of men.

God has organized the physical creature after a plan which is evidently the rare product of ages of evolution. He has given it not one but many touches of indescribable beauty; He has builded the body after a pattern of loveliness, and pedestaled it on pillars of marble. More beautiful by far than the Venus de Milo is the body that He made; but deformed and misshapen almost beyond recognition is his handiwork when Mrs. Grundy has done with it.

And an accompaniment of all this thuggery is pain, which defies the drowsy drug, pain which parts white lips in piercing cries of agony; pain that digs furrows in the placid brow, and clinches the hands and tortures the writhing body. All, all, the blighting of hopes, the slaying of the innocents, the suffering of the victims, all is but the penalty which woman must evermore pay for violated law, for the poor paltry pleasure of being in the vogue, a society woman, a slave of fashion.

#### PALTRY PLEASURE.

And is that the real consideration, in the driving of such a bargain? Does woman get nothing for all this expenditure of time and money and suffering, but the poor paltry pleasure of burning incense at the gilded altars of voluptuous and fatuous pride? That is all she gets; it is only a momentary gratification, for Pride, like Jealousy, the green-eyed monster, grows as it is pampered, and "doth create the meat it feeds upon." A society career is soon ended. Even young women in good health, strong enough to endure ordinary burdens and exactions, are falling out of the race on every side; they can continue for a season, at first, then for but part of a season, when they must away to the sick room and the care of trained nurses and the magic of medicines to recuperate their squandered energies. Or they hie themselves away to the sea side or the lake shore or the mighty mountains, where they beseech kindly nature to renew the roses in their faded cheeks, and bring back the sparkle to their tired eyes.

But what else ought we to expect? Dame Fashion's throne is erected across the sea, in France, land of red riot and revolution, land of immortalities, adulteries, incests, and indescribable and unmentionable abominations! And "gay Paris," the unblushing capital of this land of degenerates, is the court arbiter,—the city on whose streets it is said every third man you meet does not know who is his father; the city where mothers discuss together the most available and desirable mistresses for their sons! Of old



the Hebrews asked one another scornfully, when the Nazarene walked among them, and spoke such words of life as were never spoken before or since, angered by His assumptions and his great and growing popularity,—“Can any good come out of Nazareth?” Not with the affected scorn of Pharisees and hypocrites, but with the righteous indignation of outraged manhood, America ought to demand in thunder tones, of this painted harlot called Fashion —“Can any good come out of Paris?”

The western express slowed down as it drew majestically into the Dearborn Street Station in Chicago one autumn evening a few years ago, the great engine puffing and steaming as if angry with the stop, and the passengers poured out of the coaches, dusty and weary, but glad the journey was ended. There were groups of friends here and there with warm greetings, and tender hand-clasps and loving kisses were exchanged; but a gray-haired man and a young woman gowned in significant black stood a little apart, silent, spiritless, sad. Finally, they stepped forward, and the strong man clasped his wife in his arms, as she descended from the steps, and almost tottered toward him.

“There, there, mother dear,” he said gently, “we must be brave. Marie, you take care of your mother, while I attend to things.” And he hurried away toward the baggage car, with chin quivering and eyes dimmed. What were the “things” to which he must attend? The trunks, we suppose. But men are not usually so affected when they look after pieces of baggage. There was another pilgrim on this train, who had gone out, weary, faint, sick, resting languidly on pillows, hoping that in the pure ozone of the rugged mountains she might regain her health; but it was all in vain; she had returned now, and found passage in the baggage car.

As the men rolled the truck alongside, the father waited; in a moment, the great ugly box was shoved out. He had regained his composure now, and moved and spoke automatically, giving the few directions necessary more from sheer force of

habit in looking after business details, than consciously, meeting the present emergency. The undertaker was by his side, and in another moment, the casket and the poor crushed body it contained were being hauled through the crowded streets of the city, to the palatial home in Kenwood.

As the father and mother, with their only remaining daughter, found their way through the station to their carriage, they met two of the father's business friends. The gentlemen bowed, with expressions of the deepest sympathy on their fine faces, and as they went on, one of them remarked,—

"Poor Armand, his daughter never really recovered from that cold she took at the Colonial Dames' ball, a year ago." He paused, but his friend turned an inquiring face toward him, and he went on: "Yes, Annie was there, and she was practically the belle of the ball. Everybody admired her, and her friends all loved her. I suppose that at least a score of Chicago's brightest boys broke their hearts after her, and there wasn't a prospect too promising for Annie Armand. But as I was saying, she took cold, it settled on her lungs, and just at a time when she was somewhat run down anyhow with the season's gaities; and within a fortnight, she was coughing fearfully. Her mother took her to Colorado, but she scarcely rallied; then on to California, but it was too late, and this is the end. Armand and his daughter Marie came to the station tonight, to meet Mrs. Armand, who has just returned with the remains."

"All aboard! Chicago and Northwestern!" cried the train caller; and the gentlemen quickened their pace and were lost in the crowd. And that night, there were streamers of white crepe on the finest home on Drexel Boulevard, tied with flowers; the heavy shades were drawn; the lights burned low; the servants moved about noiselessly, and spoke in whispers, for there was death in the home. It was only one more victim immolated upon the altars of Fashion, dying as young women die every year, like whipt slaves.

## CHAPTER X

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### UNCHASTITY.

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VICES OF THE IMAGINATION—FILTHY DREAMERS—FOUL TALK  
—TURBULENT BLOOD—FIERY FOOD—SENTIMENTAL AND  
OBSCENE LITERATURE—IDLENESS.

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The pursuit of pleasure must occupy the mind that has no other employment. And when one, whether man or woman, begins to live for pleasure, as if that were the "be-all and end-all" of existence, the bars are flung down, and every cloven-hoofed vice may enter. The All-wise has graciously annexed pleasure to the commonest physical functions: men have discovered this, and instead of exercising them solely for their use and profit, they exercise them chiefly if not solely for their pleasure.

Although we are upon an era of change, it is still true that the world is artificially divided by the accident of sex. Upon one side are the males, the workers, the bread-winners; upon the other side are the females, the consumers. One-half of the human family is sentenced to find its support in its sex, and the exercise of sex functions. We can see in the animal world, what happens when some peculiarity is made a condition of maintenance. All animals in the polar regions are white. And why? for the very simple reason that any patch of color could be easily seen, and the animal fall a prey. Whatever life depends upon, be it color or speed or cunning, that becomes abnormally developed. And if in the human family sex conditions maintenance, we need not be surprised to find sex abnormally developed, and the sexual propensities strong beyond control.

#### VICES OF IMAGINATION.

All acts are first thoughts. Thought is the laboratory; thought is the fountain. The act of adultery is sternly prohibited by the Decalogue. Back of that prohibition are the reverberating

thunders and wreathed lightnings of Mt. Sinai. Back of it is the frown of Jehovah. And for the transgressor awaits a fearful punishment. But when the Man of Gallilee came, he added a significant comment: the lustful look is adultery! There need be no embrace, no over act; the look freighted with amorous desire is enough. What sagacious insight here! Stop and think; how many adulteries would there be to stain men's souls, if the lustful desire were throttled? How many pitiful falls would there be, if the fires of passion that blaze in eager eyes were put out?

But now, if the amorous desire is adulterous, who is pure? And if the idleness and dependence into which society forces women adds emphasis and power to these vicious propensities, what shall we say of the folly of the sere old world? J. G. Holland writes discriminatingly,—“There is an enchanted middle ground between virtue and vice, where many a soul lives and feeds in secret, and takes its payment for the restraint and mortification of its outward life. There are plenty of men and women who lead faultless outward lives, who have no intention to sin—who yield their judgment—if not their conscience, to the motives of self-restraint, but who, in secret, resort to the fields of temptation, and seek among its excitements for the flavor, at least of the sins which they have discarded. This realm of temptation is, to a multitude of minds, one of the most seductive in which their feet ever wander. Thither they resort to meet and commune with the images, beautiful but impure, of the forbidden things that lie beyond. In fact, I have sometimes thought there are men and women who are really more in love with temptation than with sin—who by genuine experience have learned that feasts of the imagination are sweeter than feasts of sense.”

What a vanity it is for one to imagine herself chaste, when she allows her fancy to range over these alluring realms! The poet is right who ascribes an indelible taint to the maiden who only dreamed of her lover an unmaidenly dream. And the man who revels in lurid images, whose amorous desires range unchecked

over the fields of impure fancy, who delights to gaze upon suggestive pictures and read salacious stories, no matter what restraint he puts upon his outward conduct, he is an unchaste man. Dr. Kellogg says,—“Though he may never have committed an overt act of unchastity, if he cannot pass a handsome female in the street without, in imagination, approaching the secrets of her person, he is but one grade above the open libertine, and is as truly unchaste as the veriest debauchee.”

What man, familiar from close observation or from sad and remorseful experience, with this fact,—what man is there who does not wish that every safe-guard possible may be erected, to protect both sexes from even the thought of unchastity? But what can we hope, for moral earnestness and energy of will in such a battle, when the very organization of society decrees that the female shall occupy a place in the world determined solely by her sex? Does she not become the impersonation of sex? When you hear certain names or see certain persons, you think of what those names and persons stand for. Herod is a synonym for cruelty; Jezebel for wickedness; Cleopatra for licentiousness; Frances Willard for sobriety; Grace Darling for heroism. But now a woman, no matter how good and pure, stands for human reproduction, and for the pleasures to attend the act of copulation.

Is that a shocking statement? Admitted; but is not the deplorable fact still more shocking? If the writer is responsible for the statement, who is responsible for the fact? Do we not see that when women everywhere are permitted to have some aim in life, and to enter into productive industries according to their strength and fitness, we shall cease to look upon her as exclusively and alone designed to minister to the reproductive act? Then she will suggest what other workers do, the industry which engages her, the cause which occupies her time and absorbs her energies, rather than sexual delights.

No matter how suggested or by whom permitted, impure thoughts stain the mind like a leprosy. They wither noble ideals;

they scorch lovely fancies; they turn a garden into desert. Expel a vicious thought from your mind as you would pluck a sleeping adder from your bosom! And then by high and noble companionship, by chaste and useful employment, remove the very ground of temptation and sin. What an error it is, and how prevalent, that only the outward act is harmful! And yet multitudes are deluded by it. Physicians testify, on the contrary, that lascivious thoughts are productive of disease,—disease of the tissues, as well as of the mind.

"I have traced serious affections, and very great suffering to this cause," writes the famous Dr. Acton. "The cases may occur at any period of life. We meet with them frequently among such as are usually called, or think themselves, continent young men. There are large classes of persons who seem to think that they may, without moral guilt, excite their own feelings or those of others by loose or libidinous conversation in society, provided such impure thoughts or acts are not followed by masturbation or fornication. I have almost daily to tell such persons that physically, and in a sanitary point of view, they are ruining their constitutions. There are young men who almost pass their lives in making carnal acquaintances in the streets, but stop just short of seducing girls: there are others who haunt the lower class of places of public amusement for the purpose of sexual excitement, and live, in fact, a thoroughly immoral life in all respects, except actually going home with prostitutes. When these men come to me, laboring under the various forms of impotence, they are surprised at my suggesting to them the possibility that the impairment of their powers is dependent upon these previous vicious habits."

Would that such careers of secret and unallowed vice were confined to the males. But where shall we draw the line, when not individuals, but society itself is permeated with corruption? Dr. Graham says,—"Those lascivious day-dreams and amorous reveries in which young people and especially the idle and the

voluptuous and the sedentary and the nervous are exceedingly apt to indulge, are often the source of general debility and effeminacy, disordered functions, premature disease and even premature death, without the actual exercise of the genital organs. Indeed, this unchastity of thought, this adultery of the mind, is the beginning of immeasurable evil to the human family."

**FILTHY DREAMERS.**

Frances Osgood tells us that labor is a sort of worship; and the poet is right. It is a preventative of unchastity in thought or deed. But now when you put a whole class in the community into such a state that they do not need to work, you invite the moral rust and decay that are the inevitable accompaniments of idleness. The result is the same, if you deny to one entire sex the right of toil, because sex unfits them for it.

Every idle word, every obscene jest, every lurid picture, leaves its taint upon the mind. The dream may be as beautiful as a roseate dawn; it may embody all the elements of desire; it may awaken a tingling sensation of illicit pleasure; but be assured that ere it vanishes the dreamer has sunk lower and still lower into the mire of sensuality, and condemned himself to a slavery worse than death.

But how long before the dream bodies itself forth into action? Do we not read now and then of a shocking and surprising fall from virtue, in some community? A man or a woman, or perhaps both a man and a woman, who had been considered models of good behavior, are of a sudden revealed as adulterers. And we moralize upon their downfall, forgetting that it was not the sudden onslaught of a terrific temptation that carried them away; it was the stealthy undermining of their moral natures by this practice of filthy dreaming. Their natures had been hollowed out, until they stood, fair and good outwardly, but within, full of corruption. Then when the storm smote them, they fell.

**FOUL TALK.**

Among women as well as men, though let us believe never

to the same extent, impure talk is heard, day after day. Through the gateway of the lips pours a turbid stream of filth, tainting the minds of speaker and hearer, leaving its deposit of unchastity to rot the conscience and damn the soul. The day scarcely dawns, the first waking moment scarcely comes, till the torrent commences. There are intermissions for the sober business of life, but there is a quick return to the vile story, the veiled allusion, the leprous word.

Women comprise about all the virtue there is in the world, someone has observed. And yet "women are not without their share in this accursed thing, this ghost of vice, which haunts the sewing circle and the parlor as well as the club-room. They do not, of course, often descend to those depths of vulgarity to which the coarser sex will go, but couch in finer terms the same vile thoughts, and hide in loose insinuations more smut than words could well express. Some women, who think themselves rare paragons of virtue, can find no greater pleasure than in the discussion of the latest scandal, speculations about the chastity of Mrs. A or Mr. B, and gossip about the 'fall' of this man's daughter, or the amorous adventures of that woman's son."

Men delight to pay homage to the virtue they find in the women of the world. They are very exacting indeed, of those who stand very near to them. But do they never pause to try themselves by the same standard? Habits of thought and speech once firmly established are hard indeed to break. When one lends himself to such a career for a time, he will be surprised at the amount of effort demanded to break the silken cords. It has almost come to pass that "because a thing ought to be done, therefore he cannot do it." A horror of great darkness awaits the man or the woman lent to vice, even in its most seductive and attractive form,—a darkness which can be felt, and from which the way of escape is long and devious.

A company of fellows were sitting one evening around a hotel office stove, regaling one another with vile jests and stories. A gentleman who happened to be present endured it as long as he





**THE LATEST SCANDAL.**

"They discuss eagerly the 'fall' of this man's daughter, or the latest amour  
of that woman's son."

could, and then arose to leave the room, preferring early retirement to such company. As he passed the group, he noticed a yellow dog curled up behind the stove, and walking up to the dog, he gave him a gentle kick, and said significantly,—“Get out of here! this is no place for you!”

#### TURBULENT BLOOD.

In conversation with a gentleman who is closely connected with one of the national benevolent associations of the land, mention was made of the fate of some of the girls who had gone astray, after having been inmates of one of their orphanages. He explained it by the statement that a great many of the waifs that are gathered into the shelter of these orphanages have “turbulent blood;” they are the progeny, sometimes, of illicit amours; they are the children of parents, wedded, maybe, but depraved and sunken.

Physicians and biologists assure us that of all traits transmitted by the law of heredity, none goes with greater certainty and more momentum from father and mother to son and daughter, than this one of sexual immorality. History teaches it. The daughter of Augustus was as unchaste as her father. Her daughter after her was as vile as she. The kings of Israel, from David on for generations, show the baleful influence of hereditary prepossession.

This is without taking into consideration the diseases that are transmitted. Passion itself, with fiery impetuosity, goes on down the line. Sometimes a child will inherit all of his father's or his mother's worst traits, with few or none of the nobler. He comes into the world, cursed at his birth, foredoomed and fore-damned. Who shall sit as arbiter, when such a soul is judged?

Go back from one generation to another, and you will find the trail of the serpent is over all. Those who now live, those whose high privilege it is to bring children into the world, must not be content with accepting more or less regretfully the children that are unavoidable. They must watch themselves, and be sure that their children are the fruit of chaste desire. They must

decide whether the next generation shall go in the same beaten path of slimy sin, or whether there shall be a new departure, and the race begin a moral ascent.

#### FIERY FOOD.

As if natural instinct and hereditary taint were not enough, there are tremendous errors in diet that feed the fires of passion. Are there not cases where the infant imbibes the essence of libidinous desires with its mother's milk? Poisoned at the fountain, what can you expect from such a life? Highly spiced foods are the rule on many a table. Rich food, animal food, sweets, condiments, etc., are the staple diet with many. And so the smoldering fires of passion are fed, until they break out in earliest life, to burn and destroy.

The effect of gross feeding is strongly stated by some of our physicians, who feel that it is their duty to remove the cause of disease as well as to cure the disease itself:—"Exciting stimulants and condiments weaken and irritate the nerves, and derange the circulation. Thus indirectly, they affect the sexual system, which suffers through sympathy with the other organs. But a more direct injury is done. Flesh, condiments, eggs, tea, coffee, chocolate, and all stimulants have a powerful influence directly upon the reproductive organs. They increase the local supply of blood; and through nervous sympathy with the brain, the passions are aroused."

And is it surprising that in our best homes, even, we are feeding appetite and passion? The kitchen and the dining room are the realms into which above all else we have turned the women of the world. We have a euphonious way of putting it; we say it is "the home" which is woman's peculiar sphere, and yet in every instance it will be found that she burns incense before the holy stove. Restricted to the care of a house, is it strange that she should fill that full of unnecessary activities? Among them, there are all those ingenuities that have reference to dining two or three times a day. She invents dainty and appetizing viands. She

compounds strange dishes. She is a priestess indeed, and Gourmand is her god.

The woman is not to blame. She would be free, if we would permit. But the very men who pause occasionally to point out some of the perils with which this book deals are harking back, not forward; they declare for the ancient and the traditional lot of woman. Seeing the occasional outbreaks that occur in the business world, among shop and office and factory girls, they foolishly and falsely attribute these outbreaks to the new career, rather than to the survival of taints in the blood, planted there by long centuries of subjugation and repression. The cure for the excesses of liberty is not tyranny, but more liberty; and so the cure for the lapses that accompany woman's industrial emancipation is not a recrudescence of barbarism, a reversion to paganism, but more freedom, fuller emancipation.

There is no necessity of feeding the animal. Feed the man. Turn the attention of cooks and housekeepers away from mere savory viands to nourishing food. Feed the stomach, not the palate. Stop late suppers, eating between meals, and banish from the dining table all condiments and stimulants. At present there seems to be a conspiracy between the kitchen and the drug store, with physicians and undertakers in the background.

#### SENTIMENTAL AND OBSCENE LANGUAGE.

One of the most exciting causes of vice is impure literature. That which is merely sentimental, which is full of erotic pictures and suggestions, is as deservedly immoral as that which is realistic to the last degree. And this sentimental literature is what we find in the hands of many fair maidens. They pore over the pages that are all but sulphurous with the breath of passion, and the heated fancy re-acts upon the sensitive body, and the fountains of thought are surcharged with vice, until overthrow is almost a certainty, when desire and opportunity co-incide.

As for obscene literature, although tons of it, together with the plates, are destroyed every year, it yet pours fourth its yellow

tide and flows into open and secret channels, carrying its full freight of death, apparently unchecked. Who shall stay the flood?

But we feel that the greatest peril to those who will read the pages of this book comes not from this low grade literature, this spawn of the devil. It comes rather from the kind first mentioned, the sensual, the realistic. The flood of vicious novels is compared by one trenchant writer to a "freshet, overflowing the banks of decency and common sense. These books lie on your center table to curse your children, and blast with their infernal fires generations yet unborn. You find them in the desk of the school miss, in the trunk of the young man, in the steamboat cabin, on the table of the hotel reception room. You see a light in your child's room late at night. You enter suddenly and say,—"What are you doing?" "I am reading." "What are you reading?" "A book." You look at the book; it is a bad book. "Where did you get it?" "I borrowed it." Ah, there are always those abroad who would like to loan your son or daughter a bad book. Everywhere, everywhere, an unclean literature. I charge upon it the destruction of ten thousand immortal souls, and I bid you wake up to the magnitude of the theme. A woman who gives herself up the indiscriminate reading of novels will be unfitted for the duties of wife, mother, sister, daughter. There she is, hair dishevelled, countenance vacant, cheeks pale, hands trembling, bursting into tears at midnight over the fate of some unfortunate lover; in the day time when she ought to be busy, staring by the half hour at nothing; biting her finger nails into the quick."

We can sympathize with the indignant outburst of one who, as a teacher of morals, finds his work hindered, and much of it undone by this baleful scourge. T. De Witt Talmage says,— "Cursed be the books that try to make impurity decent, and crime attractive, and hypocrisy noble! Cursed be the books that swarm with libertines and desperadoes, who make the brain of the young people whirl with villainy. Ye authors who write them, ye publishers who print them, ye booksellers who distribute them, shall

be cut to pieces, if not by an aroused community, then at last, by the hail of divine vengeance, which shall sweep to the lowest pit of perdition all ye murderers of souls. I tell you, though you may escape in this world, you will be ground at last under the hoof of eternal calamities, and you will be chained to the rock, and you will have the vultures of despair clawing at your soul, and those whom you have destroyed will come around to torment you, and rejoice in the howl of your damnation!"

#### IDLENESS.

The evils with which this chapter attempts to treat are either induced or aggravated by idleness. And when we remember that much of a woman's time is passed in vacuous idleness; that throngs of men are so unfortunate as to have a great deal of leisure time, we are not surprised that the pit yawns before them, and the fiends invite.

Fill the days full of beneficent and productive labor; let each morning, cloudy or clear, call to service, and there will be no danger from the beleaguering beasts of unchastity, because they will assail a citadel armed and guarded, and actively defended. But if you allow yourself to sit in day-dreams, if you court mental vacuity, then the guards are off duty, the breach is open, and the foe sneaks in.

Who can chant the requiem of lost hours? Who can portray the heinousness of his fault who throws time away? But whatever estimate we put upon its value, we must agree that time wasted in idleness, inviting thus moral disaster and everlasting overthrow, is worse than time murdered, for it is the suicide of a soul.

"Come, gone, gone, forever,—  
Gone as an unreturning river,—  
Gone as to death the merriest liver,—  
Gone as the year at the dying fall,—  
Tomorrow, today, yesterday, never,  
Gone, once for all!"

CHAPTER XI.  
—  
INTO THE ABYSS.  
—

THE LECTURE—ORTHODOX NOTIONS—RENEWED EXCITEMENT  
—AN ELOPEMENT PLANNED—DUPED AND DAMNED.  
—

A typical audience assembled in the church to listen to Miss Sholes' lecture on "Woman's Rights." All the old people were there, occupying front seats. The old farmers had driven in from the surrounding country, and formed a goodly part of the crowd. With their grizzled beards and weather-beaten faces, and long, matted hair, they presented a spectacle of rural simplicity and rugged strength. Their wives accompanied them, and in some cases their children also. Then there was the usual number of town people, somewhat more smartly dressed, and the rear of the room was well filled with the young men and women, the boys and the girls.

There was a hum of conversation as they sat waiting the hour of the lecture, interrupted occasionally by the entrance of another couple or group, when all eyes were turned toward the door, to see who was coming in, and to make sure they were able to find a seat. Shortly after the time appointed, the lecturer was ushered to the platform by the President of the W. C. T. U., Mrs. Hamill. Both took seats for a moment, and then Mrs. Hamill arose and introduced the speaker.

"It is not often, ladies and gentlemen, that we have the pleasure of listening to a lecture by one so widely known as Miss Sholes. I feel that we are to be congratulated on having her with us to-night, and especially on such a theme. In this country woman has more freedom and independence than anywhere else on the globe; and yet there are many particulars in which she still suffers from artificial and unnecessary limitations. I am sure the speaker will warm our hearts with words of cheer, and tell us how we can co-operate for the advancement of society, so that

our homes will be happier, and every human being will find a fuller expression of his powers. I take pleasure in introducing Miss Marianne Sholes, who will address us on 'Woman's Rights.'"

#### THE LECTURE.

There was a faint clapping of hands as Mrs. Hamill turned to present the lecturer, and then all eyes were fastened upon her. She was slightly above the medium height, rather slender, with a well poised head and a profusion of dark brown hair. Her eyes were lustrous, her mouth and chin firm, and her movements were graceful. She had not been speaking long until that air of constraint which so often holds an audience had disappeared entirely. People who came out of the merest curiosity found themselves listening attentively, interested in spite of themselves. The speaker's voice was low, but clear and distinct, rising into a richer fullness occasionally, and then resuming again the elevated conversational tone which invariably marks the accomplished speaker.

Her arguments were those with which we have become familiar, but there were many things that struck that audience with the force of novelty. They had never thought deeply upon the subject, or, indeed, upon any other subject of social well-being. If a man succeeded in the world, good! That was because he was smarter than the rest. If he had a faithful wife and a family of obedient children, why, that was because he deserved them; because,—because! And when a man or a woman went wrong, that was because they were vicious. In their thinking, these good people had never gone beyond the limits of personal merit or demerit, personal fault or virtue.

It seemed strange, for instance, to hear this woman talk of the political limitations women suffer. The men and women to whom she talked had taken it as a matter of course, that men should vote and hold office, and women should,—well, as one of them bluntly put it, in discussing the lecture afterward, "mind their own business." But although there was not a little dissent



from the positions she took, Miss Sholes completely won their hearts in her introductory words.

"I would not have you think," she began, "that I am here to advocate a species of mannishness for women. We would not have the peculiar rights of the male portion of the world, even if we could. Nor would we take up their lines of business, nor invade their sphere in any way. But some of us believe that while women are quite free, as your President said, and are permitted to enjoy many privileges in this country denied to her elsewhere, still there are some particulars in which we suffer limitations and denials. But all that we ask is asked on the basis of simple womanhood; we would be nothing more nor less than women, only better and stronger, fitted to be more noble and useful as members of society, whether in the privacy of the home, the turmoil of business, or the excitement of politics."

Mrs. Goodwin and Mrs. Williams hesitated a long time before they would consent to attend the lecture, but both of them were there, and both were considerably stirred by the address. It was all over by the day after, though; for when they met down town at the milliner's, they put their heads together, and decided that it was a shame to allow a woman to speak in public, and especially in a church.

Madge and Jennie were both deeply impressed. They were not so giddy and thoughtless as to be entirely beyond the reach of sensible appeal, and as they listened to Miss Sholes, it seemed as if there was something about her at least, different from the women with whom they were best acquainted, different even from their own mothers. And their hearts were stirred within them. Why shouldn't they go on with their studies, and develop their faculties? Why shouldn't they fit themselves for usefulness in the world?

#### ORTHODOX NOTIONS.

Such thoughts filled their minds as they sat there listening to the eloquent words of the lecturer, but unfortunately, they did not linger long. Somehow on the next day, when they awoke in

the midst of their accustomed surroundings and arose to their regular routine of work and play, it all seemed far away and unreal. They were quick to receive impressions, and almost as quick to lose them, because they had never submitted to actual discipline of mind. They had been brought up to entirely different notions; they were accustomed to think of wifehood as their distinctive lot, and that without reference to any particular preparation, save only what nature had already made, in making them females. And this very orthodox notion of their lot in life was at the bottom of much of their giddiness.

If Miss Sholes could have remained in Sibley a week or two, speaking every night; if the people had been sufficiently interested to have asked questions upon points of dissent or uncertainty, and above all, if the women of the little town had taken her message seriously, and endeavored to profit by it, then this story might have had an altogether different ending. But the ancient regime continued, without intermission. Miss Sholes left the next day, and by the middle of the following week, it would have been difficult to find anyone outside the W. C. T. U. who remembered anything worth while of the lecture.

#### RENEWED EXCITEMENT.

"Jack's in town!" exclaimed Madge, excitedly, as she came running up to meet Jennie, a few days after the lecture.

"Is he? where did you see him?"

"He came by the house on his way to old 'Squire Brown's, and bowed to me."

"Where,—when—where can we see him?" asked Jennie, eagerly.

"He slipped this note under the fence corner as he went by. I saw him stoop down, and hurried after him to get it."

Jennie took the scrap of paper and read:

"Dear Mike:—Something very, very important to say. Meet me tonight at the arbor in the park, both of you, at half past eight. Never fail. Yours, Jack."

"But what did he write Mike for?"

"So if anyone else got the note, they wouldn't understand it."

"Oh!"

"Sure, you little goosie; do you think Jack wants everybody in Sibley to know about our doings?"

"Are you going, tonight?"

"Yes, of course; *we* are going. He wants us both, and I have a notion I know what it is." And then, drawing nearer together, the two girls began to converse in very low tones, and part of the time in whispers.

"Be sure, now, Jen," enjoined Madge, as they parted.

"Trust me, Madge."

And promptly at half past eight they were at the trysting place,—the little arbor in the corner of the park, just a step from one of the least frequented walks. They went with some trepidation, and were much relieved when they recognized their friend's figure, standing within the shadow, and heard his familiar voice.

They had not talked long till they heard a step approaching, and both girls started; but Jack only smiled.

"Never mind, girls; I reckon you know him." And in another second, who should stand before them but Harry Windom, Jack's partner.

"Where on earth did you come from?" exclaimed Madge.

"Guess. But is that all the welcome you have for a fellow?" and clasping her quickly around the waist, he kissed her.

Madge pouted for a few moments, declared she was going straight home, but she didn't. Would that she had!

#### AN ELOPEMENT PLANNED.

The men were not slow to disclose their plans. They had secured tickets for the eleven o'clock train to Cincinnati, for four, instead of two. The girls were to accompany them there, when they would procure licenses and be married at once. Why delay? didn't they love one another? And wouldn't it be pleasant to be married and live together? The girls could keep each other com-

pany, when business called the men away. It would be altogether pleasant, and then, as to the suddenness of it, the surprise to the folks, and all that, why, it had happened just that way many a time before. They were acting out a romance in real life! Of course it would be a sort of shock to the town, when it woke up and found two of its sweetest girls missing, but it needed waking up, anyhow. How could they manage it? easy enough. They could go back home at once. Jennie would leave, saying she was to stay all night with Madge,—and that would be no fable! and then, after the old folks had gone to bed, they could slip out quietly, and Jack and Harry would meet them. The girls demurred.

"We have known you so short a time," protested Jennie.

"And how do we know you are what you pretend to be?" added Madge. "No, no, I don't see how we can think of it."

The men were insistent. Harry produced a diamond ring, which he slipped on Madge's finger.

"But think how mamma will feel!"

"But don't you suppose she will be ready to forgive, and welcome her son-in-law, as soon as she knows it's done, and can't be helped?"

It was romantic, in the extreme. It appealed to the fancy of the foolish girls, and seemed to be quite in harmony with what they had always thought and expected. Finally, they separated, but without giving them a definite answer.

"Don't look for us till you see us coming," said Madge, mischievously.

At 10:45 the two men were pacing anxiously up and down the sidewalk, near Madge's home.

"Why don't they come?" asked Windom, impatiently.

"Maybe the old folks were slow about getting to bed."

"But now say, old fellow, do you think they're likely to give us the slip?"

"No, I don't, Hal, and still, there's no telling. They may

have got on to our kinks. Sorry you kissed the black-eyed one. It riled her more than she let on."

"Well, we've got to go to the depot, pard. In just five minutes that train's due."

And turning slowly and reluctantly, they walked toward the station, glancing back as they walked. But no sight of two girls running away from the shelter of a home into the night relieved them. They stood by the side of the station, waiting, and grumbling and swearing over what they called "devilish luck." The train whistled, and came thundering into the station. The brakes ground down upon the angry wheels, and brought the great engine to a stand-still. A few belated drummers alighted, the conductor called "All aboard!" and Jack Sterret swung himself to the platform. Harry Windom was about to follow, when he heard someone hurrying up behind him, and looking over his shoulder, there were the two girls, all excitement. He assisted them to the platform, Jack gave them a hand, and soon they were on board. The conductor waved his lantern, the cars started as the engineer touched the throttle, and they were off! And it was night.

#### DUPED AND DAMNED.

In less than two weeks, the girls awoke to the horror of their plight. They found themselves in a bawdy house in Indianapolis, not wedded at all, but deceived by a mock marriage, and deserted by two professional procurers. Not only were they left in the hell of the municipality, but they found that they were as effectually prisoners as if they had been tried, condemned and sentenced.

Days and weeks went by. The mistress of the house was kind but firm. They might as well get to work, like the rest of the girls, for expenses were accumulating against them all the time. It wasn't so bad as they thought. And by all sorts of approach, she tried to break them in. Finding them obdurate, she resorted to drugs. And by a system of drugged drinks, she forced them to accept the attentions of her patrons, and take up the round of prostitutes.

A year went by; a year of sickness and sorrow. It found the girls hardened. And when a wealthy patron of the house invited them to move to quarters which he had fitted up farther out of the city, they consented. And here they dwelt for several months. What a life! In their sober and better moments, how they loathed it!

Their friend was a married man, but a modern degenerate. He had almost unlimited wealth. But like all men who indulge their passion without let or hindrance, he was often brutal. He came in one night, drunk and irritable. Neither of the girls could quiet him. He went from one apartment to another, flourishing a pistol. In the morning, he was found in the basement of the house, dead; the girls were gone.

No one was found who could throw any light on the mystery. It was just a tragic ending of a life of debauchery, and while the dead man was wealthy, his habits were generally known, and there was no one who cared to pry into the secret. And so to this day it sleeps with him in a forgotten grave.

But through a negro house servant, an added element of horror did come out, though it found no publication, save when one who had learned of it told another, with bated breath. It seems that during the night, before the debauchee was pacified, he became furious, and brutally assaulted Jennie. Madge went to the rescue, and this still further incensed him. With awful oaths, he freed himself from the restraint of the poor girls, and went out swearing vengeance.

Presently he returned, with the negro porter, and drove both girls into the same room, and at the point of his revolver, compelled them to submit in turn to the negro's embraces!

"Such a beast ought to have been hanged, drawn and quartered!" exclaimed one man, when he heard the gruesome story.

"He ought to have been fed to mad dogs!" answered his informant.

In the light of such tragedies and diabolisms as this, we in-

sist that we pay too high a price for the perversion of sex functions, and in the name of outraged, suffering women, the industrialization of sex ought to come to an end.

For after all, these are but its legitimate fruits. Such victims are demanded every day of the year, and willing or not, they are dragged down, down, down, to where there is no lower depth.

Truth is evermore stranger than fiction, and darker colors would be lent to the tragedy recited in these two chapters, if the real names of the parties were given. But out of consideration for the living, they are withheld. Who will see to it that in their own midst such infamies are made forever impossible?

## CHAPTER XII.

### TOWARD THE LOWEST DEEP.

THE QUILTING BEE—TWO GIRLS—POLITE STRANGERS—DULL COMPANY—THE NEW WOMAN—TWO LETTERS—PICNIC INVITATIONS.

#### THE QUILTING BEE.

"I tell you it all depends on how a girl marries, whether her life is a failure or not. She can marry some skate of a man, and go through the world poor and mean, and have the fun of earning her own living, and his too, maybe, or she can marry a man worth while, and be somebody in the world." And having delivered herself of this dictum, Mrs. Goodwin, wife of the village merchant, paused and looked from one to another of the ladies assembled in her parlor, as if to say, "Deny it who can!" And they didn't seem disposed to deny it.

"That's as true as gospel," rejoined old Mrs. Melton; "I've seen it time and agin. Now there was old 'Squire Deacon's daughters—"

"But don't you think," interposed the minister's wife hastily and much to the relief of the rest, who dreaded one of Mrs. Melton's endless and prolix stories, "don't you think that a girl ought to be brought up so as to do something else, in case she fails to meet the right kind of man?"

"Oh, they's plenty o' men," answered a mother of seven sons; "men a'plenty, and good enough fer any girl, in my opinion. The trouble is girls git stuck up and want so menny things thet no livin' man can furnish 'em all. It don't take s' awful much to furnish a house, ef people jest thought so."

There were some surreptitious smiles at this, for it was well known that this particular woman was no housekeeper, and her numerous family managed somehow to get along with precious little furniture.

"Why, a girl can stay at home, can't she, if she has to?" in-



quired a demure little woman whose range of thought never went beyond the front gate of her vine-clad cottage.

"For my part," said Mrs. Williams, severely, "I do not agree with our minister's wife. I do not think any girl ought to be allowed to get independent notions into her head. If she is allowed to think she can make her own way in the world, just as like as not the next thing will be she'll flare up and go off on the lecture platform, like Miss Letitia Merivale did." Mrs. Williams was the President of the Ladies' Aid Society, and her rigid views on the subject of woman's sphere were well known; she was entirely orthodox, in her religion, in her notion of managing a home and a husband, and on all questions of social wellbeing. Besides, she had a high, racuous voice, and a dogmatic way of asserting herself that usually silenced argument, when it did not satisfactorily answer it.

"Deliver me from a strong-minded woman!" devoutly exclaimed buxom Mrs. Whittaker. "A woman's lot is with her home and her husband, and if Providence don't send them to her, it must be a judgment for some of her misdeeds, or—or—"

"Or a judgment on her for not being good looking!" pertly interjected old Mrs. Simpson, who had once been the village belle, and could not forget the days of her triumphs, and still spent much of her time before the mirror, and much of her limited means on personal adornment. There was a hearty laugh at this.

"Well, I think there isn't any excuse for a woman being as plain as an old shoe, and untidy, so there!" tartly rejoined the faded rose, feeling that the laugh was a sort of personal affront, though she could scarcely tell why.

Two girls were listening to this conversation, but not taking any part in it. They were bright, attractive misses, not yet out of their 'teens, and had already learned something of the pleasure there is in being sought after by the village beaux. But they were not disposed to fall in love easily, and with whomever first

offered himself. They listened with deep interest as the talk went on.

"There ain't no manner o' doubt that Julia has done right well," said a woman who sat somewhat apart from the rest, dressed in black; "and fer my part, I'm glad of it, 'cause she was always a good girl. I know when my husband was sick so long, there was scarcely a day that Julia didn't come over and offer to help some way about the house. 'Twant because she didn't have something to do at home, either."

"No indeed," said Mrs. Williams, "Julia's mother wasn't a very good manager, and the child had to learn very young the arts of good housekeeping. She will make a fine home for Mr. Swinnerton, and I only hope my boys may be as fortunate as he."

The conversation had arisen over the marriage the day before of one of their most popular girls, who had departed with her husband to make their home in the south. There are few subjects upon which women love better to talk than that of marriage. Judging from what one is compelled to hear from the lips of acquaintances, the servant-girl problem is a close second. But perhaps they discuss servants because their minds are vacuous, or because they dislike them so strenuously. Be that as it may, these topics never fail of interested listeners. And is it strange that women should talk much of marriage, either prospective, or consummated? Society has shut every other door before them, and left no other recourse. It is either marry or—be pitied and scorned, as one who would, but couldn't.

It was a quilting bee at the home of the minister, and these good women had come early and stayed late. They had sewed faithfully, and talked incessantly. The poor minister's wife was tired. She had made extra preparations for their dinner; had served nearly all the good things she had in her larder; and now as they began to put things to rights, and get ready to leave, it was plain that she did not regret it. But of course she was profuse in her expressions of appreciation.

"It was real good of you, Mrs. Melton, to come over, when you have so much work of your own."

"Oh, don't you mention it. I always enjoy comin' over here, and I guess my own house can get along well enough one day without me."

And so one after another paid her respects to their gentle hostess, and soon the house was comparatively quiet.

"Well, what did you think of the talk about marrying, Jennie?" asked Madge Shoemaker, as the two young ladies walked arm in arm away from the minister's.

#### TWO GIRLS.

"It just about suited me, Madge. Now I don't see why a girl shouldn't be ready to do well for herself, and marry just as high up as she can. What's the use of marrying some poor fellow, just because he thinks he's in love with you?" And the girl gave a scornful toss of her head.

"It's a good doctrine to put into practice, any how. And we two will show them that we are not slow, won't we?"

"Not by a good deal."

Just then the girls met one of the young men of the village, who bowed politely, and asked them if they had spent a pleasant day at the quilting bee.

"Yes, we had a fine time, but we didn't do any of the quilting, Harry. We just kept real busy with some plain sewing for the preacher's kids, and listened to the talk of the rest," said Madge.

"And what did they talk about?" asked the young man, curiously.

The girls both laughed. "Subjects too deep for you men."

"Yes," added Jennie, "way beyond your comprehension. Why, they talked about—about the wedding of last week, and said a whole lot of wise things about how girls ought to marry."

"Come on Madge; we mustn't stand here and talk all the evening. Mr. Simpson will be late back to the store, and that'll never do."

"Well, goodby, girls; but I'd like to hear some of the things they said at the quilting bee. Perhaps I could get some valuable pointers."

The girls walked on together till they came to the corner where their ways parted. Here they paused in earnest conversation for several minutes. They were just such girls as you will find in scores of towns like Sibley. They belonged to the better class of people; had been kept in school until they felt that they had learned enough for ordinary purposes, and then had been permitted to drop out, and indulge in the little gaieties of their set, help just a little about the household tasks, and wait for a husband. They were well-formed, and quite pretty. Madge was the taller, and was quite a brunette. Jennie was a blonde, and her rosy cheeks, bright eyes, and plump figure would attract attention anywhere. "Your face is your fortune, my dear," an old lady had once said smilingly at her, after some little act of kindness. They were eager, impressionable, unsophisticated. They had never been far from home, and often dreamed of the great, busy world, and longed to go forth into its activities.

#### POLITE STRANGERS.

Shortly after the quilting bee at the preacher's house, an event of unusual interest occurred in the little town of Sibley. Two smartly dressed young men came to town, with the evident intention of remaining for a time. They were from an eastern city, and claimed to be representing a large publishing house. They made an occasional call on some of the leading families in the town and surrounding country, and secured a number of subscribers for a daily paper, as well as for a popular magazine. But to a close observer, their chief interest seemed to center in the young women of the place. They were soon invited to the receptions and entertainments that were given, for life is not formal and stately in these small towns, and it must be said they made themselves very agreeable.

Finally, they reluctantly left; and there was much regret,

especially among the young ladies. Their coming had made quite a stir, and their departure was the occasion of not a little comment.

"Seemed to be nice fellows, them book agents," remarked old man Warner to Madge, one day.

The girl colored slightly, and replied, "Yes, nice enough, I guess.

"But Sibley folks are the best to tie to, I reckon," added the old man, as he scanned the girl's face closely.

"Yes indeed, Mr. Warner."

And the girl hurried on, apparently not at all inclined to continue the conversation.

Jennie Provost numbered among her particular friends in Sibley a bright, promising young fellow by the name of Grandin, Nicolas Grandin. He was the son of poor but respectable people, had worked his way through the high school, and was considered quite a fine young man. He was at present chief clerk and accountant in one of the two principal stores in Sibley, receiving only a small salary, but ambitious, and hopeful of better things. It had been the dream of his young manhood to be able to provide a home for Jenny, and while they were not exactly engaged, there was a sort of understanding between them. They were often in each other's society, and the gossips of the place had tacitly agreed that they would finally marry.

One evening young Grandin called, shortly after the departure

#### DULL COMPANY.

of the two strangers, and found Jennie at home, to be sure, and yet not in her accustomed mood. She did not seem glad to see him, and kept up her part of the conversation with an evident effort. Finally Nicolas said:

"You seem to be pre-occupied tonight, little girl. What are you thinking about?"

"Oh, nothing much."

"Nothing much? then there must be something."

"Oh, I don't know."

"I guess you are the only one that does know."

The girl made no reply, and sat with eyes averted. Grandin studied her face intently for a moment, and then arose and walked across the room. After pretending to gaze at a picture for some time, he turned and said:

"Well, I think I'll go now, Jennie." After a pause, seeing that she did not vouchsafe a reply, he added:

"I hope I have not wearied you, Miss Provost."

The words were spoken earnestly, and seemed to rouse the young girl from her moodiness. She turned toward her lover with more kindness in her eyes than she had before evinced.

"No, Nicolas, you haven't tired me; of course not. How ridiculous! But I am not—not very good company tonight."

The young man lingered a moment. As he stood near the door with hat in hand, looking eagerly upon the fair girl, they formed a picture. Young, quite young, and full of hope; with dreams of the future; the girl not old enough to know the real meaning of life or love; the young man, several years her senior, sturdy, industrious, and true. They had been more or less in each other's society for several years, and were undeniably fond of each other. But tonight it was apparent to both of them that someone else had appeared upon the scene. So it was in a frame of mind by no means happy that Grandin finally said "Goodnight," and walked out upon the street.

Immediately after his departure, the girl's mother came into the room.

"Gone earlier than usual, hasn't he, Jennie?"

"Yes, I guess he has, mamma."

"You don't seem to be much concerned, my dear, and I'm glad of it. Of course, Nick Grandin is a good boy, and all that, but he isn't good enough for my girl. I want her to marry a man with some station in life, a man who can take care of her, and shield her from the storms." And the fond mother drew her daughter to her side, and patted her cheek lovingly.

"You see, dear," she continued, "everything depends on how a girl marries. If she takes up with the first fellow that comes along, how can she tell whether she loves him as she ought to love her husband? She hasn't seen anybody else. I feel sorry for the girls that have to choose among the young men of Sibley. They are not very numerous, and not very brilliant, either. And then besides, you are young yet. Just think, only seventeen. I hope before you think very seriously about marrying, you may have a chance to see someone else."

And pray, what business had a mother to be talking so to a girl seventeen? A sensible mother would not have done it. But sensible mothers are in a sad minority. Jennie's impulse was to confide in her mother, and tell her all that had recently transpired. But she had never been encouraged to make her mother a confidante, and it was a little late to begin now. So after talking at random for a while, she went up to her own room. It was still early. The town boys were playing out in the streets, and the shops and stores were lighted. Jennie stood for a moment, irresolute. She wished Madge would run over. She was half inclined to go and see her. But that would subject her to curious questioning by her mother; so she picked up a novel, and sat down to read. It was a flashy story of love and valor, written in a spirited style, and calculated to please mooning maidens and shallow men. There were two or three really good books on her shelves, but most of the collection was of the ephemeral sort, full of intrigue and escapade. When a student in the high school, Jennie showed every indication of having a good mind. Her teachers tried to encourage her to be patient and studious, but when she began to lengthen her skirts and do her hair after the most approved fashion, her ambition, if she had any, died out, and her whole inclination was towards domesticity.

She and Madge were classmates, and bosom companions. They had no secrets which they did not share. Together they discussed the eligible young men of the place, the cut of their dresses,

the trimming of their hats, and the height of their boot heels. They were just chums, as girls often are, and passing through their foolish age when their chief concerns are dress and beaux.

#### THE NEW WOMAN.

A week after the events narrated, Madge and Jennie were walking arm in arm down the street to the post-office. They paused in front of a dry-goods store to admire the pretty patterns, when their attention was attracted by a printed announcement:

#### PUBLIC LECTURE.

At the Methodist Church, May 21st.

BY MISS ANNA SHOLES.

Subject, "Woman's Rights."

Admission free. A silver offering will be taken to defray expenses.

"Well, did you ever?" exclaimed Madge. "A woman to lecture us on 'Woman's Rights.' Let's go, Jennie."

Jennie smiled. "I'd like to see her, any how. She must be a freak. Let's go in and ask Mr. Browning if he knows anything about her."

The merchant came toward the girls smiling. "What can I show you this morning, young ladies?" He understood perfectly well how girls who are in their teens love to be called young ladies.

"Nothing this morning, Mr. Browning, but we wanted to know about this Miss Sholes who is to lecture here Friday night. Who and what is she?"

"I don't know much about her, Miss Madge. Mrs. Hopkins asked permission to put up the notice, and told me that Miss Sholes is a woman who devotes herself to the platform, especially in the interests of women. She is a highly educated woman, I'm told, and will no doubt give us a good lecture."

"But can't you tell us something about her life?" asked Jennie.



"No, I can't, but I think our forelady can. Miss Jennings!" and in response to his summons Miss Jennings came toward them. "These young ladies want to know something about Miss Sholes, the lady who is to lecture here this week."

Miss Jennings greeted the girls pleasantly, and then said:

"I am not personally acquainted with Miss Sholes, but have heard her lecture several times. I understand that she is the main support of a widowed mother. Her father died a drunkard, and left them helpless and disgraced. He had been a brilliant lawyer, and the girl inherited his talent for speaking. She had managed to get some training in elocution, and had earned a little money giving readings, before her father's death. So quite naturally she took up this public work as the means easiest available for a support. Besides, she is a very earnest woman, and believes that if women had more rights, the world would be far better than it is. There would be less intemperance, crime, and suffering. She thinks that women ought to be at liberty to do whatever they can do well, and that all the rights of citizenship should be theirs."

"I suppose she wants to vote and hold office!" interrupted Madge.

"Yes indeed," said Miss Jennings, "and there are a great many who agree with her. But she is a very entertaining speaker, entirely apart from her peculiar views, and I am sure you will enjoy her lecture.

"Perhaps we'll go, but if we do, it will be to see the freak, and not because we believe in her views." And the girls thanked Miss Jennings, and left the store.

"Shall we go, Madge?"

"We'll see whether the boys want to go or not. It would put in an evening for us here in Sibley, and goodness knows it is dull enough. Besides, it may be as good as a show, to hear a woman lecture a crowd. I've a sort of curiosity to know what she will say to us, what she looks like, and all that."

"I can tell you now how she looks," said Jennie.

"Why, have you ever seen her?"

"No, but I can imagine. She will be tall and slim, with a high forehead, a long, sharp nose, and bony fingers. She will wear her hair in corkscrew curls, and won't have on any corset. Her voice will sound like a man's, and she will walk like a man."

"You must have seen her somewhere, you midget, or else you've seen her picture." And Madge laughed uncontrollably. By this time they had reached the post office, and walking up to the window, received the mail for their households.

#### TWO LETTERS.

"Here's a letter from Indianapolis!" exclaimed Madge.

"And I've got one, too!" echoed Jennie.

"Aren't they good to write so often?"

"Sure, Madge, but what would our mothers say if they knew it?"

"And what would Mr. Grandin say?" asked Madge, mockingly.

Jennie winced; for while she was not averse to carrying on a rather brisk correspondence with a comparative stranger, she did not like to think of any of her friends finding it out.

They hurried back to Madge's, and tripped merrily into the house.

"Here is a letter for you, mother dear," said Madge; and then the girls went up to Madge's room and shut the door. Both sat down immediately to pore over their letters.

The men who were carrying on this clandestine correspondence have already been referred to in this narrative. They were business men from the city of Indianapolis, so they had said, and the simple village folks were not disposed to question them. Ever since their return to that city, they had been writing to these foolish girls, under the oft-repeated injunction of secrecy. The letters they were now reading were full of terms of adulation, and references to the life of the city. They also bore the news that one or the other of them would soon be back to Sibley, to deliver

some books they had sold. It was highly important that he should have a private and confidential interview with the girls; would they be so kind as to grant it?

When the girls had read the letters through, they consulted together in low tones, and then sat down to reply. It would be easy to meet either one of them; they were well enough acquainted not to make anybody think strange of being together, and after the business was attended to, they might go for a drive, or a walk, and nothing would be thought of it. There were also sundry terms of endearment in the girls' letters.

#### PICNIC INVITATIONS.

"Where have you been, Jennie? Margaret McCool was just here to see you about the picnic of the Athena Club."

"Sorry to miss her, mamma, but I've been down town with Madge and—and then I stopped at her house on the way home," she added, somewhat confused. "But I'll see Margaret the first thing tomorrow. Does she think we can have the picnic soon?"

"Yes, she told me to tell you that the plans were coming on nicely, and if the weather was fine, they would have it on the 30th."

"Goody! I'm so glad."

"And she said you must be sure and have your list ready, so the invitations can be sent out in a day or two."

"All right; I'll attend to that right away. Is there any one you think I'd better invite, mamma?"

"No, I have no one to suggest; but leave out Mr. Grandin."

"But won't he expect an invitation, mamma?"

"And suppose he does; must you keep running after him, just because he expects it? Not a bit of it. Just give him to understand that there are other young men, even in Sibley."

So instructed, Jennie was soon industriously thinking through her list of friends, and writing down the dozen names that she was privileged to invite.

On the morning of the day for the lecture by Miss Sholes,

Madge came walking into the Provost house, looking very demure.

"This is the great day of woman's emancipation," she began.

"Great what?" exclaimed Jennie, with a laugh.

"Woman shall be no longer downtrodden," continued Madge, assuming a dramatic attitude. "Her rights must be asserted and maintained."

"Oh, I see; this is the day of the lecture, you mimic, you."

"All good women and sensible girls who value their privileges are invited and expected. They must be sure to attend, and above all, to bring a silver offering, so the lecturer may be free from dependence on any man."

"Why, Madge, you talk like a sure-enough advance agent," and Jennie laughed admiringly.